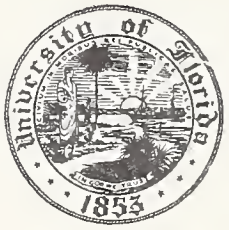
UNIVERSITY
OF FLORIDA
LIBRARIES



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

https://archive.org/details/confederateveter2219conf

Confederate Veteran.



73.105
C7t8

JANUARY, 1914

Sumner Archibald Cunningham

July 21, 1843==December 20, 1913

FOUNDER AND EDITOR

OF THE

Confederate Veteran

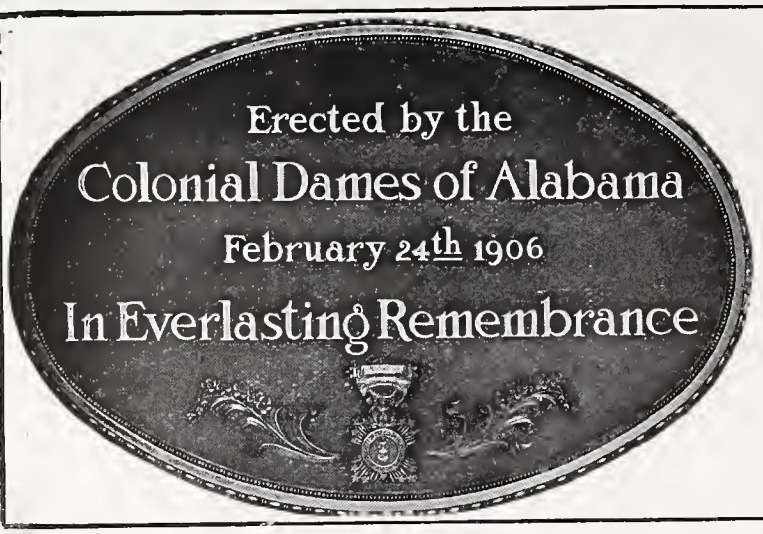
"He was a man, take him for all in all;
We shall not look upon his like again."

Where find one so brave, yet tender; so upright, yet forgiving to the erring; so strenuous in labor, yet so ready to answer the call for help; so strong in his convictions, yet so charitable in his judgments; so devoted to his Church, yet so broad in his love for all Christians?

He was a soldier without fear or eruelty; a eitizen loyal to his country; in his business the soul of honor; a friend faithful and true; a Christian humble and sineere.

He has entered that rest that remaineth for the people of God.

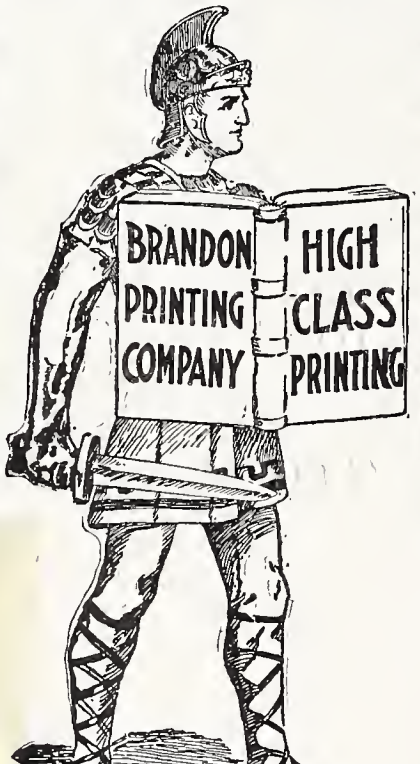
—*Jas. H. McNeilly, D.D.*



MEMORIAL TABLETS
IN THE HIGHEST GRADE OF
STANDARD COPPER BRONZE
HAND-TOOLED THROUGHOUT

SPECIALISTS FOR 25 YEARS IN
ART MEMORIAL TABLETS

PAUL E. CABARET & CO.
BRONZE WORKERS
OFFICE AND STUDIO
120-126 ELEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY
CORRESPONDENCE INVITED ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET ON REQUEST



Facts about PRINTING

¶ To obtain efficiency in the result, whether it be in the **Stationery,** the **Catalogue,** the **Lithographing,** the **Blank Books,** or whatever task the printer may be called upon to perform, you must demand the best—**HIGH-CLASS PRINTING.** This we are prepared to produce by virtue of experience, artisans employed, and equipment. ¶ We give thought to our productions. Write to us. We will be able to carry out your ideas or possibly to suggest something new.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.
Nashville, - - Tenn.

WOODLAND BRONZE WORKS
Department of
Albert Russell & Sons Company
Bronze Memorial and Inscription Tablets

ESTIMATES AND DESIGNS FURNISHED UPON REQUEST
105 Merrimac St. **Newburyport, Mass.**

Capt. John H. Lester, of Deming, N. Mex., would like to hear from any survivors of the two hundred prisoners who left Knoxville on the 1st of January, 1864, under guard of the 21st Massachusetts Infantry, for a Northern prison, or from any member of that regiment, especially Captain Sampson.

Any one having known D. H. Peepl and the regiment in which he enliste in Georgia during the war will conf a favor by communicating with h widow, Mrs. A. E. Peeples, 2216 Co merce Street, Dallas, Tex. She thinl he was a railroad engineer and that h son, Thompson Peeples, was firem with him.

Mrs. Emma Montgomery, of Ghe Ky., wishes to find some one who r members her husband, James Mor gomery, as a soldier. He enlisted Greenville, Hunt County, Tex., in Co pany D, 2d Texas Cavalry, some time 1863, and served to the end of the wa though she thinks at the close he w a member of Company I, 1st Tex Cavalry.

Rev. W. H. Thomas, of South N walk, Conn., has in his possession book found in a camp around Pete burg, Va., in which is written, "Mat H. Cox from her husband, Henry Cox," and the names of E. J. Wo dridge, Richmond, Va., and Edwin Wooldridge, of Parker's Battery, Ric mond, Va. He wishes to return t book to the owner's family if they c be located.

Mrs. B. H. Rucker, of Rolla, M asks for information of the followin Nathaniel Bridgeman, who marr Cassandra Little (or Lytle) in Virgi where he was born, full names of father and mother, where they w born and died, etc., and the same the parents of Cassandra Little; a the same information about John Ruck Jr., who married in Amherst Cou Va., in 1788 Nancy Shelton, daugh of Richard and Mary Shelton, with d of their families.



S. A. Cunningham

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Contributors are requested to furnish double-spaced typewritten copy whenever practicable, and to condense as much as possible.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The VETERAN is the best advertising medium for the entire South.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XXII. NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1914. | No. 1. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

PATRIOTIC BEQUEST TO THE SOUTH.

BATESVILLE, ARK., October 2, 1909.

To Whom It May Concern:

I, S. A. Cunningham, have never made a will of any kind. I do so now solely in the interest of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. My possessions are small, therefore such action is not of much importance to my family. For what I possess I am so deeply indebted to the generous, patriotic people of the South that I feel it due them to contribute what I have as herein briefly set forth to the perpetuation of such history as is so far recorded in the VETERAN. For this purpose I have come to Batesville, Ark., to engage the active service of my friend, Col. V. Y. Cook, who has shown a patriotism and a friendship for me and the work without stint and without limit, beyond any man living. This he has proved; but I owe him nothing but gratitude and good will.

I so regard the importance of perpetuating the VETERAN that I hereby set apart all property of which I am possessed or may acquire, after paying my debts and after the payment of one thousand dollars to my beloved sister, the wife of Thomas W. Wakefield, living near Cornersville, Tenn. I have other relatives, for all of whom I have affectionate esteem; but my sense of duty as set forth above impels me to bequeath what I have, as set forth, for the indefinite perpetuation of the VETERAN. However, when the time comes, as it evidently will, when the publication ceases, then it is my desire that whatever of assets may exist shall belong to my estate.

It is my wish that a Board of Trust, in the event of my death, be empowered to take full charge of my possessions, consisting of money due me, of certain real estate recorded in my name, of two policies of life insurance from the Union Central Insurance Company of Cincinnati, of $3,000 and $2,000 (upon one of which policies I owe perhaps $1,000), my library, and all articles of value which may belong to me and are not herein mentioned.

This Board of Trust I desire to be composed of Col. V. Y. Cook, of Batesville, Ark., as President; Maj. R. H. Dudley, of Nashville, Tenn.; Col. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, Ky.; Gen. K. M. VanZandt, of Fort Worth, Tex.; Miss E. D. Pope, of Nashville, Tenn.; and, *ex officio,* the Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans (now Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Atlanta, Ga.), the Commander in Chief of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans (now Clarence M. Owens, of Abbeville, Ala.), the President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy (now Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, of Galveston, Tex.), and the President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association (now Mrs. W. J. Behan, of New Orleans, La.). This Board of Trust is requested to meet at the VETERAN office in Nashville, Tenn., as soon as practicable in the event of my death and take charge of all matters herein indicated. It would be necessary to appoint an agent to adjust all business matters and to select an editor for the publication. * * *

The appointment of the members of this Board of Trust has been made without conference but in the faith that they will gladly serve. It is requested that any vacancy by death may be supplied by the mutual agreement of the surviving members.

This is written by myself, and may not be strictly legal in every sense; but it is believed that my motive of integrity and duty would prevent any one's taking advantage of any such error. It is the deliberate act of myself, and I pray that its spirit will be faithfully executed in the event of my death.

S. A. Cunningham

Witnesses: James P. Coffin,
Edgar L. Givens.

SUMNER ARCHIBALD CUNNINGHAM.

"The shadow of the wings of death
Broods over us; we feel his breath;
'Resurgam' still the spirit saith."

Sumner A. Cunningham, soldier and journalist, so widely known as editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, died at Nashville, Tenn., on December 20, 1913, after a brief illness. Death was due to a series of hemorrhages of the nose which sapped his vitality. Seemingly in the best of health, on December 17 the first hemorrhage came on as he was seated at his desk; and though he was given medical attention at once, he was much weakened by the loss of blood. However, he rested well that night and through Thursday, and friends expected that he would soon be well again; but a recurrence of the hemorrhages on Thursday night so reduced his strength that he could not recuperate, and he passed into unconsciousness, gently drifting over the dark river to join the comrades waiting on the other shore.

A devoted friend of many years, Mrs. Felix DeMoville, requested that his body should rest in her home until the funeral, and there it was taken on Saturday night. On Sunday morning a detail from Troop A, Forrest's Cavalry, acted as guard of honor, their colors drooping over him. On the casket was spread the worn old battle flag of the 12th Tennessee, Day's Battalion.

The funeral was held at the First Presbyterian Church on Sunday afternoon. Members of Frank Cheatham Bivouac, most of them in uniform, and unattached Confederate veterans met at the courthouse and marched in a body to the church. The Daughters of the Confederacy also attended in a body, and many friends and relatives from out of town were present. The honorary pallbearers were of his closest friends, men for whom he felt the ties of brotherhood. They were: Gen. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, Commander in Chief U. C. V.; Gen. V. Y. Cook, of Batesville, Ark.; Gen. John P. Hickman, Commander Tennessee Division, U. C. V.; Rev. H. M. Hamill, Chaplain General U. C. V.; Rev. R. Lin Cave, Chaplain Tennessee Division, U. C. V.; Maj. W. L. Danley, Maj. E. C. Lewis, Capt. Thomas Gibson, Capt. Joseph Phillips, Maj. J. L. McCollum, of Atlanta, and Hon. Lewis Tillman, of Knoxville, Tenn.

The active pallbearers were all young friends and business associates of Nashville: John H. De Witt, Thomas J. Nance, Robert L. Burch, D. M. Smith, Walter H. Clarke, Everett Philpot, Leland Hume, and M. B. Morton.

Services were conducted by Dr. James I. Vance, pastor of the Church, assisted by Dr. H. K. Yates, pastor of the First Cumberland Presbyterian Church, of which Mr. Cunningham had been a lifelong member. After the Scripture lesson was read by Dr. Yates, the following beautiful tribute was paid by Dr. Vance to the memory of his friend:

"We are met, my friends, to-day to honor the memory of a man of whom too much cannot be said. After we have said the best about him, there remains still much to be said. I know of no one who is to take his place, for he lived a unique kind of life. As a friend remarked to me awhile ago, he was a Nathanael indeed.

"In the opening of my remarks I am going to read a little poem with which some of you are familiar, which I regard as one of the greatest ever written, not because of its literary merit, but because of the sentiment it embodies, and which, it seems to me, more faithfully paints the portrait of our dear friend Mr. Cunningham than anything I can say. I refer to Sam Walter Foss's poem about the man who lived by the side of the road and was a friend to man:

" 'There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

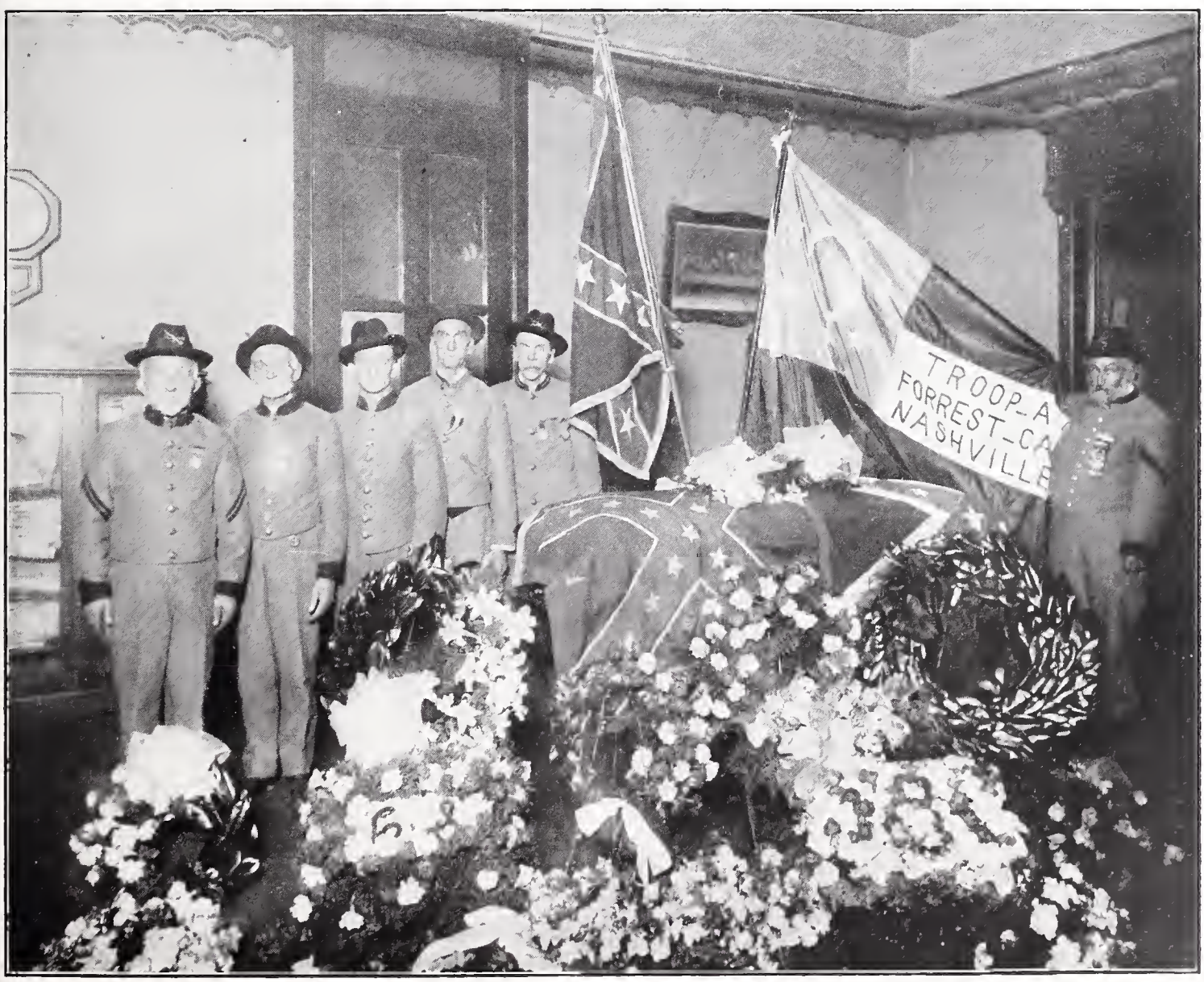
I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night;
But still I rejoice when travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by.
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish; so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.'

"Don't you think that paints his portrait? In a sense he was by himself. His wife died years ago, and then one of the young children, and then twelve years ago his splendid young son Paul was drowned in the Rio Grande River, where as an engineer he was engaged in running a line between the United States and Mexico; and this left him alone, so far as his immediate family was concerned. And he found his family in the people of the world. I have heard of a schoolteacher in Chicago who lost his only son, a little lad, and who used to go to the gates of the public schools and watch the boys as they passed out to see if he could find one who looked like the little lad he had lost. Of course he could not. But by and by he gave his life to a service for boys, finding in the composite boy life of the city in which he lived the life of the lad he had lost.

"And it seems to me that it was something like this with Mr. Cunningham. He had no family of his own, but he had so many friends because he made himself everybody's friend. He was easy to get acquainted with. He was approachable. Every one knew him. I shall never forget just after we had gone to Newark from Nashville. It was in November, and of course we were a bit homesick; and Christmas morning came a telegram from Sumner Cunningham, saying: 'I will take breakfast with you on Christmas morning.' It was a bit of the South that blew in on us. And he did it over and over again until we came to look for his telegram every Christmas morning. That is what he did for me and my family. He put himself into the life of the world. He 'lived in a house by the side of the road and was a friend to man.' He was pure gold. You cannot measure the worth of a man like that by material standards. Holland prays: 'God give us men—men whom the lust of office cannot kill and the spoils of office cannot buy.' That kind of prayer was answered in this man. He was worth more than any material standard can estimate to the community, to the State, and to the nation. There are a few things which I want to say about him.

"The first is, he was Southern. He loved the South, th 'sunny, sunny South.' It was always that to him. The Sout was his passion, and he loved it passionately with every fibe of his being. There are some people who might not unde stand this kind of devotion. They think it is narrow an sectional. People outside this section sometimes ask us wh we who live in the South have that kind of devotion to it. think it is because the South has suffered. It takes sufferin to create devotion. People are welded together in the furnac fires of suffering. It is because the South's cause is a lo cause that there is a kind of romantic devotion that gathe about it. There is a kind of romance and chivalry about ou devotion for it, because it is the land of a lost cause. Wa Street may furnish themes for big detective stories for th Saturday Evening Post and for similar publications; but you want stories of chivalry and romance, you must come t the South for them. I am sorry for any man of Southe birth who has not some of that sort of feeling. Sumner Cu ningham was an American citizen, but the South was in h heart; and I say I am sorry for any Southern-born man o woman who does not feel his or her pulse quicken at th sound of 'Dixie.'



BENEATH THE STARS AND BARS.

Guard of Honor from Troop A, Forrest's Cavalry. From left to right: Corp. A. H. Gross, 1st Tennessee Artillery; Joel E. Horn, 9th Tennessee Cavalry; G. S. Ridley, Sons of Veterans; A. J. Eton, 28th Tennessee Infantry; Lieut. Harry Rene Lee, 34th Mississippi Infantry; Sergt. J. N. Long, 15th Confederate Cavalry.

"Next, he was a Confederate. He was a Southern soldier. The war was never over with him. I do not mean its bitterness; I mean its ideals, what it stood for. This never passed with him. He nursed it in his heart. He has rendered a great service to the Confederate cause. It never had a better friend. He was a conspicuous figure at all the reunions, and was always interested in the arrangements for the comfort of all the soldiers. I should like to mention two things he has done by way of service to the Confederate cause. The first is the founding and publication of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I do not believe we can yet estimate the value of the public service he has rendered through that periodical. He has gathered there for years the story of the facts. They are there on file. An impartial history of the part the South played in the great struggle between the States has never been written; but when the hour comes and the man rises, he will find there the material ready to his hand in the files of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

"The other matter of which I speak is his part in the Sam Davis monument. It was Sumner Cunningham who gave to the public the story of the young Confederate hero who was hanged because he would not betray his comrade, and who said: 'I would rather die a thousand times than betray a friend!' Mr. Cunningham gathered together the money for the erection of the Sam Davis monument, superintended its erection, and had been instrumental in the introduction of Sam Davis Day in the patriotic calendar of our State. It seems to me that the monument on the grounds of the Capitol is as much a monument to Sumner Cunningham as to Sam Davis.

"He was a Southerner, he was a Confederate soldier, and then he was a servant. I think that is the greatest thing the Bible says about our Saviour when it says: 'He made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant.' The Christian ideal of greatness is servanthood. Mr. Cunningham was a servant. He was anybody's servant to whom he could render a service. He lived his religion as much as any man I have ever known. He gloried in service for other people. If he passed an old woman on the street with a heavy load, he got his arm under her bundle; and I have known him on a wet day to take the overshoes off his feet to give to an old and feeble and ragged woman to protect her from the weather. You have seen him. I have seen him. I believe this was the way he lived. It was the greatest thing about him.

"He was a Christian. He was an elder in the First Cumberland Presbyterian Church of Nashville, and was faithful and devoted to his Church. But he had a kind of religion better than creed, the kind of religion which overflows all life, the kind recited in that poem which I read at the beginning. He believed that 'inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' That was his way of life. I never think of him without thinking of the good Samaritan. He never passed by any man 'on the other side,' and so he has gone to his home justified."

Dr. Vance concluded by reading the poem which was found among the papers of Mr. Cunningham's son, and which he so often sent out at Christmas time as a "comfort to people in sorrow."

Dr. Yates followed in a brief but fervent tribute to Mr. Cunningham, saying that he considered the erection of the memorial to Colonel Owen at Indianapolis through his efforts one of the grandest and most unique things in the life of Mr. Cunningham. His life was an inspiration to all young people who knew him. He was a broad man; and while a loyal Cumberland Presbyterian, he loved the other Churches.

Speaking of the "Lost Cause," Dr. Yates said it was not lost. If the cause meant anything, it meant "States' rights," and now States' rights were becoming an established fact. He referred to the great religious revival in the Confederate armies near the close of the war, and said the soldiers showed their greatest heroism in their gallant struggle after hostilities in the field had ceased.

Concluding the service, the members of Cheatham Bivouac gathered about the bier, and in tender tones the burial ritual was read by Gen. B. H. Young, Commander in Chief U. C. V. The casket was then removed to the parlors of the church, where the guard of honor from Troop A, Forrest's Cavalry, watched through the night and until the removal to the train which bore him to the old home town of Shelbyville, where he was laid to rest by the side of the beloved mother whose counsel had been his guidance in life and near the son whose brilliant career was cut short in young manhood. Many friends from different sections of the State and county gathered there to pay a last tribute. Among the last to look upon his mortal remains was an old white-haired negro who had worked for Mr. Cunningham seven years when he lived in Shelbyville. After a short address by General Young, the simple services at the grave were concluded by his reading the burial ritual, with responses by members of Cheatham Bivouac and Frierson Camp, of Shelbyville. Then the plaintive notes of the bugle sounded "taps," and the soldier, citizen, friend was left sleeping on the hillside.

GENERAL YOUNG'S ADDRESS AT THE GRAVE.

Out in the darkness and gloom of a storm on the Ægean Sea, when the waves were tossing a frail craft high in the air and lightnings were flashing, showing how impotent was man when fighting nature's forces, and deep-toned thunderings were filling space with their terrorizing voices, the sailor, looking up to heaven, cried out: "O Neptune, god of the sea, thou canst save me if thou wilt; thou canst destroy me if thou wilt; but I shall keep the rudder true."

When here we gather about the grave of our comrade and friend, with hearts filled with grief and eyes suffused with tears, we can say of him: "He kept the rudder true." As he knew the right, he always dared to do it. Loyal, generous, brave, kindly, and noble, in going away to find the unending life he has left behind him influences and memories that are immortal.

We consign his body to the tomb; but there is something about our dear friend that change and decay are powerless to reach. His character, his work, his example, and his heroic creations rise above the sphere of earth in triumphant power and defy the sting of death and the victories of the grave. If he whom we mourn had done nothing but rescue from oblivion the name and heroism of Sam Davis, he would have earned the eternal gratitude not only of the South, but of the whole world. Only a few times in human history has such a hero as Sam Davis crossed the horizon of fame. The story of this boy's sublime sacrifice and loyalty to duty will be just as bright and splendid at the end of a thousand years as it is now. It was a great uplift to the men and women of all ages to have had such a hero in human form.

Our dead friend has done more than any one person to perpetuate the record of Southern courage and man-

hood. He held a humble place in war, but by his devotion to truth and his patience and energy he has stored in print the most complete and accurate account of what the Southland really achieved and suffered. In peace he has become a gigantic force that looms up in grandeur and splendor. The men and women of the South owe him a debt that can be paid only in gratitude and love. His work was one of its own kind. There never was anything just like it, and it will have no counterpart in the ages to come. Mankind will read in succeeding centuries with increasing admiration and wonder the record of Southern heroism and patriotic sacrifice. S. A. Cunningham has done more than any fifty men to make permanent the true story of what the men and women of the Confederate States did and suffered, and of the noble standards they have set up for the world's guidance. In doing this he has made the men and women of all nations his debtors.

Our comrade has gone from us in the flesh, but his influence and his work will abide forever. A child of God, he has laid down the cross and won a crown. Earnest and humble in Christian faith, he has overcome the gloom and terror of the tomb. He is not here in this narrow earthly home, where we now place all of him that was mortal; that which made him so good and so true has gone to dwell with the immortals. He has gone to be with those he loved and lost awhile, who had passed the stream of death before and whom he has so often longed to join in the land of peace and blessedness. The wife, the son, the daughter, to whose memories he was so constant and true, have welcomed him to that home where there are no graves, no deaths, no tears, no partings.

We thank God that he went down in the last conflict with all his faculties and powers. He fell with the drums beating and the flags waving out on the firing line, with no fear in his heart.

When Gen. Patrick Cleburne fell at Franklin, as he rode up to the breastworks of his foes and the fatal missile pierced his breast, with life's current rushing from his wound, with his expiring breath he cried out: "Boys, I am dying; fight it out, fight it out!"

Our friend fought it out, and now he rests in peace.

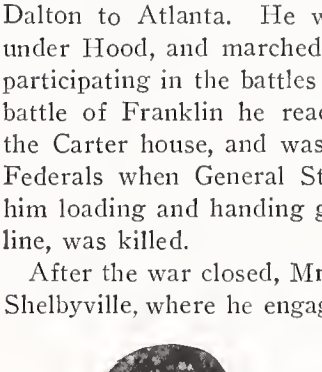
Dear friend, thy voice is stilled, thy hand has vanished; but we hear the echoes from the spirit world bidding us be brave and true until the final roll call summons us to where you and our other comrades have gone.

Kind, brave, gentle, heroic friend, we wave thee our parting salutation and our tenderest benedictions. We shall always feel the power and impress of thy example and the encouragement which comes from a beautiful and unselfish life. We rejoice that thou hast entered upon thy reward, and we dry our tears and bid grief begone, because thou hast won that reward which the Son of God died to give those who put their trust in him.

Mr. Cunningham's Life and Work.

Sumner A. Cunningham was a native of Bedford County, Tenn., born in 1843. His father died when he was but a lad, and with his brother and sisters he grew up on the farm under the guidance of the mother to whom he was ever devoted. He received the education that the country schools afforded. When he entered the Confederate army, on November 4, 1861, as a private in Company B, 41st Tennessee Regiment, he was a mere boy, so small that his rifle barrel was cut off that he might handle it with more ease. His first battle was at Fort Donelson, where he was captured and, with other prisoners, sent to Camp Morton, at Indianapolis, Ind. He remained there several months before being sent to Vicksburg for exchange, and then participated in the fighting aroun Vicksburg, his command being a part of the army unde Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who was trying to raise the sieg of that city. He was also in the battles of Chickamauga an Missionary Ridge, and took active part in the continuou fighting of Johnston's stubborn retreat before Sherman fro Dalton to Atlanta. He was in the fighting around Atlant under Hood, and marched with Hood's army into Tennesse participating in the battles of Franklin and Nashville. At th battle of Franklin he reached the Federal breastworks nea the Carter house, and was firing over the breastworks at th Federals when General Strahl, who was immediately behin him loading and handing guns to him and others of the firin line, was killed.

After the war closed, Mr. Cunningham lived for ten years Shelbyville, where he engaged in the mercantile business nd a



AS A BOY SOLDIER.

owner and editor of the Shelbyvil Commercial, a weekly paper. H was married to Miss Laura Davi of Georgia, on November 27, 186 and to them were born two chi dren: Paul Davis, who wa drowned in the Rio Grande in 190 and Mary, who died when tw years of age. Of his immedia family, only a sister survives, Mr Addie Wakefield, of Cornersvill Tenn.

In 1875-76 Mr. Cunningham wa associated in the control of the old Rural Sun, publishe in Nashville, and in the latter year bought the Chattanoog Times, which he edited for about two years. He went fro there to Cartersville, Ga., and was editing the Cartersvil Express in 1879 when he lost the beloved wife who had be his helpmeet in every sense. Later on he went to New Yor and in 1883 established there a monthly magazine, Our Da as an exponent of Southern sentiment. After a year or so returned to Tennessee and became a staff correspondent the Nashville American, his articles over the signature "S. C." attracting much attention.

Nearly twenty-five years ago Mr. Cunningham active participated in the inception of the movement to build th memorial to President Davis at Richmond, Va., and he w appointed agent for the collection of the fund. In the pe formance of this duty he found it necessary to travel a gre deal throughout the South and to write many letters. Th correspondence became so heavy that at last he decided publish a leaflet giving information about the memorial f general distribution by mail. This little publication seem at once to fill a long-felt want, and thus it came about th Mr. Cunningham decided to continue it as a medium of co munication between the veterans of the South. So the Co federate Veteran became the chief organ for the Veterai the Daughters of the Confederacy, and other Southern pat otic organizations, and has developed into a magazine recognized standing. As directed by Mr. Cunningham, t Veteran has done more to present a correct history of t "War of the States," as he insisted on calling it, from Southern standpoint than any other agency. It will be a mi of valuable information for the future historian when t correct history of the great struggle between the North a South is written.

One of the most notable works of Mr. Cunningham's life was rescuing the name of Tennessee's boy hero from oblivion. He took the initiative in the movement to erect a monument to this boy, Sam Davis, and through the VETERAN for many years he urged his people to contribute to the fund that a suitable memorial might be erected. That monument was dedicated in 1909, and stands on Capitol Hill at Nashville, teaching a lesson of heroism unsurpassed. He also inaugurated a movement through the VETERAN to erect at Indianapolis a memorial to Col. Richard Owen, the Federal officer who had charge of Confederate prisoners at Camp Morton early in 1862, and who by his kindness and consideration won their undying affection. Contributions for this were made by surviving prisoners and their friends, but Mr. Cunningham bore the financial responsibility and was the largest contributor.

Mr. Cunningham's life was an exemplification of the sentiment:

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

He was a man of unique personality and doubtless one of the most widely known men in private life. His genial nature and sympathetic disposition made him friends everywhere, and among them were many distinguished men and women. He was a typical "Southern gentleman of the old school" in his deference to and consideration for ladies, that being one of his marked characteristics. His friends frequently said that he "knew more ladies than any man in the Southern Confederacy." Although a little over seventy years of age, he was active to the last and moved with the vigor of a man of fifty; and though he had drained the cup of sorrow, he was always brave and cheerful. One by one he saw his loved ones taken from him—the little daughter, the devoted wife, and then the manly son in whose career he felt such pride. The loss of his son, who was drowned while engaged in the survey of the international boundary between the United States and Mexico, cast a shadow over his later life; but only his most intimate friends knew of his deep sorrow.

He lived the life of a Christian.

TRIBUTES OF FRIENDS.

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

M. B. MORTON, NASHVILLE, A LONG-TIME FRIEND AND ASSOCIATE IN JOURNALISM.

Sumner A. Cunningham was a brave and faithful Confederate soldier, a useful, upright citizen, and a true friend. He had just passed his threescore years and ten, and it may truthfully be said of him: "He served the Lord his God all the days of his life." And what higher tribute could be paid to any man? He literally died in the harness, for he was active and alert in mind and body until four days before the final summons; and he met the last enemy, as he had faced every crisis in his life, calmly and unafraid. His last thoughts and last words were of the friends he left behind. This was typical of the man. He realized that the end was near, and almost his last words to the physicians who attended him so faithfully were to tell them about his funeral and to name the friends whom he wished to act as pallbearers.

Truly could it be said of him, he loved his fellow man. His utter unselfishness and willingness to contribute to the comfort and happiness of others was his most marked characteristic. Though he was devoted to the memory of a beloved wife, who was called from him in young manhood, and of a brilliant young son, who lost his life in the service of his country twelve years ago, he was always bright and cheerful. Few besides his closest friends knew how deep were the sorrows which gave a touch of sadness to the last years of his life, and that no doubt made him kinder and gentler and more considerate in his dealings with others.

He was a Christian gentleman of the old school; and his pure, unselfish life will be an example to the young and an inspiration to all who knew him.

MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

The friends of Mr. Cunningham, closely associated with him, have for a year noted with growing solicitude the appealing tones of editorials in the VETERAN. It scarcely needed his sudden removal to confirm the fear that he had from month to month been sending us farewell messages, almost as if he said: "Lo, I, about to depart, plead with you to carry on my work!"

He was well aware of the value of the VETERAN as a historical magazine, but had the haunting fear that others did not appreciate it and that his work might be forgotten. He alluded to this while in Chattanooga on December 4, and spoke so sadly of his struggles to preserve Southern history. We tried to encourage him and said: "You do not realize the work you are doing in a genealogical way for our descendants in the pages of the VETERAN. You are publishing now from month to month information concerning Southern soldiers which will preserve for our children direct proof of their Confederate lineage. All readers of the D. A. R. Magazine know that large sums are being paid to obtain similar records of our Revolutionary ancestors, and these volumes, which you think are lightly esteemed, will, like those of the Cumæan sibyl, be more valuable in the years to come."

He smiled and in his courteous way begged that we would write this estimate for the next issue of the VETERAN as a message to the Daughters of the Confederacy.

We saw him depart; and as friends of a traveler going on a long journey accompany him to the gate and stand to watch him take his way are sometimes surprised to see him turn suddenly to the right or left instead of keeping to the high road, so were we startled when the news came that he had so quickly crossed the dark river to the other side when we thought him still with us.

In the funeral procession of citizens of high lineage in ancient Rome were borne the portraits of their ancestors. Mr. Cunningham, our faithful friend, has so preserved for us in the pages of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN the likeness of the Southern soldier that we of the Confederacy will need no other portrait to show to future generations the features of the bravest men upon whom the sun ever shone, nor fear to read their record.

W. A. Edwards, Commander Mississippi Division, U. C. V writes from Edwards, Miss.: "The Mississippi Division of United Confederate Veterans through their Commander would hereby join our comrades everywhere in expressions of sorrow and sadness over the loss to us and to you of S. A. Cunningham, the founder of the great Confederate medium of communication with each other, the builder of our history, and the defender of our cause. Peace be to his ashes, hope to his family and friends, and may God raise up some one to take his place!"

CORPORAL JAMES TANNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

May I once more briefly enter the columns of the VETERAN for the purpose of expressing, even though faintly, the deep sense of sorrow in the heart of one Union veteran over the sudden passing of Sumner A. Cunningham?

We were enemies in a general sense from '61 to Appomattox; but from about 1880 up to the other day, when he passed on, we were warm friends. Over thirty years ago he was our guest when we were living in Brooklyn. He and I had been made acquainted by Gen. John B. Gordon, who, in introducing us, spoke of him as "Sam." He did not disavow the correctness of the name even when, some time later, after we had become better acquainted, I called him "Sam." He told me laughingly that General Gordon and I were the only ones who so designated him. When the Daughters of the Confederacy met in Washington about a year ago, he was here attending their convention, and for the week was the guest of my daughters and myself. That was the last time we met.



FROM MINIATURE BY MRS. CORNELIUS HANKINS.

He was a fierce old "Johnnie Reb" on paper, but all who came in personal contact with him came to know that his was one of the sweetest natures among men. He carried one of the bravest, kindliest hearts in his breast that God ever endowed a man with, and he was one of the cleanest, purest Christian men I ever met.

My last communication to him was to send him a check renewing my subscription for five years to come, telling him that I felt he was good for that length of time and feeling that, while we might differ with each other on some points, I still wanted to keep up connection with him on all lines. God has seen fit to order otherwise, and my friend has gone into eternal bivouac. He will be missed and mourned in every group, North and South, with which he ever touched elbows and I, for one, look forward with the eye of faith to a happ reunion in the mysterious beyond with the brave, gentle so of Sumner A. Cunningham.

MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, EX-PRESIDENT MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. D. C., WEST POINT, MISS.

The death of Mr. S. A. Cunningham comes as a person loss to every true Southerner. It is an irreparable loss the South and the nation. He has been always an impartia historian, and to him more than to any one man is due th better feeling now existing between the sections. He has ev in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN given the truth of history both sides, and with a clearer understanding of the motiv of each much of bitterness has been removed. He has be the "faithful watchman on the tower" all these years, defen ing the South from wrong statements and ever holding up h high ideals and exalted patriotism. All honor to his memor

I notice with pride the movement to erect a monument his memory which will be a testimonial from the people of t Southland to his worth. May it be erected speedily! Eve man, woman, and child of the South will esteem it a priv lege to contribute to this memorial, which will represent t profound respect and admiration of a loyal people for o who devoted his life to giving a truthful history of the Sout land and the principles for which the Confederate soldi fought.

These words of appreciation are offered as a tribute to t memory of Mr. S. A. Cunningham, a friend of the South a her ever-faithful champion.

HON. HORACE P. OWEN, NEW HARMONY, IND., SON OF COL. RICHARD OWEN.

Permit me to extend to the editorial staff of the VETERA my sincerest sympathy and condolence in the irreparal loss sustained in the death of your esteemed and valued chi I was sorely shocked and grieved at the announcement Sunday's papers of the sudden demise of Mr. Cunningha for I had learned to regard him with a feeling akin to th of brotherly love, though our acquaintance was only of rip years. His unbounded love for his fellow men, coupled wi his unselfish and generous nature, proclaimed him one "nature's noblemen," so rare in this busy, bustling world, whe avarice and selfish greed stalk unrebuked in every avenue life. His was the most lovable nature that it has been good fortune to come in contact with during a life of vari experience and close companionship with men. His splend work as the head of your valued publication has endear him to the people of the South, who will now more than ev before realize the majesty of his character and accord to memory the deserving plaudits of a life well spent in bou less deeds of kindness, generosity, and unostentatious chari Peace to his ashes! With sorrowing heart I bow meekly the wisdom of a Creator who "doeth all things well."

FROM ROBERT A. HALLEY, NASHVILLE.

Sumner Cunningham was, to my mind, one of the m remarkable men that came back from the war and engag in the endeavor to be useful to his native section. And t purpose he accomplished by a full realization of the truth th loyalty to the South did not demand bitterness to those w had fought the South for four long years. I knew him ma years before he undertook the publication of the CONFEDERA VETERAN, and long before his embarking in that enterprise

had often expressed a regret that many felt—that the history of the struggle was being written almost altogether by those on the Northern side. Recognizing that there were two points of view, he still deprecated the idea of the children and the future generations of the South accepting without question the views of writers on the Northern side. Appreciating the efforts previously made to preserve the truth as the South saw it, he still had other views than those entertained and carried out in those other publications, and believed that the true remedy was the gathering up of the multifold experience and observations of the men who had fought in the Southern army before these men had passed away, leaving no eye-witnesses of the events in which they had taken part.

It was with hope rather than with confidence that he launched his enterprise, and he was inspired by the fact that at that time so few, even among the Southern leaders, had set down their narratives for permanent preservation. Those who will look back through the years that have passed since the CONFEDERATE VETERAN issued its first number will hardly be able to recall how few works on the war the South had produced as compared with the large library of Southern war history that has been added since. Both North and South seemed inspired through him to present views which were less biased and less offensively partisan than the earlier books. "The truth in all things set down" was the aim of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and through its influence this became more the aim of the writers on both sides. It was in the columns of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN that a large part of the wealth of heroic deed and courageous achievement was first unearthed from forgotten records and from dormant memories, and from the first issue till now that work has gone on with increasing success.

We all regret that he could not live to complete the work he had brought up so far; but even as he left it the historian of the future who wishes the truth about the War between the States will be forced to go to the columns of the VETERAN for it. Minds and hearts in perfect sympathy with his aims and plans, loyal to the South as he was, and inspired by the same devotion to the truth, must complete what he began and leave to the future what he was working for—the truthful records of the war from which some day the real history will have to be written.

PAST COMMANDER G. A. R., ELL TORRANCE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

I was greatly distressed to learn of the death of Colonel Cunningham. While death is busy nowadays piloting my friends across the bar, I feel especially bereft by his homegoing. It was my privilege to meet him at Gettysburg last July and at Chattanooga in September, and on both occasions we were brought into agreeable fellowship, and the bonds of friendship that had been formed in earlier years were strengthened to the mutual happiness of both.

His personality was charming, and his face and voice were the sponsors of a noble soul revealing the character of a true gentleman. Richly endowed with the graces of modesty, sincerity, and manly courage, he easily won and readily retained the confidence and affection of all who knew him. His friends were by no means confined to the South, and I am sure that in many a Northern home his death will fill up sorrow's cup to the brim.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN will constitute an enduring monument to his memory, and the future historian in writing the true story of the great war will find in its pages information of inestimable value. But best of all, and revealing the generous qualities of his noble soul, will be the record of his successful effort to erect a monument to Col. Richard Owen for his kindness to the Confederate prisoners of war at Camp Morton, Indiana. This act attests the greatness and the justness of his character and will be the crowning glory of his long and useful life. The tongue falters in its effort to give expression to the heart's estimate of the worth and beauty of such a character.

"How seldom in the lapse of time
Lives there a man so good
That when he dies
His record is beyond all eulogies!"

JUDGE JAMES A. PEARCE, CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Lifelong devotion to the high principles of a long-cherished cause always commands the admiration of manly and generous hearts; and when to such an example is joined the lifelong effort to reconcile the surviving and hereditary passions of a gigantic and protracted civil war and to reunite the hearts of the victors and the vanquished, admiration rises to a worthier and higher feeling.

The monument which Colonel Cunningham inspired the soldiers and people of the South to erect to Col. Richard Owen at Indianapolis in commemoration of his humane and kindly treatment of the Confederate prisoners in his charge may well serve without any further inscription as his own; but the monument his memory best deserves should be the spontaneous tribute of his fellow citizens, North and South, to the soldier whose longest and last fight was for "peace on earth, good will to men."

Should this take form, I ask the privilege of making a modest subscription.

RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF S. A. CUNNINGHAM.

Many Camps of the U. C. V. have passed resolutions paying tribute to his great worth as a man and coworker in all movements of public interest, and especially recognizing his work in preserving the records of the South in her struggle for constitutional rights. It is regretted that all of these tributes cannot be published, for all give expression to the great value of the work which had occupied Mr. Cunningham's later years.

A memorial meeting was held at Chattanooga on Monday night, December 22, under the auspices of N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V., at which many friends spoke feelingly of his life and work, and in the resolutions adopted by the Camp deploring his loss concern was expressed for the continuation of the publication. Resolutions have come from other States showing the widespread sense of loss felt in the passing of this loyal son of the South.

At a regular meeting of Frank Cheatham Bivouac, Tennessee Division, Association of Confederate Soldiers, held in the city of Nashville on Friday, January 2, 1914, the following preamble and resolutions on the death of S. A. Cunningham were presented and unanimously adopted:

"Sumner A. Cunningham has crossed the mystic river, and this Bivouac mourns the loss of one of its leading and most influential members.

"He was born in Bedford County, Tenn., in July, 1843; and died in the city of Nashville on December 20, 1913. He joined the Confederate army in November, 1861, connecting

himself with Company B, 41st Tennessee Infantry. He, with his regiment, was surrendered at Fort Donelson in February, 1862, and was exchanged in September, 1862, when his regiment again became a part of the Army of Tennessee. He, with his regiment, was engaged in every battle of the Army of Tennessee. He was always at the front and, strange to say, was never wounded. At the close of the war he was sergeant major of his regiment.

"In June, 1891, he joined Frank Cheatham Bivouac, which was then and is now Camp No. 35, of the United Confederate Veterans, and has always been an active and ardent member.

"In October, 1910, he was elected Second Vice President of the Tennessee Division, Association of Confederate Soldiers; in October, 1911, he was elected First Vice President; and in October, 1912, he was elected President of said Association, retiring therefrom on October 1, 1913.

"In January, 1893, he established the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and has been actively engaged in editing and publishing said journal ever since, and was so engaged at the date of his death.

"*Resolved,* That this preamble and resolutions shall be spread upon the minutes and a copy shall be sent to his sister, Mrs. Addie Wakefield, at Cornersville, Tenn.

JOHN P. HICKMAN,
H. M. HAMILL,
THOMAS GIBSON,
W. L. MCKAY,
P. M. GRIFFIN,
Committee.

"In testimony whereof, the Bivouac and Camp has caused these presents to be signed by its President and Secretary and attested with the great seal of the State Association.

S. B. SHEARON, *President;*
JOHN P. HICKMAN, *Secretary.*"

TRIBUTE BY JUNIOR SONS OF VETERANS.

The following tribute of devotion and respect to Sumner A. Cunningham was paid by the Junior Sons of Confederate Veterans:

"He who lives an honest, exemplary life, who is studious and industrious, a true soldier in war, a progressive and helpful citizen in peace, one who is devoted to his friends and just to his foes, one who can forgive and forget a wrong, minister to the sick and help the needy, and, above all, one who serves God in love and fear—such a one is the highest type of man, and such a man was the noble counselor and friend whom we have lost, Sumner A. Cunningham, late editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

"In view of this great bereavement the S. A. Cunningham Camp, No. 1, Junior Sons of Confederate Veterans, wish to record their estimate of his worth and their sense of deep sorrow that he is no more. It is matter of truest pride to us that our Camp was organized and named in his honor, to aid in perpetuating the sacred cause of our beloved Southland that was so dear to his own heart, and to which he consecrated the best thought and effort of his life. He was an ideal of manhood that always inspired in us the hope and purpose of emulation; therefore be it

"*Resolved,* That we feel the death of Mr. Cunningham as a public calamity and as an irreparable loss to the members and interests of our Camp. He at all times gave cordial support to the work of our organization, and endeared himself to each one of us by ties of personal friendship that can never be broken. We would mingle our grief in warmest sympathy with that of his surviving kindred and near and dear friends and assure them of our unceasing and grateful devotion to his memory.

"*Resolved,* That we will contribute a suitable floral design and attend the memorial service, in further token of affection for our departed senior comrade.

"In behalf of the Memorial Committee: Jesse Pittman, Chairman; Dabney Minor, Commander; Robert Quarles, Jr., Adjutant; Mrs. L. Kirby-Parrish, Organizer and Director.

In behalf of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 158, U. C. V., Fort Worth, Tex.: We have heard with profound grief of the death of our dear comrade, S. A. Cunningham. The Richard Owen Memorial alone will class his memory among the immortals. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN will embalm his name among the historians of the ages. The grief of the veterans in this Camp is profound, and we hereby voice their deepest sympathies and condolence in his demise. We sincerely trust that his great life work in the publication of the VETERAN may be perpetuated.

W. I. SHAW, C. C. CUMMINGS, U. C. V.;
H. H. WOOD, U. S. C. V.;
MRS. E. W. PROVINE, U. D. C.

PEOPLE'S MONUMENT TO S. A. CUNNINGHAM.

After the burial of Comrade Cunningham, a meeting was called by the Confederates of Louisville at the office of Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief U. C. V., to inaugurate plans for building a monument to his memory. The meeting resolved to set in motion agencies at once to carry out such a purpose.

First, it was resolved that it must be a people's monument erected by small subscriptions to be made by friends in every part of the South. To this end it was determined to allow no subscription over $5 and none under ten cents. Those who wish to give more than $5 can put such excess in the name of their family. The minimum, ten cents, will put it within the power of everybody to take part in this work.

A Finance Committee, residing in Nashville, Tenn., was charged with the collection of the money. Gen. John P. Hickman, Maj. M. A. Spurr, and M. B. Morton were named as such committee, and they have elected Miss E. D. Pope, Mr. Cunningham's business secretary, Treasurer of the fund.

The Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, Department Commanders, the State Division Commanders, and the Brigade Commanders, together with the President General of the Daughters of the Confederacy, the State Presidents of the Daughters, and the Presidents of all the Memorial Associations, were named as the general committee to take the necessary steps to give publicity to the call and to devise ways to secure the money to erect a suitable memorial of gratitude to Comrade Cunningham.

It is believed that the response to these suggestions will be universal and prompt, and that within ninety days a fund sufficient for this laudable purpose will be secured.

All desiring to take part in the work can send their contributions to Miss E. D. Pope, Treasurer Cunningham Fund, care CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

HOOD'S FAILURE AT SPRING HILL.

BY PARK MARSHALL, ESQ., NASHVILLE.

J. D. Remington's article printed in the VETERAN for December is the most important and interesting article relating to the War of the States that has appeared in forty years, only it cannot without more proof be received as undisputed fact. To do ready justice to Mr. Remington it may be said that the VETERAN seems to have taken the pains to inquire about him; and so far as the references go, he seems to be a man of good standing for truth and honesty.

Ordinarily anything that such a man should say would be accepted at once; but the things of which he speaks now are so extraordinary as to cause a different rule of credibility to arise, or rather the mystery of Spring Hill has stood unsolved for so many years that it is in itself a mute witness against anybody who may now come forward with new evidence. Grant that Mr. Remington is perfectly honest, but assume that he is under an illusion after thinking so long about the war, and, as he says, "knowing that he will not live much longer," have we a right to do this? Ordinarily, no. And yet to do this or to assume some other cause is by no means so extraordinary a thing as that detailed by Mr. Remington himself in his article in the VETERAN. The mind is naturally compelled to deal with evidence by some such process as this.

It is almost universally admitted that if Hood had interposed Cheatham, Stewart, and Forrest across the pike at Spring Hill he would have trapped the Federals between those corps and that of S. D. Lee and would have captured them with all their trains of wagons and artillery. Hood's movements to this end were perfect, and his corps were commanded by officers who never refused to fight either before or after that time. They reached the proper position in due time to take the pike, but stopped in gunshot of it and allowed all the Federals to pass practically unmolested. This is the great mystery of the war. A Union officer has written a book in which he mentions this occurrence as one among many other unaccountable accidents which prevented the ultimate success of the Confederacy, as if Providence had ruled that a fierce and bloody war should rage with high honors to the Confederacy, but ultimate success to the Union. Inexplicable things in the battles before Troy are detailed by Homer; a hero has another hero at his mercy, but Pallas interposes her shield and saves him—an easy explanation of an otherwise unsolvable dénouement.

Testimony has been given on the Spring Hill affair by General Cheatham, General Hood, General Brown, Governor Harris, and others, and still there are great differences of opinion. No explanation in any way satisfactorily explains the inaction of that evening. Its dramatic effect is heightened by the fact that the bloodiest battle of the war was fought the next day at Franklin, twelve miles away.

This matter, however, is so important that further investigation ought to be made in relation to Mr. Remington's paper.

Was he a soldier in Company I, 73d Illinois? and what is known of him as such?

Is it natural that a private soldier such as might be detailed to a bakery would be detailed for such intelligent work?

Would he be taken out of the Federal line and sent immediately into the Confederate line without previous plan or preparation?

Where was the line from which he was taken to go to Opdyke's headquarters?

Did General Hood, in company with Cheatham, Cleburne, and others and their staffs, ride at the head of an infantry column in approaching Spring Hill?

Was General Johnson in position near the pike at the time mentioned?

Is it possible that General Hood and those with him were not informed as to the movement of the Federal army that they could be misled by a strange young officer to believe that there was an army corps of the enemy and thirty-six cannon massed at Spring Hill?

Could a strange captain ride along the Confederate line and give verbal orders to five or six general officers which in effect countermanded previous orders, when General Hood himself was within a mile and a half of their position and could be communicated with? These questions seem to be vital?

So far as I have heard or read, no one has ever said that any officer delivered such orders. I believe that General Cheatham in his statement says he went to General Hood and told him that he (Cheatham) was in position and ready to attack, but Hood told him to wait till morning. Governor Harris says that after Cheatham left a soldier came to Hood and informed him that the enemy were passing, whereupon Hood told Colonel Mason to order Cheatham to attack. Mason failed to do this, and Cheatham never received the order. General Cheatham quotes a note received from General Hood on December 2 saying that he did not blame him.

The most sensible conclusion is that General Hood was near at hand and was supposed to be familiar with the situation, hence had all the responsibility. General Hood made his report months after these events, and therein gives his views as to the responsibility for the failure. He discusses the matter, and it would seem that if he had acted upon information that the Federal army had arrived at Spring Hill he would certainly have so stated.

The theory of Mr. Remington is that General Hood believed the Federals were ready to make a stand at Spring Hill, and therefore Hood would wait and form a plan of battle in the morning. But the whole idea of General Hood's report is that he desired all the time to carry out his original plan by seizing the pike at once, but that his orders were not carried out. It is entirely possible that General Hood was not physically able to stand the labors incident to the campaign, since within the year he had lost a leg and a section of bone had at some time been taken out of one of his arms.

John P. Hickman, Commander Tennessee Division, U. C. V., writes as follows:

"Referring to J. D. Remington's article in the December VETERAN about Hood's failure at Spring Hill, I desire to submit some history which will contradict his statements.

"I was not present at the Spring Hill affair nor at the battle of Franklin, being in prison at Fort Delaware, but have read General Hood's reports on the subjects and also the reports of several generals on both sides; also I have discussed both incidents with several Confederate officers participating therein, and especially with Gen. W. B. Bate and Gen. A. P. Stewart, both of whom were conspicuous at the two places.

"I was present in General Bate's room at the Maxwell House with Gov. Isham G. Harris, Dr. Thomas Menees, and several others when General Bate gave a detailed statement of the Spring Hill affair. He said that his division, with General Cleburne's division, was ordered to cross Duck River above Columbia and intercept Schofield's army at Spring Hill; that his division was in advance and first got to the pike in advance of Schofield's army; that in a short while he received

orders from his lieutenant general to fall back and rest on the right of the pike, and in reply thereto he reported that his division occupied a good position and could whip three times their number. Soon thereafter General Cleburne, with his division, came up to the pike in his support; that about that time he received another order to fall back and rest on the right of the pike, and in reply he reported that Cleburne's Division had come up, was supporting him, and that the two divisions could whip all of Schofield's army; that he then received a peremptory order to fall back or to report under arrest to General Hood; that, knowing approximately where General Hood's headquarters were, he secured two guides and ran his horse all the way there; that on arriving General Forrest was in the room with General Hood, and he was not invited in for several minutes; that when he did get in he told General Hood of the positions occupied by his and Cleburne's divisions; that General Hood asked him if Forrest's Division was not across the pike in advance of him; that he told him it was, but a division of cavalry could not stop an infantry army. To this General Hood agreed, but after several minutes of contemplation he said: 'You and General Cleburne had better obey orders, as your lieutenant general may have some move we know not of.'

"On getting back to his division General Bate ordered it from the pike. At this time General Cleburne came up and said: 'Bate, suppose you and I report to General Hood under arrest and leave our divisions under the commands of our brigadiers, and before we can get back they will have whipped the Yankee army.'

"However, the divisions did fall back on the right of the pike, and in a very short time General Schofield and his army marched by and on into Franklin. Maj. H. J. Cheney, who was adjutant general of Gen. W. B. Bate at that time, and who now lives in Nashville, has read this paper and fully confirms every statement made.

"Several years ago I was on the battle field of Chickamauga with the Commission to locate the positions for the placing of the Tennessee monuments and markers. On the Commission were a number of Tennessee Confederate officers, together with Generals Stewart and Bate, when General Stewart told of the attack upon Franklin. He said that soon after the Confederate army got in position in front of Franklin the officers held a conference, and he was ordered by General Hood to take his corps, with Forrest's Cavalry, and clear Harpeth River of the enemy above Franklin, so he with his army could flank Franklin and march into Nashville; that he did as ordered and so reported to General Hood; that soon thereafter he was ordered to attack Franklin, which was very much against his best judgment; that some time after the battle General Hood told him why he had changed his orders and did attack Franklin. General Hood said he had information that the enemy were preparing to evacuate and hoped to strike them in a disorganized condition. It afterwards developed that Schofield had sent down to the river to see about evacuating, but found that the railroad bridge had no floor, and he could not take his army hurriedly across the river on crossties. Therefore he had given up his idea of evacuating just a short while before the attack was made.

"To show that 'Munchausen' writes from a diseased imagination, I quote: 'Hood asked him [Remington], "Is the enemy retreating north of Spring Hill?"' and he replied: 'They are not. Some of the army are now asleep and all are preparing to retire.' He says that General Hood asked him several other questions, to all of which he replied, and General Hood believed what he said. Now, any soldier will know that no general would put confidence in a rank stranger, a man he had never seen before. Moreover, General Hood's report of the Spring Hill affair and General Bate's interview quoted above contradict Remington's article. General Hood knew that Schofield was in full and precipitous retreat, that his objective point was Franklin, and that he would not let his army stop until it reached there."

H. A. Tyler, Commanding Forrest's Cavalry Association, Hickman, Ky., has this to say:

"The article in the VETERAN for December by J. D. Remington on the cause of Hood's failure at Spring Hill impels me to write what I know and saw of the operation of our army at Spring Hill.

"I was there on the staff of Gen. Abe Buford as inspector general of the division. General Forrest, with Buford's and Jackson's Divisions of Cavalry, was on the right flank of Hood's command and forced a crossing of Duck River several miles above Columbia. We found a good road from this crossing to Spring Hill, and we were nearer Spring Hill than Columbia was. Forrest at once sent a dispatch to Hood of this fact. At once Hood put his command in motion for a flank movement by this route. With his two divisions of cavalry Forrest at once moved on Spring Hill and struck the enemy at that place to cut them off; but they were too strong for us, and we were compelled to fall back. Late that evening, just as the sun was setting, Buford's Division was in line of battle on their horses, about one-fourth of a mile, as nearly as I can recall, southeast of Spring Hill and about four hundred yards east of the road along which the Federals were retreating.

"Seeing a woman standing on the front porch of a neat cottage about one hundred yards in front of our line, I rode out and stopped at the gate, when she came out and joined me. I was struck by her great beauty, and began at once asking her about the roads and the lay of the ground. After giving me the information, she asked what troops those were. I told her Buford's Division of Forrest's Cavalry. She at once asked if General Forrest was with us, and I pointed him out to her. She then said she would like to meet him and speak to him. I said, 'Who are you, madam?' and she replied: 'Mrs. Peters. General Forrest will know me.' I, of course, knew her too, and immediately galloped back and told General Forrest that Mrs. Peters wished to see him. I took him to her and left them talking, and then rode forward about seventy-five yards nearer the Federal line of retreat. Soon thereafter General Forrest joined me, and we sat on our horses for some time looking at the passing enemy. They moved back in a dense column across a valley in our front. At the same time there were quite a large number of pieces of their artillery stationed in front and near the Cheairs residence which had opened a heavy fire, throwing their shot and shells over the heads of their retreating army. I shall never forget General Forrest's expression. The longer he gazed upon this moving column, the madder he seemed to get, and finally he threw up a clenched fist and said: '—— Hood! Had he supported me here as he promised, that whole army would have been our prisoners.' We finally rode back to our position and remained far into the night.

"Now, as to the pertinency of these facts and Remington's story, I know that no one could have passed up in front between us and the Federal lines or could have reached Spring Hill, as he claims he did that night."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

COMRADE S. A. CUNNINGHAM.

The passing of S. A. Cunningham has caused a wave of deep universal sorrow to spread over the entire Southland. Not only amongst his own people was he respected and loved, but in the North he had thousands of ardent admirers. His sincerity of purpose, his lofty ideals, his unmeasurable devotion to truth, his broad, generous judgments of those who differed from him, and his unflinching loyalty to all the memories and achievements of the Confederate nation made him a man to rise above sectional lines and to make friends in all the places where he was known. He was the most active, the most useful, the most unselfish man in the United Confederate Veterans. The work he did places every Confederate soldier, woman, and sympathizer under a debt of infinite gratitude.

The great passion of his life was to protect, defend, and record the merits, sacrifices, and achievements of his people. A soldier himself, he came to this work with pride, experience, and with accurate knowledge of what the Confederate soldier did and how he bravely stood for the principle of self-government, one of the most precious foundations of true liberty.

He counted no cost, he spared no expense, he shirked no toil, and avoided no labor that was involved in his self-imposed mission. For more than twenty years he has given all that he had and was to accomplish to the preservation of the true record of the men who wore the gray. A million of dollars could not have bought a page of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN if he knew or believed that such page might directly or indirectly have been used to dim or tarnish the splendor of Confederate fame or glory.

He has done more than any man who survived the war to create in not only the Southern mind but in the minds of all people respect and admiration for the character and history of the South. He has done more than any hundred men to develop and keep alive the enthusiastic spirit of reverence and love for the Confederate nation, which in its brief four years of life has made on the pages of human history such marvelous imprint.

His place cannot be filled. He alone of all the remaining Confederate soldiers could have accomplished what he has done through the pages of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

His last thought was of the cause and people he had so faithfully served. His last will and testament, consecrating to them everything he possessed on earth save $1,000 bequeathed to his only living sister, is a most beautiful and touching declaration even in death of his affection for the people of his beloved Southland. Living, he gave his time, talents, and energies to promote the welfare and honor of his people, and, dying, he gave them all that he had to carry on the work when he should cross the line that divides the mortal from the immortal.

Unselfish, gentle, considerate, kind, sincere, true, and valiant, he has left behind memories that will ever be cherished and created ideals that will live forever in the hearts of all who are true and brave.

There is not a single Confederate survivor, there is not a single Confederate sympathizer who does not honor and revere his name and work and who does not feel that something beautiful, helpful, and inspiring has gone out of their lives.

Others must take up his labors where he laid them down. The workmen die, but the work goes on; and those he loved as well as those to whom he intrusted the CONFEDERATE VETERAN must endeavor, with the example and light he has left behind him, to still cherish and keep alive in the hearts of all the people of the South an unchanging loyalty and unfaltering devotion to the glorious history and splendid traditions that gather about the story of the Confederate nation.

Though Confederate hearts are burdened with grief and Confederate cheeks are now stained with tears, if he could speak he would say: "Be loyal and true to all that is noble and grand in Southern character, and continue the work to which I gave and left all that I was and had."

It is too soon yet to declare purposes or to devise plans. These will come later, when the shock of bereavement has been lessened and when the burden of grief has been lightened. Then we can take our bearings, figure what is best to be done, and how, with his example and experience, we can most wisely carry on the splendid work he inaugurated. We shall expect all the men and women of the South to aid in maintaining the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and to rally to its support and help.

BENNETT H. YOUNG.

THANKS TO MAJOR LEWIS.

Many friends, including members of Cheatham Bivouac and Troop A, were of the funeral party to Shelbyville, Maj. E. C. Lewis, Acting President of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway, having given his private car and an extra coach for their conveyance. In token of their appreciation the following resolution was passed by a committee appointed for the purpose:

"Whereas Maj. E. C. Lewis, Acting President of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway, actuated by his friendship of many years' standing to our friend, Sumner A. Cunningham, deceased, tendered his private car for the funeral party and the use of another car for the old soldiers who attended our friend's burial at Shelbyville, and furnished entertainment for the party while in Shelbyville; therefore be it

"*Resolved,* That we greatly appreciate Major Lewis's kindness, and especially the spirit that prompted it; that we deeply regret that on account of pressing official business engagements he was unable to be with us to pay a last tribute to the memory of one whom we loved and who loved him so well.

"Committee: Virgil Y. Cook, R. Lin Cave, Bennett H. Young, James I. Vance, M. B. Morton."

ORIGIN OF "DIXIE."

Maj. Gen. J. R. Gibbons, Commanding Arkansas Division, U. C. V., makes a proposition of interest:

"That the history of the period of the War of the States may be more complete, and that the information may be general and preserved, I am making the following proposition:

"To any Camp of the U. C. V. or U. S. C. V. or Chapter of U. D. C. I will give ten subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for one year for the best version of the origin of the word 'Dixie' and its application to the Southland that can be presented before March 1, 1914.

"The data to be addressed to J. R. Gibbons, Bauxite, Ark., which will be forwarded to the National U. C. V. Committee on History, who will decide as to the best version."

GEN. GEORGE H. THOMAS'S RECORD IN THE WAR.

[In an extended discussion on the subject of General Thomas and Admiral Farragut as in sympathy with the South in the early sixties Capt. W. Gordon McCabe writes in the London Saturday Review of the former.]

In the first letter Thomas, who had received a twist of his spine in alighting from a railway car, writes under date of January 18, 1861, to Col. Francis H. Smith (an old West Pointer who had resigned as far back as 1836), Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, a State institution, where Stonewall Jackson was then one of the professors, commonly known as "the West Point of the South," asking further information touching an advertisement that Colonel Smith had placed in a Washington newspaper for a suitable "commandant of cadets and instructor in tactics" at that great school. In this letter Thomas writes: "If not already filled, I shall be under obligations if you will inform me what salary and allowances pertain to the situation, as from present appearances I fear that it will soon be necessary for me to be looking for some means of support." Maj. S. C. White, U. S. A., and the whole gang of Thomas's apologists say that he wrote this letter because "he feared he would be unable to return to active duty." * * * Thomas's powers of recuperation must have been of a most remarkable character, for we find Major Johnson thus describing Thomas's activity within three months of the date of this letter in reorganizing his regiment at Carlyle Barracks: "The duties were sufficient to break down any ordinary man, but Thomas gave them his individual attention both day and night." * * *

Thomas had among the professors at the "Institute," as it is still called, an old West Point classmate, Maj. William Gilham, who, wishing to do "old Tom" a good turn, suggested to his old friend, Governor Letcher, who had been for years his near neighbor in Lexington, that Thomas would be the very man for chief of ordnance of the State forces which the Governor was rapidly organizing in case war should come. Letcher was a strong Union man who yet, like thousands of other able Virginians, believed in the absolute right of a State to secede, announcing publicly his purpose to resist anything like Federal coercion. Gilham, who soon became one of the Governor's military advisers, knew Thomas to be a thoroughly brave and capable officer, and urged his immediate appointment, never dreaming from what he knew of Thomas's outspoken Southern sentiments that he would hesitate to resign at once, especially in view of the expressions contained in his letter of January 18. So Letcher told Gilham to go ahead and ask Thomas if he would resign at once and look after the Virginia ordnance, which was as yet unorganized. Gilham straightway wrote to Thomas, and here is his reply:

"NEW YORK HOTEL, March 12, 1861.

"His Excellency Gov. John Letcher, Richmond, Va.—Dear Sir: I received yesterday a letter from Major Gilham, of the Virginia Military Institute, dated the 9th inst., in reference to the position of chief of ordnance of the State, in which he informs me that you had requested him 'to ask me if I would resign from the service, and, if so, whether that post would be acceptable to me.' As he requested me to make my reply to you direct, I have the honor to state, after expressing my most sincere thanks for your very kind offer, that it is not my wish to leave the service of the United States as long as it is honorable for me to remain in it; and therefore as long as my native State, Virginia, remains in the Union it is my purpose to remain in the army, unless requested to perform duties repulsive to honor and humanity.

"I am, sir, very respectfully your obedient servant,

GEORGE H. THOMAS, *Major United States Army.*"

If Major Thomas did not mean to signify to Governor Letcher that it was his desire to remain in the army at that time (more than a month before Virginia seceded), but his purpose to remain in it only "so long as his native State, Virginia, remained in the Union," then it is clear that human language is worthless to express human purpose. * * *

Both his brothers served in the Confederate army, and so did all his near kinsmen, both on his father's and his mother's side. Neither of his sisters, who were greatly devoted to him, ever spoke to him again after he turned his back on his State, and only one of his brothers. * * *

Here is what Fitzhugh Lee wrote in the Richmond Dispatch of April 23, 1870: "I knew General Thomas well. I was a lieutenant in the cavalry regiment of which he was major before the war and stationed at the same post in Texas with him. He was an excellent artillery officer (served in that arm in Mexico), but an indifferent cavalry officer, too heavy, too slow. The New York Tribune, however, and all the Northern encomiums that I have read upon his name and fame lay stress on his being a Virginian who never faltered. But they would better have left that part of his record out. It is a fact that when war was threatened between the two sections General Thomas's feelings were Southern to an almost bellicose degree. It is a fact that he told me in New York City in 1861, as I was on my way from West Point to Washington to resign my commission as an officer of the United States army, that he too intended to resign. It is a fact that about this time he wrote a letter to John Letcher, the Governor of Virginia, and tendered his services to the State (the Governor may still have it). He was an upright man and fought well, though against us. Let him rest in peace."

Major General Keyes, U. S. A., a very gracious and a lifelong friend of Thomas, replied to my question about him as to whether it was true that the latter was known as one of the most pronounced State's rights men in the army. "Undoubtedly," he replied. "He served under me two years, and was most violent in his denunciations of the North." "Well," quoth I, "to what do you attribute his going over to your side?" Then that wicked, wicked old warrior whispered with a wink: "You see, my dear fellow, 'twas simply another case of the gray mare's being the better horse."

A few years after (1884) he published his "Fifty Years' Observation of Men and Events," in which, after paying a noble tribute to Thomas, he says: "His wife was a noble Northern woman and his deference to her was great, and it is my opinion that it was her influence more than any other consideration that determined him to cast his fortunes with us. Had he followed his own inclinations, he would have joined the Confederates and fought against the North with the same ability and valor that he displayed in our cause."

Mrs. Thomas says in her letter that this is "decidedly a mistake," and adds that she does not "think that they [Keyes and Thomas] met from the time that General Thomas went to Kentucky to join that army until they met in San Francisco." Here is the same confusion of mind as to the point at issue. We are not discussing what General Thomas's attitude was after he had joined the enemies of his native State, but his declared sympathies and purpose before he turned his back on Virginia in her hour of sorest need.

MISSISSIPPIAN AND PATRIOTIC CITIZEN.

TYPICAL LETTER FROM JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The Natchez (Miss.) Democrat prints in full a letter from Jefferson Davis in reply to his invitation to visit New Orleans in 1885. This old letter was written to Capt. S. H. Buck, who was the Director General of the World's Exposition, and the letter was written at Beauvoir on March 16, 1885. Captain Buck came across it recently while looking through some old papers:

"*My Dear Sir:* Yours of the 12th inst, inviting me to be present at the Exposition ground on the 17th, Mississippi Day, has been received.

"I anxiously hoped to be present on that occasion and regret that a severe illness still detains me at home. From infancy to age I have been a Mississippian. She has been to me a kind mother, and my warmest affections have ever clung to her and her people. In my boyhood she gave me to the service of the United States. During long periods of absence in the United States military and civil service it has been my pride to represent her, and it would have been most gratifying to me to be present on the day specially dedicated to her in the World's Exposition. * * *

"The instructive and fraternizing effect of this World's Exposition may be better imagined than estimated.

"To your association will belong, and must be conceded, the merit of having patriotically striven to make broad and plain the paths of progress and of peace. Allow me as one of the many to offer to you my sincere thanks for what you have done and are doing, and believe me to be very respectfully your friend, JEFFERSON DAVIS."

"HORNETS" WORSE THAN "BLUE JACKETS."

[From the Youth's Companion.]

Col. John S. Mosby, commander of the Partisan Rangers, who gave such dashing service to the Southern cause fifty years ago, is living now in Washington City. An amusing incident that passed under his notice during the war he told to a friend of the Youth's Companion.

In the summer of 1864, when Gen. Phil Sheridan was in the valley of the Shenandoah, he was much harassed by Mosby, who was continually cutting off his supply trains with his small force. By making sudden attacks miles apart he kept a large proportion of the Union troops in constant chase of him.

One bright morning Mosby heard that a long supply train was winding its way down the valley, and by noon the Rangers were gathered at the forks of the valley pike, watching for the head of the wagon train to appear. Presently a cloud of dust was seen rising far up the road, and as the wind blew it aside the Confederates caught sight of a line of men in blue escorting a caravan of wagons drawn by mules. Instantly Mosby gave the order to run a little howitzer up on the side of a hill and unlimber it. When the gun had opened fire the cavalry were to make a charge and throw the train into confusion.

The Rangers jerked the gun into position and began to swab it out. Suddenly the man with the swab gave a shrill yell, seized the seat of his pantaloons, and fled down the hill and out into the road, and quickly the other man at the gun abandoned it. He seemed to be fighting at the air as he disappeared over a stone wall.

The sutler's wagons were creeping nearer, and Mosby was amazed at such extraordinary conduct. He ordered four more men to the gun, but hardly had they reached it when they too yelled and took to flight. Spurring his horse over the stone wall, Mosby rode toward the gun, but his stay was short. The howitzer stood just over a hornets' nest, and those busy insects were resenting the intrusion. They had repelled the invaders on foot, and now they swarmed on Mosby's horse till the maddened animal tore off down the pike on a run.

Their attack was so vicious that the Rangers utterly abandoned the gun. They scattered far and wide, and it was an hour before they returned. When they did, the wagon train had safely vanished in the distance. The hornets saved the day for Sheridan's forces.

HARD SERVICE IN CAMP AND BATTLE.

BY MARCUS D. HERRING, BYHALIA, MISS.

The Lillington Rifle Guards left Long Creek for Warrenton, N. C., as a company of the 1st North Carolina State Troops on a bright May day in 1861. The ladies were out in force along with a special orator, James Wright, a lawyer from Wilmington. With oratory, waving of handkerchiefs, and music time passed quickly, and at noon dinner was served under the trees.

A false report was circulated to the effect that 3,000 Federals had disembarked at a point twenty or twenty-five miles away. One fellow rushed out and, securing an old flint-and-steel musket, returned to the drill room with wild eyes and loaded the ancient instrument of death with powder and buckshot, much to the amusement of the others, who had no guns. This "brave" fellow, who was so courageous while the enemy was twenty-five miles away, was quite subdued when near the firing line.

In the afternoon, amid smiles and tears, the boys bade goodby to loved ones and friends, and with flying colors and the band playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me" we marched away and boarded cars at Rocky Point.

Arriving at Warrenton, we found Col. M. S. Stokes, who had done service in Mexico as major, on the ground. He was a splendid officer, well prepared to drill in regimental or brigade maneuvers. We remained at Warrenton until the middle of July. We had tiresome drills and dress parades every afternoon, witnessed by the beauty of that section, who smiled and waved white handkerchiefs for our encouragement. The gallant Mat W. Ransom, our lieutenant colonel, was always ready to do justice to the occasion. Whenever speaking or fighting was in order, he was not found wanting.

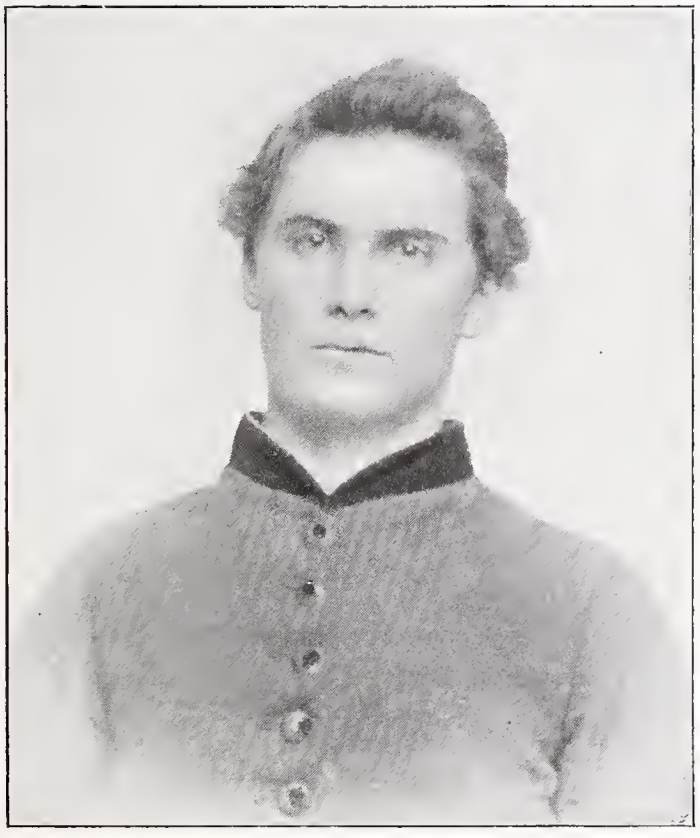
Just after the battle of Manassas the regiment arrived in Richmond. The hospitals were full of wounded from both armies. Soon after our arrival some of us younger fellows, curious to see, went into a ward occupied by Federal wounded you in here again!" We went in a hurry. Lieutenant Todd President Lincoln's brother-in-law, walked in and said in a commanding voice: "Get out of here and don't let me catch you in here again!" We went in a hurry. Lieutenant Todd was a handsome man in a nice Confederate uniform.

In August we were ordered to Fredericksburg, under General Holmes, where we remained through the fall and winter, doing picket duty and helping to fortify Evansport, on the Potomac. We were then eating our white bread. When our army changed its base to the Peninsula, our regiment was sent to Goldsboro, East N. C., where we remained until the battle of Seven Pines, May 31. We did not get to Richmond in time to take part in the battle, but in time to learn from

the condition of the field strewn with paraphernalia of war and wounded men in hospital what war meant.

We were ordered to the front line immediately, and had to go hungry for a day or two; for owing to rapid concentration of large bodies of men it was impossible, with transportation facilities at hand, to supply rations promptly. We did picket duty in force, and were so near to the enemy that we could not make fires, and it rained almost continuously for over two weeks, but it seemed months, as we had no tents and our clothes were wringing wet for days at a time. It seemed that we were destined to freeze to death, but we didn't.

One night while we were in a pine thicket and the ground was covered with water the boys piled wet pine tops on which they could get out of the water and take a nap. So soon as eyes were closed another shower of rain came pouring down.



MARCUS D. HERRING.

Of course when the rain was falling there was no sleep, so we would get up till the moon came again. This was repeated several times, when John Lewis lost patience and, jumping off his brush heap, soliloquized as follows: "Now ain't I in a pretty fix? In South Carolina, where I was born, they have good houses to live in, good beds in which to sleep, and plenty of good things to eat; but here I am hungry and having to take the rain like a cow."

Camp life and picket duty like this are the worst things in war; for while the battle is intense, it is quickly over.

On June 26, 1862, we started to the left to help turn McClellan's right flank, and marched all night. The next morning we were near the Chickahominy, facing a line of breastworks on the opposite bank of the river. We lay all the morning and until late in the afternoon in the broiling June sun, and, hot as it was, the boys slept. I saw one young fellow lying on his back, the scorching sun just beaming down on his face. Our beloved President, passing down the line, stopped and, picking up the boy's hat, placed it over his face.

Soon after this firing began, and our brigade under the command of General Ripley, was ordered forward. When the 1st North Carolina at double-quick reached a point near the bridge, President Davis was again in evidence, and he said in a kind voice to our commander: "Colonel, I wouldn't double-quick the boys. You will get there in good time." We hurried over the bridge, now under artillery fire, and upon reaching the open field Colonel Stokes attempted to throw the regiment into line, under fire for the first time. The quick eye of Adjutant Miller, who had served in the regular army, took in the situation and he galloped to the front, with drummer boys following with markers to indicate formation line, and then Ensign Obed Scott promptly placed colors in the proper place; then the regiment double-quicked into position by companies just like on dress parade. We then moved forward.

Frank McIntyre, my front rank man, began shouting to the bombs as they screamed over our heads, "Howl, ye dogs of war!" and I followed suit. Soon Frank was shot by a Minie ball in the breast and had to go to the rear, and I so realized the danger that I stopped shouting to the "howling dogs."

The regiment was ordered to left flank to clear a garden fence, and moving by it the bullets rattled against the palings. We then marched to the front a short distance, when Colonel Stokes gave the command: "Lie down!" And while we rested for a minute we realized that the air was full of flying bullets. Then the strong odor from trampled pennyroyal made such a strong impression on me that till now I think of my first experience in battle every time I smell pennyroyal.

The next order was, "Fix bayonets!" Waiting a few seconds, the Colonel, standing in the twilight and looking the hero that he really was, in a ringing voice commanded: "Rise, 1st North Carolina, and charge them!" Then in a regular storm of flying missiles of death the regiment went forward at a run, for we were in the open and in direct range of drilled soldiers in strong breastworks. The carnage was terrible. Before we got to the works we came to a deep cut or canal, and there we halted and commenced firing. I don't know how long we stayed there, but the word was easily understood at such time, "Fall back," and without waiting for the command to be repeated the boys got out in a hurry and reformed a few hundred yards from the fatal line. There we lay on our arms, and the pale moon like a guardian angel watched over the tired soldiers as they slept, till the god of day came forth waking us up to the realization of the fact that that we were not at home with kind mother to ask: "Do you feel like getting up, son?"

Although tired and sore, we had to respond promptly to the call to attention and forward. In the charge the regiment suffered terribly. Colonel Stokes was mortally wounded, Lieutenant Colonel McDowell was wounded, Major Skinner was killed, and Adjutant Miller was wounded. We lost every field officer, and you may imagine what suffering there was in the ranks.

THE KILLING OF CAPT. JAMES H. BARNES.

Herman G. Keil, of Washington, D. C. (543 Kenyon Street N. W.), desires to hear from any survivors of the commands of Price, Marmaduke, and Cabell serving in Franklin County, Mo., from September 30 to October 4, 1864. He writes: "As a contribution to the history of Franklin County, Mo., I am preparing a record of the killing of Capt. James H. Barnes by part of the 55th —— Regiment on the night of September 4, 1863. Barnes was born in Virginia about 1809,

and was almost a pioneer planter in Franklin County, Mo., about five miles south of Union. He was hated for his Confederate leanings, but had been paroled in St. Louis in May, 1863. His relatives, George Barnes, James H. Barnes, Charles W. Barnes, Albert W. Barnes, Robert H. White, and Ambrose R. White, being of suitable ages for service, which service they were expected to engage with the Confederates, was in part the excuse for the killing of Captain Barnes, although it was claimed that he tried to escape, and thus lost his life."

SERVICE OF GEN. J. O. SHELBY.

BY R. G. ROBERTSON, MARSHALL, MO.

Under the above caption Friend Redd says Captain Shelby raised a regiment on Red River and called it the 10th Missouri, or the Shelby Regiment. There is no better authority than Maj. John Edwards, who was adjutant of Shelby's Regiment, and I indorse what Edwards says, for I was orderly sergeant of Company E, Shelby's Company being A.

Shelby with his company came to the Missouri River country to raise a regiment and camped on the farm of Mrs. Rebecca Redd to rest up his men and horses. Waverly was selected as the point of concentration, and from every portion of the surrounding country troops came pouring in for enlistment. Ten companies were organized in a day, and the next day Captain Shelby had one thousand men of the best blood of Missouri. (Company E, Captain Garrett, was from Saline County.) Shelby retreated south and had a little brush with the Federals at Coon Creek. Here Orderly Sergt. Oliver Redd, of Shelby's old company, was wounded. From Coon Creek we went to the timber, three or four miles south of Newtonia, where the work of organization was commenced. Here the regiments of Shelby, Upton Hayes, and John T. Coffee were formed into a brigade with Joe O. Shelby as its leader. It was from this camp that Col. Upton Hayes went out to fight the Federals at Newtonia with great hopes of the future, and was soon brought back a corpse, killed by a Federal picket. Surely Friend Redd will indorse this correction.

HONOR TO A COLOR BEARER.

BY E. GUTHRIE, GLENSIDE, PA.

While strolling around Germantown, Pa., recently I came across that which may be of interest to VETERAN readers. Germantown has a splendid memorial to her honored dead, giving names of all who were killed or have died since the war to the current year. The grounds in which the memorial is erected are embellished by various reminders of different wars. One of these is a brass twelve- or sixteen-pound gun, evidently captured from the Confederates, and on it is this inscription:

"Color Bearer A. T. Mitchell
(Confederate Stars and Bars),
1st Tenn. Vols.
Brig. Gen. George Maney's Brigade.
Killed at Perryville
October 8, 1862."

The inscription covers possibly a foot of the lower portion of the gun, and the engraving is well done and deeply cut. It interested me and caused me to speculate as to when and by whom the epitaph was inscribed and the reason why Color Bearer Mitchell should be thus honored. Perhaps some surviving member of the 1st Tennessee or of the battery that the gun belonged to can give its history. I think Cranes's Battery was attached to Maney's Brigade.

Another relic is a six-inch shell fired from a Whitworth rifle at Charleston, S. C. This Whitworth, I judge, is one with which the Confederates shelled Fort Sumter. The inscription on the shell says the gun was presented to the city of Charleston by Trenholm & Co., of Liverpool, England.

The above was sent to Captain Carnes, who writes:

"As concerns the brass fieldpiece with engraved inscription commemorating the death of Color Bearer A. T. Mitchell, 1st Tennessee Volunteers, at Perryville, Ky., the writer supposes that Carnes's Battery was attached to Maney's Brigade. My battery was with Gen. Daniel S. Donelson's brigade of Cheatham's Division, and it is my recollection that Melancthon Smith's battery (afterwards commanded by Captain Turner) was attached to Maney's Brigade.

"There was no Confederate artillery captured at Perryville, and at that date there were no twelve-pound guns in our division. The gun in question was probably one of those captured from the Federal army later. The foundry marks on the gun will show. There were many of those twelve-pound (Napoleon) guns taken by our army at Chickamauga and later lost at Missionary Ridge. Possibly the gun described by Mr. Guthrie may be one of those guns recaptured at Missionary Ridge or surrendered with the army at the close. As to the inscription, it was probably made after Color Bearer Mitchell's name had been placed on the roll of honor by the vote of his regiment for distinguished gallantry. There was a record of many such; and as the 1st Tennessee of Maney's Brigade was organized at Nashville, the record may be found there.

"The Whitworth six-inch shell mentioned by Mr. Guthrie as possibly having been fired at Fort Sumter could not have been, for at that time the Confederates had received no improved arms of any kind, and the Whitworth siege gun referred to was received at a later date and used in the defense of Charleston."

HOW TWO TEXANS MISSED THE "SUCK" TENNESSEE RIVER.—J. A. Templeton, of Jacksonville, Tex., writes: "In the year 1862 the 10th Texas Regiment was at Chattanooga, Tenn. Sometime in July Company I of that regiment was sent down the Tennessee River to a point opposite the 'suck' in the river on picket duty. The writer and another member of the company, Thomas Stafford, found a small canoe or skiff hid under the boughs of trees, and, seeing a house on the opposite side of the river, rowed across to get some forage. There was a small paddle in the skiff, and on reaching out into the current the frail little craft began to go up and down on the water almost like a feather. Stafford became excited and said he could not use the paddle, and in handing it to the writer it came near falling into the river. However, by good, hard strokes we finally made it across and found an old man at the house near the river bank. He expressed great surprise at seeing us, and on being informed that we had crossed nearly opposite his house he almost fainted, telling us that if we had been a few rods lower down we would have been swallowed up by the 'suck,' something of which we were entirely ignorant. The old man was very kind, and we took aboard all the Irish potatoes, chickens, and vegetables that our frail craft could carry; and being provided by this good man with two good paddles, and taking his advice to go up the river about half a mile to a certain tree before trying to cross, we returned safely, grateful that a kind Providence had again shielded us in time of danger. We had plenty of Confederate money; but our old friend declined

taking it, saying he would take 'railroad money' if we had any. We had several bills that had been issued by the railroads and that had the picture of the cars on them. With these he was fully satisfied. This and falling through the Zollicoffer House at Nashville in 1863 with other prisoners I always felt were among the closest calls I had during the great war."

MAJ. T. J. JACKSON IN NEW ENGLAND IN 1860.

Rev. F. M. Hayes writes from Lincoln, Ill., inclosing an article from the Jacksonville (Ill.) Independent by Mr. Ensley Moore in which he describes beautifully Northampton, Mass., at the time when the peculiar yet noble President of the Virginia Military Institute was there for his health. In his letter Dr. Hayes states: "For over twenty years past as lecturer or speaker from the Chautauqua platform to gatherings of Grand Army men, and at numerous other times when I had occasion to eulogize or even refer to Gordon, Lee, or Jackson, I almost always had to pause, as my voice was drowned by the hearty applause that followed; and these were audiences in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington."

DELICATE WAR RELIC FROM FORT FISHER.

BY A. G. JONES, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

On January 15, 1865, the Union forces under command of Major General Terry, assisted by Porter's fleet, attacked Fort Fisher, situated near the mouth of Cape Fear River, North Carolina, and met with very stubborn hand-to-hand fighting, which continued until about 10 P.M. The Union forces pushed relentlessly on and compelled the Confederate troops to evacuate Fort Fisher. What was left of them retreated down Confederate Point to Battery Buchanan, located at the junction of New Inlet and Cape Fear River.

The regiment to which I belonged, under command of Brevet Brigadier General Blackman, was to pursue. Arriving at a point where the fort could be seen in the darkness, I was ordered to take a detachment of men and advance in skirmish order. We did so; and not meeting with any resistance in front, cautiously worked our way around the fort until we suddenly came into the presence of the enemy. I immediately demanded surrender. Maj. James H. Hill advanced and made final surrender of all that was left of the gallant defenders of Fort Fisher. General Whiting, commanding the military district of Wilmington, was present, but mortally wounded, and Col. William H. Lamb, commander of Fort Fisher, was seriously wounded. I advanced to them and assured them they would be properly cared for as soon as possible. Colonel Lamb in 1889 wrote me that the kindness he received from the time of his capture until the end of the war went a long way in removing all bitterness from his heart.

Among the flags turned over to me was a small one, 45x34 inches, which I still have in my possession, a valued relic of the war. Its size admitted of concealment, and I have often wondered what its meaning was. The field is blue, with a broad white stripe diagonally across, the lower corner at end of stripe also being white.

That night I occupied the quarters of C. Lucien Jones, C. S. N., and among his belongings I found a card and a lock of flaxen hair cut from the head of mother, wife, sweetheart, or child—who can tell? If Lieutenant Jones or any of his family are alive, they might consider this a priceless relic of the war. Through the VETERAN I hope to reach some of his family.

THE AUTHOR OF "DIXIE" AND HALL OF FAME.

On March 5, 1900, the Council of New York University accepted a gift of $100,000, afterwards increased to $250,000, from a donor, whose name was withheld, for the erection and completion on University Heights, New York City, of a building to be called the "Hall of Fame for Great Americans." A structure was accordingly built in the form of a semicircle, one hundred and seventy feet long, connecting the University Hall of Philosophy with the Hall of Languages. On the ground floor is a museum two hundred feet long by forty feet wide, consisting of a corridor and six halls to contain mementos of the names that are inscribed above. The colonnade over this is four hundred feet long, with provision for one hundred and fifty panels, each about two feet by six feet, and each to bear the name of a famous American.

Only persons who have been dead ten or more years are eligible to be chosen. Fifteen classes of citizens were recommended for consideration—to wit, authors and editors, business men, educators, inventors, missionaries, explorers, philanthropists and reformers, preachers and theologians, scientists, engineers and architects, lawyers and judges, musicians, painters and sculptors, physicians and surgeons, rulers and statesmen, soldiers and sailors, distinguished men and women outside the above classes. Fifty names were to be inscribed on the tablets at the beginning and five additional names every fifth year thereafter until the year 2000, when the one hundred and fifty inscriptions will be completed.

Every nomination seconded by a member of the University Senate should be submitted to an electorate of one hundred eminent citizens selected by the Council. Chancellor Emeritus MacCracken presides in the Senate when the Hall of Fame is considered. Of the one hundred judges selected, ninety-seven voted. The number of names submitted to them was two hundred and fifty-two. The rule required that no candidate receiving less than fifty-one votes could be accepted. But twenty-nine candidates received the required number. These were as follows: George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Daniel Webster, Benjamin Franklin, Ulysses S. Grant, John Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry W. Longfellow, Robert Fulton, Washington Irving, Jonathan Edwards, Samuel F. B. Morse, David G. Farragut, Henry Clay, Nathaniel Hawthorne, George Peabody, Robert E. Lee, Peter Cooper, Eli Whitney, John J. Audubon, Horace Mann, Henry Ward Beecher, James Kent, Joseph Story, John Adams, William E. Channing, Gilbert Stuart, and Asa Gray.

Al G. Field, the minstrel manager, has submitted the name of Daniel D. Emmett, the author of the song "Dixie." Emmett was the author of many songs, but all were overshadowed by the great popularity of the song of "Dixie." Emmett's contributions to the literature of the country have been recognized by many societies of learning. The State of Ohio has honored him with a place in her archives. His songs, like those of Foster, are based upon folklore of the South, appealing to the common people strongly.

Emmett was the lifelong friend of Al G. Field in the early days of the minstrel's career. He was a protégé of Emmett's, who was then at the zenith of his prosperity. In his declining years Emmett made a farewell tour of the country under the management of Mr. Field. He was past eighty years old at this time. Thereafter until his death he was on the salary list of the minstrel company; hence Mr. Field's desire to have the author of "Dixie" attain a place in the Hall of Fame.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY CLARENCE JEFFRIES.

Mr. William Biggio, lately proprietor of the St. James Hotel, in Corpus Christi, was the hero of an undertaking that will go down in history as one of the most daring deeds of the War of the States. I refer to the running of the blockade at the mouth of Red River by the Confederate ram Webb, and of her perilous journey down the Mississippi River to a point below New Orleans. Three years ago I learned incidentally that Mr. Biggio was a pilot on the Webb; so I appealed to him to give the story of the occurrence as a matter of history, and he reluctantly consented. It is as follows:

"The W. H. Webb was built in New York several years prior to the war for the New York Underwriters. She was of fine model and was employed for wrecking purposes and for assisting vessels in distress. She had two independent engines, two walking beams, thirty-five-foot wheels, and was the most powerful vessel of her size then extant. After being thus used for a few years, she was sold to Peter Marcy, of New Orleans, who used her as a low-bar towboat. These towboats were very powerful vessels, and the Webb was the strongest of all. When New Orleans was captured by Butler, the Webb was sent up to Red River by her owner for safekeeping. Soon after reaching Red River she came into the possession of the Confederates, and she was converted into a ram. She was accordingly strengthened and fitted up as such with an armament of one 32-inch swivel rifle in her bow, two nine-inch decoy guns, one on each side, and two 12-pounders aft. Thus equipped, the Webb was ready for work as a Confederate ram. The first exploit of the Webb was to sink the Federal gunboat Indianola, which had run the gantlet at Vicksburg and was the first blockade vessel at the mouth of Red River. While there the Webb ran into the Indianola one night and sent her to the bottom of the river. Shortly after this the Webb had another fight at Atchafalaya.

"The Webb's exploits attracted the attention of the Confederate War Department, and the idea was conceived of bringing her to the Gulf, where she could work on a more effective scale. To bring her out was a desperate undertaking, as the Mississippi River was full of Federal gunboats, to say nothing of the blockade at the mouth of Red River. Capt. Charles Reed, of the Confederate navy, already famous for his destruction of thirty-five merchantmen in the Atlantic Ocean, was selected as the proper man to get the Webb into the Gulf. He was accordingly sent from Richmond and arrived in Shreveport in March, 1865.

"Captain Reed immediately began the task of getting his vessel ready for the dangerous undertaking. His first work was to organize a crew, which was soon done, James Kelly and I being made quartermasters. The next work was the coaling of his vessel and placing on board two hundred and fifty tons of fat pine knots and a large amount of resin. The Webb was well provisioned and then moved down the river as far as Alexandria, where two hundred and fifty bales of cotton were taken aboard for the protection of the pilot house and the machinery. The vessel was then whitewashed, as a white vessel is not so easily seen at night.

"While lying here an incident occurred which would have made many an old sailor shake in his boots. No matter how safe and sound a vessel may be, there is an old superstition that rats will invariably desert her if disaster is ahead. And it seemed as if the last one deserted at daylight of the morning we were to start on our perilous journey.

"After leaving Alexandria the Webb moved down the river about forty miles and then tied up. At this point a spar torpedo fastened to a 35-foot spar was attached to the bow of the boat. It was intended with this torpedo to blow up the Manhattan or one of the other large vessels lying at the mouth of Red River, provided it became necessary. After getting the spar satisfactorily arranged, the Webb moved again slowly down the river, the intention being to reach the mouth of the river just after dark. This was accomplished, and so far all plans had worked well.

"In front of the Webb, only a few hundred yards distant, lay the Federal fleet of about six vessels. It was a little after eight o'clock in the evening on a starlit night in April when we first descried the enemy's vessels. All of our lights were concealed, and we were running very slowly in order not to make much noise. We approached close enough to distinguish every vessel, and were within five hundred yards of them before they discovered us. I was at the wheel, and we had slowed up the vessel as much as possible preparatory to making the final run of the gantlet. The steam in the engines was very high, and the engineer called to the captain that he could not stand it much longer without blowing the vessel up. At this moment a rocket went up from the Federal fleet, and we knew that we had been discovered. Captain Reed then yelled, 'Let her go!' and I rang the fast bell. The engineer threw the throttle wide open, and the Webb fairly leaped and trembled. 'Keep her for the biggest opening between them,' shouted the captain, and I did as commanded. By this time every whistle of the fleet was screaming, drums were beating, rockets were going up, and it seemed as if the very devil was to pay. I kept the Webb straight on her course, however, headed for the biggest opening, and before a gun was fired we had passed the blockade and had turned the bend and were making down the Mississippi River. We had run the gantlet and were now 'between the devil and the deep blue sea.' After we had gone down the river some distance the Manhattan fired a few shots, but did no harm. Passing out of Red River, and through the very jaws of death, it was only to encounter new and greater dangers before the Gulf could be reached.

"After passing Hogg Point I looked back and saw two Federal gunboats following the Webb, but kept on her course and soon left her pursuers in the distance. All the way from Red River to New Orleans Federal gunboats were supposed to be anchored in the river every five miles. As the Webb approached one of these boats she was signaled. The signal was answered by Kelly, who remained on deck uncovering lights. When the Webb was nearly on the gunboat, Kelly would run up any kind of a light, and the Webb would be past the Federal boat before the fraud could be detected. About fifteen miles below the mouth of Red River the Webb lowered a boat and sent a squad ashore to cut the telegraph wires. This operation was performed several times, and thus passed the first night after running the blockade at the mouth of Red River.

"At daylight we were close to a gunboat lying in front of us at Donaldsonville. She ran up her signals and at the same time ran out her guns. We thought we were in for it, but fortunately it was nothing more than a drill, and the guns were run back again.

"The signals of the Federal boats were duly answered by the Webb, flags being used in the daytime in the same manner that lights were used at night. We could have destroyed millions of dollars of property on our trip, but our sole object was

to run the blockade. Determining to pass New Orleans as soon as possible, we made the best time we could down the river. About 1 P.M. we reached New Orleans and found the Federal fleet lying at St. Mary's Market. We were all feeling good, thinking that everything was all right and that we were not expected. We reckoned wrong, however, for just as we got abreast of the Lackawanna, a 24-gun ship, her captain received news of our coming. Before he could get all his men to their quarters, however, we were right on him; in fact, so close that a rock could have been thrown from one boat to the other. In less time than it takes to tell it the Lackawanna gave a shot that went clear through the Webb abreast the forehatch four feet from the water's edge and landed in Algiers. After the first shot Captain Reed ordered Kelly to haul down the false colors and run up the colors of the Confederacy, as he expected to see the Webb sunk right there and he wanted her to go down with her own colors flying. After giving this order the captain walked to the side of the Webb nearest the firing and remained there until we passed. Pilot Jim West, an old Red River pilot, who was helping me handle the vessel, lay down on the deck and I was left alone at the wheel. The Lackawanna's first shot was followed by others. Her second shot was aimed at the pilot house, but struck a bale of cotton and glanced up, passing over the pilot house and doing no damage. The third shot went through the chimney guys of the Webb and did little harm. By this time we were turning the bend of the river just below New Orleans, and the firing from the Lackawanna ceased, her captain discovering that her shots were going straight into Algiers and doing great damage there. At the lower part of Algiers, and about the middle of the river, was a large vessel supposed to be the Federal gunboat Hartford. We tried to blow her up with our torpedo, but by some mistake the torpedo couldn't be fired in time; and the mistake, as it happened, was a fortunate one, for the vessel proved not to be the Hartford, but the Fear Not, loaded with fixed ammunition. Had we run into her with the torpedo as we intended, the chances are that no one on either vessel would have lived to tell the tale. When we got alongside of the Fear Not, an odd incident occurred. A Federal officer was standing on the deck of the Fear Not with a lady. Price, one of the pilots of the Webb, picked up a gun and was in the act of shooting the officer when Captain Reed ordered him to desist. Price reluctantly obeyed, remarking as he laid down the gun that it was the first time he was ever ordered not to shoot a Yankee.

"Seeing that the Fear Not would not molest us, our next thought was to get away, so down the river we went. Looking back, we saw the steamer Hollyhock coming after us. The Hollyhock was a low-bar towboat, fast and powerful, but not so large as the Webb. Our object was to keep ahead of her, and this we did with little trouble. She chased us thirty-two miles down the river from New Orleans, when all of a sudden we ran right on top of the war sloop Richmond, a 24-gun ship, lying in the middle of the river. As we neared her we saw that she had both broadsides out.

"The Webb was slowed up and Captain Reed called all the officers in front of the pilot house and addressed them: 'It's no use; it's a failure. The Richmond will drown us all, and if she does not the forts below will, as they have a range of three miles each way up and down the river, and they know by this time that we are coming. Had we passed New Orleans without being discovered, I would have cut the wires below the city and we could have reached the Gulf with little trouble. As it is, I think the only thing left for us to do is to set fire to the Webb and blow her up.' When the captain finished talking not a word was spoken by any one, but every man bowed his head in respectful obedience. Captain Reed then ordered the pilot and myself, who were at the wheel, to steer to the shore, and ordered the gunner to set the fires in all parts of the vessel with slow match and magazine. Hardly had the Captain finished his order when we made for the east bank of the river. We struck bottom fifty yards from the shore, running the Webb's nose out in four feet less water than she drew. Life lines were then thrown over the bow of the boat to get overboard by, and everybody commenced to get ashore like rats leaving a ship. As soon as we got ashore we struck out across a sugar plantation until we reached the back of it, where we hid from the enemy's view and yet could see the Webb.

"In the meantime the Hollyhock steamed up to the Webb and tried to put out her fires with water hose. She also rescued a man named Preston and a boy named Hyner, who had remained on the Webb and had made no effort to escape. The Hollyhock took from the Webb her flags and small arms and backed away. It was now about three o'clock in the afternoon, and from our position at the back of the farm we watched the boat burn. At length her magazine was reached, and with an explosion that shook the waters far and near the Confederate ram Webb came to her tragic end.

"After the Webb had blown up we divided into three parties, each party striking out for itself in the endeavor to get back into Confederate lines. The party I was with numbered twenty-two, and our first move was to get through the swamp to Pearl River, but failed. One of the parties, numbering about twenty-two, surrendered to the Hollyhock that same evening. My party tramped about in the swamp until dark, when we went to a planter's house to get something to eat. This he gave us in a hurry in order to get rid of us as quickly as possible, for fear that the enemy would find us there and arrest him for harboring Confederates. That night we slept in his hayloft, contrary to his orders, and the next morning we went to another planter's for breakfast. Breakfast was served in short order, and we were then requested to move on. This we did, and we soon found ourselves on a public road, where we were captured by a company of cavalry.

"We were then kept under guard for three days, while a detachment went out to search for the Webb's crew. Then we were marched to New Orleans and all over it like a circus train. As we passed windows ladies waved handkerchiefs and showered flowers upon us, while repulsive and frenzied negroes danced around us in the street and amused themselves by spitting on us and kicking us. After being exhibited all over the city as so many wild animals, we were marched to the old Picayune Press and kept in confinement for two weeks, when we were exchanged.

"We heard nothing of Captain Reed and his party until about the time of our release, when we learned that a Federal gunboat picked them up and brought them to New Orleans as prisoners. Shortly after our release the surrender came, and this ended my occupation as a sailor in the Confederate navy."

[Mr. Clarence Jeffries, the author of the foregoing, states that his grandfather, Dr. W. C. Jeffries, was a native of Union District, S. C., and enlisted, it is supposed, at or near Montgomery, Tex., and served throughout the war. His papers, however, have been lost, and his family would appreciate any information that former comrades may give about him.]

CONFEDERATE DEAD BURIED IN INDIANA.

The following is a list of inscriptions on bronze tablets on the monument for Confederate soldiers and sailors who, while prisoners of war, died at Camp Morton, Indianapolis, Ind., and were there buried, in Green Lawn Cemetery. Where the branch of service is not given, it is usually infantry.

Abercrombie, A., Co. E, 2d South Carolina.
Achrec, P. H., Co. H, 56th Virginia.
Adalan, A. D., Co. A, Louisiana.
Adams, A. J., Sergt., Co. F, 45th Alabama.
Adams, Adolphus, Co. E, 8th Georgia Battalion.
Adams, Frank, Co. B, 2d Kentucky.
Adams, J. E., Ward's Battalion, Alabama Light Artillery.
Adams, John F., Co. C, 52d Georgia.
Adams, S. J., Co. A, 26th Mississippi.
Addis, John G., Co. D, Williams's Missouri.
Adkins, Eli, Co. —, Ratcliff's Kentucky.
Adkins, R. M., Co. G, 51st Alabama P. R.
Aiken, William, Co. C, 9th Tennessee Battalion Cavalry.
Akin, Anderson J., Co. E, 9th Tennessee Battalion Cavalry.
Alberson, William, Co. B, 5th Georgia.
Alexander, Benjamin, Co. D, 3d Louisiana.
Alexander, J. F., Co. I, 11th Alabama Cavalry.
Allen, A. F., Co. I, 39th North Carolina.
Allen, J. B., Co. K, 10th Texas.
Allen, J. W., Co. D, 10th Tennessee Cavalry.
Allen, John A., veterinary surgeon, 2d Kentucky Cavalry.
Allen, John W., Corp., Co. G, 56th Georgia.
Allen, Lewis, Co. C, 26th Tennessee.
Allen, R. W., Co. E, 26th Tennessee.
Allford, Thomas, Co. B, 56th Georgia.
Almindinger, Henry, Co. B, 1st Louisiana Heavy Artillery.
Amburn, John, Co. D, 45th Virginia.
Anderson, Allen, Co. D, Colm's Tennessee Battalion.
Anderson, B. J., Co. K, 17th Texas Cavalry.
Anding, W. C., Co. A, 40th Mississippi.
Andrews, Felix G., Co. K, 33d Mississippi.
Andrews, James, Co. I, Fuller's South Carolina Battery.
Archer, William, Co. C, 4th Missouri.
Arnhart, G. W., Co. B, Burns's 8th Missouri.
Arnold, J. F., Co. D, 25th Alabama.
Arrants, S. H., Co. K, 61st Tennessee.
Arrington, Samuel, Co. I, 19th Alabama.
Arrowood, Andrew J., Co. B, 29th North Carolina.
Arsement, Joachim, Co. C, 1st Louisiana Artillery.
Ash, William R., Co. C, 65th Georgia.
Ashworth, C. A., Co. K, 53d Tennessee.
Atchley, James F., Co. K, 5th Missouri.
Atnip, Richard, Co. C, 1st Tennessee Battalion.
Atwell, John, Co. A, 45th Virginia.
Auccin, Theodule, Co. B, 1st Louisiana Heavy Artillery.
Averill, Jacob, Co. D, 36th Virginia.
Ayres, William, Co. D, 43d Mississippi.

Babb, J. L., Co. B, M. D. Moreland's Alabama Cavalry.
Baccus, C. H., Co. B, 4th Mississippi.
Bagwell, H. B., Co. A, 4th Mississippi.
Bail, Jonathan, Co. F, 36th Virginia.
Bailey, Mathais H., Co. H, 60th Virginia.
Bailey, Nathan, Co. H, 27th (Shaler's) Arkansas.
Baker, A. J., Co. H, 2d Missouri.
Baker, I. N., Co. C, (8th) Tennessee Cavalry.
Baldwin, F. A., Co. B, 60th North Carolina.
Baldwin, J. W., Co. L, 3d Kentucky.
Banks, John R, Co. G, 33d Mississippi.
Banta, A. J., Co. H, 1st Kentucky Cavalry.
Barding, J. D., Co. H, 5th Tennessee Cavalry.
Barnard, Samuel, Co. H, 4th Missouri Cavalry.
Barnes, E., Co. A, Elliott's Missouri Battalion.
Barnes, J. A., Co. K, 8th Arkansas Cavalry.
Barnes, J, A., Co. —, Greer's Texas Battalion.
Barnett, Adam H, Co. H, 45th Virginia.
Barnett, B. F., Co. —, Georgia Cherokee Artillery.
Barnett, Benjamin, Co. C, 2d Kentucky Mounted Infantry.
Barnett, F. M., Co. D, Greer's Texas Battalion.
Barnett, Francis A., Co. F, 45th Mississippi.
Barnett, Henry, Co. C, 26th Mississippi.
Barnett, James W., Co. E, 3d Alabama Cavalry.
Barnett, Thomas, Co. C, 26th Mississippi.
Barnhart, James, Co. E, 1st Missouri Cavalry.
Barry, John, Co. I, 1st Alabama Battalion.
Bartlett, Henry, Co. I, 8th Missouri Cavalry.
Basden, Jesse, Co. C, 5th Georgia Cavalry.
Bass, J. D., Co. —, Georgia Cherokee Artillery
Bass, Richard, Co. A, 53d Tennessee.
Bastian, Jacob, Co. C, Waul's Texas Legion.
Bates, J. P., Co. G, 4th Mississippi.
Batey, Anderson, Co. G, 42d Alabama.
Baxter, Holloway, Co. A, 1st Tennessee.
Bazell, Andrew, Co. D, 17th Texas.
Beard, John, Co. F, 60th Tennessee.
Beard, Perry, Co. I, 26th Tennessee.
Bearfields, J. W., Co. —, Smith's Mississippi Battery.
Beasley, Samuel, Co. G, 41st Alabama.
Beastler, David, Co. C, 28th Louisiana.
Beattie, James, Sergt., Co. B, 4th Florida.
Beavers, M., Co. G, 45th Virginia.
Bedsaul, George W., Co. C, 47th Battalion Virginia Cavalry.
Belew, J. W., Co. F, 3d Mississippi.
Bell, Thomas S., Co. I, 40th Georgia.
Bellah, H. R., Co. B, 4th Georgia Cavalry.
Bellamy, Abner H., Co. A, 52d Virginia.
Benson, James, Co. C, 26th Tennessee.
Betterton, L. M., Co. —, McClellan's Mississippi Battery.
Bevill, James R., Co. C, Forrest's Tennessee Cavalry.
Biggs, Thomas, Co. D, 36th Mississippi.
Bingham, C., Co. D, 36th Alabama.
Bingham, Harris, Co. D, 36th Alabama.
Bird, John, Co. B, Waul's Texas Legion.
Bird, William C., Co. D, Melton's Kentucky Cavalry.
Bishop, S. N., Co. C, 4th (Russell's) Alabama Cavalry.
Bispham, T. M., Co. C, 41st Alabama.
Black, A. J., Co. C, 26th Tennessee.
Black, Andrew S, Co. A, 1st (Johnston's) Mississippi.
Black, J. O., Co. A, 8th Georgia Battalion.
Bladon, Thomas, Co. —, Tennessee.
Blain, J. C., Co. B, 4th Mississippi.
Blakemore, J., Holmes's Company, Greer's Texas Cavalry.
Blakeny, Robert, Co. A, 8th Mississippi.
Blanchard, Alcee, Co. B, 1st Louisiana Artillery.
Blanchard, Joseph, Co. B, 1st Louisiana Artillery.
Blankenship, J. A., Corp., Co. F, 64th North Carolina.
Blanton, A. H., Corp., Co. H, 12th Mississippi Cavalry.
Blanton, G. M., Co. A, 26th Mississippi.
Blessing, Jacob, Co. H, 12th Tennessee.
Blevin, Alexander, Co. C, 45th Virginia.

Blevins, Henry, Co. K, 26th Tennessee.
Blythe, William, Co. K, Cocke's Arkansas.
Bodie, A. J., Co. C, 7th Mississippi Battalion.
Bogel, James, Co. B, 18th Virginia Cavalry.
Bohanan, Barthello, Co. B, 1st Missouri Cavalry.
Bohart, W., Co. F, 15th Missouri.
Boone, B. S., Co. B, 29th Missouri Cavalry.
Boone, Robert, Co. G, Gordon's Missouri Cavalry.
Booshee, George W., Co. D, 43d North Carolina.
Booth, G. W., Co. H, McGehee's Arkansas.
Booth, William A., Co. H, 1st Mississippi.
Boswell, George, Co. C, 63d Georgia.
Boudreaux, Desire, Co. C, 1st Louisiana Artillery.
Boudreaux, Maurice, Co. C, 1st Louisiana Artillery.
Bourg, Joachim, Co. C, 1st Louisiana Artillery.
Bourg, Octave, Co. B, 1st Louisiana Artillery.
Bowen, James, Co. G, 41st Tennessee.
Bowling, John, Co. K, 26th Tennessee.
Bowman, Elias, Co. I, 45th Virginia.
Bowman, N. C., Co. K, 18th Alabama.
Boyd, Joseph A., Co. B, 3d Missouri Cavalry.
Boyd, Z. I., Co. H, 4th Mississippi.
Brabham, William, Corp., Co. B, 33d Mississippi.
Bradford, Samuel, Co. H, 43d Tennessee.
Bradford, William, Co. I, 41st Tennessee.
Bradley, Josiah M., Co. K, 32d Alabama.
Bradley, William G., Co. K, 32d Alabama.
Bradshaw, John H., Co. F, Thomas's North Carolina Legion.
Brafford, A. H., Co. B, 53d Tennessee.
Bralton, Albert, Co. C, Melton's Kentucky Cavalry.
Bramlette, Josiah, Co. C, 1st Texas.
Brand, John J., Co. K, 16th Alabama Cavalry.
Branscomb, F. C. C., Co. E, 45th Virginia.
Brantley, E. R., Co. G, 15th Alabama.
Bratton, A. M., Co. —, Melton's Kentucky Cavalry.
Brazille, Samuel A., Sergt., Co. A, 50th Tennessee.
Brewer, C. C., Co. H, 48th (Nixon's) Tennessee Infantry.
Brice, John B., Co. H, 1st Arkansas Cavalry.
Brice, W. W., Corput's Company, Georgia Light Artillery.
Bricken, J., Co. C, 51st Tennessee.
Briles, H., Co. B, 9th Arkansas.
Bringle, Christian, Co. H, 32d Tennessee.
Britt, Alfred, Co. C, 7th Mississippi Battalion.
Brocker, S. L., Co. F, 1st Kentucky Cavalry.
Bron, Thomas, Co. B, 1st Georgia.
Brooks, J. W., Co. D, 61st Tennessee.
Brooks, John T., Co. A, 1st Louisiana Cavalry.
Brooms, J. S., Co. B, 37th Mississippi.
Brotherton, Thomas, Co. I, 1st Georgia Confederates.
Broughman, H. J., Co. F, 60th Virginia.
Broussard, Meonce, Co. I, 1st Louisiana Artillery.
Brown, Andrew J., Co. H, 2d Missouri.
Brown, Augustus Y., Co. E, 36th Mississippi.
Brown, J. A., Co. H, McGehee's Arkansas.
Brown, John E., Co. K, 16th Louisiana.
Brown, M. A., Co. B, 26th Tennessee.
Brown, N., Co. A, 24th South Carolina.
Brown, N. L., Co. B, 53d Tennessee.
Brown, Richard, Co. K, Anderson's N. C. Battalion.
Brown, Samuel, Co. H, 15th Arkansas.
Brown, W. G., Co. B, 60th North Carolina.
Brown, W. S., Co. B, 59th Tennessee.
Brown, William F, Co. C, 25th Georgia.
Browning, A. J., Co. D, 45th Virginia Battalion.
Bruner, John M., Co. K, 1st Mississippi.
Bryant, A. O., Sergt., Co. K, 4th Mississippi.
Bryson, William Y., Co. E, 52d Georgia.
Buchanan, James H., Co. B, 45th Virginia.
Buck, T. J., Co. K, Harris's Louisiana Cavalry.
Buckner, W. O., Co. G, McIntosh's Indiana.
Buford, A. M., Co. B, 63d Georgia.
Buford, James T., Co. C, 2d Kentucky Mounted Infantry.
Bugg, Robert H., Co. B, 56th Virginia.
Bullard, H., Co. K, Coffee's Missouri.
Bullock, D. D., Co. B, 1st Louisiana.
Bulwark, H., Co. F, 2d Tennessee.
Burden, G. W., Co. B, 29th Texas Cavalry.
Burgan, Nathaniel, Co. —, Harris's Missouri Battalion.
Burgess, Edward, Co. A, 8th Tennessee Cavalry.
Burgoyne, Thomas H., Co. D, 26th Arkansas.
Burke, Patrick, Co. —, Williams's Tennessee Battery.
Burks, J. H., Co. G, 12th Alabama.
Burnett, J. J., Co. —, Forrest's Kentucky Cavalry.
Burnett, W. O., Co. B, 5th Tennessee.
Burns, Alonzo W., Co. G, 16th Georgia Cavalry.
Burns, C. A., Co. —, Confederate.
Burns, J. J., Co. H, 9th Kentucky Artillery.
Burton, Christopher, Co. G, 28th Tennessee.
Burton, D. W., Wisdom's Co., Forrest's Tennessee Cavalry.
Butcher, James, Co. —, Love's Louisiana Cavalry.
Butler, H. J., Co. C, Newsom's Alabama Cavalry.
Butler, William, Co. H, 3d Missouri.
Byrd, George B., Co. C, 12th Louisiana.

Cabos, John B., Co. H, 1st Louisiana Artillery.
Cagle, David, Co. H, 49th Alabama.
Caison, J. H., Co. K, 15th Alabama.
Caldwell, Lawson, Co. A, 62d North Carolina.
Calloway, Charles A., Co. E, 1st Missouri Cavalry.
Cameron, James, Co. C, 4th Mississippi.
Campbell, A., Co. F, 27th Alabama.
Campbell, A. K., Co. G, 4th Mississippi.
Campbell, J., Co. D, 33d Tennessee.
Campbell, J. R., Co. K, 4th Tennessee.
Campbell, J. R., Co. —, Forrest's Kentucky Cavalry.
Campbell, James D., Co. F, 1st Tennessee Cavalry.
Campbell, William, Co. C, 33d Tennessee.
Cannon, John M., Co. B, 8th Georgia Battalion.
Cannon, L., Co. A, 13th Louisiana Cavalry Battalion.
Canterbury, D. C., Co. C, Williams's Alabama Battalion.
Cantrill, John T., Co. H, 2d Kentucky.
Cantwell, William, Co. G, 5th Tennessee Cavalry.
Capehart, P. M., Co. A, 4th Louisiana Battalion.
Carlisle, R. C., Co. H, 9th Alabama Cavalry.
Carnell, J. N., Co. I, 2d Arkansas.
Carpenter, Moses, Co. C, Roddey's Alabama Cavalry.
Carr, John, Co. C, 4th Tennessee.
Carroll, A. B., Co. A, 7th Kentucky.
Carroll, Dennis, Co. C, 4th Georgia Cavalry.
Carroll, Rufus, Co. H, 27th Battalion Virginia.
Carroll, William B., Co. F, 3d Mississippi.
Carry, J. A., Co. F, 4th Georgia Cavalry.
Carter, William H., Co. —, 3d Mississippi.
Cartwright, William D., Co. K, 45th Virginia.
Carty, W. L., Co. G, 34th Alabama.
Casey, Baxter, Co. G, 64th North Carolina.
Cashion, Samuel, First Lieut., Co. G, 53d Tennessee.

Cashon, P. D., Co. C, 4th Georgia Cavalry.
Cassidy, Samuel, Co. D, 27th Alabama.
Casteel, M. V., Co. H, 3d Missouri.
Castello, Thomas, Co. D, 29th Louisiana.
Catanne, Molo, Co. B, 1st Louisiana Zouaves.
Cates, R. L., Co. —, Barry's Tennessee Battery.
Cauley, Simeon, Co. I, 40th Georgia.
Cavener, Thomas J., Co. E, 53d Tennessee.
Centeno, Alce, Co. C, 23d Louisiana.
Center, J. S. W., Co. I, 26th Tennessee.
Centers, Morgan, Co. A, 19th Tennessee.
Certain, T. L., Co. A, 1st Tennessee Battalion.
Chadwick, H. H., Co. H, 1st Missouri Battalion.
Chancey, Joseph, Co. A, Lewis's Alabama Battalion Cavalry.
Chapman, Thrashley, Co. H, 37th Mississippi.
Chapman, W. T., Co. H, 8th Kentucky.
Chapman, William, Co. G, 11th Missouri.
Chatham, N. C., Co. E, 3d Mississippi.
Chatman, Isaac F., Co. E, 41st Georgia.
Cheety, J. N. W., Co. E, 56th Virginia.
Chellet, Christy, Co. D, 12th Louisiana.
Cherry, Wilson H., Co. B, Kentucky Cavalry.
Chestnut, Alex, Co. K, 4th Mississippi.
Chewning, Richard, Co. B, 2d Mississippi.
Childress, G. E., Co. A, Alabama Engineer Corps.
Christian, J. H., Co. E, 45th Virginia.
Chronister, Isham, Co. E, 15th Northwest Arkansas.
Clark, A. C., Co. —, Kelton's Kentucky Cavalry.
Clark, G. W., Co. C, 59th Tennessee.
Clark, John, Co. C, 1st Tennessee Cavalry.
Clark, Washington, Co. B, Hamilton's Tennessee Cavalry.
Clark, William, Co. A, 2d Texas.
Clark, William M. C., Co. A, 41st Alabama.
Clarkson, Henry, Co. D, 60th Virginia.
Claunch, G. B., Co. H, 26th Mississippi.
Clay, J. W., Co. D, 37th Battalion Virginia Cavalry.
Clayborn, C., Co. —, Confederate.
Clayland, E. W., Co. —, 2d Kentucky.
Clayton, J. P., Co. A, 43d Georgia.
Clayton, Sampson, Co. C, 1st (Johnston's) Mississippi.
Clesse, D. I., Co. C, 1st Tennessee Cavalry.
Clever, M., Co. G, 8th Arkansas Cavalry.
Clone, Almew, Co. —, 6th Kentucky.
Clone, J., Co. —, Melton's Kentucky Cavalry.
Clork, W. M., Co. G, 1st Tennessee.
Coaker, Russell, Co. D, 44th Alabama.
Coast, John, Corp., Co. B, 13th Louisiana.
Cobbs, W. M., Co. —, Kentucky.
Coburn, A., Co. B, 1st (Butler's) Kentucky Cavalry.
Cochran, William, Co. G, 26th Mississippi.
Cochran, William R., Co. G, 26th Mississippi.
Cofer, James A., Co. D, 1st Missouri Cavalry.
Cofield, S. B., Co. H, 7th Alabama Cavalry.
Coggins, A., Co. F, 61st Tennessee.
Coiner, Charles, Co. E, 1st Virginia.
Coleman, Robert, Co. A, 21st (Patton's) Louisiana.
Coleman, T. J., Co. D, Allison's Tennessee Legion.
Coleman, T. J., Sergt., Co. I, 2d Kentucky Cavalry.
Coleman, W. A., Co. B, 41st Tennessee.
Collins, Jacob, Co. I, 3d Mississippi.
Collins, John T., Co. K, 2d Kentucky.
Collins, W. H., Co. H, 41st Tennessee.
Connor, Despalier, Co. I, 1st Louisiana Horse Artillery.
Conroy, John, Co. C, 10th (Johnson's) Kentucky Cavalry.
Cook, Eli, Co. G, 10th Kentucky Cavalry.
Cook, Francis M., Co. G, 26th Mississippi.
Cook, J. W., Co. A, 46th Mississippi.
Cook, James N., Co. D, 31st Mississippi.
Cook, Marcus, Co. D, 1st Tennessee Cavalry.
Cook, N. B., Co. A, 8th Missouri.
Cook, R. F., Co. G, 25th Louisiana.
Cook, William, Co. G, 26th Mississippi.
Cook, William, Co. A, 19th Tennessee.
Cooley, Nelson, Co. C, 7th Mississippi Battalion.
Coon, W. S., Co. B, 41st Mississippi.
Cooper, John E., Co. F, 4th Georgia Cavalry.
Cooper, R. C., Co. D, 1st Georgia, S. S.
Cooper, Russell, Co. D, 29th Georgia.
Cooper, William, Co. A, 16th Georgia Battalion Cavalry.
Copeland, P. D., Co. G, 1st (Olmstead's) Georgia.
Cordell, L. B., Co. H, 29th North Carolina.
Cornett, Watson, Co. F, 5th Kentucky Mounted Infantry.
Cousins, John R., Co. K, 37th Mississippi.
Covert, L. R., Co. I, 2d Arkansas.
Covington, W. F., Co. D, 24th Tennessee.
Cowart, J. T., Co. H, Armistead's Mississippi Cavalry.
Cowles, Jesse, Co. 1, 10th Kentucky.
Cox, G., Co. C, 45th Virginia.
Cox, William, Co. C, 1st Tennessee Cavalry.
Cox, William H., Co. —, Graves's Kentucky Battery.
Cozzart, Charles, Co. F, 4th Mississippi.
Crabtree, John, Co. B, 45th Virginia Battalion.
Craig, E. E., Co. H, 10th Tennessee Cavalry.
Craig, T. C., Co. H, 8th Arkansas.
Crane, J. P., Corp., Co. K, 1st Confederate Cavalry.
Cranley, Moses, Co. A, 56th Tennessee.
Crawford, J. J., Alger's Co., Napier's Tennessee Cavalry.
Crawford, John, Capt., Co. E, 26th Tennessee.
Crawford, Uriah F., Co. F, 60th Virginia.
Cremmin, Jeremiah, Co. A, 47th Georgia.
Crenshaw, William W., Co. A, 31st Mississippi.
Cretsinger, Jacob R., Co. G, 29th Tennessee.
Crews, Moses, Co. D, 24th South Carolina.
Crighfield, John M., Co. —, Richardson's Tennessee Cavalry.
Crosby, G. J., Co. B, 1st Tennessee Artillery.
Cross, J. M., Co. E, 3d Tennessee.
Crow, John, Co. B, 15th Arkansas.
Crow, Joseph F., Co. C, 31st Louisiana.
Cruse, J. C., Co. B, 9th Arkansas.
Crussell, Thomas, Co. F, 59th Tennessee.
Cullins, A. W., Co. D, 1st Tennessee.
Cunningham, George, Co. E, 48th Alabama.
Cunningham, Matthew, Co. H, Walker's N. C. Battalion.
Cunningham, W., Co. I, 2d Texas.
Cunningham, W. H., Co. K, 3d Tennessee.
Curley, John H., Co. E, 15th Tennessee.
Curtis, B. E., Co. E, 4th Mississippi.

Dalton, Amos H., Co. F, Hampton's South Carolina Legion.
Dalton, C. G., Co. I, 45th Virginia.
Damee, E., Co. H, 8th Kentucky Mounted Infantry.
Daniel, William B., Co. G, 16th Battalion Georgia Cavalry.
Daniels, James D., Corp., Co. F, 1st Florida.
Daniels, Robert, Co. C, 4th Mississippi.
Danley, John, Co. H, 3d Arkansas Cavalry.
Darby, R. R., Co. D, 3d Florida.

David, W. J., Corp., Co. F, Shaler's Arkansas.
Davis, Amos, Co. —, 1st Tennessee Artillery.
Davis, C., Co. L, 1st Tennessee.
Davis, E. C., Co. G, 63d Virginia.
Davis, E. G., Co. G, 36th Mississippi.
Davis, Ellis, Co. F, 45th Alabama.
Davis, Franklin M., Sergt., Co. H, 20th Texas Cavalry.
Davis, George, Co. I, 37th Alabama.
Davis, James, Co. E, 35th Mississippi.
Davis, R. W., Co. C, 31st Mississippi.
Davis, Robert, Co. I, 4th Mississippi.
Davis, Thomas, Co. C, 2d Missouri.
Davis, W. S., Co. A, 1st Louisiana Cavalry.
Davis, William P., Corp., Co. D, 3d Louisiana.
Dawson, Muse, Co. E, 52d Tennessee.
Dean, Alexander, Co. E, 56th Virginia.
Dean, B. P., Co. K, 15th Missouri.
Dean, E. P., Co. B, 4th Louisiana Battalion.
Dean, Joseph, Co. B, Cooper's Tennessee Cavalry.
Deathrage, N., Co. A, 26th Tennessee.
Deaver, John, Co. C, 29th North Carolina.
Degrote, John, Co. G, Helm's 1st Kentucky Cavalry.
Delaughter, Absalom, Co. D, Grinstead's 3d Arkansas.
Demoys, James, Co. A, 1st Louisiana Battalion.
Denham, D. D., Co. C, 52d Tennessee.
Dennis, J. W., Co. D, 46th Alabama.
Dennison, A. Jackson, Co. I, 20th Virginia.
Denton, James, Co. 3, 12th Kentucky Cavalry.
Deshayes, Louis, Anderson's Battery, Ga. Light Artillery.
Detter, William, Co. D, 35th Mississippi.
Dewberry, Henry, Co. F, 25th Alabama.
Dewees, Hiram, Co. A, 4th Alabama Cavalry.
Deyerles, Charles, Co. D, 5th Virginia.
Dickerson, J. H., Co. K, 61st Tennessee.
Dickerson, James K., Co. B, 12th Tennessee Cavalry.
Dickerson, William W., Co. B, 10th Tennessee.
Dickey, James H., Co. D, 32d Tennessee.
Dickinson, William J., Co. G, 23d Arkansas.
Dickson, Robert, Co. H, 32d Alabama.
Dickson, T. J., 1st Sergt., Co. D, Hampton's S. C. Legion.
Dillard, R. M., Co. G, 9th Tennessee Cavalry.
Dillsha, Levi J., Co. E, 53d Tennessee.
Dinwiddie, John C., Co. B, Fristoe's Missouri Cavalry.
Dismuke, John, Co. B, 4th Mississippi.
Doggett, John R., Co. D, 53d Tennessee.
Doggett, William H., Co. H, 59th Tennessee.
Doll, David F., Co. —, Virginia.
Dorsey, J. K., Co. B, 20th Texas.
Doss, H. R., Co. H, 4th Mississippi.
Dotson, Presley, Co. H, 32d Tennessee.
Douglas, George F., Co. E, 9th Tennessee.
Douglass, J. H., Co. F, 4th (Russell's) Alabama Cavalry.
Dover, W., Co. G, 5th South Carolina.
Downie, Thomas, Co. H, 1st Mississippi.
Driggers, I. John, Co. A, 53d Alabama.
Drury, ———, Co. K, 36th Virginia.
Dubrall, L. N., Co. K, 40th Alabama.
Duffie, George M., Co. I, 22d Alabama.
Duffy, John, Co. I, 1st Louisiana Horse Artillery.
Duggins, Kendrick, Co. A, 4th Kentucky Cavalry.
Duke, George W., Co. —, Cherokee Artillery.
Duke, William, Co. H, 20th Mississippi.
Dunbar, George, Co. —, 63d Virginia Cavalry.
Dunbar, William, Musician, Co. A, 32d Louisiana.
Duncan, G. W., Co. B, 26th Mississippi.
Duncan, W. M., Co. A, 1st Battalion, Kentucky M. R.
Dupree, Ferdinand, Co. B, 1st Louisiana Horse Artillery.
Durcusse Henry, Co. E, 30th Louisiana.
Duty, James, Co. B, 45th Virginia.

Eakes, Daniel M., Co. K, 54th Virginia.
Earley, J. S., Co. A, 20th Mississippi.
Early, V., Co. G, 37th Mississippi.
Earp, L. W., Co. D, 39th Georgia.
Eastwood, Ivy S., Co. C, 8th Kentucky.
Eastwood, Samuel L., Co. —, 4th Mississippi.
Eaton, J. W., Co. E, 10th Texas Cavalry.
Edge, Edward, Co. A, 50th Tennessee.
Edwards, Charles B., Co. D, 8th Kentucky.
Edwards, E. A., Co. C, 8th Kentucky.
Edwards, R. C., Co. I, 1st (Johnston's) Mississippi.
Edwards, R. R., Co. B, 36th Georgia.
Edwards, W. D., Co. I, 26th Mississippi.
Ehlers, Henry, Co. I, 1st (C. H. Olmstead's) Georgia.
Eidson, J. H., Co. C, 63d Georgia.
Eiland, J. J., Co. F, 33d Alabama.
Eison, Hain, Co. A, 3d Kentucky.
Elam, P. C., Co. H, 4th Mississippi.
Elkins, Hiram, Co. I, Crip's Arkansas.
Ellis, Martin A., Co. I, 44th Alabama.
Ellis, W. B., Co. B, 26th Mississippi.
Ellison, H., Co. C, 1st Tennessee.
Ellison, R. C., Co. G, 26th Tennessee.
Elmore, Daniel, Co. A, 1st Tennessee Battalion.
Ely, F. K., Co. H, 27th Battalion Virginia Cavalry.
Emerson, Joseph H., Co. D, 53d Tennessee.
Emmons, I. C., Co. G, 34th Georgia.
Emory, J. P., Co. I, 4th Mississippi.
English, Willis W., Co. A, 32d Tennessee.
Enoch, Sidney, Co. A, 25th Virginia Cavalry.
Epperson, A. P., Corp., Co. C, 42d Battalion Virginia Cav.
Ervin, George W., Co. E, 1st Kentucky Mounted Rifles.
Erwin, G. W., Co. G, 28th (Thomas's) Louisiana.
Espinosa, Manuel, Co. D, 30th Louisiana.
Etter, Andrew, Sergt., Co. D, 5th Tennessee Cavalry.
Eubanks, Jesse M., Co. D, 2d Georgia Battalion, S. S.
Evans, B. S., Co. G, 16th Georgia Cavalry.
Evans, J. C., Co. H, 4th Mississippi.
Evans, S. W., Co. D, 12th Kentucky Cavalry.
Evans, T. W., Co. F, 4th Mississippi.
Evans, Thomas N., Co. F, 6th Virginia.
Evans, William A., Co. H, 2d Missouri.
Everett, Thomas P., Co. I, 3d Mississippi.
Evins, Jasper, Co. I, 48th Alabama.

Fairchild, W. A., Co. G, 5th Tennessee Cavalry.
Fanning, Jefferson, Co. E, 1st Missouri Cavalry.
Fannon, O. C., Co. F, 45th Virginia.
Farlace, James, Co. E, 4th Tennessee Cavalry.
Farlow, W. A., Co. D, Hawkins's Tennessee Cavalry.
Farmer, B. F., Co. K, 3d Mississippi.
Farmer, D. A., Co. D, 1st (Olmstead's) Georgia.
Farmer, E. O., Co. H, 10th Texas Cavalry.
Farmer, John L., Co. I, 10th Missouri Cavalry.
Farrell, J. S., Co. I, 2d Kentucky.
Farris, James, Co. D, 26th Mississippi.

Farrish, J. M., Co. —, Texas Cavalry.
Faughtner, John, Co. E, 1st Kentucky Cavalry.
Faulkner, Thomas, Co. H, 17th Virginia.
Feagan, D. W., Co. F, 23d Mississippi.
Felto, John, Co. C, 20th Tennessee.
Felts, A. B., Co. A, 26th Mississippi.
Fergus, C. B., Co. B, 2d Mississippi.
Ferguson, David, Co. A, 36th Virginia.
Ferguson, Pat H., Co. —, 63d Georgia.
Ferrell, C. E., Co. E, 24th South Carolina.
Ferrell, Jesse, Co. B, 1st Confederate Georgia.
Fife, W. T., Co. H, 31st Mississippi.
Fightmaster, F. M., Co. E, 5th Kentucky Cavalry.
Figure, Manuel, Co. E, 16th Louisiana.
Filby, J. N., Co. K, 2d Texas.
Fincher, William A., Co. E, 17th Alabama.
Findley, F. J., Co. E, 3d Kentucky Cavalry.
Fink, Stephen, Co. F, 54th Virginia.
Finley, Jeremiah, Co. G, 36th Georgia.
Fisher, H. A. J., Co. H, 36th Virginia.
Fitzgerald, G. M., Co. C, 1st Tennessee Artillery.
Fitzhugh, James, Co. I, Hawthorne's Arkansas.
Flack, W. M., Co. F, 1st Mississippi.
Flaherty, Michael, Sergt., Co. —, Cleburne's Arkansas.
Flammex, John, Co. B, 31st Tennessee.
Flanigan, Seaburn W., Co. E, 20th Georgia.
Fletcher, William, Co. A, 1st Louisiana Cavalry.
Flippo, Joseph M., Co. D, 32d Tennessee.
Floyd, F. J., Co. H, 6th Mississippi.
Fohner, D., Co. C, Waul's Texas Legion.
Fonder, W. H., Co. B, 35th Tennessee.
Fontenot, Justin, Co. F, 30th Louisiana.
Ford, Z., Co. K, 4th (Russell's) Alabama Cavalry.
Forehand, A. M., Co. E, 51st Georgia.
Forester, John, Co. I, 16th South Carolina.
Foster, G. W., Co. B, 1st Georgia.
Foster, J. F., Co. —, Holman's Battalion Tennessee Cavalry.
Foster, Jonathan, Sergt., Co. F, 4th Louisiana Battalion.
Foster, Joseph W., Co. D, 18th Virginia Cavalry.
Fouvell, S. A., Co. C, 17th Tennessee.
Fowler, Augustus, Co. H, 41st Tennessee.
Fowler, James T., Co. F, 26th Tennessee.
Franklin, J. H., Co. B, 8th North Carolina Battalion.
Franklin, W. H., Co. D, Greer's Texas Battalion.
Frazier, William, Co. B, 2d Kentucky Infantry.
Freeman, J. W., Co. —, 1st Battalion (Stirman's) Ark. Cav.
Freeman, L., Co. A, 29th North Carolina.
French, W. J., Co. K, 4th Tennessee.
Friend, Andrew, Co. H, 27th Arkansas.
Friend, M. T., Co. F., 60th Virginia.
Frisby, John, Co. H, 6th Missouri.
Fulford, William, Co. D, 45th Virginia.

Gaines, Julius, Co. H, 2d Kentucky Cavalry.
Gale, J. L. B., Co. H, Elliott's Missouri Battalion.
Gale, Robert, Co. H, Elliott's Missouri Battalion.
Gammons, Charles H., Co. G, 2d Arkansas Mounted Rifles.
Gammons, R. A., Co. A, 1st Louisiana Cavalry.
Gannaway, S. S., Co. D, 51st Alabama.
Gardner, John, Co. I, 15th Tennessee.
Gardner, Joseph, Co. F, 2d Choctaw.
Garrett, William, Co. I, 29th Alabama.
Gasset, James, Co. F, 59th Tennessee.
Gaston, G. W., Sergt., Co. H, 10th Missouri Cavalry.
Gately, J. W., Co. D, 15th Northwest Arkansas.
Gatlin, John, Co. B, 1st Tennessee Artillery.
Gaudy, William R., Co. C, 4th Florida.
Gaun, T. G., Co. F, 32d Mississippi.
Gearhart, Alexander, Sergt., Co. D, 10th Kentucky.
Geary, Patrick, Co. F, 30th Georgia.
Gentry, A. J., Co. G, 4th Mississippi.
George, W. A., Co. D, 41st Tennessee.
Gibson, William G., Co. A, 43d Alabama.
Gill, J. H., Co. B, 9th Battalion Tennessee Cavalry.
Gill, M. T., Co. K, 39th Georgia.
Gill, William E., Co. D, 9th Tennessee.
Gillam, Isom, Co. E, 10th Kentucky.
Gillum, Richard, Field's Co., Kentucky, P. R.
Gilmer, William E., Co. I, 2d Missouri.
Gilmore, L. M., Co. H, 26th Mississippi.
Gilmore, William T., Co. D, Tennessee Battalion.
Glasgow, C. M., Co. A, 50th Tennessee.
Goodson, Elijah, Co. D, 45th Virginia.
Goodson, Uzriel, Sergt., Co. E, 6th South Carolina.
Gordon, J. M., Co. F, 48th North Carolina.
Gordy, A., Co. E, 6th Mississippi.
Gordy, O., Co. E, 6th Mississippi.
Gosney, Charles, Co. C, 1st Kentucky Cavalry.
Grace, David H., Co. K, 3d Mississippi.
Graham, A., Co. E, 1st Tennessee.
Graham, George W., Co. K, 54th Virginia.
Grandin, J. B., Co. B, 1st Louisiana Artillery.
Gravely, Isaac, Co. I, 45th Virginia.
Graves, F. A., Co. D, 24th Arkansas.
Gray, Andrew G., Co. F, 36th Virginia.
Gray, Benjamin, Co. E, 63d Georgia.
Gray, Enos, Co. D, 62d North Carolina.
Gray, J. M., Co. A, 3d Georgia Cavalry.
Gray, J. W., Co. K, 11th Tennessee.
Gray, James M., Co. E, 7th Tennessee Cavalry.
Green, A. B., Co. B, 3d Alabama Cavalry.
Green, Isaac S., Co. L, 58th North Carolina.
Green, John E., Co. H, 25th Arkansas.
Green, O. G., Co. B, 26th Mississippi.
Green, R. S., Co. G, Cooper's Tennessee.
Green, William R., Co. H, 25th Arkansas.
Gregg, J. P., Co. I, 60th Tennessee.
Gregory, H. C., Co. D, 21st Texas Cavalry.
Gregory, John, Co. H, 66th Georgia.
Griffin, Ebenezer, Co. H, 4th Georgia.
Griffin, I. W., Co. I, 4th Mississippi.
Griffith, H. P., Co. F, 6th Confederate Cavalry.
Griffith, J. H., Co. F, 14th Tennessee.
Grigsby, W. L., Co. I, 3d Tennessee.
Grimes, Josiah L., Co. F, 1st Alabama Cavalry.
Grimes, W. J., Co. E, 49th Tennessee.
Grogan, Anderson, Co. D, 58th North Carolina.
Grogan, Hugh, Co. C, 21st Louisiana.
Gross, Abraham, Co. B, 5th Missouri.
Guinn, Alexander, Co. F, 29th Tennessee.
Guinn, Coleman, Co. —, 53d Tennessee.
Guist, A. J., Co. G, 1st Tennessee Cavalry.
Gulledge, E. J., Co. K, 36th Georgia.
Gunson, J. R., Sergt., Co. I, 9th Arkansas.
Gunte, J. W., Co. C, 4th Mississippi.
Gur, Thomas, Co. E, 57th Georgia.

Gurnell, W. S., Co. A, 32d Kentucky.
Guthrie, F. H., Co. D, 10th Arkansas.
Guthrie, J. T., Co. D, 9th Tennessee Cavalry.
Guy, H. S., Co. G, 33d Alabama.

Hackler, A. S., Co. I, 28th Mississippi Cavalry.
Hackley, B. H., Co. D, 9th Texas.
Haile, Josea, Co. F, 30th Georgia.
Haines, John, Co. C, 1st (Butler's) Kentucky Cavalry.
Hale, Israel, Co. F, 8th Kentucky.
Hale, J. W., Co. —, Forrest's Tennessee Cavalry.
Hales, J. W., Co. G, 2d Tennessee Cavalry.
Hall, Alfred, Co. E, 10th Kentucky.
Hall, Fielding, Co. E, 10th Kentucky.
Hall, J. C., Co. I, 4th Mississippi.
Hall, John C., Co. D, 41st Tennessee.
Hall, Lee, Sergt., Co. E, 10th Kentucky.
Hall, Samuel, Co. C, 10th Kentucky Cavalry.
Hall, W. D., Co. H, Hampton's South Carolina Legion.
Halley, H. B., Co. E, 32d Tennessee.
Hallowell, J. D., Co. D, 8th Kentucky.
Ham, John, Co. I, 53d Tennessee.
Hamby, Samuel, Corput's Co., Georgia Light Artillery.
Hamilton, A. J., Co. D, 5th Kentucky.
Hamilton, J. B., Co. C, 3d Kentucky Cavalry.
Hamlet, R., Co. —, Forrest's Tennessee Cavalry.
Hamlin, William, Co. D, 29th North Carolina.
Hamm, John P., Co. B, 21st Arkansas.
Hammock, C. C., Co. B, 19th (Dawson's) Arkansas.
Hammon, R. F., Co. C, 25th Arkansas.
Hamner, Johnson, Corp., Co. G, 51st Alabama.
Hancock, Albert, Co. C, 3d Missouri.
Hankins, T. C., Co. I, 26th Tennessee.
Hanks, Wiley, Co. —, Worthington's Mississippi Battery.
Hanna, L. A., Co. A, 9th Pennsylvania Cavalry.
Hardee, Gilbert, Co. G, 9th (Miller's) Mississippi Cavalry.
Hardy, James M., Co. K, 32d Tennessee.
Harland, H., Co. F, 2d Tennessee.
Harms, J., Co. C, Waul's Texas Legion.
Harper, J. H., Co. F, 7th Mississippi Battalion.
Harper, Jasper, Co. D, 3d Louisiana.
Harrell, Robert, Co. G, 20th Tennessee Cavalry.
Harrington, W. H., Co. H, 10th Mississippi.
Harris, Calvin, Co. B, 38th Mississippi.
Harris, George W., Co. B, 1st Florida.
Harris, R. B., Co. A, 5th Alabama.
Harris, T. M., Sergt., Co. A, 10th (Diamond's) Ky. Cav.
Harrison, Joseph, Co. E, 5th (Newton's) Arkansas Cavalry.
Harry, H., Co. A, 63d Tennessee.
Hart, James, Sergt., Co. B, 2d Battalion Mississippi, S. T.
Harwell, S. Y., Co. A, 32d Tennessee.
Harwell, Samuel Y., Co. F, 32d Tennessee.
Harwood, John H., Co. D, 64th North Carolina.
Hawkins, R. P., Co. G, 4th Georgia Cavalry.
Hawkins, W. P., Co. E, 8th Kentucky.
Hayes, Daniel, Co. D, 1st Texas.
Hayes, William, Co. F, 32d Tennessee.
Hays, Isaac, Co. D, 1st Georgia.
Healey, Michael, Co. B, Ballentine's Mississippi Cavalry.
Heard, G. T., Co. D, 31st Arkansas.
Hearn, F. A., Co. B, 12th Tennessee.
Hebert, Joachim, Co. C, 1st Louisiana Artillery.
Hebert, Mertille, Co. C, 1st Louisiana Artillery.
Hedrick, John S., Co. F, 5th Tennessee Cavalry.
Helms, A. T., Co. F, 23d Alabama.
Hemphill, William F., Co. A, 9th Mississippi.
Henchest, James, Co. K, 4th Mississippi.
Henderson, Thomas B., Co. A, 3d Tennessee.
Hendon, W. J., Co. B, Clark's 14th Texas.
Hendrick, W. H., Co. D, 56th Georgia.
Hennagan, John C., Co. G, 31st Louisiana.
Henry, Lewis, Co. C, 19th Mississippi.
Henry, R. W., Maj., Co. —, 8th Kentucky.
Hensley, William, Sergt., Co. D, 1st Tennessee Battalion.
Henson, J. R., Co. K, 53d Tennessee.
Herndon, Joseph W., Co. B, 51st Alabama.
Herrin, Asa, Co. D, 30th Louisiana.
Herring, B. L., Corp., Co. A, 1st Louisiana Cavalry.
Herring, David, Co. F, 12th Louisiana.
Hester, J. W., Co. C, 8th Tennessee.
Hewitt, R. A., Co. I, 53d Tennessee.
Hickey, Henry, Co. I, 26th Tennessee.
Hicks, Hiram, Co. A, 10th Kentucky Cavalry.
Hicks, Thomas B., Co. D, 1st Texas.
Higginbotham, A. A., Co. F, 2d Tennessee Cavalry.
Higgins, J. H., Co. A, 4th Mississippi.
Higgins, J. W., Co. H, 4th Georgia Cavalry.
High, Albert R., Co. A, 25th Louisiana.
Highland, Geo., Rivers's Battery, Arkansas Light Artillery.
Hight, Nathaniel, Co. K, 11th Missouri.
Hightower, William, Co. F, 8th Missouri Cavalry.
Hill, H. A., Co. E, 4th Mississippi.
Hill, John, Co. —, Forrest's Tennessee.
Hilton, J. M., Co. G, 16th Tennessee.
Hilton, Rush F., Co. E, 45th Virginia.
Hines, Thomas A., Co. A, 26th Tennessee.
Hines, Wiley, Co. H, 12th Louisiana.
Hinton, J. W., Co. C, 16th Battalion Georgia Cavalry.
Hipshear, William, Co. F, 1st Tennessee Cavalry.
Hobuck, Clifton J., Co. D, 45th Virginia.
Hodges, David B., Co. G., 8th Arkansas Cavalry.
Hodges, David, Co. A, 26th Mississippi.
Hodges, David B., Co. —, 4th Mississippi.
Hoffman, J. D., Co. K, 3d Mississippi.
Hogan, J. W., Co. A, 4th Arkansas Battalion.
Hogan, James N., Co. B, 62d North Carolina.
Holbrooks, Hiram, Co. D, 5th Kentucky.
Holder, J. T., Co. G, 1st (Helm's) Kentucky Cavalry.
Holley, John W., Co. A, 32d Tennessee.
Holloway, E. S., Co. A, 1st Louisiana Battalion.
Holloway, T. H., Co. E, 26th Tennessee.
Hollowell, J. W., Co. D, 8th Kentucky.
Holston, V. B., Co. B, 36th Virginia.
Holt, G. W., Co. A, 1st Louisiana.
Holt, H. C., First Sergt., Co. K, Armistead's Miss. Cav.
Honeycutt, W. F., Co. E, 30th Tennessee.
Hopkins, E. L., Corp., Co. I, 30th Arkansas.
Hopkins, George, Co. A, Lawther's Missouri.
Hopkins, J. A., Co. —, Forrest's Tennessee Cavalry.
Hopkins, J. C., Co. B, 12th Kentucky.
Hopper, A. C., Co. C, 32d Tennessee.
Horless, J. M., Co. G, 2d Tennessee.
Horman, J. W., Co. D, 45th Virginia.
Horsey, Thomas H., Co. B, 26th Mississippi.
Horton, A. P., Co. D, 12th Mississippi.
Horton, Andrew, Co. I, 45th Virginia.

[To be completed in another issue.]

COL. DAVID DU BOSE GAILLARD.

Lieut. Col. David Du Bose Gaillard, U. S. A., who directed the engineering work in the Culebra Cut division of the Panama Canal, died at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, December 5, 1913. He had been a patient at the hospital since August 17 last, suffering from a growth in the head, the result of seven years' arduous labor in the tropical climate of the Canal Zone. He failed steadily, and for the last two months had been in a state of coma due to the pressure of the cranial growth upon the brain cells. Surgeons decided that an operation would be useless and might hasten his death. He is survived by his widow and a son, Lieut. David P. Gaillard, U. S. A. Both were with him when the end came.

The New York Times furnishes the following sketch:

"Lieut. Col. David Du Bose Gaillard, Corps of Engineers, United States Army, was one of the 'big three' of the Panama Canal. He was the genius who directed the construction of the world-famed Culebra Cut, one of the mightiest engineering feats of all time, and the mental and physical breakdown that has resulted in his death was due to years of hard work that he devoted to the problem of Culebra, the completion of which work he was never to witness, his breakdown antedating the letting of the waters into the cut by but a few weeks. It was the dream and the life hope of Gaillard to have been present when the Culebra Cut, part of the Panama Canal, became a reality.

"Colonel Gaillard has been referred to as 'the engineer who broke the backbone of the Isthmus,' a work that he began in April, 1907, and to which he devoted his every energy in the six subsequent years. That his health was being undermined as a result of the arduous task that confronted him was suspected by his intimates many months ago; but when these friends pleaded with him to take a long rest, he replied that there was nothing serious the matter, and that he would take a vacation when Culebra Cut was finished.

"That Colonel Gaillard had broken down under the terrific mental and physical strain to which he had been subjected was not known outside of the circle of his intimates in the United States until the middle of last August, when he arrived at New York in the care of two army doctors and his wife. Even then it was only by chance that the news became known that the man who had dug Culebra Cut had arrived at New York a mental wreck, and that there was no chance of his recovery. He was taken to the Johns Hopkins Hospital, and there everything that science could do was resorted to in the effort to restore his mentality.

"When Colonel Gaillard arrived in New York last August, Secretary of War Garrison immediately took official notice of his illness, and in the course of a long and appreciative letter informed the engineer that it was the desire of the government that he undergo the best of medical treatment, and that for that purpose an indefinite leave of absence, with full pay, had been granted by the War Department. Secretary Garrison informed Colonel Gaillard that the government appreciated to the fullest the wonderful work he had accomplished on the Isthmus.

"Next to his famous chief, Col. George W. Goethals, Colonel Gaillard was, with Lieut. Col. William L. Sibert, the most widely known of any of the army engineers connected with the mighty work on the Isthmus. Colonel Gaillard had been designated as one of the assistant chiefs to Colonel Goethals by President Roosevelt, and from that day in the winter of 1907, when he shouldered the burden of Culebra, until his last and fatal breakdown he was one of the great engineers 'on the firing line' of the Isthmian undertaking."



COL. D. D. GAILLARD AT HIS DESK.

Colonel Gaillard was a very quiet and modest man. Slight of build, with wonderfully keen eyes, a soft voice that indicated his Southern origin (for he was born and reared in South Carolina), a charming companion, and yet with it all, as Col. William M. Black, of the corps of engineers, has expressed it, "one of the most capable engineers and wonderful organizers that the U. S. Army has yet developed."

Colonel Gaillard was born in Sumter County, S. C., fifty-four years ago. He came of one of the oldest of the Huguenot families and received his early education in the public schools of Fairfield County. In 1880 he entered the United States Military Academy at West Point, and four years later was graduated fifth in a class of thirty-five cadets, one of the most brilliant classes that ever graduated from West Point. Colonel Sibert was his classmate and his colleague on the Isthmus.

For many years following his commission as an officer of engineers Colonel Gaillard served under Colonel Black, the engineer who was president of the board that raised the old battleship Maine out of the mud of Havana Harbor. At his home on Governor's Island, Colonel Black paid a tribute of affection and respect to the ability of the brilliant man in which he said: "Gaillard's work in Panama has been little short of marvelous. He was a wonderful engineer who laid



ENFLOWERED CULEBRA RESIDENCE OF THE GAILLARDS.

out his plans in such a way that he got the maximum results out of everything that he undertook. Many of the things he accomplished at Culebra had been declared by railway experts and engineers of recognized merit to be impossible before Gaillard tackled them. He was a brilliant, charming man, and no one can feel a deeper regret at his passing away at a time when he was at the zenith of his great career."

Colonel Gaillard was a member of the Army and Navy Club of Washington, D. C., the Huguenot Society of South Carolina, and the National Geographical Society.

A special cable to the New York Times from Colonel George W. Goethals, dated Panama, December 5, states: "I am deeply shocked to hear of Colonel Gaillard's passing. He was a great engineer, an unflinching worker, and a true gentleman. While his death, of course, was not unexpected, it fills me with a sense of deep personal loss."

The Atlanta Constitution of December 10, 1913, designating Colonel Gaillard as "a world hero," states:

"Millions of people who never heard his name and greater millions yet unborn will be indebted to Lieut. Col. David Gaillard for the manner in which he lived and the manner in which he died. Colonel Gaillard, a South Carolinian by birth, was the army engineer who superintended the excavation of Culebra Cut, on the Panama Canal. When it is said that his labor was the most gigantic of those labors of Hercules which have characterized the construction of the waterway, the achievement of Colonel Gaillard is seen in its proper proportion. He died the other day at a hospital in Baltimore literally a martyr to the progress of civilization.

"In the earlier part of the excavation at Culebra Colonel Gaillard had to contend with obstacles that a man of lesser courage would have found insuperable. Unexpected slides crashed hundreds of tons of earth into the cut, obliterating the accomplishment of weeks and burying engines and apparatus. Time and again calculations wrought out with painstaking effort were upset in a twinkling and all had to be done over.

"The change in world trade and the vast era of development that will follow the opening of the canal will be attributable as much to the energy and the sacrifice of such men as Gaillard as to the enterprise and wealth of the American people. It is estimated that by his economies in management and in his own personal exertions outside of the precise duties assigned him he saved the government $17,000,000. The South should cherish the deeds of a man who figured instrumentally in so monumental an epoch in history."



COL. GAILLARD AT HIS WORK.



MRS. GAILLARD AT CULEBRA.

Congress has shown its appreciation in tangible form by voting his widow a year's salary of her husband, $14,000. He shares with Colonel Goethals the glory of the Panama Canal.

Friends of the Editor of the VETERAN will be the more interested in the foregoing as fitting here because of the remarkable coincidence connecting the career of his son, P. D. Cunningham, deceased, with Goethals, Black, and Gaillard.

When young P. D. Cunningham had arranged to leave Cuba for the Mexican water boundary survey, Col. W. M. Black, then major of corps of engineers, wrote to him: "Before severing your connection with this office to accept the more advantageous position offered you as Consulting Engineer of the Mexican Boundary Commission, it is my desire to state to you my appreciation of your character and services. You have now served directly under my orders since July, 1898—first as Assistant Engineer to the Chief Engineer on duty at headquarters of the army in Tampa, Porto Rico, and Washington; and since February, 1899, as principal Assistant Engineer to the Chief Engineer, Department of Havana, and as Chief Engineer, City of Havana. During this time you assisted me in duties more arduous than had ever before fallen on me since my graduation in 1877—in selecting, buying, and assembling and shipping the engineering supplies for the army in the field; in caring for accounts and property at a time when skilled clerical help was unattainable and office conveniences did not exist; in reconnoissance and other work in the field; in settling the field accounts in Washington; and, finally, in organizing an Engineering Department, and at the same time executing work under the conditions prevailing in Havana during the first year and a half of the American occupation. Your work here has embraced municipal engineering in all of its branches—organization, legal investigations, and the framing of new legislation. In all of this time I have securely relied on your judgment, ability, integrity, and industry, and have had to check you for overworking rather than for any other one thing. In parting from you I feel that I am parting with a tried friend, as well as an assistant, in the fullest sense of that word."

Col. D. D. Gaillard wrote the father September 9, 1901, after the death of Engineer Cunningham: "I realize how utterly inadequate words are to convey to you my sincere sympathy in your terrible bereavement, yet I cannot let this opportunity pass without testifying in some measure to my admiration of him as a man and as an engineer. You know that during the entire Mexican Boundary (Land) Survey, 1892-94, he was in a party under my immediate supervision, and I came to know him and his work well, and I knew naught but good of either. Paul stood in a marked degree for loyalty, interest in work, untiring energy, good judgment, manliness, sunniness of disposition, and thoroughness in execution of every detail intrusted to him for execution. I personally recommended him to Col. W. M. Black, U. S. Corps of Engineers, for assistant in Porto Rico and Cuba. How completely I was justified in my opinion of him, his work in both those places shows. Both Mrs. Gaillard and myself feel that we have lost a true friend, and yet we can scarcely realize that he is gone. We had seen him frequently in Washington last winter, and on March 5 last, the day before I left Washington, he called to bid me good-by. Little did either of us dream that it was to be our last earthly parting. How proud you must be to have been the father of such a son, one over whom so fittingly could be placed the inscription: 'Faithful unto death!'"

THE LAST ROLL

"The tired feet that trod
The thorny paths of duty undismayed
Shall find eternal peace and rest when God,
The great Commander of souls unafraid,
Shall muster all his veterans, great and small,
To answer to his loving last roll call."

Col. Ashley Horne.

Col. Ashley Horne, prominent in business and public life in North Carolina, died suddenly at his home, in Clayton, on October 22.

Colonel Horne served with faithfulness throughout the war; and having come home from Appomattox barefooted and without a cent, he "borrowed" two horses from Sherman's army to raise his first crop. Since that time he was remarkably successful both as a farmer and a merchant, and in his latter years he was interested in the cotton mills of Raleigh and Clayton, the North State Insurance Company, of Kinton, of which he was president, and in various other successful enterprises.

In 1908 he was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor, and was loyally supported by the Confederate veterans. He was a man of great energy and ability, in addition to many friendly and lovable qualities, and the great number of people that came from all parts of North Carolina to attend his funeral gave notable proof of the esteem in which he was held.

Colonel Horne was widely known for his love for the Confederate cause and for his charity to the widows and children of his old comrades. Only last year he had given $5,000 for the erection of a monument to the memory of the Confederate women. It will also be a monument to him.

Johnson Long.

After a short illness, Johnson Long died at his home, in Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., on July 11, 1913, at the age of eighty years. His was a long and useful life, lived simply and unostentatiously, but making its impress upon the citizenship of his community. Most of his life was spent in and around Mt. Pleasant, where his family was prominent and extensive. During the war he served as a lieutenant of Colonel Biffle's regiment, and he was intensely Southern in principle, though neither unfair nor unreasonable.

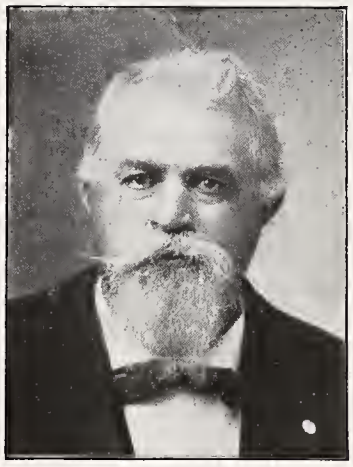
Surviving him are his wife, who was Miss Olivia Harris, and six children. Dr. Henry Long is the only surviving brother.

Robert W. Fletcher.

Robert W. Fletcher, a prominent farmer and citizen of Ray County, Mo., died on the 21st of May, 1913, at Westover Farm, near Richmond, Mo., where he made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Amelia Watkins. He was a native of the Old Dominion, having been born in Madison County, Va., July 6, 1834. There he grew to manhood and was married to Miss Cornelia E. Story and a family was reared. When the war came on he joined the 4th Virginia Cavalry and rose to the rank of second lieutenant of Company C. In 1871 he moved to Missouri and in Ray County became one of its substantial citizens. He was a member of the Methodist Church. Surviving him are his wife, three sons, and two daughters.

William Fields.

William Fields was born in Abingdon, Va., and was a student at Emory and Henry College when the war began. In May, 1861, at the age of eighteen, he volunteered with Company I, 48th Virginia Regiment, Col. John A. Campbell. Joining Jackson in the Valley, he was in the second battle of Manassas and all of the engagements of that campaign and the seven days' fighting around Richmond. He was under fire for thirty days from Spottsylvania to Petersburg, during which time he was shot in the hand, the wound making necessary the amputation of a finger which he held with the other hand while the operation was performed, and, stooping down, dug a little hole and buried it under a pine tree.



WILLIAM FIELDS.

He was wounded again in the battle of the Crater on April 2, 1865, a Minie ball striking him in the left thigh. He was taken to Dunlap Station, where he got some one to put him on the train, where he lay all night suffering agony and begging for water, the train having been run back into a cut near Manchester. Next day the ladies took charge of the wounded and moved them to an old outhouse, where a temporary hospital was arranged. That evening a Federal regiment of negro troops, officered by white men, arrived. The ladies were wild with fright, but they were assured the wounded soldiers should not be molested; and the Federal commander had them moved to the basement of the Presbyterian church. After fourteen days they were taken to Jackson Hospital, in Richmond. After much suffering from gangrene in his wound, Comrade Fields was taken in charge by an old French surgeon, who doubtless saved his life.

He got back home on crutches on July 26, 1865. Giving up all hopes of college, he began work as a brick mason and farmer. At the time of his death he was one of the most successful stock men in Southwest Virginia.

Comrade Fields was married twice, his first wife being Miss Elizabeth Nash, from which union two children survive, William A. Fields and Mrs. E. A. Leonard. His second wife was Miss Imogen Wyche Otey, of Madison County, Ala., whom he married June 26, 1884, and who survives him.

He died very suddenly at his beautiful home, near Castlewoods, Russell County, Va., in the sixty-ninth year of his age. He is deeply mourned by his wife and children and a host of relatives and friends. He was a steward in the M. E. Church, South, and took a great interest in Sunday school work, being superintendent of his school. He was a Royal Arch Mason and was buried with Masonic honors. By nature he was genial and hospitable to the last degree. It was thus amid his friends and loved ones that the end suddenly came, and so passed away a chivalrous Old Virginia gentleman.

[Don't forget to make "Last Roll" sketches as brief as practicable. This space is important.]

Col. John Doak Lilley.

The death of Col. John Doak Lilley, of Staunton, Va., on June 13, 1913, removed a most useful and honored citizen, a man of true worth and unquestioned integrity. He was one of three brothers who served the Confederacy faithfully, his two brothers being Gen. Robert Doak Lilley and James C. Lilley, Jr., courier to General Lee.

Col. John D. Lilley was born September 5, 1841, at Greenville, Va., and was educated in the schools of Greenville, Staunton, and at the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington. In 1861 he left the Institute with the corps of cadets under Gen. Stonewall Jackson for Richmond, where the cadets were detailed to drill recruits, and he was appointed to command the Brunswick Blues and Nottaway Grays at the burial in Richmond of Henry L. Wyatt, the first Confederate soldier killed in battle.



COL. JOHN D. LILLEY.

After two months the Cadet Corps was disbanded, and Colonel Lilley returned to Staunton, where he assisted Col. John B. Baldwin in organizing the 52d Virginia Infantry. He was offered a position on the staff of Gen. Jubal Early, but declined, and took the first lieutenancy of Company I, Capt. C. R. Mason commanding, in the regiment he had assisted in organizing. The regiment was ordered to McDowell, Va., and wintered on top of the Alleghany Mountains. Captain Mason was detailed by General Jackson to take command of the forces building bridges and roads, and Colonel Lilley succeeded him as captain of the company. In this capacity he fought in the battles of Alleghany Mountain, December 13, 1861; McDowell, May 7, 1862; Front Royal and Winchester, 1862; Cross Keys and Port Republic, June 8 and 9, 1862. He was then promoted to the rank of major, and on July 1, 1862, he fought in the battle of Malvern Hill, and was with Stonewall Jackson in his famous march around General Pope's army which terminated in the battle of Cedar Mountain. At the second battle of Manassas, August 25, 1862, Major Lilley was severely wounded in the thigh, and before he could be gotten from under fire he was shot in the left leg and arm. During his convalescence he was detailed enrolling officer at Lexington, Va., and while serving in this capacity he assisted in the burial of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, whose body was brought to Lexington in May, 1863.

Rejoining his regiment, Major Lilley fought in the battles of the Wilderness, and on May 19, 1864, at Spottsylvania C. H. he was wounded in the right hand. As soon as possible Major Lilley again rejoined his regiment and was appointed on the general court-martial at White Oak Swamp, where he served until the day before the battle of that place, when he was promoted to the rank of colonel and commanded his old regiment, the 52d, in the battle until the commander of the brigade, General Lewis was killed. when Colonel Lilley was ordered to take command of the brigade October 27, 1864. The next day, while superintending the reënforcement of the breastworks, his hand and arm were accidentally crushed, and he was so disabled as to be ordered to the rear.

Returning to Staunton, Colonel Lilley found that Milroy and the Federals were about to enter that town, so he went to Waynesboro; and in order to avoid capture he and a companion, Alex Fishburn, secured horses and, swimming South River, took refuge in a cabin in the mountains. A few days after this he started to Lynchburg by way of Lexington. Eight miles from Lexington he met Colonel Spangler, who informed him of General Lee's surrender, showing his parole.

After these stirring days were over, Colonel Lilley settled on a farm, Buffalo Hill, formerly owned by his great-grandfather. In 1870 he was made surveyor of Augusta County and later road commissioner, and as a member of the school board did much for the schools of Riverheads District. Through his efforts more than any other a handsome monument was raised to the Confederate dead in Thornrose Cemetery, Staunton, Va. He is survived by his wife, formerly Miss Anna Smith, of Greenville, Va., and four sons.

Adolphus Fearhake.

One of the best-known and loved Confederate veterans of Maryland, Adolphus Fearhake, died suddenly on October 7, 1913, being stricken at the railroad station near his summer home at Braddock Heights, Frederick County, Md. He was the son of Adolphus and Elizabeth Lease Fearhake, born April 23, 1840. He was educated in the public schools and Frederick College, and at the age of fifteen began the study of surveying. In 1862 he became a soldier of the Confederacy, enlisting in Company D, 1st Maryland Cavalry. He was in the battle of Gettysburg and many others in which his command participated. He was a prisoner at Fort Lookout and Fort Delaware, and was paroled after the surrender.

After the war Comrade Fearhake returned home, and in 1866 was admitted to the Frederick County bar, practicing only a year, however, as he was elected surveyor of Frederick County in 1869, and later became deputy clerk of the circuit court, which office he held for forty years. He was married in 1877 to Miss Agnes Elliott, daughter of James Elliott. Her death came just a week after this, for she was ill at the time. He is survived by one sister, Miss Rose Fearhake, aged eighty-three years.

Mr. Fearhake was prominent fraternally, and was probably one of the best-versed Masons in the State, ranking high in the lodges with which he was identified.

Samuel Ewing Hays

Samuel E. Hays was born in Saline County, Mo., April 27, 1845; and died at Eureka Springs, Ark., October 25, 1913. He joined the Confederate army in 1863 in Gordon's Regiment, Shelby's Brigade, Marmaduke's Division, and later was transferred to Capt. Richard Stallard's company, serving as escort to Gen. John S. Marmaduke, and surrendered at Shreveport, La., in June, 1865. He then returned to his home in Missouri and engaged in farming. His first wife, Miss Ella Woodson, was a niece of Gov. Silas Woodson, and a son born to this marriage was drowned in Alaska, leaving several small children who reside in California with their mother.

About thirty years ago Mr. Hays removed to Eureka Springs, Ark., where, with the exception of brief periods in Texas and California, he resided continuously until his death. About fifteen years ago he married Miss Mary Robinson, of Van Buren, Ark., who survives him. His comrades in arms bear uniform testimony to his unflinching courage as a soldier and his unfailing good humor. He was a Presbyterian elder and active in all good works.

Robert T. Hempstone.

Robert T. Hempstone, aged seventy-one, died at his home, in Leesburg, Va., August 13, 1913. He was a man of fine character and genial heart, and leaves many friends to mourn his death.

Mr. Hempstone was born in Montgomery County, Md., in 1842, just four years before his parents moved to Loudoun County. He engaged in active business in Baltimore until the nineties, when he returned to Loudoun and retired to a handsome farm which stands as a monument to his thrift and industry and as a reminder of his genuine hospitality.

Mr. Hempstone enlisted and served in the 8th Virginia under Captain Wampler, of Company H, for eighteen months. At that time his courage and daring brought him to the attention of Gen. George Pickett, who made him his special courier. He is survived by two brothers and five sisters.

Dr. A. F. Wilson.

Dr. A. F. Wilson, who died at his home, near Alto, Tex., on September 17, 1913, was born in Chester District, S. C., January 1, 1834, and went with his parents to Alabama when about fifteen years of age. There he lived until 1860, when he went to Texas. In 1861 he enlisted in Captain Ford's company, K, 4th Texas Cavalry, Riley's Regiment, Green's Brigade. The company left Alto on the 18th of September, 1861, and was mustered into service on the 28th at San Antonio. He was elected orderly sergeant of his company. He was in the battles of Glorietta, Val Verde, N. Mex., Mansfield, La., Pleasant Hill, Yellow Bayou, La., and at the recapture of Galveston, as well as numerous other minor engagements of his command. He was elected second lieutenant of his company at Franklin, La., and as such served to the close of the war. His captain was wounded in the battle of Marksville Prairie, and Lieutenant Wilson commanded the company in that battle, and was noted for his coolness and bravery. He served to the end and was at all times a true and loyal Confederate soldier and a brave and gallant officer, universally loved and respected by his men.

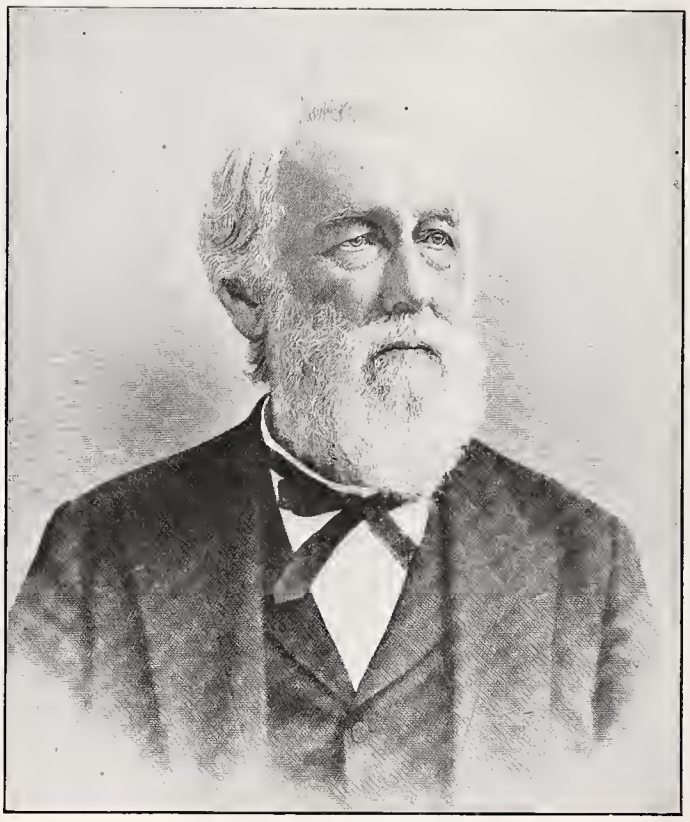
The war ending, he returned to Alto and engaged in business. After his marriage in 1867 to Miss Boadicia Blakey, he studied medicine, graduating in 1871. He lived on his farm, near Alto, and practiced his profession until his death. Dr. Wilson was a devout Christian and a man honored and respected by all who knew him. He was buried by the veterans of Ross-Ector Camp, No. 513, U. C. V., of which he was a member. Five children survive him of the nine who blessed his home. His wife died several years ago.

Col. Reuben Thomas Durrett.

After a lingering illness, Col. R. T. Durrett, one of the most distinguished and widely known men of Kentucky, died a few weeks ago at his home, in Louisville, Ky.

Colonel Durrett was considered one of the most learned men in Louisville. He was well versed in Latin and Greek, spoke Spanish, Italian, and French, was acknowledged to be the greatest of all authorities on Kentucky history, and had carried on extensive correspondence with savants all over the world.

Colonel Durrett was born January 22, 1824, in Henry County. He was the son of William and Elizabeth Rawlings Durrett. His early education he received in the primary schools of Henry County. He entered Georgetown College in 1844, remaining a student there until 1846, in which year he went to Brown University, at Providence. He was graduated from that university in 1849 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He afterwards studied law at the University of Louisville, and it was during his career as a successful lawyer that he was editor of the Courier-Journal and famous for his loyalty to the South. It was on account of his open espousal of the cause of secession that he was arrested by the Federal authorities and sent to Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor.



COL. R. T. DURRETT.

Colonel Durrett was a constant contributor to magazines and newspapers, his work taking the form of both prose and verse. His library was one of the finest in the South, and some time before his death it was sold to the University of Chicago on condition that it be kept intact as the "Durrett Collection" and be housed in a fireproof structure. The collection numbered about 50,000 volumes, many of them being invaluable for record and reference. Theodore Roosevelt found in this library much of the material for his "The Winning of the West," spending much time investigating the Durrett collection and arranging data. In point of Kentucky history, the library is said to be the richest in the world. Until the books were sold, about six months before Colonel Durrett's death, the library at his home was the scene of many meetings of the Filson Club, organized by him in 1884.

Colonel Durrett married Miss Elizabeth Bates, daughter of Caleb and Elizabeth Humbrey Bates, of Cincinnati, in 1852. Four children were born of this union. Mrs. Durrett died about twenty-three years ago.

While a man of letters, Colonel Durrett found time for many other interests during his long and useful life in Louisville. He was one of the first members of the Board of Park Commissioners, and at one time was a member of the Board of Councilmen. He was President of the Children's Free Hospital and the Episcopal Orphans' Home, and a director of the Kentucky Title Company, the Kentucky Title Savings Bank, the First National Bank, the Kentucky Heating and Lighting Company, and the Louisville Lighting Company at various times.

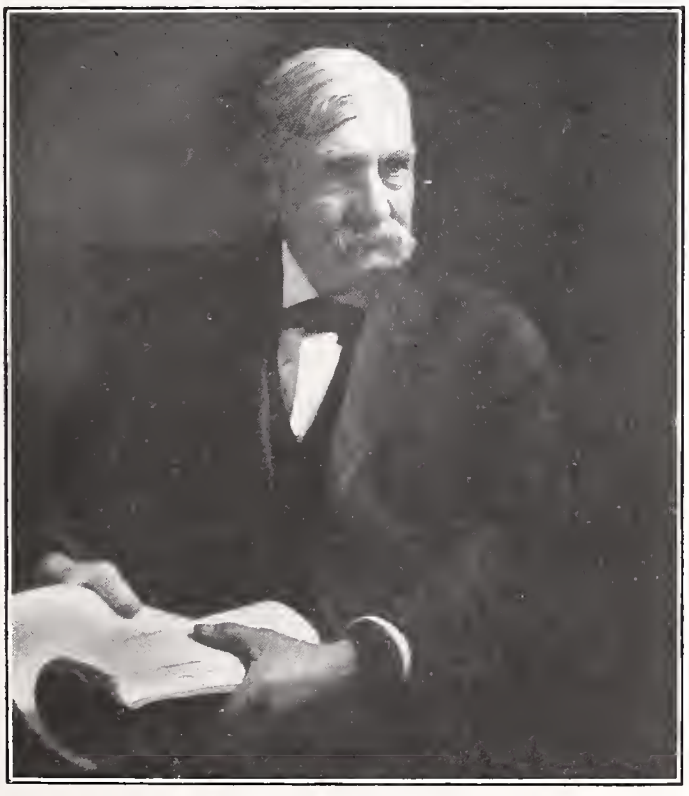
[Dr. William T. Durrett, the last son, died since this notice was written.—Ed.]

Capt. John Allen.

Capt. John Allen was a worthy citizen and a gallant officer in the Confederate army. He answered the last roll call on October 11, 1913, at the home of his son-in-law, Dr. F. G. Kerr, in Van Buren, Ark. He was born near Carthage, Tenn., on April 22, 1837, and was of a long line of noble and patriotic ancestors. His father, Hon. Robert Allen, ably and honorably represented not only his district but the State of Tennessee in Congress for many years.

On May 20, 1861, Captain Allen went as a lieutenant in Company B, 7th Tennessee Infantry, and surrendered with General Lee on April 9, 1865. He was conspicuously brave, and was wounded in nearly every engagement. In the desperate charge at Gettysburg on the third day he distinguished himself, and was so severely wounded that he was left for dead upon the field. His strong will and vitality pulled him through, and after a long time in prison he was exchanged and returned to the command of his company, near Petersburg. Later he was made adjutant general on the staff of Gen. William McComb, and was again badly wounded and lay in an ambulance when surrendered at Appomattox. It is believed that rapid promotion would have been his had the war lasted a few months longer.

At the Dallas Reunion it was the writer's pleasure to be by him when he was presented to some of the surviving soldiers and officers with whom he served, and one of the officers said to me: "There is one of the most fearless and gallant men in battle that I ever saw." A noble and just tribute to a patriotic and brave man. It was my privilege to be among the first with whom he became acquainted when he came to Arkansas, and throughout the remainder of his life I knew



CAPT. JOHN ALLEN.

him intimately, and it was a pleasure to have known him well. His modest, unostentatious manner was a dominant characteristic, and made friends of those with whom he came in contact. In the death of Captain Allen the Southland has lost a noble, patriotic, and brave son. May he rest in peace!

Capt. John Allen was married to Miss Marietta Cullom, daughter of Gen. William Cullom, at Carthage, Tenn., April 24, 1866. The children of this union are: Alenthia (now Mrs. William M. Mayes, of Birmingham, Ala.), Dixon A. (deceased), Virginia C., Lucy (Mrs. T. G. Kerr, of Van Buren, Ark.), Marietta (Mrs. C. E. Norman, of Van Buren, Ark.), John Q. (Van Buren, Ark.), Leila (Mrs. N. L. Fitzhugh, of Fort Smith, Ark.), Perry I. (Little Rock, Ark.), Edith (deceased). Mrs. John Allen died about two years ago.

[Sketch by his friend, Mr. George R. Wood, of Van Buren.]

Capt. William Hicks.

Capt. William Hicks was born in Hawkins County, Tenn., October 9, 1837; and died November 20, 1913, at Austin, Ky. His parents were John and Allie (Leath) Hicks. At the age of eighteen he was in school at Rogersville, Tenn., and then he taught school until November, 1861, when he entered Blanchard's company, C. S. A., and was elected second lieutenant. He served with that company a few months, afterwards serving as assistant quartermaster-general for eight months. He was then transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department, and assisted in organizing the 10th Arkansas Cavalry, and was commissioned captain of Company G. He remained with that regiment until the final surrender in 1865. Before being transferred he participated in the battle of Corinth, and after joining the 10th Arkansas he was in General Price's army. He was at Ironton, Independence, Lawrence, and in numerous other engagements, surrendering in June, 1865.

After the war Captain Hicks went to Tallahatchie County, Miss., and engaged in the cultivation of cotton until 1869. He next went to Macon County, Tenn., where he engaged in saw milling until 1876. In 1876 he moved to Barren County, Ky., and engaged in farming, stock-raising, and the lumber business until his death. In 1874 he was married to Sarah A. Kerley, of Macon County, Tenn., and to this union there were born nine children, eight of whom survive him. His first wife died in January, 1897. He was afterwards married to Miss Lou Chism, who survives him. He was a very active business man until the last few years, since which time he had been in declining health. He was carried to his last resting place by his old comrades.

[Signed by W. Wood, Adjutant Camp 874, U. C. V.]

R. H. Skinner.

R. H. Skinner was born near Middlesburg, Va., January 1, 1833; and died April 30, 1913, after some years of invalidism. At an early age he went to Texas and lived there until 1861, when he returned to Virginia as a member of Hood's Brigade, Company F, 4th Texas Regiment. He was wounded at Gettysburg and lay on the battle field seventeen days before he could get medical attention. He was then taken to the hospital, where he remained three months hovering between life and death from the wound through his lung. He carried a ball there the rest of his life. When the war closed he returned to his adopted State and lived in Fort Worth and Corsicana. About eight years ago, broken in health and spirit, his heart turned to Virginia, and he returned to his native State. He was laid to rest in the cemetery at Middlesburg, not far from where he was born.

Deaths in Camp No. 384, U. C. V.—Since its local reunion in August, 1913, Camp No. 384 at Prairie Grove, Ark., has lost four members: A. D. Strickler, 34th Arkansas Infantry, and who was in Barrack 58 at Rock Island; R. C. Cummins and James Hale, both of the 34th Arkansas; and Thomas Kirby, of Buck Brown's company.

William W. George.

Comrade William Worth George, than whom no more gallant soul ever wore the gray or drew his sword beneath the stars and bars, was born in Giles County, Va., November 7, 1839; and answered the last roll call from his beautiful home at Broadford, Smythe County, Va., June 13, 1913. The best blood of the Old Dominion flowed in his veins. The Georges were of Protestant Irish extraction. They were among the first settlers of Southwestern Virginia; they have ever been men of affairs in business and have been honored by their countrymen. His grandmother was Rebecca Clay, first cousin of Henry Clay. He was well educated in the old field schools of Virginia and the Confederate army, where he learned to think, when the cause for which he fought so gallantly and the lives of the men under his care hung in the balance.

At the call of his country in 1861 Comrade George promptly entered the Confederate army as a private, and through his ability and courage on the field he was promoted to second lieutenant of Company H, 26th Virginia Battalion, commanded by Col. George M. Edgar. At Cold Harbor, in 1864, after a hand-to-hand struggle in which Lieutenant George received a ball in his neck and a bayonet thrust in his side, he was left for dead. Becoming a prisoner of war, he was held till June, 1865, and was one of the immortal six hundred commissioned officers who were placed on Morris Island, S. C., under the heavy cross-fire of Federals and Confederates from Fort Wagner. He escaped, but was recaptured.

Like many of his comrades, after the war he began life with nothing but a sublime manly courage. He became a farm hand at $15 per month. But he did not stay at the bottom. At his death he owned about three miles of rich valley land on the North Fork of Holston River, a large farm in Tazewell County, Va., and was President of the Saltville Bank. He was supervisor of his county for a number of years, and in 1902-03 represented the counties of Smythe and Bland in the House of Delegates of Virginia. But, best of all, Comrade George was a modest, retiring, yet a true and faithful Christian. In 1866, under the ministry of an old comrade, Rev. J. T. Frazier, he was happily converted to God, and ever afterwards was faithful to his God and his Church.

On September 27, 1866, he was happily married to Miss Mary E. Roberts, of Smythe County, Va., and became the father of six children, four of whom went before him. Two sons remain who, I am glad to say, are not "degenerate sons of an illustrious sire." Having lived uprightly, he died without a cloud on the horizon of his hopes. Because of his removal from the world the earth is poorer, but heaven is richer. He was good in all of the relations of life—a good son, a good husband, a good father, a good soldier, a good citizen, and a good Christian. We shall miss him, sadly miss him, but we shall meet again at the general roll call.

[From a sketch by his comrade, Rev. George D. French.]

Michael Spencer.

A Columbus (Ohio) paper reports this Confederate veteran now at rest. It states that he was a member of Parker's Confederate battery, Pickett's Division. Rev. Dr. Campbell preached the funeral. "Typical of the good feeling now between the soldiers of the North and South, three ex-Confederate soldiers (Kidwell, Humphreys, and Worrell) and three ex-Union soldiers (Craig, Cratty, and Pugh) acted as pallbearers. Little girls in white served as a vanguard."

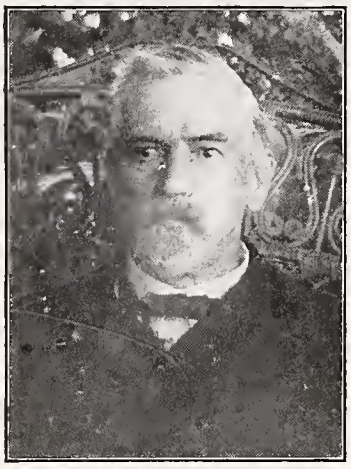
Capt. Alonzo Judson Pursley.

Capt. A. J. Pursley, of Savannah, Ga., a veteran of the 39th Georgia Infantry, was born in Spartanburg, S. C., in 1844, and moved with his parents to Ringgold, Ga., in 1856. In February, 1861, he left school at Cave Springs, Ga., and, returning home, enlisted the following month in the Ringgold Volunteers (Capt. H. J. Sprayberry), a company that answered the first call for troops, and was enrolled as Company B, of the 1st Georgia Battalion, under Major Larey, a command that was subsequently merged in the 1st Confederate Regiment.

Private Pursley served a year at Pensacola, and then became a private in Company D, 39th Regiment of Georgia Infantry. In this company he rose in rank, until at the reorganization of the remnant of the regiment in the spring of 1865 he was promoted from first lieutenant to captain of Company K, one of the two companies into which the regiment was consolidated.

Among the battles in which he participated were Bridgeport, Ala., Tazewell and Cumberland Gap, Tenn., Richmond, Ky., Baker's Creek, Miss., the siege of Vicksburg, Missionary Ridge, Rocky Face, Resaca, Cassville, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, Atlanta (July 22), the siege of Atlanta, Jonesboro, Ga., Columbia, Franklin, Nashville, and the fighting on the retreat to Mississippi.

He was wounded at Baker's Creek and Peachtree Creek, was a prisoner of war on parole after the surrender of Vicksburg until the fall of 1863, and on the retreat from Nashville suffered great hardships, marching barefoot over the snow and ice from Franklin to Tupelo. His last battle was Bentonville, N. C., and his surrender at Greensboro.



CAPT. A. J. PURSLEY.

From High Point he took home with him a wounded comrade, H. S. Watt, of Griffin, and reached Americus, where his father then lived, with fifteen cents, the residue of the dollar that he had received at the disbandment of the army. He resided in Americus and engaged in farming until 1885, when he removed to Savannah and engaged in business. He was Third Lieutenant Commander of McLaws Camp, U. C. V.

Captain Pursley died at his home, in Guyton, Ala., on November 29, 1912.

[The foregoing sketch was furnished by J. M. Bryant, Superintendent of the Andersonville (Ga.) National Cemetery and an intimate friend of Captain Pursley.]

R. A. Clarkson.

R. A. Clarkson died at his home, in Fort Smith, Ark., on October 17, 1913. He was born in Richmond, Va., and at the age of seventeen he enlisted in the Confederate army, and for four years rode with the famous J. E. B. Stuart's cavalry. He was one of the survivors of the battle of Gettysburg. His captain was Edwin Bouldin. In the death of Comrade Clarkson Fort Smith loses one of its pioneer citizens and the Confederate Camp a devoted member. He was a devoted husband, a noble Christian, and a patriotic citizen, beloved by all who knew him.

Col. W. O. Moore.

Col. W. O. Moore, a well-known Confederate and member of the present Virginia House of Delegates, died recently at his home, in Wytheville. He was the son of Col. Alfred C. Moore, who, though sixty years old, entered the service of the Confederacy as colonel of the 29th Virginia Infantry. Orrville Moore and his three brothers, Dr. R. E. Moore, Melville Moore, and Sidney Moore, were all in the Confederate army. He entered the service at the commencement of the war and served in what was afterwards Corse's Brigade, in Pickett's Division, until July 1, 1863, when he organized a cavalry company which was assigned to the 22d Virginia Regiment, commanded by Colonel Bowen, afterwards by Col. John Radford. On the death of Colonel Radford, who was killed, and the disability of other ranking officers, the command devolved upon Colonel Moore; and his commission as colonel was issued just before the evacuation of Richmond, the regiment having been under his command for six months previous thereto. He was in all of the engagements of his command, and at the surrender of Appomattox withdrew his regiment with General Munford's command to join the army of Joseph E. Johnston; but before making the junction the cause of the Confederacy collapsed, and he returned home without surrendering.



COL. W. O. MOORE.

After the war Colonel Moore became a farmer and cattle breeder, which occupation he followed successfully for the rest of his life. The circumstances surrounding his death were unusually pathetic. His youngest daughter, Elizabeth Waller, was to have been married on October 2 to Harry G. Nichol, of Detroit, Mich.; but the illness of Colonel Moore caused a change in plans. So instead of the brilliant church wedding a sad group gathered in the home to witness the marriage ceremony. The bride wore her wedding gown and veil, its beauty being the one bright touch to a somber setting. After this, with shadowed faces, they waited for the end.

Thus, surrounded by his children, Colonel Moore fell asleep. The gray coffin was draped with a faded silk flag which his company had carried throughout the war and which had been presented to them by the ladies of Tazewell. Marching in the sad procession which followed him to the grave were veterans of the William Terry and Ivanhoe Camps. U. C. V., carrying Confederate flags. Negroes and mountaineers walked miles, some with babies in their arms, to see the last of their friend. His old darky, Louis, who was with him all through the fighting days, was faithful to the end.

Colonel Moore's only living brother is Dr. R. E. Moore, of Wytheville; and his sister, Mrs. T. J. Finnie, lives in Austin, Tex.

[From sketch by Mrs. May Walton Kent.]

David Stroud.

David Stroud, born at Starkville, Ala., in Pike County, entered the Confederate service in July, 1861, having enlisted as a member of Company I, 15th Alabama Regiment, and in that regiment he served until the surrender at Appomattox. He made a gallant soldier, always ready for duty and answering to every roll call. He returned home after the surrender, and in 1866 was married to Miss Martha Davidson, of Goshen, and to them nine children were born, six of whom are living. Comrade Stroud died on the 7th of October, 1913, at his home, in Goshen.

Henly Fugate.

Capt. Henly Fugate was first lieutenant of a company organized at Tazewell, Tenn., in 1862, with W. H. Fulkerson as its captain and Isaac Parkley and Jeff Baker the other lieutenants. This company was A, of the 63d Regiment Tennessee Infantry, commanded by Col. Richard Fain. Abram Fulkerson was lieutenant colonel and John Aiken was major of the regiment. They were in the battles of McLemore's Cove, Chickamauga, Fort Sanders, Bean Station, Drewry's Bluff, and Petersburg, besides other smaller engagements.

Lieutenant Fugate lost an arm in the charge up Snodgrass Hill at Chickamauga September 20, 1863. The regiment lost heavily there. Of four hundred and four enrolled, forty-seven were killed and one hundred and fifty-five wounded. Company A lost in killed and wounded thirty-seven out of an enrollment of forty-five. Shortly after this battle Captain Fulkerson was advanced to the rank of major, and Lieutenant Fugate was promoted to the captaincy of Company A.

After the war Captain Fugate engaged in the stock business for a number of years, trading extensively in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia. He engaged in the lumber trade in 1882, and continued in it the remainder of his life. He located at Abingdon, Va., in 1873, making that his home. He was twice married, both wives being from near Abingdon.



CAPT. HENLY FUGATE.

Captain Fugate was widely known and very popular. He was closely identified with the business and educational life of Southwest Virginia, being a trustee of two of the historic schools of Abingdon, the Stonewall Jackson Institute and the Abingdon Male Academy. The latter was founded by William King in 1803.

The end came in Richmond, Va., March 24, 1913, in his seventieth year, following an operation.

HISTORY OF A MEMORIAL GATEWAY.

BY MISS MARIE BREVARD, HICKMAN, KY.

"It is finished"—that for which over nine years we have worked, thought, and dreamed of—this gateway. But it is beautiful—so say they all, and I think it could be said of us: "Well done, thou good and faithful servants." It was at our meeting in February, 1904, that the question of a memorial to our Confederate heroes was first discussed. A committee was appointed to secure designs, prices, etc., and the Chapter went to work in earnest, making money in every way possible to us. We decided in July, 1906, to see what help we could get from the citizens of our city whom we thought were interested or should be, even if not in Confederate work, in anything that would add more beauty to our beautiful city of the dead, for we had decided upon a gateway at our city cemetery. Gen. H. A. Tyler had proposed to give us as much as all other citizens combined up to the amount of six hundred dollars. With this goal in view, we went to work. I wish to say here to others who may not know (we Daughters, of course, know it) that we have never asked any one outside of our Chapter or outside our city gates to give us a cent. The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., of Louisville, sent us a most generous contribution of fifty dollars, but it came unsolicited. And several former residents of Hickman or friends interested in some way sent small contributions.

Nearly a year after we began soliciting funds Mrs. Roy McKinney, then State President, told us of the proposition of Sir Moses Ezekiel (himself a Confederate veteran, joining the army from the Virginia Military Institute, and now living in Rome and knighted on account of his art), stating that this noted sculptor proposed for the love of the work and the cause to make our gateway for just the cost of material, boxing, and transportation. Now truly we "walked on thin air" for weeks. We wrote for designs, prices, also cost of boxing and transportation, and began through our distinguished United States Senator, Hon. Ollie M. James, then Congressman, to devise ways and means to get it into this free country of Uncle Sam's without duty, and we were assured that it could be done. But, alas! when we came down to earth again and began to find out more about freight and boxing from Rome, our very few dollars seemed such a little pile, and so hard to get, that we became discouraged and the Ezekiel Gateway looked like an impossibility. So for months we only talked and planned and worked. Plans and ways and means were discussed meeting after meeting, month after month, and yet nothing definite was accomplished. We reluctantly gave up the Ezekiel Gateway. And no other designs seemed quite right.

But at this time we saw the urgent need of marking the unmarked Confederate graves at our cemetery ere all who knew where and whose they were had "crossed over the river." So we secured of Mr. Tom Dillon designs and ordered seventeen of the gray granite markers at a cost of nearly two hundred dollars.

In December, 1910, there came to our rescue two generous Confederates, Gen. H. A. Tyler and Col. Henry Buchanan, the latter a Northern man by birth and education, but who cast his lot with our brave Southland. Both of these honored veterans returned home in 1865, their only possessions being the clothes they wore. But God had prospered them; and being told of our ambition, and knowing of our hard struggles, they agreed to each remember our Chapter in their wills with three thousand dollars, so they should be enshrined in every true and loving heart in the land that they loved so well and fought so bravely to defend, and their mounds will be bedewed with the tears of a grateful people who succeed them.



MEMORIAL GATEWAY ENTRANCE.

Then we began to plan with renewed energy, writing again to Sir Moses Ezekiel, who gave us the beautiful design we have. We thought at first of having the gateway made in Rome by the sculptor, but after much investigation we thought it best to have it made of our own gray granite and where one would have the responsibility of erection. We gave the contract to the Columbia (Tenn.) branch of the McNeel Monument Company, Marietta, Ga., in 1911. And now "it is finished." We have had so much help, good counsel, and encouragement that with grateful hearts we wish to express most sincere and hearty thanks to and for the two brave and good men who by their generous contributions made this beautiful memorial possible. Mr. Buchanan rests in its shadow to-day; Colonel Tyler we are thankful to have with us still and see his pleasure at this occasion. Thanks to that brave Confederate soldier and noted sculptor, Sir Moses Ezekiel, for the beautiful design, to the city of Hickman for the foundation, to the many kind friends who aided us by giving us money or helping us make the many hundred of dollars we had to make, to President Thomas, of the N., C. & St. L. Railway Company, who gave us the freight on stone from Nashville to Hickman, to the McNeel Monument Company for their generous and painstaking treatment in all things, and to Mr. Tom Dillon for his generous contribution, his good judgment, and wise counsel upon which we relied often.

There are seventy names on our gateway—those who are or who will be buried in the shadow of our beautiful memorial.

> "Each soldier's name
> Shall shine untarnished on the roll of fame,
> And stand the example of each distant age,
> And add new luster to the historic page."

The Hickman Courier gave a splendid account of the ceremony, in which it stated that many visitors were within the city's gates to attend the unveiling of the beautiful $10,000 memorial gateway given the city by the Robert Tyler Chapter, U. D. C., in memory of the valiant soldiers of the Southland who have been or are to be buried in the Hickman City Cemetery. It was consummated after years of patient toil and solving problems by the Robert Tyler Chapter. The imposing structure is a beautiful and fitting tribute to our veterans.

The crowd assembled at Stubbs Park shortly before noon and were entertained by Col. W. B. Haldeman and Capt. W. J. Stone with camp fire reminiscences while dinner was being prepared. The barbecue was free to everybody.

After dinner a long parade, preceded by old soldiers, most of them in uniform, headed by a brass band, and followed by the multitude, marched to the cemetery. The huge granite pile was veiled in colors of the Confederacy; the speakers' stand was festooned in like colors and over it floated many flags of Dixie. The aged, battle-scarred veterans were given front seats near the stand. Meanwhile the band played patriotic airs dear to the hearts of Southern people. The scene was inspiring.

Dr. H. E. Prather was master of ceremonies. The unveiling ceremonies were opened by the Rev. H. J. Geiger with prayer, followed by "Dixie" by the band; then the unveiling of the gateway by six young ladies—Celeste Roberts, Lily Dillon, Mildred Thompson, Moneta Clay, Myra Faris, and Margaret Luten—and the placing of wreaths by John Stubbs, Jr., Logan Prather, Helen Swayne, Martha Emily Dodds, Walker Reeves, and James Prather. An eloquent address was delivered by Col. Polk Johnson, of Louisville. His address was humerous yet pathetic. He said: "We whipped four million Yankees four million times." A history of the new gateway was given by the Historian, Miss Brevard. An address was delivered by Gen. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, Commander in Chief of all the remaining Confederates, and an eloquent address was delivered by Hon. A. O. Stanley.

The gateway was presented to Mayor Tom Dillon by Gen. H. A. Tyler, the response being made by Allison M. Tyler. Proposed by General Young, three cheers were given by all the Confederate soldiers present. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. H. J. Geiger.

Following the unveiling the Confederate graves were decorated with Confederate flags and wreaths by children.

Appropriate selections by the quartet, composed of Misses Marguerite Faqua and Vera Stone, Mrs. H. L. Amberg and Judge J. W. Roney, were especially enjoyed. Mrs. John L. Woodberry, of Louisville, retiring President of the Kentucky Division, U. D. C., was to have delivered an address, but on account of illness was not present. Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Secretary General of the U. D. C., wired her regrets. During Gen. H. A. Tyler's address he presented Mrs. Lucy Buchanan, widow of the late Col. Henry Buchanan, a joint contributor to the gateway fund, but never lived to see it completed. Mrs. Buchanan was given an ovation. She had come from New Jersey to attend the ceremony. She was one of "the faithful unarmed soldiers of the Confederacy" referred to by one of the speakers in glowing terms.

Gen. H. A. Tyler and the Elks' Club held open house Friday evening for the entertainment of visitors. Among General Tyler's guests were Col. W. B. Haldeman, editor of the Louisville Times; Col. E. Polk Johnson, editorial staff of the Louisville Times; Judge S. F. Wilson, presiding member of the Court of Civil Appeals, Nashville; and "the VETERAN man." The other guests filling his spacious and elegant home were members of his company who served with him under Forrest.



GROUP AT DEDICATION OF MEMORIAL.

Gen. H. A. Tyler in front and Miss Brevard (author of sketch) at General Young's right.

BORDER WARFARE IN MISSOURI.

BY ELKANA M. SCROGHEM, NEVADA, MO.

I was one of Capt. Sidney Jackman's scouts, and served with him on the Missouri border in '61. When the enemy now and then got too strong for us, we would disband, but always had a place appointed for new meetings, and would send word from man to man each time that a new danger threatened.

Once the message came that a squad of jayhawkers was passing the town of Butler about sundown, and we were all notified to be at the rendezvous before daybreak. We found part of the company there before us with Captain Jackman, who ordered Dave Scott and me to locate the enemy and report to him. After some hazardous scouting, in which we came near to being captured, we found the enemy, and Scott kept them in sight while I reported to Jackman. Their main force was traveling on the Johnstown and Pleasant Gap road, and our company soon met them. They outnumbered us, having sixty-seven men to our thirty; but they were loaded down with plunder, one hundred and fifty head of horses and cattle, a number of sheep, and seven wagons loaded with household effects. Wherever they had found a farm where the horses had not been driven off, they hitched them up, loaded the wagons with loot, and drove off. They had also captured one of our men, and we were determined to release him as well as to recapture the stock. We had no long-range guns, so we lined up to wait for them to get close to us. But when they came in sight they turned to the right and made a detour to get by us. We waited till they had passed and then charged them, when they wheeled and faced us, firing at us as we came. After some sharp fighting they broke for Kansas, all but seven of them "on the ground," and left all their plunder behind them. We had to leave the road to pursue them, because our horses shied at the unsightly bundles that littered the ground. They had not come to fight, but to steal. We ran them twenty-five miles, and did not lose a man.

When the war closed, S. D. Jackman was a brigadier general under General Shelby, and when he died he was serving as United States Marshal in Western Texas under Cleveland. He was a Union man at the beginning of the war, but was forced to organize a company of Confederate soldiers to protect his people from the jayhawkers, who were the worst type of Union sympathizers and not, as we all know now, fit representatives of their side of the struggle.

I hope that I may hear from old comrades who were in the chase here described or in other border fights under Jackman's command.

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT GENERAL, U. D. C.

To the Daughters of the Confederacy: In this message to you—my salutatory message through the VETERAN—I would first express to you my appreciation of the distinguished honor you have conferred on me by electing me President General, U. D. C., the greatest honor that can come to a Southern woman, and again would I pledge to you and your service the best that within me lies. Since my election I have received numerous telegrams and letters of love and congratulations. Even now almost each day brings me such tidings, every one bearing expressions of willingness and desire to do those things that shall tend to make this year our very best in U. D. C. work. With united efforts we will do it.

Especially do I call your attention to Arlington. It is not yet paid for. Let us quickly pay the amount lacking as well as that necessary for the expense attendant upon the unveiling ceremonies. I am hoping that the sale of Christmas seals will bring good returns for Arlington. My circular letter urged that you buy and use these seals. We must be very active for Shiloh this year and increase largely the amount already in hand.

Mrs. Ava L. P. James, of Alabama, as you all know, designed our beautiful Confederate Christmas seal and was tireless in her efforts in promoting its sale for the Arlington fund. The always loyal Alabama Daughters are requesting contributions for the establishment of a memorial scholarship in her honor in her beloved State. I most heartily commend to you this action on their part, and ask your efforts and coöperation with Alabama Daughters to this end.

In historic Richmond there is a home for needy Confederate women that needs our means and our efforts. Only a moment's thought is necessary for us to know the good that is done here, the hearts that are made glad and happy. We must do something for them; not small things, but great things. Caring for these dear living Confederate women is a monument to our Confederate dead.

The new year is just upon us. Let us remember that "prosperity sits upon the throne of work," and we shall accomplish so much in 1914 that the reckoning which comes with the closing of the year will give us untold joy.

It has been my pleasure to write Gen. Bennett H. Young of our ever-ready willingness to do all we can for our veterans all over the land and to offer him our coöperation in those things helpful to them.

Hoping that the new year may be freighted with health, happiness, and prosperity for each of you, I am, faithfully,

DAISY MCLAURIN STEVENS, *Pres. Gen., U. D. C.*

ACTIVE IN GOOD WORK.

The hostess Chapter at a general Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy has upon her a great responsibility; but, animated with it, she seems to possess, for the time at least, unusual strength and endurance capacity.

Mrs. Vaught, President of the New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, U. D. C., is a charter member of the Chapter, and for a second time its President after an interval of six years. She is the oldest daughter of Thomas Livingston and Maria (Gayle) Bayne. While an active woman still, Mrs. Vaught remembers the secession of Louisiana and her father's departure for the war in the fifth company, Washington Artillery, and his returning wounded from the battle of Shiloh. The family left their home and possessions in New Orleans, when the city fell, to follow the fortunes of the Confederacy. They went first to South Carolina, then to Richmond, returning to New Orleans in October, 1865.

Mrs. Vaught's male relatives on both sides capable of bearing arms were in the service of the Confederacy. General Gorgas, chief of ordnance of the Confederacy, married her aunt; and Col. W. C. Gorgas, the noted surgeon, U. S. A., chief sanitary officer of the Canal Zone, is her cousin. Her father was one of the originators of the Washington Artillery Benevolent Association. He made the address of dedication at the unveiling of the Washington Artillery monument in Metarie Cemetery, and long before there were any set ceremonies observed on Decoration Day, each April 6, with his young daughter, he carried flowers to the graves of comrades.



MRS. D. A. S. VAUGHT.

Mrs. Vaught has long been prominent in the U. D. C. She was elected Registrar, then Historian of the Division and Corresponding Secretary of her Chapter. She was the first regent for the Louisiana room in the Confederate Museum, Richmond. This position she held for two years, when a great bereavement caused her to withdraw from all outside work.

In 1904 Mrs. Vaught was elected President of New Orleans Chapter. She started the Beauregard monument fund on the upgrade, and cemented the relations of duty and comradeship with the veterans by creating an advisory board of veterans for the Chapter. During her second term as President the Chapter membership nearly touched the five hundred mark, which it is again approaching. In April, 1906, she was elected Second Vice President General of the U. D. C. In the same year she was elected President of the Louisiana Division, and she was elected to a second term in 1907, the constitution forbidding a third consecutive term. She has been a member for about forty years of the Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association. The lifelong and affectionate intimacy of her parents and herself with the great chiefs and their families has been a source of inspiration and of loving memories.

Mrs. Vaught has many times given prominence to the VETERAN by offering subscriptions as prizes in Confederate work.

CONVENTION OF VIRGINIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, WYTHEVILLE.

The eighteenth annual convention of the Virginia Division was held in Richmond the first week in October, and was the largest in our history. The plans of the distinguished President of the hostess Chapter, Mrs. N. V. Randolph, and her able assistants were wisely laid and beautifully executed, and from the inspiring opening in the City Auditorium to the closing session the convention was a brilliant success.

The social features included afternoon receptions at the Confederate Museum, the Home for Needy Confederate Women, the John Marshall House, Lee Camp Hall, and an evening reception at the Jefferson Hotel given by the Richmond Chapter. Delegates and alternates were the house guests of the Richmond Chapter. A delicious lunch was served the three days of the convention to all delegates, and an automobile ride very pleasantly occupied one afternoon.

The report of the President, Mrs. A. A. Campbell, showed that fourteen new Chapters had been organized and one revived on payment of arrears for five years. The number of new members added was 1,410; total paid up; enrolled membership, 8,848; active Chapters, 131. The total receipts of the State Treasurer amounted to $6,462.58; total disbursements, $4,479.89. To Arlington was given $1,190 and to Shiloh $533.44. The amount collected by Chapters from all sources and reported was $23,114.88.

The Historical Evening arranged by the State Historian, Mrs. G. C. Holmes, was charming and instructive. The three prizes offered were awarded to Miss Haw, of Ashland, Mrs. Wyndham B. Robertson, of Saltville, and Mrs. M. B. Cassell, of Wytheville. Among the Confederate songs sung by the John Marshall High School children was the one popular piece, "I Lay Five Dollars Down," which Mrs. Holmes appears to have rescued from oblivion, as it is not found in our Dixie songbooks.

An interesting feature of the meeting was an eloquent appeal by Dr. James Powell Smith in behalf of the Stonewall Jackson Monument Association and the prompt response of the Daughters in a pledge to coöperate in the observance of Jackson Day and to indorse the erection of the proposed equestrian monument in Richmond.

The Confederate Museum report showed that fifteen Chapters have become life members of the C. M. L. S. within the past year, and the total contributed by the Division for the year was $269.50. When it is recalled that at Roanoke in 1911 the total reported by the State Treasurer was $39 for that year, the increase is very gratifying and shows that the Division is aroused to the importance of aiding the noble band of women who are making of the Whitehouse of the Confederacy a treasure house of Confederate history.

The most beautiful incident of the convention was the presence on Thursday afternoon of the auxiliaries of the Richmond, Lee, and Chesterfield Chapters. Their sweet young faces, lovely as the roses which they presented to State officers, inspired the hope that in their care the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy would continue and the glorious memory of our heroes would be enshrined in the hearts of future generations.

The reports of all committees showed progress on historical, educational, and benevolent lines. Always of especial interest is the report of the Relief Fund by its able chairman, Mrs. N. V. Randolph, who inaugurated this Committee on Relief in 1910, and with the assistance of the associate chairman, Mrs. S. W. Williams, secured the appropriation of $5,000 from the Virginia Legislature. The Virginia Division contributed to this fund $920, and, with the State appropriation to aid, pensions sixty-six feeble and indigent Confederate women.

The report of the efficient Registrar, Mrs. J. R. K. Bell, showed that in the two years she has held that important office the entire Virginia Division, except twelve Chapters, has been enrolled in the books of the Registrar General. The labor of securing from the Chapters these rosters was arduous, but the satisfaction of being able to bring the work well-nigh to completion compensated for it.

The next convention will be held in Bristol, October 7, 1914.

The officers elected are as follows:

President, Mrs. Samuel A. Riddick, Smithfield.

First Vice President and Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. James E. Alexander, Alexandria.

The other Vice Presidents are: Miss Alice Cowan, Harrisonburg; Mrs. B. A. Blenner, Richmond; Mrs. Cabell Smith, Martinsville.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Chatham.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. E. H. Williams, Smithfield.

Treasurer, Mrs. L. B. Allen, Salem.

Registrar, Miss Lucy Henry Wood, Richmond.

Historian, Miss N. C. Preston, Seven Mile Ford.

Custodian of Stationery, Miss Lucy F. Berkeley, Haymarket.

Custodian Virginia Division Badge, Mrs. James Mercer Garnett, Baltimore, Md.

ABOUT THE SURRENDER OF FORT FISHER.

BY A. G. JONES, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

While reading the September VETERAN, page 448, I observed the following: "Neither list contained the name of Maj. Gen. W. H. C. Whiting, who was seriously wounded in the defense of Fort Fisher February 17, 1865." This is an error as to date. Fort Fisher was captured Sunday night, January 15, 1865, about 9 P.M.

What was left of the garrison retreated to Battery Buchanan, situated on the southwest side of Confederate Point, about one mile westerly from Mound Battery. Brevet Brigadier General Blackman, in command of the 27th U. S. C. T., was ordered to pursue. When we came in sight of the battery, the regiment was halted and the writer was ordered to take a detachment of men and advance in skirmish order. As we came into close proximity to the battery, we could dimly discern men on top of it. As soon as they saw us they disappeared. We continued to advance, and as we neared the wharf leading out into Cape Fear River we could hear the sound of oars in the small boats, indicating that the enemy were escaping as fast as possible. We did not try to stop them, but continued on our way, and suddenly came into the presence of the enemy. On my demand for surrender Maj. James H. Hill advanced and surrendered all that was left of the Fort Fisher and Battery Buchanan garrisons, about fifty officers and five hundred men, flags, etc. Among the officers were Colonel Lamb, commander of Fort Fisher, and Maj. Gen. W. H. C. Whiting, commander of the military district of Wilmington, both seriously wounded. I went to where they were lying and assured them that they would be properly cared for as soon as possible.

Many years after the war Colonel Lamb wrote me that the kindness he received that night and during his imprisonment went a long way toward removing all bitterness from his heart.

These are minor details of the Fort Fisher campaign that have never appeared in print, but are absolutely true.

ACTIVE WORKER IN THE U. D. C.

Mrs. H. H. Cleugh (Eugenie Clark Cleugh), of Kentucky, is an ideal type of the Southern woman, and is one of the most devoted workers of the U. D. C. In her efforts in behalf of Southern history she lets no politieal opposition discourage her in her splendid efforts to establish the truth in the annals of the South. She is writing a series of classics on "Heroes of the Confederacy," and they have been pronounced by eminent authority as most polished literature and the ablest works of the kind published in recent years, not only by the highest crities in our own country, but from high sources in Great Britain and Europe.

Mrs. Cleugh comes from most distinguished Virginia ancestry. She is a deseendant of the Washingtons and is a grandniece of Gen. Sterling Price.



MRS. H. H. CLEUGH.

Among the Confederate veterans who have indorsed her inspiring elassics and advocate their use in the schools are: Gen. Bennett H. Young, head of the U. C. V.; Governor McCreary, of Kentucky; Gen. Basil W. Duke; General Haldeman; Gen. Adam R. Johnson, of Texas; Judge C. C. Cummings, Texas Historian; Senator Alex Hunter, of Virginia; Senator James K. Vardaman, of Mississippi; and, in fact, every one who has read them.

Sir Moses Ezekiel, of Rome, Italy, states of her "Stonewall Jackson": "I have read a great many books about our war, but your booklet surpasses all in vivid, concise, beautiful, and truthful writing about our great hero, and incidentally also our saered war for a just and constitutional right. I cannot help sending you these few lines, as I have just read your book, which every Southerner should know by heart or earry it with them as Alexander did his Homer. As I am hard to please in literature, I am not sending you any empty compliment, but the sincere expression of my highest esteem. I shall have your elassic bound in white parchment and always have it on my table."

Her recent poem, "The Little Bronze Cross," inseribed to the U. C. V., is one of the most exquisite things in the English language and is worthy of a poet laureate. A eopy of the poem was inelosed in the box that was placed in the corner stone of the Beauregard monument at the recent ceremonies in New Orleans. In her home town, Paducah, she is corresponding secretary and is paying all the expenses of that office.

The Shiloh direetors are selling the "Stonewall Jackson" booklet, to which fund Mrs. Cleugh is donating twenty-five per eent of all sales.

THE KEYSTONE DISCONTINUED.

Misses Mary B. and Louisa B. Poppenheim, of Charleston, S. C., have diseontinued the Keystone, an ably edited and splendidly printed organ for club women and representative of Division, U. D. C., work in States adjacent to South Carolina. The Keystone sent many subscriptions to the VETERAN, and its coöperative relation was ever pleasant. Regretting the neeessity of suspending publication, they state: "To insure its continuance we offered it as a gift separately to the Virginia, the North Carolina, and the South Carolina Divisions, U. D. C., to the North Carolina and the South Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs; and hearing that the Alabama Division, U. D. C., were looking for an official organ, we also offered it as a gift to them, hoping to secure for it the fostering care of a representative Southern organization of women. In eaeh case the organization could find no group of women willing or able to give the volunteer, exacting service which we two had given for the past fourteen years, and each organization was afraid to assume the financial responsibility if a paid management should be installed. * * * Subscribers will be reimbursed the amount of unexpired subscriptions."

The most important thing for Daughters of the Confederacy is to coöperate with their general official organ, throughout its history faithful to every Chapter in every section. They could quadruple its power and maintain every feature of their cause as could not possibly be done in any other way.

H. A. Kelly writes from Washington, D. C.: "I see in the Deeember VETERAN an article by a Mr. Spurlin as to the destruction of the Confederate Engraving Bureau in Alabama. I was directed to take a company of the 8th Tennessee Cavalry and destroy what was left of the Confederate Bureau referred to at Anderson Courthouse, S. C., when after Mr. Davis. He was one day ahead of us. Lieutenant Gregg, a telegraph operator, was with me. We took the east-iron presses (made in Scotland) and the bills and bonds, as well as the lithograph stones from out of the building, as Female College at Anderson, and, breaking them up, burned them to avoid injury to the building. Consulting my memorandum (made on horseback at the time), I find that this occurred on May 2, 1865. Greig, of Edinburgh, Seotland, made the presses. There were one hundred lithographic stones."

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY AT FRANKLIN.

BY CAPT. J. K. MERRIFIELD, ST. LOUIS, MO.

I have been thinking about what a grand thing it would be to hold a fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Franklin, Tenn., on November 30, 1914. We held a fiftieth anniversary at Chattanooga. Now, why not a reunion of both sides at Franklin? If it was a grand, good thing for Gettysburg, why not for Franklin? I have written to several prominent soldiers of both sides, and all say that they would be there. Among others, I wrote to our dear old Senator, Gen. F. M. Cockrell, of Missouri, that if it were known he would be there every old Confederate in Missouri who was in his brigade would attend. John McElroy, editor of the National Tribune, would do all he could to make it a success, and he would be there if possible. If only two hundred or three hundred were there, it would be a grand success. There was no battle field of the war where more heroism was displayed on both sides than at Franklin; and a man who was in the battle of Franklin need never be ashamed of it, no matter which side he was on. It will always be the pride of his children and grandchildren.

Now, comrades, think this over carefully and let us know what we would have to do to make it a success. There would be no need of any expense to any one, yet it would be a nice thing to have the government send a company of soldiers there and erect a tent to hold a meeting in; if not a tent, a hall in Franklin that the people furnish. It is the time of year when the "old boys" could get away from home and not be too hot nor too cold to enjoy it.

General Cockrell's letter is as follows:

"WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., November 10, 1913.

"Capt. J. K. Merrifield—My Dear Captain and Friend: I appreciate most heartily the kind congratulations and wishes expressed in your favor of the 6th inst., and thank you most sincerely. Since my first personal acquaintance with you, it has always been a pleasure to see and meet you. I felt that I was in the presence of a true soldier and an honest man.

"I note what you write about the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Franklin, Tenn., to be celebrated by the soldiers of both armies, the blue and the gray, November 30, 1914. If it be so arranged, I shall make an effort to be present. I believe good results would follow."

REUNION DATES.

Section Director A. J. Mitchell, of the Jacksonville, Fla., office of the Weather Bureau, has prepared the following data concerning the weather conditions in Jacksonville for forty-two years on the dates fixed for the great reunion of Confederate Veterans to be held next spring. The dates for the reunion are April 29, 30 and May 1, 1914.

In summing up the data from the official records, Mr. Mitchell says: "From the record, there are about eight chances in ten in favor of good weather. The period selected is a fine one. Should we have rain, it will doubtless be light and of short duration."

The data shows that during the past forty-two years the rainfall on April 28 has been greater than one-hundredth of an inch only eight times; April 29, five times; April 30, nine times; and May 1, seven times. The highest temperature during the time on the dates named indicated 91 degrees; the lowest temperature, 42 degrees, giving an average of 66.5 degrees. The average sunshine for the same period was 73 per cent, and the average humidity was 67 per cent.

FIFTY-FOURTH ALABAMA REGIMENT.

Tom N. Shearer, of Atlanta, Ga., corrects an error in the article about the "Eighth Kentucky Regiment at Jackson" on page 592 of the VETERAN for December. (The VETERAN omitted regretfully the author's name.) The number of Comrade Shearer's regiment in the list should be 54th Alabama instead of 55th as stated. He says that the 54th was a mixed regiment, as it comprised Mississippians and Alabamians, and the colonel, Alpheus Baker, of Eufaula. Colonel Baker was wounded at Baker's Creek or Champion Hill. Later he was promoted to brigadier general when his old regiment, the 54th, was transferred to his brigade.

Comrade Shearer writes that when the regiment was first organized it was comprised of five Alabama, three Mississippi, and two Tennessee companies. They first served in the vicinity of Fort Pillow, then were sent to Missouri, and next they crossed back into Tennessee. They were captured on March 8, 1862, and sent to prison at Madison, Wis., but were soon sent to Camp Douglas, near Chicago. The 8th Kentucky was composed of a gallant and brave body of men. The writer joined the army when sixteen years old.

Mr. Shearer corrects another error when he states that J Pinckney Thompson wrote the VETERAN some years ago that the chaplain of the 10th Tennessee Infantry was killed in battle at Jonesboro, Ga., and that he was the only chaplain killed during the war. The chaplain of Baker's Brigade was killed in the battle of Resaca, 1864.

[The 54th Alabama was formerly the 4th Confederate Infantry. It was next numbered the 50th Alabama and then changed to the 54th. Later four companies of the 40th Tennessee Infantry were merged into it.]

THE MONUMENT TO MR. S. A. CUNNINGHAM.

Below is given a list of the first contributors to the monument that is to be erected to commemorate the work done by the editor of the VETERAN. Others are ready to join in this laudable undertaking, and a list of contributors will be published each month. On page 13 of this number appears the announcement of the inauguration of the movement.

Capt. Thomas Gibson, Nashville, Tenn.	$ 1 00
J. D. Remington, Ortega, Fla.	1 00
Henry C. Myers, Memphis, Tenn.	5 00
Miss B. Norrell, Gainesville, Ga.	5 00
Gen. Bennett H. Young, Louisville, Ky.	5 00
Mrs. Bennett H. Young, Louisville, Ky.	5 00
Miss Eliza Bennett Young, Louisville, Ky.	5 00
Samuel H. Buchanan, Louisville, Ky.	5 00
R. M. Weaver, Corinth, Miss.	5 00
Dr. H. M. Hamill, Nashville, Tenn.	5 00
C. W. Tyler, Clarksville, Tenn.	5 00
F. W. Taylor, Morristown, Tenn.	5 00
Roland Gooch, Nevada, Tex.	1 00
Gen. John P. Hickman, Nashville, Tenn.	5 00
Mrs. John P. Hickman, Nashville, Tenn.	5 00
Miss Susie Gentry, Franklin Tenn.	5 00
U. D. C. Chapter, Franklin, Tenn.	5 00
Miss M. A. Ward, Nashville, Tenn.	5 00
Miss E. D. Pope, Nashville, Tenn.	5 00
Mrs. Andrew Marshall, Nashville, Tenn.	5 00
A Friend, Corsicana, Tex.	1 00
Gen. J. William Towson, Shelbina, Mo.	5 00

A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS MOTHER.

An interesting old letter from a soldier of the sixties brings the stirring times of the great war into vivid reality as only sueh letters can. This particular missive was dated Brice's Crossroads, June 14, 1864, and was written by R. E. White, of a Confederate eavalry force, to his mother in Paris, Tenn. The letter begins with the description of a certain seouting expedition in which the writer's brother Charley was captured, and this speeial story is ended with a boyish, untroubled sort of hope that "Charley is doing well."

There follows an account of the battle of Brice's Crossroads as the writer saw it. He wrote: "Here we had one of the severest fights that any cavalry force has had during the war. We fought over three times our number, both infantry and cavalry. We had about three thousand, and the enemy between ten and twelve thousand. The fight lasted nearly all day. Toward night the enemy began to give baek, and by dark the retreat became general. From a retreat in order they went into a stampede, and from a stampede into a total rout, and before ten at night we had the whole Yankee army in rapid flight, with all of their dead and most of their wounded in our possession; also about two hundred and seventy-nine wagons and ambulances, all of their rations, and about half of the teams belonging to the train. In addition, we eaptured seventeen pieces of artillery. We continued to follow up the victory and forced them as hard as we could, causing all the infantry to quit the road, throw their guns, eartridge boxes, and knapsacks away, and scatter about through the woods like a flock of sheep. They are scattered from here to Memphis. We are pieking them up continually. We have taken about 1,500 or 2,000 prisoners up to this time. On our side we have to mourn the loss of some of our best men."

The letter closes with a list of the killed and wounded of the writer's friends, the bloody casualties being told as simple everyday facts and in a way that makes the old record of hardship and death live anew even after all these years.

AN OLD CONFEDERATE NURSE.

Mrs. W. O. Temple, of Denver, Colo. (901 East 8th Avenue), who is President of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of that city, is interested in an old army nurse, Mrs. Leola Kirtley Leon, now in her seventy-first year, needy and a cripple, but still trying to earn her own living. Mrs. Leon's father was Judge Lemuel Kirtley, of Virginia, and her brother, G. A. Kirtley, went out to Pike's Peak in 1856 and was one of the street surveyors of Denver. She went West in 1865 to look for him, and found that he had been killed by Indians. Another brother, William J. Kirtley, served as a soldier of the Confederacy in Virginia, answering the first call in 1861. Her husband, Surgeon Louis Leon, of Louisiana, was killed in 1862.

Mrs. Leon served as a nurse in Confederate hospitals in Richmond, Va., and elsewhere, and was chief matron of Camp Winder. She mentions Dr. Jackson, Dr. Clopton, Dr. William Taylor, and others who were in charge of these hospitals. Since the war she has been a nurse in railroad and mining camps in the West and Mexico, and she mentions having nursed E. E. Mitchell, son of David Mitchell, of Atlanta, Ga., whom she was taking back to his home when he died and was buried at sea "off Cape St. Lucas." Many soldiers have remembered her, she says, in naming their babies "Leola," and it is now hoped there will be some yet to remember her as the good angel of camp or hospital, and to feel inclined to relieve the necessities of her old age.

LITTLE JOSEPHINE ANDERSON.

BY FLORA E. STEVENS, KANSAS CITY, MO.

The Josephine Anderson Memorial Association, eomposed of veterans and members of the U. D. C., is taking steps for the erection of a monument to the child Josephine Anderson, whose death in a Federal prison, occurring through the earelessness or the malice of her captors, is said to have reaehed the extremity of brutality but rarely practiced by American soldiers.

Thirteen-year-old Josephine Anderson was the little sister of Capt. W. T. Anderson, a guerrilla leader and a lieutenant of Quantrell's. She was put in the Federal prison in Kansas City, where numerous Confederate women and children were confined, and with three other young girls was killed when the foundations of the prison were undermined and the building was allowed to fall. Her relatives were not permitted to know the plaee of her burial, and it was located only a year ago in Union Cemetery by an old man ninety-three years old. Because of this deed Captain Anderson went with Quantrell to Lawrence, and because of the Lawrenee raid Gen. Tom Ewing issued the famous "Order No. 11."

THE BATTLE OF TUPELO, OR HARRISBURG, MISS.

Eugene H. Allman, 121 Old Shell Road, Mobile, Ala., who was a member of the 6th Mississippi Cavalry and was in Forrest's command at the battle of Tupelo, Miss., is now publishing a beautiful map of the battle field of Tupelo (or Harrisburg), Miss., showing the positions of the commands of General Forrest and Gen. A. J. Smith, with a list of casualties of officers and men whieh is authentic. The battle was fought July 13-15, 1864. The map is embellished with half-tones of Gens. N. B. Forrest and A. J. Smith and representations of the Confederate and United States flags. It will be sent to any address upon receipt of money order for 50 cents.

ADDRESSES OF SUBSCRIBERS WANTED.—Some of the VETERAN subscribers fail to give their addresses when remitting on subscription; therefore they fail to get proper credit for their payments. The following will confer a favor by sending their addresses at once: S. Watkins, A. T. Verdery, M.D., F. H. Jones (representing W. A. C. Jones, deeeased), L. W. Danforth, George W. Taylor, George E. Proffitt, A. B. Haraway. In changing addresses it is necessary to have the previous as well as present addresses in order to get the dates eorrect.

ESTATE OF T. T. BATES.—L. A. Shorter, of Redlands, Cal., reports the death in that community of T. T. Bates, a Confederate veteran, born and reared in the Mississippi Valley. He served in the siege of Vicksburg, but his command is not known. He had lived in Redlands about twenty years, and the only relative known of was a brother, W. C. Bates, at Richland, Miss.; but messages to that address were answered "not found." Mr. Bates left a small estate, of which information will be given by the Publie Administrator, Henry D. Blakeslee, Upland, Cal., or by Mr. Shorter.

During the Reunion at Chattanooga last May a veteran left his gun and saber at the Railroad Bureau of Information at the Union Depot in Chattanooga, whieh he asked to be held until he ealled for them. He never called for them, and Mr. J. H. Latimer, T. P. A., N., C. & St. L. Railway, is holding them at the ticket office in Chattanooga, where they ean be gotten, or he will ship to any address that may be given.

The Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company

Has endeavored during its service of fifty-eight years in the United States to exemplify the definition of the words "to insure"—viz., "to make certain or secure." Every loss claimant insured in this Company and affected by the serious conflagrations in this and other countries will, we believe, testify to the sense of security they experience in possessing our policies and of satisfaction at our settlements.

Mrs. Missouri Roden, of Mt. Pleasant, Tex., Route No. 5, inquires for any survivors of Company E, 55th Alabama, Norwood's Regiment.

J. T. Parkes, President Bank of Arkansas City, Ark., inquires for an old book called "Scraps from the Prison Table." Some patron of the VETERAN may know of it.

Miss Isabel McQuaig (daughter of Effie Nicholson), 5021 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., wishes to secure the address of an uncle, Malcolm McQueen, formerly of Lucknow, Canada, who was a Confederate soldier.

Joseph Hindman, of Graham, Tex., who served under Forrest in the 7th Tennessee Cavalry, Company B, is now eighty-six years old, in feeble health and needy circumstances, and he will appreciate hearing from some comrades who can testify to his record and enable him to get a pension.

Mrs. Mary Kidd, of Sharon, Tenn., wishes to get in communication with some comrades of her husband who can testify to his service as a Confederate soldier. Robert C. Kidd lived in Gillsville, Hall County, Ga., and enlisted from there; but she does not know what company or regiment, and will appreciate hearing from any of his comrades.

W. T. Beale, of Rayville, La., who served in Company A, 4th Alabama Infantry, asks that any survivors among his comrades will kindly write to him.

A. W. Norris, of Mabelvale, Ark., who was first sergeant of the 3d Missouri Battery, would like to hear from some comrades of that command. A. A. Leseuer was captain.

Dr. A. B. Gardner, of Denison, Tex., makes inquiry for Isaac T. Twining, who served in the Army of North Mississippi from 1862 or 1863 to the close. He was last heard from at Lenoir, Tex., in 1889. His daughter is anxious to hear of him.

James Callicott, of Hempstead, Tex. (Route No. 1, Box 43), who served as a Confederate soldier on Galveston Island in Captain Billingsley's company, 2d Texas Infantry, commanded by Col. A. Smith, wants to hear from comrades who can help him to prove his service in order to get a pension.

LOST.—During the Reunion at Chattanooga on May 28, near the Tennessee headquarters, Mrs. Robert W. Harvey, of Denison, Tex. (1523 Walker Street), lost her gold watch, a much-prized keepsake, and she will pay a liberal reward for information leading to its recovery. It was a hunting case, key-winder, with a slight dent on each side of case.

Mrs. M. J. Ray, of Salem, Ark., wants to know if there is a comrade living who served with Dr. G. W. Ray, captain of Company I, under Colonel Woodward. He enlisted at Springfield, Robertson County, Tenn.

Thomas H. Simms, of Texarkana, Ark. (310 State Line Avenue), would like to locate George S. Oxley and C. C. Hindley, who were members of the Hempstead Rifles, Captain Gratiot, and went into the service in May, 1861, from Washington, Ark. They nursed him when he was desperately wounded.



Miniature Pins, Battle Flag, Finest Cloisonne Enamel Brooch, Button or Hat Pin

No. 2270	
Gold-Plated	$0.25
Rolled Gold	.50
Solid Gold	1.00
Solid Gold, Heavy Weight	2.00
14kt. " " "	3.00

POSTPAID

Special prices on half dozen or more

Illustrated price list of Flags and Confederate Novelties sent on request

Catalogue of Medals, Class Pins, Rings, Trophies, and Banners now ready.

MEYER'S MILITARY SHOP

1231 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D.C.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN

UNIFORMS

Highest Quality Lowest Prices

Tailor-Made to Your Measure

Send for Catalogue No. 341 and cloth samples.

The Pettibone Bros. Mfg. Co.

CINCINNATI



THE BEST PLACE to purchase all-wool

Bunting or Silk Flags

of all kinds

Silk Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps

and all kinds of Military Equipment and Society Goods is at

Veteran J. A. JOEL & CO., 63 Nassau St.

Send for Price List New York City

The Direct Route to

Washington Baltimore
Philadelphia New York

and all Eastern Cities from the South and Southwest is via Bristol and the

NORFOLK & WESTERN RY.

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

The Direct Line

to Antietam, Md., Gettysburg, Pa., Manassas, Va. (Bull Run), and other famous battle fields in the Shenandoah Valley and other sections of Virginia.

Best Route to

Richmond Norfolk
and all Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, General Agent Passenger Department, Chattanooga, Tenn.
W. C. SAUNDERS, General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.
W. B. BEVILL, Passenger Traffic Manager, Roanoke, Va.



Bronze Memorial Tablets

Designs and estimates free.

Jno. Williams Inc., Bronze Foundry
554 W. 27th St., New York

Cast Bronze Medallion, 6 1-2 inches high, Gen. Robert E. Lee, 75 cents each (postage extra) to readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

"The medallion of Lee is a beauty and much valued "—*Murfreesboro Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy.*

KU KLUX KLAN BOOKLET

Interesting and fascinating, giving absolutely correct history of the origin and objects of this famous and mysterious Klan. Published by the Mississippi Division U. D. C., all proceeds go to erect a monument at Beauvoir, Miss. (home of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy) to the memory of Confederate Veterans. Price, 30 cents, postpaid. Address

MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, Custodian K. K. K. Booklet,
WEST POINT, MISS.

THIS GIRL IS A WONDER.

You can make dollars and dollars selling Pure Fruit Candy; so if you want more money than you ever possessed, write me, and I will help you start in business. I am glad to help others who, like myself, need money. People say "the candy is the best they ever tasted"—therein lies the beauty of the business. The candy is eaten immediately and more ordered. You don't have to canvass; you sell right from your own home. I made $12.00 the first day; so can you. Isabelle Inez, Block 327, East Liberty, Pittsburgh, Pa.

J. A. Burgess, of Saginaw, Oregon, would like to get in communication with Howard Evans, of Mobile, Ala., and Henry Burgess, of the 22d Alabama Regiment.

S. E. Owen, of Stamford, Tex., seeks information of his brother, F. M. Owen, who went from Giles County, Tenn., into the Confederate army. His company was first commanded by Captain Fields, who was succeeded by Captain Flournoy. He was last heard of at Richmond, Va., just after the surrender of Lee's army.

Rev. E. A. Wright, who was seeond lieutenant of Company A, 35th North Carolina Regiment, Ransom's Brigade, in 1863-64, and who was in the famous charge made by that brigade in the battle of Plymouth, on the Roanoke River, March 20, 1864, would like to hear from or of Maj. S. B. Taylor, of the same regiment, who performed a most gallant feat in that heroic charge. Address Dr. Wright, 1218 North 32d Street, Birmingham, Ala.

John W. Green, 1408 Third Street, Louisville, Ky., writes the VETERAN: "When I entered the Confederate army in 1861 I left in a chest in the store of McAlester & Irvine my personal belongings, among which was my family Bible, containing, among other records, the record of the marriage of my mother, L. E. Green, to Hector Green at Henderson, Ky.; also some records of the Ruggles family and the Fellows family, of Boston, Mass. This Bible was taken away by some Federal soldier. I would pay a reward for its recovery."

F. H. Steele, 122 North Fickett Street, Los Angeles, Cal., wants to hear from any surviving comrades of the Confederate naval service. He served in Company B, 15th Mississippi Infantry, until transferred to the navy at Montevallo, Ala., April 15, 1864, and sent to Mobile, where he was on the steamer Gaines, which was sunk during the fight with Admiral Farragut when he passed Fort Morgan. Comrade Steele was under Admiral Buehanan. Comrade Steele also wants to locate H. M. Du Bose, of Company A, 4th Alabama Regiment, as some man in Los Angeles has a gun with that name on its stock and he wishes to return it to the owner or some relative.

Bronze Memorial Tablets

cast in The Gorham foundries—the finest in world—possess a distinctive charm, dignity and unequaled artistic excellence.

Correspondence invited

The Gorham Company
Fifth Avenue & Thirty-Sixth St.
New York

ONE OF JACKSON'S FOOT CAVALRY

A WAR BOOK

By JOHN H. WORSHAM

1001 West Main Street, Richmond, Va.

Price, $2. By Mail, $2.15

The best book written on the private soldier of the Confederacy.—*Col. J. B. P.*

The South in History and Literature

By Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford

ATHENS, GA.

850 pages. Price, $1 net; postage, 21 cents.

(Writers since 1906 will be found in supplement being prepared.)

Gartside's Iron Rust Soap Co.

4054 LANCASTER AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Gartside's Iron Rust Soap (U. S. registered patent No. 3477) removes iron rust, ink, and all unwashable stains from clothing, marble, etc., with magical effect. Good seller, big margins. House-to-house agents and store salesmen wanted. The original, 25c a tube. Beware of infringements and the penalty for making, selling, and using an in ringed article.

For Over Sixty Years

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy

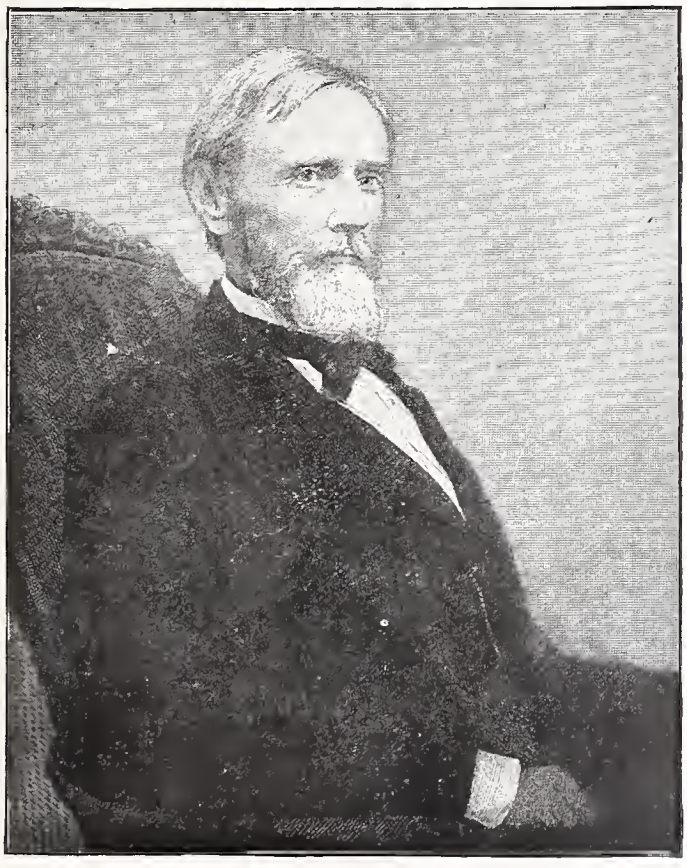
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world.

J. Dick Johnson, of Lawrenceburg, Ky., Box 63, writes of having served under Morgan, who put him in charge of the camp at Sparta when he started on the Ohio raid. With a very small squad of men Johnson undertook to capture some horses of the enemy that were being pastured in a clover field, but they happened to be captured instead. He wants to hear from some of the men who were captured with him.

RISE AND FALL OF THE
Confederate Government

The Masterpiece of Confederate Historical Works



THE NEW edition of this splendid work by President Davis, the crowning effort of his life, was republished from the original plates and has been offered at a much lower price than formerly, and it is commended to all who are interested in Confederate history. No other work on the subject can equal it. This edition is printed on fine paper, with the same illustrations as the original, and handsomely bound in cloth. Issued in two volumes. **Price, $7.50.**

Special Offer for January

For the month of January this handsome set of books is offered with the VETERAN one year for only **$8.00, prepaid.**

Bear this in mind when sending your renewal, or get a new subscriber and have the books sent to yourself.

Address

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN
NASHVILLE, TENN.



The Name
Synonymous with Quality

STIEFF

A PIANO

that has for seventy years occupied the pinnacle of unexcelled excellence among the musically cultured people of America.

Manufacturers of UPRIGHTS, the Latest and Most Artistic Designs in GRAND and PLAYER-PIANOS

SOUTHERN WAREROOMS

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
1008-1010 F St., N. W.
RICHMOND, VA.,
117 W. Broad St.
NORFOLK, VA.,
231 Granby St.
LYNCHBURG, VA.,
516 Main St.
CLARKSBURG, W. VA.,
201 W. Pike St.
CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
219 S. Tryon St.
WILMINGTON, N. C.,
213 Princess St.

WESTERN DISTRIBUTING AGENCY

Meyer & Weber, 110-112 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A FEW OF THE PROMINENT SOUTHERN COLLEGES NOW USING AND INDORSING THE STIEFF PIANO

BRENAU COLLEGE CONSERVATORY,
Gainesville, Ga.
GEORGIA NORMAL COLLEGE
Milledgeville, Ga.
CONVERSE COLLEGE,
Spartanburg, S. C.
MEREDITH COLLEGE,
Raleigh, C L Willoughby Aug 1914
ELIZABETH Lakeland Fla
Charlotte, N. C.
SACRED HEART COLLEGE,
Belmont, N. C.
SALEM ACADEMY,
Winston Salem, N. C.
RANDOLPH-MACON INSTITUTE,
Danville, Va.
CHATHAM EPISCOPAL INSTITUTE,
Chatham, Va.
ROANOKE INSTITUTE,
Danville, Va.
TRINITY COLLEGE,
Washington, D. C.
MT. VERNON SEMINARY,
Washington, D. C.
NATIONAL PARK SEMINARY
Forest Glenn, Md.
PEABODY CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,
Baltimore, Md.

CHAS. M. STIEFF

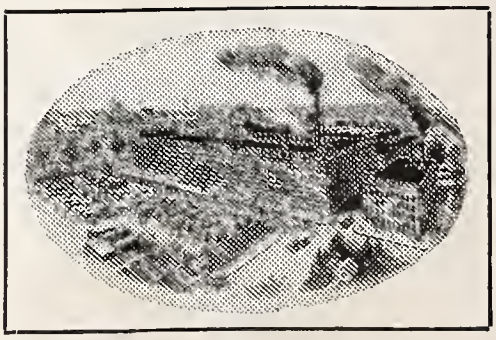
Factory and Main Office

BALTIMORE, MD.

Warerooms

9 N. LIBERTY ST.

Correspondence Solicited

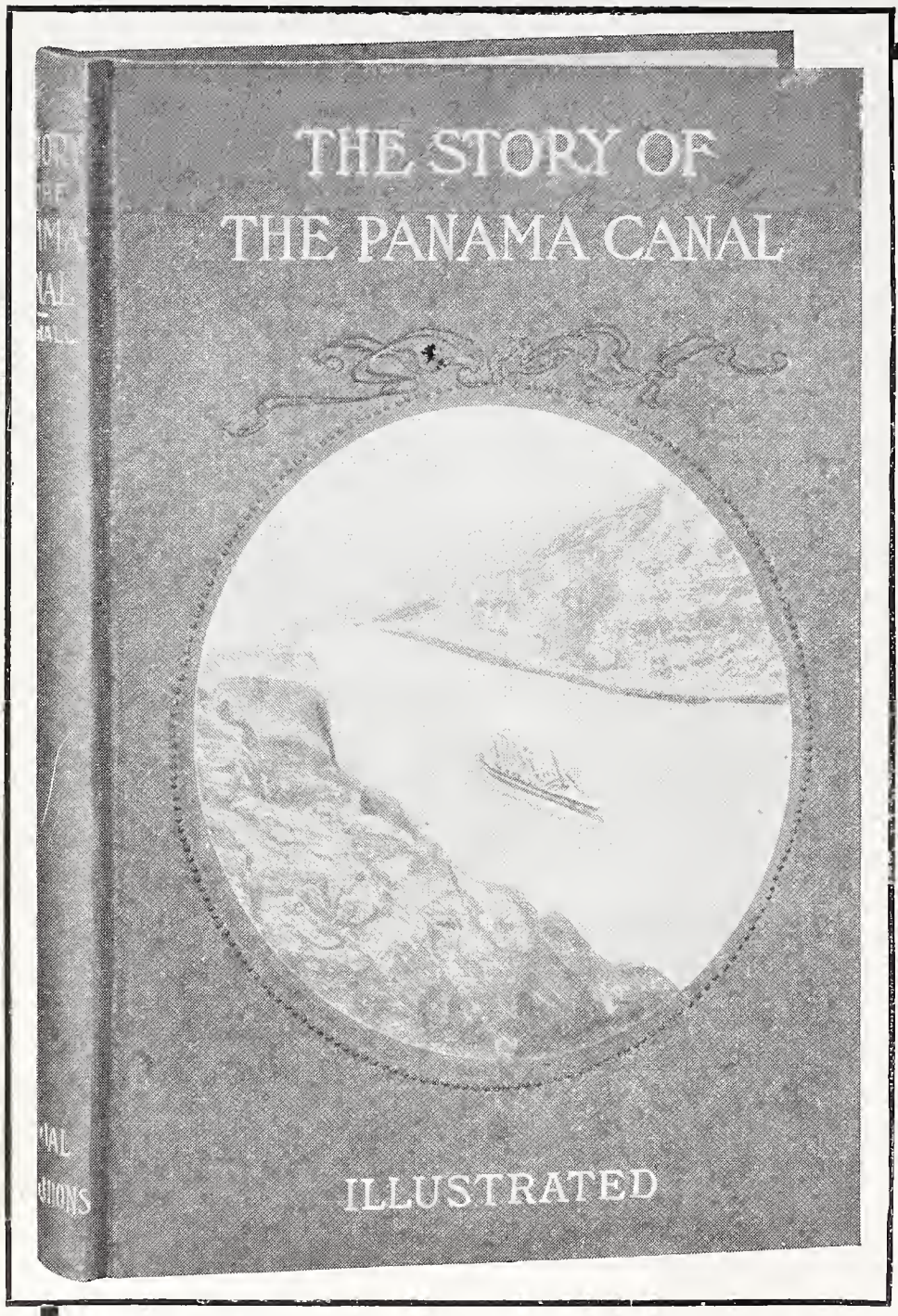


Confederate Veteran.

FEBRUARY, 1914



973.705
C748



YOU

WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE

Panama Canal?

THEN ACCEPT THIS OFFER

WE WILL SEND YOU FREE

THIS splendid new book of nearly 300 pages (**actual size of book, 6 x 9 inches**), containing many full-page illustrations, maps, etc., taken from official sources and covering every phase of this most gigantic triumph of American enterprise.

This book sets down in romantic truth the history of Panama from its discovery to the present time. It includes the thrilling adventures of the early explorers, the burning of Panama City by Morgan the buccaneer, the first attempts to cut the Isthmus, the failure of De Lesseps and the French, a full and accurate account of the successful American enterprise, and an absorbing nontechnical description of the plans upon which the canal is constructed.

THIS IS A STORY IN WHICH EVERY AMERICAN SHOULD BE INTERESTED

By special arrangement with the publishers we are able to offer you a copy of this magnificent cloth-bound, finely illustrated book practically free with your subscription for one year to the

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

A 32-Page Religious Family Weekly

printed on fine paper and containing each week something good for every member of the family. This paper is without doubt one of the leading family papers of the country. **Its regular subscription price is $2 per year.**

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY we can send you the paper for a full year and a copy of this magnificent book, both for the price of one. **Send us Two Dollars at once,** and we will enter your subscription for a full year and send you, postpaid, a copy of this splendid book.

DON'T PUT IT OFF; SEND TO-DAY

SMITH & LAMAR, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Contributors are requested to furnish double-spaced typewritten copy whenever practicable, and to condense as much as possible.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The VETERAN is the best advertising medium for the entire South.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XXII. | NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1914. | No. 2. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

[Written by Hugh G. Barclay for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in memory of S. A. Cunningham, late editor.]

Alas, a knightly man is dead!
The tidings came like bolt from cloudless sky;
And we stand dazed, our senses fled,
Except to ask in trembling whisper, Why?

For all men loved him, all who knew
His rapt devotion to our Southern land;
And, too, for what he tried to do
To bind the sections in a deathless band;

To make the North and South as one
In thought and effort; to at last restore
The trust and love of time long gone,
That strife and hatred cloud our land no more.

But his great soul has passed across
The stately river where dead heroes meet
In sacred conclave, where no dross
Of life's base passions may life's aim defeat.

God called him, knowing what is best.
We bow to him, and yet—and yet—we know
A king of men has gone to rest;
And may God's laurels rest upon his brow!

OFFICIAL TRIBUTE BY U. C. V.

[Headquarters United Confederate Veterans, New Orleans, La., December 26, 1913. General Orders No. 16.]

When on December 20, 1913, Col. S. A. Cunningham, editor and owner of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, was called to a higher and nobler life, the Association suffered an irreparable loss. He will be more missed in the work and mission of the Association than any member of it.

His sudden death, the sad circumstances surrounding his demise, and the sudden end to his noble and unselfish work have saddened the hearts of every man and woman in the entire Southland.

He was a brave, unselfish, and patriotic soldier. His heart was full of pride in the achievements of the men who followed the Confederate flag, and none appreciated more than he the glorious history of the women of the South nor understood better than he the trials, sufferings, patience, sorrows, and want which made the mothers, wives, and sisters of the South the most glorious type of womanhood of which history has kept record.

For more than twenty years he has been diligently, and with no thought of self and with no sparing of self, giving his life to gathering the details of what the soldiers and women of the Confederate States did to win from fate national life and independence. With highest ideals ever before him, he worked with incessant patience and unflagging zeal. The vindication of the principles for which the South fought and the true story of the valor, courage, and sufferings of its armies became the great passion of his life. His loyalty to the memories of the South's dead and his kindness and help to its living endeared him to every Confederate organization. Bereaved of his wife and children, he took up his work of love; and no man, living or dead, has ever done more toward giving the Confederate nation its place in history than the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

While not a man of brilliant intellect, he was a man of abounding faith, hope, and energy. He was tireless in the task that he felt Providence had assigned him to do. He believed that he had been designed by God to do the very work in which he was engaged, and that he did it well no one can doubt.

His creation, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, has maintained a unique place in military journalism and in its chosen paths has never been surpassed. It was the center of Confederate plans and impulses, and every part of the South felt the impress of its touch and power.

He never commercialized his paper. Being editor and owner, he mapped out the paths it was to follow. He never deviated from his conceptions of what a Confederate magazine should be. He could never bear the idea of money-making in connection with his work. He begrudged even a few pages to advertisements and felt that this was taking from history a part of its just toll. He has refused thousands of dollars' profit because he could not in conscience give up so many pages to purposes other than preparing data for a really great history of the Southern armies.

When the shadows of death crossed his vision, he made preparations to continue for the benefit of the United Confederate Veterans this great periodical. The life of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is thus assured.

He looked with sharpest grief at the contingency of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN's dying before the last Confederate soldier was summoned, and nothing can be more beautiful or pathetic than this last tribute to his people and his comrades.

Universal sorrow attends his passing from earth. All the people of the South with sincerest grief deplore his going, and thousands of men and women of the North join in regret that his life's work has closed.

A great tribute was paid him in Nashville, Tenn., on Sunday, December 21, when his obsequies were held in the First Presbyterian Church. The vast auditorium was filled to its utmost capacity, and hundreds were moved to tears when the last words were said over his remains. In the parlors of the church where his funeral was preached his body was under the guard of comrades in the gray uniform, who watched the sacred dust during the hours of the night and, with the coming of the morning, followed to Shelbyville, Tenn., the place of his birth and his childhood home, where, beside those he loved and who had gone on before, he was given final sepulture. Kinsfolk, neighbors, comrades, and admirers gathered there to see the end. In tenderest love they laid flowers on the new-made grave and went from his tomb with higher and nobler plans for life. Everything was simple and unostentatious, as he himself would have planned.

The gratcful men and women of the South will erect to his memory a fitting memorial. It will come as an offering from the people. A few friends would gladly provide the means to mark his grave. He would prefer to have all his friends and admirers join in this mark of love. A plan has been inaugurated to ask for popular subscriptions in amounts from ten cents to five dollars to build a plain, simple monument to tell who and what he was. The gratitude and affection of the



THE MAN WHO LIVED "BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD."

women and men of the South are memorial enough while the present generation survives; but it is just that, as he did so much for his people and his comrades, there should be a memorial to let those who come after know his work and its influence on Southern character and life. That this effort will be successful, none who know the Southern people can for an instant doubt.

Brave soldier, generous friend, noble patriot, consistent, humble Christian, loyal Southerner, he peacefully sleeps now that the conflict and strife are ended, and he rests with God.

By command of

BENNETT H. YOUNG, *General Commanding;*
WILLIAM E. MICKLE,
Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

RESOLUTIONS BY NASHVILLE BOARD OF TRADE.

Mr. S. A. Cunningham, founder and publisher of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, soldier and gentleman, died in Nashville on December 20, 1913, at the age of seventy. He was always a citizen of great value and usefulness, helpful in many important public enterprises, believing in Nashville and her great destiny, and devoted with all his soul to the Southland. He lived a life of uncommon proportion. As a brave and faithful Confederate soldier, he felt the heart throbs of the South in the days of long ago, and he had a material part in her magnificent development since the war. In his unique paper he has left a noble monument to the Southern soldier and the cause for which he fought, and he has accumulated a store of literary and historical treasure that will grow in value as the years go by; as a genial Christian gentleman, full of kindness and generosity, he has left a noble influence upon thousands of friends, not only in the South, but also all over the country.

The Board of Trade of Nashville, of which he was a member, deplores the passing away of so splendid a gentleman and citizen; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That in the death of Mr. S. A. Cunningham Nashville has lost one of its most distinguished and beloved citizens; that our sorrow over his death is sincere, because he was a man who inspired love in the hearts of his fellow men.

2. That we will always cherish a profound appreciation of the life which he lived among us, so full of generous deeds and impulses and so distinguished for its substantial achievement.

3. That we sincerely trust that the important work which he did will continue in other hands, and that it will receive that measure of coöperation from the people of the South which it so richly deserves.

Signed: John H. De Witt, *Chairman;* T. J. Nance, D. M. Smith, Everett Philpot, W. H. Clarke, Leland Hume, *Committee.*

MEMORIAL BY RANSOM POST, G. A. R.

[Adopted by a rising vote and a "salute to the dead." A muffled drum was beat and each comrade saluted.]

Former President Garfield in a public address once said in substance: "The flowers that grow and bloom on the garden wall between great political parties are the sweetest blessings of public life."

Sweeter far, however, are the roses, the lilies, and the laurel that now grow upon the crumbled wall which long separated the blue and the gray, planted there by loving hands—the roses to typify the restored affection, the lilies to typify the purity of the motive, the laurel to crown and seal the permanency of the reunion.

A bright episode in the restoration was the visit to Ransom Post several years ago of Comrade S. A. Cunningham, a soldier of the Confederacy, afterwards founder, owner, and editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, a most excellent magazine published at Nashville, Tenn., and ardently devoted to the Confederate cause, to its survivors, and to the memories associated with all of them.

So surprising to Comrade Cunningham was the Yankee invitation and so cordial was the reception which followed that he never lost opportunity to tell of it and recall the good fellowship shown him. Equally pleasant to Ransom Post and its members was the visit of Comrade Cunningham, with its interchange of sentiments of good will and soldierly regard. To him, for all time to come, the latchstring was left outside.

Some time after this visit to Ransom Post, as if to indicate this sentiment, there appeared in the columns of the VETERAN the following stanza of poetry, part of one of the more recent Reconstruction poems:

"Cease firing! There are no foes to fight;
Grim war is o'er, and smiling peace now reigns.
Cease useless strife, no matter who was right;
True magnanimity from hate abstains.
Cease firing!"

To Comrade Cunningham is due the credit for the inception of the scheme, and on him fell much of the burden involved, for erecting a memorial to the Union soldier who had charge of the prison for Confederates known as Camp Morton, near Indianapolis. The inscription under the bronze bust in the State Capitol tells its own story.

"Colonel Richard Owen,
Commandant Camp Morton Prison, 1862.
Tribute by Confederate prisoners of war and their friends
for his courtesy and kindness."

It is difficult to conceive of a higher tribute to courtesy and kindness than this, which takes the form of a monument in bronze to their jailer, erected by the contributions and efforts of those who were his prisoners.

Now the message comes to us that Sumner Archibald Cunningham has answered his last roll call and has been mustered into that greater army which awaits us when we shall have answered to our own final muster.

We wish to add to the many testimonials which others have offered our own expressions of regret that this man among men, brave soldier among soldiers, and bright mind as a writer and historian has not been spared to years of further usefulness in his community and to the State he loved so well.

We extend to his friends and to the comrades he cherished so tenderly our sympathy in their bereavement, as it is our bereavement, and we ask that they accept it in the same soldierly spirit which leads us to offer it.

That it may be fully communicated to his friends and comrades that Ransom Post holds his memory in this high esteem, it is directed that a copy of this memorial be sent to his successors as the publishers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as its testimonial to his memory as a citizen, soldier, and friend.

Signed: C. K. Reifsnider, S. D. Webster, J. K. Merrifield, *Committee.*

A true copy: M. P. Owen, *Adjutant.*

Approved: P. H. Clarke, *Commander.*

FROM ONE WHO LOVED HIM.

BY DR. H. M. HAMILL, CHAPLAIN GENERAL U. D. C.

I did not know when his death came. Shut in my sick room, I was mercifully kept from knowing it. But the shock has been none the less, and my sense of loss does not lessen. For years Colonel Cunningham and I had been boon companions and loyal friends. Each going his own rounds of duty, it was always a sure and happy certainty that we would be together when the routes were ended. My home was his in every sense of the word, and he came and went as our most trusted and honored guest, though without parade of guesthood. He was a lonely man since the death of his boy in the Southwest. Often he opened his heart to me, and I tried to cheer and comfort him. There were two supreme objects in his life. One of these was to stand for the Old South and to defend its "cause" against evil tongues and pens. To this he gave himself without stint, lifelong. He disliked the phrase "the New South" and ruled it out of the VETERAN. He belonged to that brave and gentle "Old South" which Lee and Jackson and Forrest and Johnston had glorified and for which a great host of brave men had died. He was very tolerant and patient toward the North and the men in blue when he saw that ignorance rather than hatred inspired their censure. But he hated the viciousness that sometimes inspired the assaults upon his old leaders and comrades.

His other supreme purpose was to help those who needed help, rich or poor, ignorant or wise, white or black. It made no sort of difference who came to him for aid, and it is certain that many came, some most unworthy of his great generosity. Indeed, few men have lived who sought out more opportunities of doing unasked and uncompensated service. Close to him, knowing the movement of his unselfish heart after long intimacy, I think I can say with truth that a more unselfish gentleman never lived than Cunningham. I could fill a page of the VETERAN with incidents known only to the two of us and to the great God who keeps sure and loving record. It is hard to give him up, and I have not dared to go back to his old desk and office where his last hour of pain began. God bless him wherever he is! And of that place I have an old black Book that makes me sure of his future. He was of a race fast thinning—the old-fashioned Southern gentleman.

RESOLUTIONS BY CAMPS AND CHAPTERS.

General expression is made by Camps and Chapters in Confederate organizations of the sense of loss felt in the death of S. A. Cunningham, whose work as editor of the VETERAN has been of such great value to the South. As these resolutions cannot be published in full, such paragraphs have been selected as give most distinctive expression.

Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, writes from New Orleans: "Sumner A. Cunningham, devoted friend and ardent supporter of Southern principles, has answered the last roll call. His death is deeply deplored by the members of the Memorial Associations of the South. The sacred task of caring for the graves of our heroic dead was especially dear to Mr. Cunningham. His loyalty and patriotic zeal were an inspiration to greater effort on the part of those engaged in memorial work. He will be missed, but not forgotten. The Southern people, to whose service he devoted his best efforts in the preservation of the true history of the War between the States will prove their gratitude by erecting a monument to his memory that will prove an object lesson to the younger generation."

The Tennessee Division, U. D. C., through its committee, composed of Miss Susie Gentry (Chairman), Mrs. W. T. Davis, Mrs. John P. Hickman, Mrs. S. F. Wilson, Mrs. N. B. Dozier, expressed its appreciation of the friendship and interest ever shown by the VETERAN editor in the work of the U. D. C., and further says: "It was his mission to stand for the truth in history; and he lived, fought, and died for it, faithful unto death. It was his pen, wielded unceasingly and potently for the truth and right in the dark days of 'carpet-bag rule' and since that largely brought the South into the estate that she justly deserves. It was his gentle, kind heart that welded the sections of North and South into a truer brotherhood, and it was his generous, just mind that in his last public act conceived and carried to completion the bust of Col. Richard Owen (a Federal officer) and placed it in the Capitol of Indiana as a token of esteem and honor to a conscientious officer and tender-hearted man toward the Confederate prisoners of war. No other man is known to have done a similar act, and it is no wonder that he was beloved by all who knew him when the 'fruit of the spirit' so exhibited itself in 'goodness, gentleness, loving-kindness, and meekness.'"

The Mississippi Division, U. D. C., through its President, Mrs. L. S. Slaughter, extends "sympathy in the irreparable loss sustained in the death of Mr. S. A. Cunningham. * * * He was tireless in his service to the Confederate cause; its best interest and its true history were his aim. Though an ardent lover of the South, he was an impartial historian, and the better feeling between the sections is largely due to his efforts. Though he has fallen asleep, his influence and his work will live on through the ages to come."

Frank Cheatham Bivouac and Camp, Nashville: "The CONFEDERATE VETERAN has done more under the management of Mr. Cunningham to justify the constitutional rights of the Confederate soldier—his heroism, gallantry, and self-sacrifice—than all publications combined, and his loss is irreparable. *Resolved,* That in the death of Sumner A. Cunningham the Confederate States lost one of its most gallant defenders, the Confederate soldier one of his best friends, the history of the South one of its best writers, and society an agreeable gentleman. *Requiescat in pace!*"

The Tennessee Woman's Historical Association, Nashville, offers its "tribute to his most capable and worthy life. * * * He was greatly interested in the work, progress, and success of our Tennessee Woman's Historical Association, which he had founded, always lending a helping hand and responding to every call to carry forward the work. * * * Uniting gifts of nature, heart, and mind, he gave the strength of all to his life work, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, compiling a true history of the South. His success was phenomenal and his efforts established much renown for our Southland."

N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V., Chattanooga: "Few men have been so widely known and so highly esteemed, both North and South, as S. A. Cunningham. His place can never be exactly filled; but it is our earnest hope that the VETERAN, the creation of his maturer years, may be continued by able and loving hands as his living and fitting monument. His genial personality can never be forgotten. His undying devotion to wife and son, living and dead, testifies to his tender heart, and his unselfish consecration of his energies and powers to the cause of gathering and preserving the true history of the great struggle between the States will ever make his memory fragrant."

Franklin Chapter, U. D. C., Franklin, Tenn.: "His was one of the gallant spirits that immortalized the Confederate army, and his life was a noble expression of the Southern veteran's undying devotion to the cause he so ardently loved. Not only by friends was Mr. Cunningham appreciated and loved, but strangers were drawn to him wherever he went, for he was a gentle, courteous, considerate Christian gentleman under all circumstances, and we fear we shall not see his like again."

R. E. Lee Camp, Richmond, Va., expresses its "sense of great loss in his departure—a loss to thousands who read his invaluable journal; a loss to all Confederates, both men and women, because of his love for that cause, now old but ever new, which is so dear to us all; a loss to the cause of truth in history which he for twenty years so zealously sought to establish."

Nashville Chapter, U. D. C., Nashville: "In vindicating the true record of the Confederate soldier and the cause for which he fought in the columns of the VETERAN, Mr. Cunningham has built for them a monument that will live through the centuries. His service to the U. D. C. cause, his counsel and inspiration at our meetings, the generous use of the columns in the VETERAN have been of priceless value to us. His work for the Sam Davis monument and other Confederate memorials has been of inestimable value to the cause. But his quiet, social life revealed his best qualities. He possessed a beautiful serenity of character; his nature was sweet and cheery. Bereft of his own family ties, his sympathies went out to those about him with the fullness of an exhaustless fountain. The broad Southland became his hearthstone and the hearts of her devoted people his family ties; therefore be it resolved that we, the Nashville Chapter, U. D. C., recognized in Mr. Sumner A. Cunningham a Christian citizen of the highest ideals, a soldier of true courage, a writer of the highest ability, and a friend tried and true; that in his death not only the South but the nation has lost a great man, our cause a strong support, and our organization a warm personal friend."

R. M. Russell Camp, U. C. V., Trenton, Tenn.: "He did more, perhaps, than all other men to kindle and keep alive the spirit of comradeship in the Confederate soldier. * * * His life was one of faithfulness and devotion, as plain and simple as a child, as gentle and modest as a woman, yet strong and valiant in advocacy of the right."

Jeff-Lee Camp, U. C. V., McAlester, Okla.: "His persistent and constant consideration of our cause has been of inestimable value to our organization in building up and cementing that feeling and association that have drawn the bond of affection so closely around us, and his wise administration of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN has done more than any one factor to correct and preserve to us and posterity the true history and spirit of the Civil War; that through his publication he has been our friend and defender and was ever ready and willing to use his pen in behalf of the veterans and the Confederacy."

Stonewall Jackson Bivouac, of McKenzie, Tenn.: "Comrade Cunningham needs no eulogy, for he was known far and wide as a Christian gentleman, a man of lovable character, strictest integrity, and for his devotion to the cause for which he had labored and accomplished so much. He showed his love for his comrades to the last by leaving the VETERAN as a heritage to the organization, and it will be the pleasure of this Bivouac to continue to encourage and support it in every way possible."

Yazoo Camp, U. C. V., Yazoo City, Miss.: "That in his death we have lost our most worthy and devoted exponent of the truth of history and the part played by our noble Confederate army in that unequal contest. The fitful dream is over, and may he rest in peace beneath the soil of the country he loved and served so well!"

The Mary Frances Hughes Chapter, Nashville, speaks of him as "a man who upheld with dignity and honor his position as a citizen and Confederate veteran, who slighted no call to the service of his country or the community in which he lived. Loyal and generous in his citizenship, benevolent, courteous, and gentle in his private life, honorable and enterprising in his business calling, his career, despite its untimely ending, offered an exemplary type of the character which had established the reputation of the men of the South throughout the land."

Camp Cabell, U. C. V., Vernon, Tex., resolved "that the Association has lost from its ranks one who proved himself to be true and steadfast to the principles which he risked his life to maintain through four years of bloody strife between the States."

Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter, U. D. C., Fayetteville, Tenn.: "We feel that his place in the living heart of the South was unique. He was our patient teacher in the history we all love, our gentle admonitor in the observances which quicken our hearts and deepen our patriotism. He was the reverent soul, content to admire and to spend his life in showing what was admirable in the lives of our heroes and our loyal Southerners. All his soul was steeped in devoted love for the cause of Dixie; and gentle and meek as he was, yet he was undaunted before any hardship or difficulty which seemed to bar his way to the establishment of the truth in history. Never self-flaunting, his life was as a flame burning on the altar of patriotism. We grieve to see it go out in the temple where Southern principles are venerated and where the cult of the beautiful and true, the loyal and the brave is observed."

Fifth Tennessee Regiment Chapter, U. D. C., Nashville: "The pages of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN show the fair-mindedness of its editor; that he was one who could forgive and forget a wrong; that he possessed that precious quality of heart and mind that enables one to render justice to an enemy, to look on both sides of a question. His was the master mind to which the CONFEDERATE VETERAN owes its being. He delighted in searching out the hidden truths of Southern history to be retold in its pages. In its annals the future historian will find facts—the real truths concerning the War between the States."

Nathan B. Forrest Chapter, U. D. C., Humboldt, Tenn.: "As a Chapter we feel deeply the loss of this man who has done so much for our Southland and has been so great as to reach for the hand of the man who wore the blue and place it in the hand of the one who wore the gray."

J. J. A. Barker Camp, U. C. V., Jacksonville, Tex.: "As founder and editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN he has rendered an invaluable service in preserving a true history of the South during the sixties and in keeping in touch with each other the survivors of the armies of the Confederacy."

PEOPLE'S MONUMENT TO S. A. CUNNINGHAM.

The Finance Committee appointed by Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief of the U. C. V., to have charge of the work of collecting subscriptions for the monument to Mr. S. A. Cunningham has issued the following statement:

"Sumner A. Cunningham, a member of the 41st Tennessee Infantry, in the army of the Confederate States, and the owner, editor, and publisher of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for over twenty years, died in the city of Nashville on December 20, 1913. He has done as much as, if not more than, any one else to collect true articles from the South's standpoint from which some future historian can write a correct history of the War between the States.

"Appreciating this fact, and desiring to perpetuate the memory of such a man, the United Confederate Veterans, with the assistance of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the friends of both associations, propose to erect a monument to his memory.

"Gen. Bennett H. Young, the Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, has appointed the undersigned as the Finance Committee, looking to the securing of funds for the proposed monument. The committee elected Miss Edith Pope as Treasurer.

"Subscriptions have been limited to $5 from any one person or organization. Therefore we call upon and urge every Camp of the United Confederate Veterans, every Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and their friends to subscribe to this proposed monument. All subscriptions should be sent to Miss Edith Pope, Treasurer, care of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn. All contributions will be published from time to time in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Please send in your contributions at your earliest convenience.

JOHN P. HICKMAN,
M. B. MORTON,
M. A. SPURR,
Committee."

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO MONUMENT FUND.

Previously reported	$ 94 00
C. C. Hemming, Colorado Springs, Colo	5 00
Samuel H. Buchanan, Louisville, Ky	5 00
Gen. W. B. Haldeman, Louisville, Ky	5 00
Mrs. M. L. Meyrick, Savannah, Ga	5 00
W. J. Miller, Tiskilwa, Ill	5 00
Mrs. T. T. Hillman, Birmingham, Ala	5 00
Mrs. Albert Gentry, Clarendon, Tex	5 00
Mrs. Emily Gentry Ryan, Clarendon, Tex	5 00
Meredith P. Gentry, Clarendon, Tex	5 00
Phillips B. Gentry, Clarendon, Tex	5 00
Ethel Gentry, Clarendon, Tex	5 00
D. C. Scales, Nashville, Tenn	5 00
Rev. James H. McNeilly, Nashville	2 50
Cash, Nashville, Tenn	1 00
Mrs. A. O. Crawford, Bay St. Louis, Miss	1 00
Louise and Owen Crawford, Bay St. Louis, Miss	2 00
W. J. Bohon, Gadsden, Ala	5 00
Mrs. Harriet Marshall, Nashville	5 00
William L. LeConte, Atlanta, Ga	1 00
L. W. McRae, Calvert, Ala	1 00
J. K. Merrifield, St. Louis, Mo	1 00
Col. George C. Norton, Louisville, Ky	5 00
Col. V. Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark	5 00
Mrs. V. Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark	5 00
Mrs. Mae Cook Morrow, Batesville, Ark	$ 5 00
Mrs. Jennie Cook Rutherford, Batesville, Ark	5 00
Miss Varina Davis Cook, Batesville, Ark	5 00
Prof. J. H. Brunner, Sweetwater, Tenn	1 00
J. M. Sims, Charlotte, N. C.	1 00
Miss Cassie R. Smith, Daytona, Fla	2 00
Gen. K. M. VanZandt, Fort Worth, Tex	5 00
Mrs. K. M. VanZandt, Fort Worth, Tex	5 00
Sidney VanZandt, Fort Worth, Tex	5 00
Capt. John H. Leathers, Louisville, Ky	5 00
John Shearer, McCrory, Ark	5 00
Hon. Horace P. Owen, New Harmony, Ind	5 00
Mrs. Horace P. Owen, New Harmony, Ind	5 00
J. F. Robertson, Crockett Mills, Tenn	5 00
Mrs. James H. Gill, Atoka, Okla	1 00
E. A. Decherd, Franklin, Tex	1 00
W. H. Howcott, New Orleans, La	5 00
Harvey Howcott, New Orleans, La	5 00
Charles E. Campbell, Macon, Ga	2 00
J. B. Davenport, Augusta, Ga	1 00
G. W. Dawson, Kansas City, Mo	1 00
James S. Hatch, Plano, Ill	5 00
C. A. Reed, Anderson, S. C.	5 00
W. C. Vaught, Magnolia, Miss	1 00
Matthew Page Andrews, Baltimore	2 00
Rev. and Mrs. Charles B. Hyde, Chattanooga	5 00
Mrs. L. R. Schuyler, New York City	5 00
C. Weatherwax, Lockport, N. Y	5 00
Miss Krebs, Baltimore	5 00
L. C. Price, Lexington, Ky	5 00
Mrs. J. W. Cates, Maryville, Tenn	1 00
Robert C. Stewart, Cape Girardeau, Mo	1 00
R. J. Brunson, Sr., Pulaski, Tenn	50
John T. Bryan, Marianna, Fla	1 00
Samuel Turner, Barnes, Ark	1 00
F. A. Howell, Durant, Miss	1 00
A. B. Williams, Durant, Miss	1 00
A. H. Gibboney, Marion, Va	1 00
Rev. Charles B. Crawford, Biloxi, Miss	1 00
Joshua Brown, Nashville	5 00
Charles A. Brusle, Plaquemine, La	1 00
C. R. Brewer, Fairview, Ky	25
M. H. Peters, Watseka, Ill	1 00
Col. A. E. Asbury, Higginsville, Mo	5 00
Mrs. R. O. Winstead, Nashville	5 00
George Bourland, McLean, Tex	1 00
Mrs. James H. Parker, New York City	5 00
New York Chapter, U. D. C.	5 00
Mrs. Frances M. Patriarche, East Orange, N. J.	1 00
Judge James A. Pearce, Chestertown, Md	5 00
Sister Esther Carlotta, St. Augustine, Fla	5 00
Miss Evie Brown, Nashville, Tenn	5 00
Knoxville Chapter, U. D. C., Knoxville, Tenn	5 00
W. T. Sheppard, Willard, Mo	2 00
B. R. Brown, Shouns, Tenn	5 00
John Stephens, Jr., Lewistown, Pa	3 00
John Paul Stephens and Donald Lee Stephens, Lewistown, Pa	2 00
J. J. Devenport, Augusta, Ga	5 00
Mrs. J. J. Devenport, Augusta, Ga	1 00
C. L. Nolen, Huntsville, Ala	1 00
J. W. Noyes, New Orleans, La	1 00
Mrs. F. F. Edwards, Tyler, Tex	50
Dr. G. G. Kemper, Arbala, Tex	1 00

J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, U. D. C., Commerce, Ga.	$ 5 00
Rev. C. M. Hutton, Polytechnic, Tex.	1 00
J. A. Wilder, Brownsville, Tenn.	1 00
Dr. W. M. Flynn, South Boston, Mass.	1 00
L. J. Timms, Buffalo, W. Va.	1 00
C. M. Bishop, Shanghai, W. Va.	1 00
R. W. Arrington, Rocky Mount, N. C.	1 00
R. Cay, Jacksonville, Fla.	5 00
Mrs. Letitia D. Ross, Auburn, Ala.	5 00
Hon. and Mrs. Lewis Tillman, Knoxville, Tenn.	5 00
Abner J. Strobel, Chenango, Tex.	1 00
Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Wall, Slaughter, La.	2 00
Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, West Point, Miss.	5 00
Bowie Pelham Camp, Bowie, Tex.	5 00
Al G. Field, Columbus, Ohio.	5 00
Mrs. Al G. Field, Columbus, Ohio.	5 00
Mrs. Pearl Field Conard, Columbus, Ohio.	5 00
Al G. Field Conard, Columbus, Ohio.	5 00
Edward Q. Nye, Milwaukee, Wis.	2 00
Mrs. O. A. Kinsolving, Washington, D. C.	1 00
Dr. W. H. Barnes, Homewood, Miss.	5 00
Abner Baker Chapter, U. D. C., Knoxville, Tenn.	5 00
N. B. Dozier, Franklin, Tenn.	5 00
Mrs. N. B. Dozier, Franklin, Tenn.	5 00
Mrs. J. M. Brownson, Victoria, Tex.	1 00
L. T. Reid, Rockport, Ky.	1 00
R. Y. Dwight, Pinopolis, S. C.	1 00
A. W. Collier, Coleman, Tex.	1 00
Robert McClellan, Gainesville, Fla.	1 00
Mrs. Robert McClellan, Gainesville, Fla.	1 00
Ethel and Kathryn McClellan, Gainesville, Fla.	2 00
J. C. Weleh, Portland, Oregon.	3 00
Mrs. A. A. Campbell, Wytheville, Va.	1 00
J. B. Bailey, Conehatta, Miss.	1 00
W. H. Pierce, Petronia, Ala.	1 00
A. A. Mayhew, Levita, Tex.	1 00
C. H. Lee, Jr., Falmouth, Ky.	5 00
W. F. Spurlin, Camden, Ala.	1 00
Mrs. A. H. Jones, New York City.	1 00
Henry E. Hord, Hermitage, Tenn.	1 00
Gen. Julian S. Carr, Durham, N. C.	5 00
Mrs. Julian S. Carr, Durham, N. C.	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McClister, Morristown, Tenn.	2 00
Mrs. L. McC. Smythe, Charleston, S. C.	5 00
H. L. Martin, Midway, Ky.	5 00
Total	$507 75

Chauncey Weatherwax, of Lockport, N. Y., sends $5 "toward a fund that shall, when properly applied, speak to the generations to come of a manhood that was lovable."

Judge James A. Pearce, Chestertown, Md.: "I cannot doubt that the response will be prompt and generous, and that future ages will regard this monument with veneration."

John Shearer, of Forrest's Artillery, McCrory, Ark.: "I am glad of the privilege of contributing a little toward perpetuating his memory in the minds of the people."

Hon. Horace P. Owen, New Harmony, Ind.: "The South cannot too swiftly honor the memory of this noble character, nor can the shaft be too high for the greatness of his soul."

Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, West Point, Miss.: "I want to have a part in building the monument, which will be a testimonial of the profound respect and admiration held for Mr. S. A. Cunningham."

Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, New York City: "I am sending my contribution with the feeling that, no matter how great the monument may be, it can never fully express all we owe Mr. Cunningham or how greatly we mourn his loss."

L. C. Price, Lexington, Ky.: "We of the South cannot realize our loss in his death. Time will show it, and I trust every true Southerner will contribute, and that a suitable and appropriate memorial will be ereeted in memory of one who has done so much for us."

Capt. John H. Leathers, Louisville, Ky.: "I hope this fund will grow to be large enough to erect a monument to fittingly commemorate the splendid service to the South rendered by Colonel Cunningham. His death is a distinct loss to all of us. It leaves a vacancy in his line of work for the South that will be difficult to fill, if at all."

U. D. C. WILL CO-OPERATE.

BY MRS. DAISY M'LAURIN STEVENS, PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Amidst the cheer and happiness of Christmastide our hearts were made sad and sorrowful by the going away of our beloved friend and editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Comrade S. A. Cunningham. His death was a calamity to our whole Southland—Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy alike. So interested was he in our organization and work that he attended every U. D. C. Convention, and whenever a monument was to be unveiled Mr. Cunningham was always there. His work for the South has been most valuable. Rudyard Kipling says that a history of the War between the States has never been written, and when it is a masterpiece will be born. Mr. Cunningham has done more to collect true facts of that period than any other man—facts that will be invaluable in writing such a history.

It is meet and proper that the U. C. V. should ereet a monument to his memory, and I am sure the U. D. C. will regard it a privilege to have part in this work. We realize that we have lost a great and good friend, and will miss his friendship and wise counsel as the years roll by. I hope that each Chapter, U. D. C., will devote some part of its next Chapter meeting to a memorial service to our departed friend.

Al G. Field, Columbus, Ohio, sends contributions to the monument fund for himself and family and writes: "I have read with deep interest Colonel Cunningham's patriotie appeal to the South. That his request will be complied with is eertain, and in the same spirit that duties were ever entered upon by our departed friend. I enjoyed his friendship for more than thirty years, and I never knew a man who prized friendships more highly. 'To have a friend was to be a friend' seemed to be his maxim. When I first formed his aequaintance he seemed so gentle and thoughtful of his fellow men's happiness that he impressed me as one much older than his years, yet in all the years that have passed since he never seemed to grow older to me. I shall always remember him as when I first entered into his friendship. * * * No monument conceived by man can more deeply impress upon the memories of those who were near to him the many virtues that made S. A. Cunningham lovable; but as a guidance to the youth of the land, as inspiration to all, I hope that those in charge of the ereetion of a monument to one so deserving may meet with all encouragement. I feel that I can be useful to those who have the monument movement in charge and deem it an honored privilege to assist in the laudable work."

HOOD'S FAILURE AT SPRING HILL.

Responding to the queries propounded by Mr. Marshall in the VETERAN for January, J. D. Remington insists upon the absolute and entire truth of his statements. "To many," he says, "who have not had experience as a spy it may seem impossible to do the things that have been done by spies on both sides. Had my critics had such experiences as I, they would be readier to believe. I wish to correct an error in Captain Patten's name, which was George W. instead of George M. Again, in stating that after we left Atlanta Colonel Opdyke had me detailed as a provost guard, it should have read 'after we left Nashville.' One line of my copy, which was omitted, read: 'And I remained as such till the brigade was disbanded at Nashville, in June, 1865.' I would have sent the detail, but the clerk wrote 'Company G,' and I wanted you to see that I was in Company I."

FURTHER STATEMENT BY MR. REMINGTON.

I shall now attempt to answer Mr. Park Marshall, but do not know that I shall be able to convince him that I am telling the truth about the Spring Hill affair. It is hard to convince men against their will. I thank Mr. Marshall for the compliment to me in the first three lines of his article and also for the other remarks about me. My mind is under no "illusion." My mind is clear, and I am honest on this subject. I am not trying to make a hero of myself. I belonged to Opdyke's Tiger Brigade, was in the bloodiest battle of the war, and that is honor and glory enough. I wrote that article because I thought, and still think, in the interest of history, that it was my duty not to take the facts with me to the grave. Were I doing it for money, I would not care whether people believed it or not, so I got my pay.

Mr. Marshall says: "Testimony has been given on the Spring Hill affair by Generals Hood, Cheatham, Brown, Governor Harris, and others, and still there are great differences of opinion. No explanation in any way satisfactorily explains the inaction of that evening." I have tried to explain it and have done so. He also says, speaking of the Confederate troops at Spring Hill: "They reached the proper position in due time to take the pike, but stopped in gunshot of it and allowed all the Federals to pass practically unmolested. This is the great mystery of the war." I have told why "the Federals passed practically unmolested."

He continues: "This matter, however, is so important that further investigation ought to be made in relation to Mr. Remington's paper." I court investigation. Then he asks: "Was he a soldier in Company I, 73d Illinois, and what is known of him as such?" I very respectfully refer him to my war record, which is in the War Department, at Washington, D. C. "Is it natural that a private soldier, such as might be detailed to a bakery, would be detailed for such intelligent work?" I am a printer by trade, and I said that my detail in the bakery was a sham. (I told Mr. Cunningham in a private letter why I was detailed at the bakery.)

"Would he be taken out of the Federal lines and sent immediately into the Confederate lines without previous plans or preparations?" If he will carefully read my article, he will see that "Colonel Opdyke always let me go to my regiment when it was in action, and it was never in action when I was not with it." I had a Henry rifle (a sixteen-shooter) and often went out and fired a few shots with the sharpshooters. And it did not take Colonel Opdyke over ten minutes to give me my instructions, my Confederate uniform, arms, and horse. I needed no "plans or preparations," as he merely told me to "go inside the Confederate lines, find out as nearly as possible the number of Confederates there, and any other information you can obtain." The Colonel did not specify a time for me to report back to him; and when I found the Confederates I realized that I had something more to do than to find out how many there were—to keep them from getting possession of the pike—and I think my cousin and I did it. Colonel Opdyke and Generals Wagner, Stanley, and Schofield congratulated and thanked me.

"Where was the line from which he was taken to go to Opdyke's headquarters?" he asks. Northeast of Spring Hill, on the pike, behind some rail barricades (or piles of rails), from which we had driven the Confederate cavalry.

"Did General Hood, in company with Cheatham, Cleburne, and others and their staffs, ride at the head of an infantry column in approaching Spring Hill?" he asks. Mr. Marshall need not take my words for an answer to this question. Let General Hood answer this. In "Advance and Retreat" he says: "I rode with my staff to Cheatham's right, passed over the bridge (over Duck River) after daybreak, and moved forward at the head of Granbury's Texas Brigade of Cleburne's Division, with instructions that the remaining corps and divisions follow, and at the same time keep closed up during the march." Farther on (same page) General Hood states: "Thus I led the main body of the army to within abouth two miles [close to where I met them, as stated in my article] and in full view of the pike from Columbia to Spring Hill and Franklin. I here halted about 3 P.M. and requested General Cheatham, commanding the leading corps, and Major General Cleburne to advance to the spot where, sitting upon my horse, I had in sight the enemy's wagons and men passing at double-quick along the Franklin Pike. As these officers approached I spoke to General Cheatham the following words, which I quote almost verbatim, as they have remained indelibly engraved upon my memory ever since that fateful day." Then he gave the orders to General Cheatham to "take that pike at or near Spring Hill," etc., as stated in my article. Is Mr. Marshall now satisfied that General Hood rode at the head of his army at or near Spring Hill?

He asks: "Was General Johnson in position near the pike at the time mentioned?" Who mentioned the time? Not I, as I had no watch, asked no one the time, nor did I hear any one say what time it was that General Johnson received his orders from me. My cousin and I had agreed to meet at Hood's headquarters at or near twelve o'clock. I thought it about time to be going, but did not mention the hour. Let's see what General Cheatham has to say about the time General Johnson was placed on or near the pike. He says: "About eleven o'clock General Hood sent Major General Johnson, whose division had marched in the rear of Stewart's Corps, to report to me. I directed Major Bostick, of my staff, to place Johnson on my extreme left."

Mr. Marshall refers to General Cheatham's statement that he went to General Hood and told him that he (Cheatham) was in position and ready to attack, but Hood told him to wait till morning. When Hood told Cheatham to "wait till morning," Cheatham and I went to Hood; and after I had told Hood about there being a corps over there, Hood said to Cheatham: "If that is the case, do not attack, but order your troops to hold the position they are in for the night." As to General Cheatham's not getting orders from General Hood through Major Mason I know nothing, nor has it anything to do with my article.

Mr. Marshall asks: "Could a strange captain ride along the Confederate line and give verbal orders to five or six generals which, in effect, countermanded previous orders when General Hood himself was within a mile and a half of their position and could be communicated with?" I did not countermand any order of General Hood's and did not say that I did. In my article I said that after General Hood gave General Cheatham orders to "let your troops remain as they are for the night," and after telling General Hood about how I came to know that there was a corps over there, I saluted the General and rode off. I wanted to add a little to Hood's last orders, and I rode along the line and gave this order to each brigade commander: "General Hood directs that you form your lines parallel with the pike and not nearer than four hundred yards to it, and by no means allow your men to fire on the enemy unless they advance and fire on you." I kept near the lines along the pike in order to keep any Confederates from crossing the pike, if possible. I did not remain with the brigade commander a moment after I gave these orders, for fear he might ask me some question I could not answer suitably. I did not give any of them time to talk to me; and as it was getting late (near sundown) and everything was in confusion and excitement, I don't suppose any of them thought anything about who I was. I knew none of the Confederate officers except Generals Hood, Cheatham, and Cleburne. I had met the last two named several times before this, but had never spoken to either of them, and had seen General Hood but once before, at New Hope Church, Ga., and had never spoken to him. The way I found out who was in command of a brigade, I would ask some of the soldiers, "What brigade is this?" and they would tell me. Sometimes I would ask the question several times before I got to another brigade, and I could almost always tell the brigade commander by the crowd of officers. When I came to such officers as I supposed to be the commander and his staff, I would always ask: "Who commands this brigade?" After finding out, I would give my orders quickly and instantly put spurs to my horse and dash off in a great hurry. As I have just said, there was so much turmoil and excitement that I do not believe one of them mistrusted me, and after dark it was easy enough.

Mr. Marshall says: "He [Hood] discusses the matter, and it would seem that if he had acted upon information that the Federal army had arrived at Spring Hill he would certainly have so stated." General Hood was no fool. He knew on the morning of November 30, when he awoke and found no Federal troops at Spring Hill, and when at seven o'clock I did not report to him as he had ordered me to do, that he had been deceived. He was too sensible a man to mention anything about it in his report, and I doubt that he ever mentioned it to any one. Mr. Marshall further says: "The theory of Mr. Remington is that General Hood believed the Federals were ready to make a stand at Spring Hill, and therefore Hood would wait and form a plan of battle in the morning." Fear that General Hood might change his mind and attack the Federals that night is just exactly what caused me to make my last report to Hood as I did. Had I known that he would not make a night attack, I would never have made the last report to him.

Again Mr. Marshall says: "And his [Hood's] corps were commanded by officers who never refused to fight either before or after that time." Mr. Marshall is correct in this statement, too. General Hood, his officers, and his men were not cowards. They were brave men and were always ready to fight. They proved their bravery and fighting qualities from the first of the war to the end. No braver men ever drew a sword or pulled a trigger than General Hood's soldiers. What men could fight better than they did at Franklin November 30, 1864? After General Hood got my report about a corps being over there, he acted wisely in not pushing the fight; for he did not know what might be there, and he acted right in doing as he did from information he believed trustworthy. He showed good generalship and reason, not cowardice. He had his faults. As a general thing he was too brave.

In a subsequent letter Mr. Remington reiterates the truth of his original article and gives requested data concerning himself. He says: "We all know that General Hood failed to destroy the Federal army at Spring Hill on November 29, 1864. We all know that he had the Federals at great disadvantage in almost every way, yet the Federals passed along the pike and the Confederates saw them passing. General Hood did not do what he wanted to do, and why? Something must have gone wrong with the Confederates. What was it? Why did General Hood fail to destroy the Federal army at Spring Hill on November 29, 1864? I have told the reason. Some people will not believe my statement. Let some of them explain. . . . After I reported what I did to Generals Brown, Strahl, Cheatham, and Hood, I did all my work along and near the pike. I worked in this locality in order to prevent the Confederates from crossing the pike and to keep them from firing on the Federals. If the Confederates had no orders in regard to firing on the Federals, why did they not fire on them? Why did they let them, their trains and artillery, pass along the pike in less than gunshot of them without firing?"

To the statement that it was difficult to understand why generals would receive orders from an unknown messenger at such a critical time, that it was against general practice in warfare, Mr. Remington responds: "I have fully explained how I acted in order to avoid suspicion, and let me refer you to General Stewart in his report on the Spring Hill affair. He says, telling why he did not put his men north of Spring Hill and across the pike, as ordered by General Hood: 'The guide [furnished to him by Hood] said that there used to be a road turning off from the one on which we were moving. . . . I inquired if it would take us to the pike beyond Spring Hill, and he said that it would. 'Then that is the road we want.' Forrest said that the enemy had left the direct road from Spring Hill to Franklin and had taken the Carter's Creek Pike.' So you see General Forrest had been deceived by the one who was helping me, for he (my cousin) told me so. I was mounting my horse to go with the guide when a staff officer whom I did not know came up and said that we were going wrong, on the wrong road (more of my cousin's deception). So you see that General Stewart too was being deceived, and that too by some one 'whom I did not know.' When General Stewart found General Hood he said: 'Hood told me that some one had come from Cheatham and represented that his right was exposed.' About Cheatham's right being exposed is given in my article in the VETERAN. I explained the situation. He replied: 'Let the men rest and take the advance in the morning.' Please read all of General Stewart's report, as it is too long for me to write. So you see that these generals were deceived. If General Cheatham was to blame for Hood's failure at Spring Hill, as Hood says, why did Hood allow Cheatham to remain in

command of his corps? It is also against practice in warfare for an officer disobeying orders in the face of the enemy to retain his command. Who will explain? Who was the officer 'whom I did not know'? Who told Forrest of Carter's Creek Pike? Who was the 'some one' who had come from Cheatham and represented that his flank was exposed? Here are the three nuts for you unbelievers to crack. Surely no one will dispute the report of such a soldier and gentleman as General Stewart. To say nothing about General Hood's being deceived, it may seem strange to some that such men as Stewart and Forrest could be deceived; and as they were deceived, why is it not possible that other generals were deceived? They were, and I have told how and by whom. If you cannot believe it, pass it along. I am sorry that I did not give my account of the Spring Hill affair while some, if not most, of the Confederate generals were alive, for I feel confident that I could have proved my statements by some of them; but they have passed away, and I shall soon follow them to the great beyond. Here is one thing no one can deny: Hood failed to do what he wanted to do at Spring Hill; and I ask one, only one, small word—why?"

H. A. Graber, of Dallas, Tex., writes:

"Remington's statement is the most extraordinary stretch of imagination that ever emanated from a diseased brain. Does he expect intelligent people either North or South to believe his remarkable story? If it be true, why did he not claim the credit of saving Schofield's army forty-eight years ago, when the Federal government was awarding medals for heroism and valuable service—medals prized by the recipients as highly as Napoleon's cross of the Legion of Honor? Considering that the result of his achievement, the destruction of Hood's army, no doubt contributed measurably to hasten the downfall of the Confederacy, his own people would have lionized him as second only to Generals Grant, Sherman, and others and built him a monument worthy of his achievement.

"He did not make the claim then because all parties concerned were living and could have branded his story as false. I know I reflect the judgment of living Confederates acquainted with our generals mentioned by him when I assert that the claim is without a semblance of truth. Could you make any Confederate soldier believe that General Hood would have taken the statement of a strange Confederate captain and acted on it? Would General Cheatham and his officers have taken orders from General Hood brought to them by any except his personal staff, whom they all knew? Mr. Remington fails to tell how he got into the confidence of General Hood so as to have him accept his statement that General Schofield's army was at Spring Hill, when General Hood knew from a report of the night before that Schofield was at Columbia, then in his front, so that it was a matter of physical impossibility for Schofield to be then at Spring Hill. Would not this alone have aroused General Hood's suspicion that his Confederate captain was a Yankee spy and caused an investigation, particularly when he knew those spies were as numerous as they were bold?

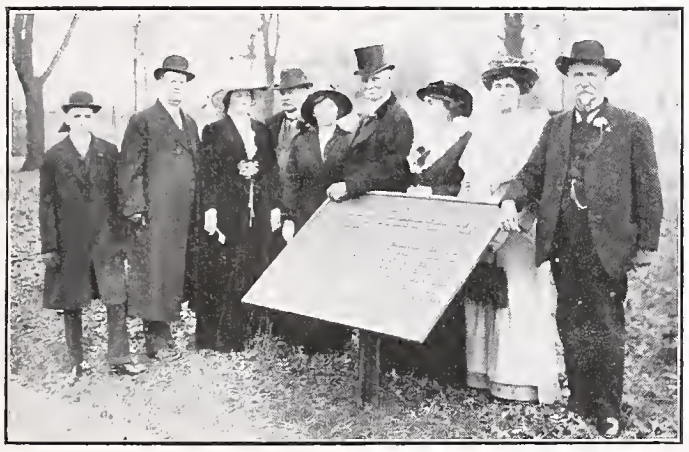
"To gain the confidence of the Confederate soldier, Mr. Remington attempts to pay a compliment to General Bragg at Shiloh, in which he also fails most signally. The incident refers to the turning point in the battle which was lost to us through the unfortunate order of General Beauregard. If General Bragg had been approached at this critical juncture by a strange officer with such an order, he would have placed him under arrest, moved forward, and swept Grant's lines into the river, which he was then in position to easily do. The officer who brought this order was a member of General Beauregard's staff. Referring to this incident, General Bragg told me while a guest at my house in Waxahachie in 1885 that he had just completed the formation of his lines, ready for the final charge, when a staff officer of General Beauregard's dashed up and delivered General Beauregard's order to retire out of range and bivouac for the night. Feeling that it meant the loss of the battle, he asked: 'Has the order been promulgated to the rest of the army?' Being answered, 'It has and is being executed,' he said: 'Then present my compliments to General Beauregard and tell him if it had not been I would not obey it.'

"Satisfied that these suggestions will be sufficient to correct any wrong impression formed of our gallant and able general, I refrain from further criticism of Mr. Remington's remarkable statement. Ordinarily we could not afford to notice such unreasonable and absurd stories; but since it involves the character and ability of our leading generals in the Western army and makes them appear like a lot of ten-year-old boys, I feel it incumbent upon me to write."

Dr. James H. McNeilly, of Nashville, the veteran chaplain of the 49th Tennessee Infantry, "was there," and has something to say. After speaking of the evidences of the demoralized flight of the Federals to Franklin, he says: "As we started in pursuit I saw General Forrest sitting on his horse by the roadside. As I had never been close to him, I availed myself of my privilege as chaplain to march at will; so I went up to where he sat. I was in rags like the rest and never wore any mark of rank, and of course he never noticed me. He seemed to be in a rage. As I looked on his splendid physique and noticed his intense excitement, he seemed to me the most dangerous animal I ever saw. He was looking at the evidences of disorderly retreat. Just then General Walthall, our division commander, rode up. He was a great favorite of the great cavalryman. Forrest spoke to him for a moment, then broke forth. His face was livid, his eyes blazed. His voice was choked, between a sob and a curse, and these were his exact words, for I wrote them down just as I heard them: 'General, O General, if they had given me just one of your brigades, just one of 'em to fling across this road, I could ha' tuck the whole d—— shebang.' I beg pardon for reporting 'cuss words,' but these were his words as I wrote them at the time. In my moving about I have lost the little diary in which I wrote them. But they were impressed on my memory forever. And in our retreat from Nashville I was one of that ragged, barefoot squad of 1,621 infantry commanded by Walthall and with the cavalry constituting the rear guard under General Forrest. In all those days, when we fought all day and marched all night, I kept near General Forrest, and I can never believe that he was withheld from 'flinging a brigade across the road' by the irresponsible orders of a Yankee spy. That doesn't solve the mystery. I have seen the statement that General Hood did issue orders to General Cheatham to block the road. General Cheatham denied receiving them, and years afterwards the staff officer by whom the orders were sent confessed that he was so tired and worn out that he went to sleep and never delivered them. 'Old Joe,' next to Lee, as a general would have seen to it that those orders got there and were obeyed."

CONFEDERATE CEMETERY AT CHATTANOOGA.

A splendid ambition of Capt. J. F. Shipp, of Chattanooga, Tenn., Quartermaster-General U. C. V., has at last been gratified, and to-day the names of all identified soldiers buried in the Confederate cemetery there are recorded on iron tablets above their resting place. Thus their names and memory are perpetuated in a formal manner and a labor of love on the part of several Chattanooga veterans, especially Captain Shipp, is happily ended.



INTERESTED GROUP BY THE KENTUCKY TABLET.

From left to right: Captain Rock, Kentucky National Guard, business associate of General Young; C. Fort Milton, editor *Chattanooga News;* Miss Sara Frazier, daughter of S. J. A. Frazier, Captain Nineteenth Tennessee Regiment; S. A. Cunningham, late editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN; Mrs. G. Fort Milton; Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief U. C. V.; Mrs. C. E. Buek and Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, daughters of Rev. Dr. J. W. Bachman, Chaplain General U. C. V., both zealous workers in U. D. C. circles; Capt. J. F. Shipp, Quartermaster-General U. C. V.

Twenty-three years ago Captain Shipp began to compile the roster, which involved much research in all directions, including the War Department records at Washington. His idea, on completion of the roster, was to have U. C. V. Camps subscribe to a fund for the tablets, but in this he was unable to get concerted action. Ultimate success was attained because Mrs. Frances Fort Brown, related by marriage to the famous War Governor, Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, voluntarily offered to provide the funds out of love for the Confederacy and in memory of her relatives who fought and died for it. Several hundred dollars was necessary to make and install the twenty-five iron tablets, each three by three and a half feet in size. One of these is historical, with the following inscription:

"TO THE MEMORY OF OUR CONFEDERATE DEAD.

"In these sacred grounds the sons of eleven Confederate States are buried. The most of them died in hospitals in Chattanooga from wounds received in the battle of Murfreesboro and from sickness and wounds incurred in the campaigns from January 1 to September 7, 1863, when Chattanooga was evacuated by the Confederate troops. A few of the known dead who fell at Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge were removed here; also a number of unknown dead whose remains have been uncovered by excavations for buildings and highways. In the list of interments are the names of two Union soldiers who died while prisoners of war at Chattanooga; also a hospital nurse or matron, name not given. Individual graves cannot be located, but on this consecrated ground are erected memorial tablets to perpetuate the names and commands of the Confederate dead here interred."

This historic tablet occupies a conspicuous position opposite and near to the main entrance of the cemetery, which is a beautiful arch erected years ago through activities of local Daughters of the Confederacy. The roster tablets are scattered, but most of them are placed along the central walk in the northern part of the cemetery.

The names of the Alabama dead occupy eight tablets; Tennessee, four; Mississippi, three; Georgia, two; Arkansas, Florida, Kentucky, Louisiana, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Texas, one each.

An interesting event in connection with these tablets was on December 4, 1913, when Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief U. C. V., visited Chattanooga on his way to Jacksonville, Fla., to make plans for the 1914 reunion. He was entertained in a varied way all day by the Executive Committees of the U. C. V. Reunion and the Grand Army Encampment, both held in Chattanooga last year. One feature of the day was a trip to the Confederate cemetery in company with Captain Shipp and others, including S. A. Cunningham, late editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, which has done so much to accurately record events of the war and restore good feeling between the two sections, and two daughters of Dr. J. W. Bachman, Chattanooga's most loved pastor and Chaplain General of the U. C. V. General Young is a Kentuckian and was found by a photographer before the Kentucky tablet, where he and the others of the party consented to pose for a picture. General Young was greatly impressed and pleased with the tablets, spoke earnestly of the importance of the project brought to so complete a stage after nearly a quarter of a century of effort, and warmly commended the men who had done the detail work, as well as Mrs. Brown for her generosity.

Last May, during the Confederate Reunion, Captain Shipp had a printed roster in the hands of the cemetery sexton, and in this way many visitors learned where long-lost relatives or friends lay buried. The tablets will serve this purpose for all time, and doubtless still others will be able by this means to establish that intangible but sacred link in memory's chain of some loved one who gave up his life for the Stars and Bars, to lie for years in an unmarked grave. It is to be regretted that the tablets do not bear the names of all veterans who were buried in this cemetery. Identity of many, despite exhaustive research, could not be established.

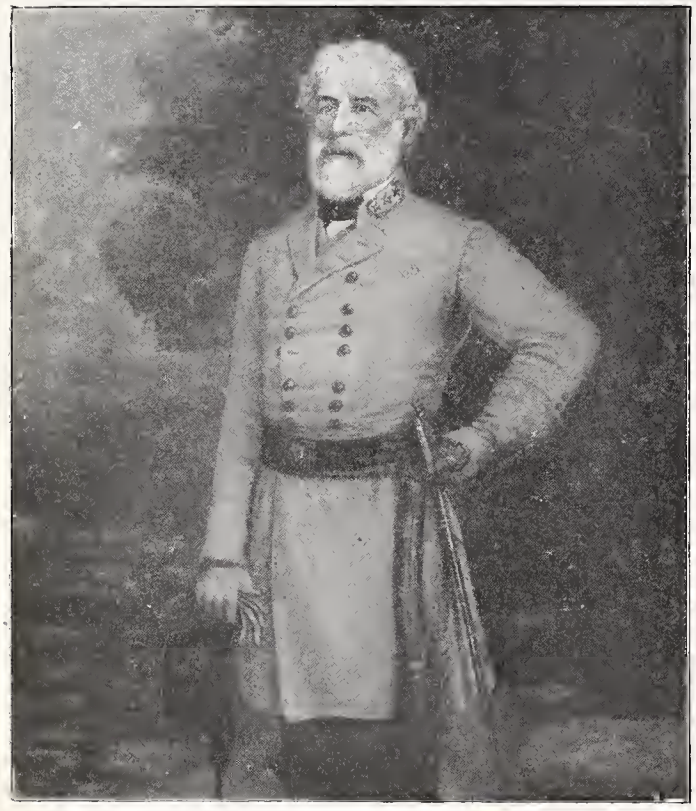


GROUP OF TABLETS IN CONFEDERATE CEMETERY.

THE SOUTH'S TRIBUTE TO GENERAL LEE.

The 19th of January was generally observed throughout the South by memorial exercises in honor of the great and noble Lee. Interest in the observance of this day grows with the years and will continue to grow not only in the South but over this whole country as the greatness of the man is more and more realized.

As a military genius General Lee is known to the world. His exalted character and his humanity in the midst of war are fitly illustrated by his order when invading the enemy's country that all private property be respected, which stands in sharp contrast to the conduct of the invaders of the South.



GEN. R. E. LEE IN FULL UNIFORM.

After the war was over General Lee set an example to all the South in going quietly to work to restore law and order. Refusing again and again offers of high-salaried places, he gave the closing years of his life to training the young men of the South. "I have a self-imposed task," he said, "which I must accomplish. I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them fall under my standard. I shall devote my life now to training young men to do their duty in life." Duty was ever his watchword.

This anniversary is now observed in many States as a legal holiday. Virginia, Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, North and South Carolina so honor it, and schools are closed and business suspended partially or entirely. In these, as in other States, the day is also observed by special memorial exercises. The presentation of General Lee's portrait to schools is made a special feature in some places. Especially commendable is the recognition of this day in schools, for it is a lesson of patriotism for the coming generations.

The Associated Press report gives a general résumé of the day's observance in the following:

"In Virginia, where the Confederate leader was born, members of the United Confederate Veterans held special memorial services at which General Lee's farewell address to the Army of Northern Virginia was read. Impressive exercises were held in Richmond, Governor Mann, Governor Elect Stuart, members of the legislature and local military organizations parading with the Confederate veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy to the Lee monument, where flowers were placed around the base of the statue.

"At Mobile, Ala., veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic joined with the Confederates in a joint celebration of the births of General Lee and Gen. Stonewall Jackson, the latter's birthday coming on January 21. In Nashville portraits of the Confederate general were presented to a number of schools. In Chattanooga prizes were awarded in all schools for the best essays dealing with the career of General Lee. In Memphis special exercises were held by the Confederate Historical Association.

"In Texas the day was quietly observed by patriotic societies and in the schools. Mississippi's Legislature held a brief session at which tributes to Lee's memory were paid. Daughters of the Confederacy conducted special services at New Orleans. Memorial services were held in many cities. At Charleston, S. C., a banner of crape floated from the flagstaff of the city hall. Georgia, North Carolina, and Arkansas observed the day quietly, though many services of commemoration were held."

"Out of its scabbard! Never hand
Waved sword from stain so free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee."

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C.

Your President has received a letter from Mr. W. H. David, of Cuero, Tex., himself a Confederate veteran, calling attention to the fact that Mrs. Anna Robertson Noxon, daughter of Col. Hugh Robertson, who was killed at the battle of Elkhorn while in command of a brigade of cavalry in the army of Gen. Sterling Price, lies ill and helpless in the Sahler Sanitarium, at Kingston, N. Y., and needs our assistance. Mr. David writes that Mrs. Noxon is a widow sixty-four years old and has, in the past, supported herself by her pen, but is unable longer to do this; that her father was a Mason, and that she is a friend of Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who has personally rendered her assistance. Any assistance given Mrs. Noxon should be sent to her in care of Sahler Sanitarium, Kingston, N. Y.

You will remember that I issued a letter to Division Presidents asking for recommendations for appointments on certain committees. The Constitution states that the minutes must be given to the printer on or before the first day of January; and as many letters containing recommendations reached me too late for this, I could not use the recommendations. In some cases daughters were recommended that had been appointed on other committees, so I did not follow recommendations when this happened.

Col. Hilary Herbert writes me that the Arlington monument has arrived and that he has made arrangement to have it temporarily stored in a government warehouse at Fort Myer, near Arlington, as the monument will be safer there than elsewhere. Let me insist that all pledges made for the monument and ceremonies attendant upon the unveiling be paid for at once.

Since my election as President General I have been asked many times about the selection of the directors for Arlington

monument and, wishing to thoroughly inform myself, I have studied the minutes very carefully. I was President of the Mississippi Division at the time the U. D. C. began the Arlington work; and according to action of the General Convention at that time, directing "that these directors shall be selected each by her own State," Mississippi chose her director. I see no record of this being changed. This is the answer your President General has given to letters asking her about the selection of Arlington directors.

The certificate that has been awarded for the past two years to the Division gaining the greatest number of new Chapters will be awarded again this year at the 1914 General Convention, which will be held in Savannah, Ga.

During the holiday season I received a great many greetings from "my daughters," all bearing expressions of friendship, love, interest, and best wishes. These thoughts of me added greatly to my Christmas joy, and I would that I could write a letter to each one thus remembering me; but as my time is so taken up with the business affairs of this great organization as to render this impracticable, I take this means to express my appreciation. DAISY MCLAURIN STEVENS.

JACKSONVILLE REUNION ARRANGEMENTS.

[Headquarters United Confederate Veterans, New Orleans, La., December 16, 1913. General Orders No. 15.]

I. The Commander in Chief is pleased to state that on December 5, 1913, in company with Col. S. A. Cunningham, late editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, he visited Jacksonville for the purpose of conferring with the representatives of that city in reference to a date and plans for the 1914 Reunion. The Board of Trade, the Confederate Camp, and the committees all were most cordial and enthusiastic and feel sure that they can do as much to make the Veterans, Daughters, and Sons comfortable as any city which has ever had the honor of entertaining those who attend these meetings.

When the Commander in Chief pointed out that the average age of all Confederate survivors was seventy-four years and that hitherto there had been some complaint of the inconvenience of tent life, generally accompanied by the necessity of lengthened travel to and from the camps to the place of meeting, and that the expense of entertaining in regular or especially fitted-up boarding houses would not be as large as in camps, the committee promptly declared that Jacksonville would have none of camp life, and the mayor most enthusiastically and happily announced that if tents should become necessary to care for the crowd the people of Jacksonville would live in tents and put the veterans in the houses. The Commander in Chief deemed this a great and liberal concession and, for the veterans, thanked the city for this great evidence of appreciation of the character and services of the men who wore the gray.

Reference was made to the action of the people of Louisville two years ago, when sending an invitation to the veterans to meet there, in agreeing to furnish automobiles for those who preferred to ride. Though informed that it would mean two thousand machines, Jacksonville said, "This would be an an easy task," and that the hostess city stood ready to provide them for those not inclined to walk. This will not prevent those who prefer marching, nor the uniformed companies and the generals and their staffs from proceeding in the usual way, but will enable everybody to get into the line and present a most imposing scene.

Jacksonville is a city of flowers, and to have two thousand automobiles in line, decorated with roses and Confederate flags, filled with men who constituted the greatest volunteer army the world has ever known, will make a scene of wondrous beauty and attraction. Henceforth Jacksonville will be known amongst the Confederates as the "city of the big heart."

After the hearty and enthusiastic acceptance of these suggestions (for they were only suggestions), Colonel Cunningham, representing Gen. K. M. VanZandt, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, and the Commander in Chief, representing General Harrison, Commander of the Department of the Army of Tennessee, and General Garnett, Commander of the Department of the Army of Northern Virginia, did not feel disposed to disagree very strongly with the Jacksonville Committee, who insisted on the first week in June for the meeting. After some discussion the dates were arranged for April 29, 30, and May 1, and it is believed that these will suit a very great majority of those who propose to attend the gathering.

The people of Jacksonville, under the able leadership of Gen. John L. Inglis, the new Commander of the Florida Division, and backed by the Confederates throughout the entire State, have resolved that the 1914 Reunion shall hold a very high, if not the very highest, record in meetings of the Veterans.

Later orders will be issued when the rates and other details have been arranged, and the Commander in Chief indulges the hope that, as Jacksonville and Florida are doing so much to make the Reunion happy and pleasant, a large number of the Veterans, Daughters, Sons, and friends will find it convenient to accept this beautiful and heartfelt hospitality.

II. The General commanding with much pleasure announces, at the request of its most energetic President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, that the Confederate Southern Memorial Association will hold its meetings at the same time.

By command of

BENNETT H. YOUNG, *General Commanding;*
WILLIAM E. MICKLE,
Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

The Aragon Hotel will be official headquarters during the Jacksonville Reunion.

A GENERAL INVITATION.

Come, leave the noisy Longstreet,
  And come to the Fields with me;
Trip o'er the Heth with flying feet,
  And skip along the Lee.
There Ewell find the flowers that be
  Along the Stonewall still,
And pluck the buds of flowering pea
  That grow on A. P. Hill.
Across the Rhodes the Forrest boughs
  A stately archway form,
Where sadly pipes that Early bird
  That never caught "the worm."
Come, hasten, for the Bee is gone,
  And Wheat lies on the plains;
Come, braid a Garland ere the leaves
  Fall in the blasting Rains.

[The above "general invitation" from a Confederate country maiden to a friend in the city was penned before the Confederacy went under. Miss Lena McVeigh, of Stevensburg, Va., copied the lines from a copy made by her mother in 1865.]

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF TRUST.

On Saturday, January 24, 1914, the trustees named under the will of Col. S. A. Cunningham to take possession of and publish the VETERAN for the benefit of the Confederate associations met in Nashville, Tenn. Gen. K. M. VanZandt, Gen. Bennett H. Young, and Miss E. D. Pope were present; but General Young had written authority to represent Gen. V. Y. Cook and Mrs. W. J. Behan.

Under the advice of Colonel Cunningham's friend and personal counsel, Hon. John H. De Witt, it was decided that the wise thing to do was to incorporate the trustees and make them a self-perpetuating body.

The business of the corporation would be to publish the VETERAN under the terms and provisions of the will of S. A. Cunningham.

It was agreed among all those present that Mr. John H. De Witt, long Colonel Cunningham's legal adviser, should qualify as administrator with will annexed. Administration is necessary under the terms of the will. The necessary legal documents could not be made ready for several days. These were to be prepared by Mr. De Witt and later submitted to the trustees for their signatures. All present were pleased to find such satisfactory conditions surrounding the VETERAN.

It was found upon investigation that the subscription list was such as to insure the publication of the VETERAN in the future as in the past. The life insurance of Colonel Cunningham and a small amount of property which he left will be a sufficient reserve, and with the income of the paper will insure its continuation for a number of years.

As the paper is to be published for the benefit of the association, the trustees deem this full and frank and complete statement due the public. For there can be no question, if the Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy and the Sons of Veterans coöperate, that the VETERAN will continue for many years to be the center for securing the facts upon which a correct history of the great war can be established. If every Camp of Veterans and Sons and every Chapter of the Daughters would send one new subscription, it would give the work a great impetus.

No steps have been taken for the selection of an editor in chief. It was thought by those present that the time had not come to take definite action; that the February number should be filled with later notices of Colonel Cunningham's death and tributes of appreciation of the wonderful work he had accomplished. Those in charge of the VETERAN were directed to prepare and publish a "Jacksonville Edition," which will be distributed during the Jacksonville meeting. This was always done by Colonel Cunningham, and it was deemed wise to continue that course.

It developed that there was on hand a large amount of valuable material which could be later used and which would fill many hundreds of pages of the VETERAN. Colonel Cunningham had been most industrious in securing and collating material for the VETERAN for many months to come, and those in charge feel that the high standard of the paper will be maintained and that, with the coöperation of those interested, the subscription list, instead of being decreased, will be increased during the coming months.

THE FUTURE OF THE VETERAN.

Anxious inquiries as to the continuance of the VETERAN have come from many friends interested in its future. Others have taken for granted that its publication would be continued and have insured their part of its support by sending subscription renewals promptly. All this is very encouraging to the management, who seek to keep it on a basis of self-support. This can be done easily through the continued coöperation of those who feel the importance of it as a journal of history—such history as can be written only by those who helped to make it. No higher tribute could be paid the founder of the VETERAN than to continue its steadfast patron, and nothing would be nearer the wish of the one who guided its destiny through more than twenty years—times of hope and discouragement—in all of which he "kept the rudder true."

Contributors are asked to write concisely and to prepare their articles with care, verifying dates when possible, thus avoiding the necessity of correction later. A clearly written manuscript—typewritten preferred—always makes a good impression on the editor and insures early attention.

The demand upon the "Last Roll" has become so heavy that necessary changes are being considered. The VETERAN has never charged for these tributes to comrades, and does not expect to do so; but there has been imposition by asking liberal space for sketches for those who were never patrons or whose families do not give their support. It is right that those who have helped the VETERAN should have its chief consideration when they can do no more. Sketches for this department should be confined chiefly to the war record of the comrade, with brief references to his later life. When picture is used with sketch, a charge of two dollars is made for cost of engraving. Twelve copies of the number in which the sketch appears will be furnished for one dollar.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

From the National Tribune, Washington, D. C.: "The death of S. A. Cunningham, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, at Nashville, is a matter for general regret outside of the Confederate veterans, of whom he was a strong and effective champion. He had been editor and publisher of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for more than twenty years and had worked hard and faithfully for its success. While the National Tribune had to take issue with much that was published as history in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, yet there was very much presented as history which we recognized as accurate and which it was of the greatest importance for the future to preserve. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is a high-class publication, and we trust that it will be continued on the same lines established by its founder. Its pages have rescued from oblivion a vast amount of history that should be preserved.

Even before he knew of the monument movement J. D. Remington, of Ortega, Fla., wrote: "No doubt there will be a fund raised to build him a monument, and I want to be the first to contribute toward it. My acquaintance with Mr. Cunningham was short, but from his fine qualities as a soldier and gentleman and through our correspondence I had learned to love, honor, and respect him."

GETTYSBURG PEACE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

FIRST MEETING IN WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 17, 1913.

Present in person: Col. Hilary A. Herbert, U. C. V.; Col. Andrew Cowan, U. S. V.; Gen. J. Thompson Brown, U. C. V.; Gen. Horatio C. King, U. S. V.; and Mr. Thomas S. Hopkins, U. C. V. Present by proxy: Ell Torrance, U. S. V.; Julian S. Carr, U. C. V.; Washington Gardner, U. S. V.; Elisha H. Rhodes, U. S. V.; Felix H. Robertson, U. C. V.; C. Irvine Walker, U. C. V.; A. J. West, U. C. V.; and S. A. Cunningham, U. C. V.

Colonel Cowan called the meeting to order. Colonel Herbert was nominated for Chairman, Mr. Hopkins for Secretary *pro tem.*, and General King for Inspector of Elections.

The Board of Directors having elected the officers named, by unanimous vote of the members present and by proxy of the absent members, Colonel Herbert, the President elect, was conducted to the chair. The Board then proceeded to the consideration of business.

Several letters written by Gen. C. Irvine Walker to Comrades Hopkins, Torrance, and Cowan were read, in which he earnestly advocated a greatly enlarged membership of the Association and asked permission to write about fifteen hundred representative members of the U. C. V. and G. A. R. to make applications for membership in the Association, in order that the influence of the Association might be greatly increased, and that a large amount of money might be secured to pay expenses and allow the Secretary an adequate salary. After a very full discussion the following preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas the Board is informed that the expenses received to date have been or will be fully paid without drawing any sum from the Founders' Fund; and whereas it is the opinion of the Board that only a small amount of money will be needed for the purposes of the Association in addition to the Founders' Fund, and it is believed this amount will be readily provided through voluntary contributions when asked for by the Executive Committee; therefore

"*Resolved*, That there should be no increase of the membership beyond the number of founders already named, except in case of voluntary applications when made to the President, as provided by Article 2 of the Association."

On motion, the preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted, and the Board then adjourned subject to the call of the Chairman.

BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.

BY G. W. SLEDGE, DUCK HILL, MISS.

In the VETERAN for November is the best account of the battle of Missionary Ridge I have seen in fifty years. It was written by P. D. Stevenson, Company K, 13th Arkansas Infantry. I was in Stanford's Battery. I think we were near the center, supported by Bate's Tennessee Brigade with only a single line of men, and they were scattered from four to six feet apart. Our four guns did effective work until we shot the last round of ammunition. Then our caisson was sent back for more, and the infantry seemed to think we were retreating. They evidently felt that we would all be prisoners, and they fell back in disorder. We lost all four of our guns, and when we left the Federals were climbing the ridge. The campaign seemed to be badly managed.

I hope some comrade of Stanford's Battery can give a better account of the battle than I can. Our army was reduced by a great deal of sickness and hunger.

WASHINGTON GARDNER AND GEN. J. B. GORDON.

[The spirit of the Commander in Chief of the G. A. R. was illustrated eighteen years ago by the following letter. His career in Congress for years since has been consistent.]

ALBION, MICH., January 15, 1895.

My Dear Mr. Cunningham: I send you clippings from our local paper and from the Hillsdale College Herald relative to the lecture of General Gordon recently delivered in our town, and also at Hillsdale and Ann Arbor, on "The Last Days of the Confederacy." In each and all of these educational centers magnificent audiences greeted the General. * * *

Probably more Federal soldiers faced the speaker than any other lecturer who ever visited our city. They came from miles away as well as from the town. Some had fought face to face with the General's troops, some had been captured by his command, and all felt that they were looking into the face of one of the ablest of living commanders and one of the bravest and most gallant spirits of the war.

At the close of the lecture the General, by request, held an informal reception, receiving all the soldiers present and many students and citizens who pressed forward to greet him.

The lecture was admirable in tone as well as in manner of delivery. No son of the South, however devoted to the past, had he chanced to be present, would have felt called upon to carry back to his late comrades in arms an apology for anything uttered; and no veteran of the North, however loyal to the old flag, could discover other than a spirit of fealty to the restored Union.

Is not this the ground the soldiers of both armies and their descendants are destined to occupy, each holding sacred the memories of the men whose deeds of valor are imperishable, and all rallying around one common standard, the emblem of authority, of order, of law, and of government?

I am sure I correctly represent the feelings of the great mass of the surviving veterans of the Federal army when I say that there is to-day in their hearts no feeling of bitterness or hate or revenge toward the brave men who a third of a century ago met us so valiantly on the battle's front.

There is military glory enough in the past to cause Americans for all time to point with pride to the fact that the actors of both sides were their countrymen. There are national possibilities before us great enough to tax the intelligence, the patriotism, and the devotion of all the people of all the sections of our great country. WASHINGTON GARDNER.

In a personal letter Mr. Gardner states: "I am convinced that, of all classes in the two sections, there is less of enmity and more of charity between the men who faced each other on the battle field."

Recently General Gardner visited the National Soldiers' Home, at Dayton, Ohio, where he received an ovation. He made an address at a camp fire, in which he is quoted by the National Tribune as saying: "We are gratified with the consideration that has been given the Union's protectors by the present administration, and we entertain nothing but the most kindly feelings toward President Wilson and the government's representatives in Congress. * * * The attitude of President Wilson toward the soldiers has been universally satisfactory, I believe, and we believe he is a man who is sincere of purpose and will endeavor to conform as nearly to his idea of right and justice as circumstances will permit."

BATTLE OF SHARPSBURG.

BY E. E. STICKLEY, WOODSTOCK, VA.

On September 16, 1862, after the capture of General Miles, with his 11,000 troops and all their arms and equipments, whom we had surrounded and cooped up in Harper's Ferry, Va., General Jackson moved his corps several miles up the Potomac River with a view to going into bivouac for the night. After halting and stacking arms, the men were ordered to cook several days' rations preparatory to invading Maryland. The meat was at once put in the pots, the fires made, and the pots began to boil to the delight of the hungry soldier. Then, to the surprise of all, suddenly and unexpectedly the "long roll" beat, and the whole of Jackson's army fell into line and prepared to move. The command was given and the march began toward Shepherdstown. Just below the town the troops waded the river and moved up through Sharpsburg, Md., before sundown, moving rapidly on to the field that afterwards became the battle ground.

I was then acting aid-de-camp on the staff of the old Stonewall Brigade. Riding through Sharpsburg, I obtained leave of Colonel Grigsby, the ranking officer commanding the brigade, to go to a house near by for water and food. After going there I began to feel wretchedly faint of heart, for it seemed to me that the coming battle meant my certain death. I dismounted at the gate, entered the yard and garden, and got some water and a few tomatoes, but could not eat them. It was only by a supreme effort that I conquered my fear and dashed hurriedly up and reported to our commanding officer in the line of march.

We moved forward and took position on the field, with the right of our brigade line resting near the Hagerstown Road, leading across the Antietam and facing the creek. We were ordered to rest in line, and did so all the evening of September 16. We placed our sharpshooters in our front, and often in the night there was considerable shooting, which indicated that the battle might begin at any time. Our troops lay on their arms all night.

About eleven o'clock Colonel Grigsby, speaking to me and to Cox, our orderly and one of the bravest boys I ever knew, said: "Boys, no fight to-night. You can lie down here and get some sleep." We prepared at once to do so.

I had a new pair of buckskin gloves and some new clothes. We each got a stone for a pillow and laid it down. I put both of my gloves on the stone and spread a blanket over them. We tied our horses to our feet, as was the custom in an emergency. We then lay down, with another blanket to cover us, and slept the sleep of the just. About three o'clock sharpshooting became fierce and active, seeming to point to immediate action. We arose at the touch of Colonel Grigsby, who had stood by the side of his horse all night. We untied our horses, which had been asleep too, packed up the blankets, and I then undertook to pick up my gloves; but the right-hand glove was gone, and I never saw it again. Now daylight was coming on, and Colonel Grigsby told me to go along the line, awaken the boys, and tell them to put on fresh caps, as it was clear now that we must get ready for battle.

Awhile after sunup the fearful battle began to rage. We first moved our artillery (Poague's Battery) to the front of our line to open the ball. They did so with good effect, exchanging a few rounds and then retiring behind the line. The spectacle now presented was one of splendor and magnificence, for as the enemy advanced we beheld one of the most brilliant displays of troops we had ever seen. The Federals in apparent double battle line were moving toward us at charge bayonets, common time, and the sunbeams falling on their well-polished guns and bayonets gave a glamour and a show at once fearful and entrancing.

About this time the Rochester Artillery (Colonel Reynolds commanding), stationed diagonally across Antietam Creek from us, opened a terrific fire, fixing their aim on the center of our brigade where they could see the staff horses. I was then in the act of mounting my horse, a fine animal I had captured at Harper's Ferry. The first shell fell about one hundred and fifty yards behind our line. The second fell about seventy-five yards in the rear of the line, doing no damage. The third shell struck and killed my horse and, bursting, blew him to pieces, knocked me down, of course, and tore off my right arm except for enough flesh to hold its weight. I saw my horse about to fall on me where I lay. I jumped up and went straight to the brigade line of battle, and was caught by two of our men and thus prevented from falling. I was saturated with blood, my right side from the blood of my own person and my left from the blood of my horse. Now it was clear why I had lost my glove. I had no right hand on which to wear it. Was this a presentiment?

Just before this serious happening the command came to the troops all along our line: "Forward, charge bayonets, common time! March!" The command was obeyed cheerfully and with vigor, the men charging and firing as they went. But at a short distance they halted by the powerful battle lines in front. They met at reasonably close range and a battle royal was on. It continued most of the day of September 17, 1862, and at night our brigade was still holding its position stubbornly and persistently, and so we remained.

Colonel Grigsby detailed two men to take me to the rear. We started down east along the battle line. They first put me on a horse to ride, holding me on. I became so very sick from the wounds that I had to be taken off. Not only was my arm gone, but there was a severe wound in my right side, much flesh torn off, rib broken, and lung bruised. I then walked along, supported by the men, until we came to a furnished house on the field of battle which had just been vacated. I was laid on the floor of the parlor, and two of our army surgeons came into the room where I was and began to tie up my arteries to stop the bleeding, which possibly saved my life. But before they got through several shells struck the house, and they left me alone and went their way. I shall not give their names, but they were not our own brigade doctors. Then a loitering soldier, dodging the battle, came to the door. He knew me, and asked what he could do for me. I told him to get me water, water, water. He could find none and took me along down toward the field hospital at Sharpsburg. On the way we met our brigade ambulance train in charge of Captain Burdette, of Staunton, Va., who soon saw me coming. He dashed up to me in haste and cried out: "Great God, Stickley, is that you?" He dismounted and came to me, and I fell into his arms and knew no more until I found myself in the hospital yard on the ground among thousands of shrieking, groaning, and dying soldiers.

After being roused up and regaining consciousness, I was ministered unto for hours by my good friend Riddlemoser, our medicine dispenser of Staunton, and by 3 P.M. reaction was brought about by stimulants. I was carried to the operating table, and our brigade surgeons, Drs. Sawyer and Black (God bless them and their memory!), did efficient work and probably saved my life.

The battle continued all day. It was fought at great odds, more than two to our one, and with varied success. But we

held our ground all that evening, night, and next day, ready to renew the battle. They did not venture to attack General Lee again that day. After waiting a time our army returned to the Virginia side of the Potomac.

We had engaged in battle that day about 41,000 troops. The Federals engaged were about 87,000 of all arms. The Confederate loss in killed and wounded was about 9,500 men. The Federal loss in killed and wounded was about 12,400 men, as shown by the records in Henderson's "Life of Jackson."

After leaving the hospital that night, crossing the river in an ambulance, we were first taken into Shepherdstown and thence to Winchester, where I was kindly cared for by good friends and my father and mother, and then taken home to recover.

While traveling one day I met and learned from a nephew of the lady who owned the house on the battle field that an arm was found under the table in their parlor when they returned after the battle, and that they had it buried in a corner of their garden near the house.

This was a great battle. It is spoken of as the bloodiest battle of the war. Our troops did some of their best fighting and sustained their hard-earned reputation. At one time, however, I learned that our brigade was driven back near the Dunkard church a short distance, but soon rallied and then moved forward some one hundred feet beyond its original position, and held it to the end.

When my horse was shot under me I lost my new hat, sword, field glasses, a diary of the movements and actions of the brigade which I had been keeping for some months, my blankets and clothing, and a splendid Mexican saddle of weight and beauty. This is written from memory after the lapse of fifty years, during which I have been carrying an empty coat sleeve.

[A report of this battle by H. J. Williams, major commanding the 5th Virginia Infantry, is quoted in the "War Records" as follows: "Lieut. James M. Garnett and Orderlies Cox and Stickley, the latter of whom was severely wounded early in the day, rendered indispensable services to Colonel Grigsby throughout the whole trying time."]

GEN. JAMES DESHLER.

BY CHARLES H. MILLS, ESQ., CORSICANA, TEX.

In the October VETERAN I saw the inquiry of Mr. E. A. Weaver, of Germantown, Pa., seeking biographical information concerning Gen. James Deshler, killed on September 20, 1863, while commanding the Texas Brigade in Cleburne's Division in the battle of Chickamauga. I reply briefly, giving Mr. Weaver such meager information as I have concerning this gallant officer.

My father, Col. Roger Q. Mills, deceased, commanded the 6th, 10th, and 15th Texas Infantry (consolidated) in Deshler's Brigade at Chickamauga, and upon the death of General Deshler was called by seniority to command the brigade, which General Cleburne says he did "with gallantry and intelligence." I heard Colonel Mills say that General Deshler was a graduate of West Point, and I am sure that Mr. Weaver can obtain information concerning his earlier years by applying to the War Department at Washington. The information I give herein is taken from the "Official Records" of the Union and Confederate armies.

First, we find Col. Edward Johnson, of the 12th Georgia, writing from Camp Alleghany, speaking of Capt. James Deshler acting as assistant adjutant general upon his staff, and on December 19, 1861, Colonel Johnson in his report of the battle near his camp says: "My acting assistant adjutant general, Capt. James Deshler, of the artillery, whilst behaving most gallantly was shot down in the trenches by a wound through both thighs. He refused to leave the field and remained in the trenches until the day was over."

We next find "Col. James Deshler," chief of artillery under Gen. T. H. Holmes, headquarters, Department of North Carolina, Goldsborough, April 27, 1862. In his report of the battle of Malvern Hill, June 30, 1862, Gen. T. H. Holmes commends Col. James Deshler, chief of artillery, for "zeal, intelligence, and bravery." On September 28, 1862, from the headquarters of the Trans-Mississippi Department at Little Rock, Ark., in Special Orders No. 39 we find Col. James Deshler relieved from staff duty and ordered to report to Maj. Gen. T. C. Hindman to be assigned to the command of a brigade. In pursuance of this order we next find Col. James Deshler in command of a brigade, of which the 10th Texas Infantry (Col. Roger Q. Mills) was a part. In his report of the battle of Arkansas Post, January 9, 10, and 11, 1863, Gen. T. J. Churchhill commends both General Deshler and his brigade for good behavior.

The peerless Lee referred to General Deshler in the highest terms from headquarters Army of Northern Virginia, camp Orange Courthouse, September 23, 1863, in a letter to President Jefferson Davis: "I am gradually losing my best men—Jackson, Pender, and Hood. There was no braver soldier in the Confederacy than Deshler. I see he is numbered among the dead." (General Hood was not killed, though General Lee must have heard that he was.)

In his report of the battle of Chickamauga, made on October 18, 1863, Maj. Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne states: "In effecting this last disposition of his command General Deshler fell, a shell passing fairly through his chest. It was the first battle in which this gentleman had the honor of commanding as a general officer. He was a brave and efficient one. He brought always to the discharge of his duty a warm zeal and a high conscientiousness. The army and the country will long remember him."

As I have above stated, Col. Roger Q. Mills, commanding the 6th, 10th, and 15th Texas (consolidated), succeeded to the command of the Texas brigade after General Deshler fell, and in his report of the battle he refers to his fallen leader as follows: "I may pause here and pay a tribute to the memory of our fallen chief. He was brave, generous, and kind even to a fault. Ever watchful and careful for the safety of any member of his command, he was ever ready to peril his own. Refusing to permit a staff officer to endanger his life in going to examine the cartridge boxes to see what amount of ammunition his men had, he cheerfully started himself to brave the tempest of death that raged on the crest of the hill. He had gone but a little way when he fell—fell as he would wish to fall—in the very center of his brigade, in the midst of the lines, between the ranks, and surrounded by the bodies of his fallen comrades. He poured out his own blood upon the spot watered by the best blood of his brigade. Among the host of brave hearts that were offered on the altar of sacrifice for their country on that beautiful Sabbath, there perished not one nobler, braver, or better than his. He lived beloved and died lamented and mourned by every officer and man of his command. He sleeps on the spot where he fell, on the field of his country's victory and glory, surrounded by the bodies of those who stood around him in life and lie around him in death."

MY LAST DAYS AS A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

BY G. L. TONNOFFSKI, COMPANY I, 17TH NORTH CAROLINA.

I was a member of Company I, 17th North Carolina Troops, and courier to Gen. W. W. Kirkland, who commanded General Martin's old brigade, composed of the 17th, 42d, 50th, and 66th North Carolina Regiments, the 50th being detached. I was captured at the fight known as the Three Days' Battles of Wise's Fork, some six or eight miles below Kinston, N. C.

On March 8, 1865, Gen. R. F. Hoke, commanding a division composed of Kirkland's and Clingman's North Carolina Brigades (as I now recall), Hagood's South Carolina, and Colquitt's Georgia, was sent to the rear of the enemy's line by flank movements on the right. We were to some extent successful. We drove the enemy from his strong fortifications, and kept up the fight until very late that afternoon. We captured a large number of prisoners and guns. During the day, about twelve or one o'clock, in a maneuver the 17th North Carolina Regiment, commanded by Lieut. Col. Thomas H. Sharp, by some means became detached from the brigade; and General Kirkland on discovering this fact directed me to go in search of the regiment. Remembering where I had last seen it, I made for the point as well as I could locate it through the heavy timbered section in which we had been fighting. I rode to within one hundred yards of the enemy's line. While crossing a country road I was in full view of the enemy. This time, as throughout all my service when the weather required it, I wore a deep-blue overcoat (not army fashion), my gray pants always in my long boots, and a dark slouch hat; and so I must have been taken for a Union officer, as I was not fired upon. It was while crossing the road that I discovered my nearness to the enemy. I then changed my course, and soon found Colonel Sharp and piloted him to the brigade.

An incident of this day's doings I shall report. After finding Colonel Sharp and on our return, riding at the head of the regiment, we found a large pile of knapsacks which the enemy in falling back had left near a house, presumably not having time after the attack to gather them up. I dismounted and made for them. After carefully examining the weight and condition of the knapsacks, I selected one with a new blanket and rubber. I strapped it all on my shoulders and remounted, carrying this heavy stuff the whole afternoon and until about dark. When hostilities for the day were over, I examined my treasure. Imagine how mad I was to find only an old underskirt, a much-worn cap, an old pair of shoes, and a large number of rifle and small cannon balls, with several pieces of shell!

On March 9 we made another feint movement, but were not so successful as the day before, and we fell back to our own main line and made arrangements for the next day. Early on that morning we took up our march, being piloted by Colonel Neathercutt, of the 66th North Carolina (Kirkland's) Brigade, which was on the extreme right of our division.

We soon learned that an effort was to be made to get in the rear of the left wing of the enemy's line. After traveling some distance, we were halted and ordered to flank and attack the enemy. However, we soon found that a swamp of great width had divided our line, and we were in front of the enemy. General Kirkland called me to him, saying: "Go and see if you can cross the swamp and tell Colquitt that we have driven in the picket line of the enemy and can hear nothing from him. See what is the trouble." I made for the swamp and rode until I came to a path, upon reaching which I stopped and took a survey of the surroundings. In looking through a dense, thick growth I found that we were in line with the enemy and not in his rear, and that our brigade was in front of a masked battery of several guns, and so intrenched and formidable the works that our entire army could not have taken it. About this time I heard the sharpshooters of Colquitt's Brigade firing. I retraced my steps and reported the facts to General Kirkland, when he said: "You go and find Colquitt and deliver my message."

I again rode up the swamp to the path, and just as I turned my horse to enter it I found the picket line of the enemy in front of Colquitt's, retreating through the path. Upon discovering me about twenty of them leveled their guns at me and commanded me to surrender, which I did most gracefully. At the same time, under their further command, I dismounted and was taken to the headquarters of a general whose name I have now forgotten. There I found an old Raleigh boy, whom I knew well, who had gone through the lines and who was then courier to the said general. In going to these headquarters I was more impressed than ever with the impossibility of success for our troops that day.

I had not been at the aforesaid headquarters more than an hour before the captured of our brigade were brought in by the scores, until the number reached over three hundred. Among them was Maj. L. J. Johnson, of the 17th North Carolina Regiment; also Lieutenant Stoddard, aid-de-camp to General Kirkland. And from them I learned that nearly our whole brigade was taken.

After remaining in the rear of the army for three days almost without food, on the morning of the 14th I, with the rest, was ordered to march to the railroad, some four or five miles distant, to be taken to New Bern for disposition as prisoners. About twelve o'clock we arrived at New Bern, where we were furnished with dinner. Late in the afternoon we were marched on board a cattle steamer, and after two or three days' travel we landed at Fortress Monroe, and there we were given dinner. We were then put on board a steamer for Point Lookout, where we arrived about three the next afternoon. The prisoners were landed and then lined up and marched up to Major Brady's office (he being in command of this post) for enrollment and delivery to him of such relics and valuables that we might have for safe-keeping. We were then marched to our quarters, called the "bull pen," covering several acres and overlooking Chesapeake Bay. I was assigned to a little fly tent as my future prison.

On my first day in prison I found an old schoolmate and friend, Rufus Smith, who, after his exchange and the surrender of Raleigh, became one of that town's successful butchers, doing business in the City Market until his death, several years ago. After discussing army movements, prison life, etc., I remarked to Rufus that I had been in this prison only a few hours, that I was weary of it, and that I thought I would make an effort to escape even if I had to swim the bay. He told me that if I would go up to a certain quarter of the bull pen, and take a view of the poor prisoners shackled with ball and chains for trying to escape, I would soon banish such thought from my mind. I said I did not care for that; that I was going to watch for an opportunity, and if one came I would take advantage of it.

About ten o'clock next day my friend Smith came to my tent and asked me if I was in earnest about trying to escape. "For," said he, "there is going to be an exchange of prisoners to-day, and I have known men to get out by assuming the names of others. Since we parted yesterday afternoon I have seen a prisoner whose parents live in Illinois. He does not

intend going back South, but means to take the oath of allegiance. He says he will allow you to use his name for one dollar and a plug of tobacco." "Well," said I, "the terms are all right; but I am minus the dollar and the plug of tobacco." Rufus said that he had both and would lend the same to me to be paid when I reached home, if I succeeded. Accepting the terms, Rufus went and saw the party, gave him the dollar and plug of tobacco, and obtained from him all the particulars of his capture, when and where. As I remember now, he was at Fisher's Hill and was a member of Stuart's Cavalry. I at once began making my arrangements. At twelve o'clock sharp the calling of the roll of those to be exchanged began, and the prisoner's name that I had assumed was called. I answered, was passed, marched out, and took position in line before an office in which the names were again called. I had to go into this office and sign the roll, entering all the particulars, together with age, place of birth, etc., about which, of course, I had been fully posted by the party through my friend Rufus. After various other formalities, in which I kept carefully to my assumed personality, we boarded a gunboat, and early the next morning we reached City Point, where we disembarked and took up a tramp to Richmond, passing through Chapin's farm and near the line where our brigade had been stationed the fall before.

When I reached and climbed over the breastworks at this farm, a relief came over me which I had never experienced before; for I must confess that from the time my assumed name was called until crossing the work the ball and chains to which friend Rufus first called my attention were constantly before me. When we reached Richmond we were marched to the old Libby Prison, where we were given dinner. Some time after this we took up our march for Camp Lee, where we were to get our paroles and order for transportation to our respective homes.

Here a most serious question confronted me. Being an escaped prisoner, my name did not appear on the roll, and to take a parole under my assumed name would do me no good. Yet fortune favored me, for when we reached Camp Lee all the offices were closed. As we were waiting for some one to come to issue the proper papers, an officer rode up to the building, dismounted, and remarked that if there was one in the crowd that could write a good legible hand, and would come in and assist him for a while, he would get his parole and order first and could go about his business. I was soon sitting down at a desk making out paroles and orders for transportation from the list given me. When I had finished, the officer asked me if I had made out mine, to which question I replied, "Yes," for I had inserted my own name for the assumed one. He signed it and told me I could go, and so I did, taking in Richmond that afternoon and reaching Raleigh the second day after.

When I related my story to General Kirkland, he said: "Well, you know by the rules of war you are an escaped prisoner and should report for duty; but I shall not require it of you, for anybody who would take all the risk that you have taken and be fortunate enough to obtain a genuine parole in the end deserves it and should have it."

I remained at Raleigh for a few days and returned home, being there on the day Raleigh surrendered, the 13th of April, 1865. I have now in my possession five attached five-cent shinplasters (so called) cut from a sheet which is supposed to be the first piece of money spent in the city of Raleigh on that memorable day.

GEN. FORREST ENDANGERED BY HIS OWN MEN.

Shortly after General Bragg fell back from Murfreesboro to Tullahoma, following the great battle, Bill Robertson and Jack Peters, of the 6th Florida Regiment, were on picket. A prolific writer tells of an interview with the former of their memorable experience. Robertson states:

"Jack Peters and I were ordered as a single squad to keep watch on a dirt road a short distance from our main line of defense. There was a swamp about fifty yards from where we intersected the road, and I suggested to Jack that if the enemy advanced we should fire and break for that swamp. Our immediate stand was at the base of a tree where we continued a subdued conversation, straining our eyes at short intervals to catch the slightest indication from the enemy.

"Presently our attention was directed to advancing cavalry. 'There they are; get ready!' quickly exclaimed Jack. He proposed that I take the leading one on the left and he the leading one on the right, fire, and run for the swamp. I contended that we could postpone firing until we were sure they were the enemy and asked Jack not to fire. He was in no mood to wait, and called my attention to the fact that there was not a gray coat in the entire squad, and that we had strict orders to fire upon anything from that direction. My unwillingness to fire, however, was supported by the impression I had received from the general deportment of the men which up to this time remained unchanged. I called Jack's attention to the seemingly unconcerned manner in which they were traveling. They did not have the appearance of men who were advancing toward an enemy, but showed a lack of anxiety that one would naturally expect from an advance under such conditions. So I said to Jack, 'We'll let them pass; they are small in number, and if they don't belong with us they will soon know of their peril and we can get in our work on their retreat.' They passed within fifty yards of us when Jack remarked: 'You are right; they are some of our men.' He made his decision upon discovering that each of the men had a sheet of black oilcloth fastened about him to keep off the rain, hence the invisible gray. We noticed, however, that one of them had riding back of him on his horse a little Union soldier whom they had captured and made a prisoner—the only exhibition of real blue that we saw.

"We related our experience in camp that evening and were told that the curious cavalry was General Forrest and his staff, and so it was the General himself who was treating the little bluecoat to a ride on his own horse.

"General Forrest came to our camp that night, sought Jack and myself, and extended his congratulations for the discretion exercised and thanked us for thus sparing himself and staff."

"MORTALLY WOUNDED" AND YET LIVING.

Comrade Charles Ducloux, of Knoxville, calls attention to an actual error in the report upon Capt. W. A. Ott on page 553 of the November VETERAN. He quotes the editorial reference to Captain Ott and notes the inconsistency that he was "mortally wounded" at Perryville and is yet alive. Of course that statement is erroneous. In fact, the VETERAN simply meant to state that his wound was so serious that the Captain was expected to die from its effects. Records of the war make it appear that many men were "mortally wounded." Such record is always made upon the assumption that death would ensue. Capt. William A. Ott is the only Confederate in the "War Records" of that name. Warren Ott, the only Federal of that name, was a corporal in a Maine battery.

REV. THOMAS M. COBB.

[Rev. T. M. Cobb, one of the most worthy and honored veterans of the Southwest Missouri Conference, who refuses to grow old in spite of the calendar, and is now chaplain to the Confederate Home at Higginsville, is thus strongly complimented in the Lexington News.]

Everybody knows that Rev. Thomas M. Cobb was a Confederate soldier. He served in General Cockrell's 1st Missouri Brigade, and the last year of the war was in the Army of Tennessee. After the battle of Nashville he transferred from infantry to cavalry and was sent into Southern Kentucky in company with others on a recruiting expedition.

In January or February, 1865, he, with his command, was camped in the wooded hills of Mead County. A young man came into camp and said that his name was Giles, that he belonged to General Hood's Texas brigade, that he was captured at the battle of Chickamauga, and that he had recently made his escape from prison at Camp Morton, Indiana. He joined the company to which Cobb belonged. He proved to be a gallant soldier and a gentleman of high ideals, wide awake, always on the alert, and fearless in the presence of the enemy. Together these two young men rode over the hills of Kentucky, were in many tight places, and had many narrow escapes. When the war ended the company surrendered and was paroled at Louisville, Ky., April 17, 1865.

Giles went to his home in Texas, and Cobb went to his home in Missouri.

These men have never met since they parted in 1865. At intervals they have corresponded, and the feeling of soldierly comradeship and love has grown with the years.

A few days ago Rev. Mr. Cobb received the following lines from his old war-time friend to "my dear old comrade":

"I'm thinking of you to-night, Tom,
  And the boys we used to know
'Way back in Old Kentucky
  Nearly fifty years ago.
And through the hazy vista
  I see the camp fires glow
And hear the boys all singing
  The songs of long ago.

Old songs like 'Annie Laurie,'
  'Ben Bolt,' and 'Bonnie Jean,'
And ''Way Down South in Dixie,'
  And 'You Will Go, My Queen.'
Ah! where are all those jolly lads
  That sang those songs now rare?
I listen for an answer,
  And the echo answers, 'Where?'

Some have crossed the river
  And sleep beneath the trees,
Where thousands now are camping
  With the Johnstons and the Lees.
Some few of us are straggling yet
  And loitering on the way;
But Time has marked us for his own,
  For now we are old and gray.

We had some rough old times, Tom,
  No matter where we'd go;
Sometimes we bunked in some old barn,
  Sometimes out in the snow.
From Hawesville down to Cloverport,
  From Wolf Creek out in Mead,
Those pesky Yankees chased us
  With energy and speed.
Never strong enough to take a stand
  And make a decent fight,
The only way we whipped them
  Was by strategy and flight.

Many years have passed since then,
  And we have never met,
But some of our adventures still
  Are lingering with me yet.
May your life be long and useful, Tom,
  And your heart remain as true
As when in Old Kentucky
  We skedaddled from the blue!"

ARLINGTON—A MILESTONE IN HISTORY.

DR. SIMON BARUCH, IN THE NEW YORK SUN.

Amid the silent heroes who rest in honored graves on beautiful Arlington's historic summit was enacted on November 12, 1912, a scene the grandeur of which will illumine the pages of history for all time, modest though it seem among contemporary events. On that day was laid the foundation of a monument to the heroism and self-sacrifice of the soldiers of the Southern Confederacy, of which President Taft spoke as "a shrine and an altar which will be visited in the future by many a faithful pilgrim" and which the assembled women of the South declared to be "a token of love of country in the hearts of the Southern women that had grown into a mighty strength of passion," and has resulted in the declaration "to the world that the Confederate soldiers and sailors and statesmen shall be remembered forever."

With the consent and approval of the living representatives of the conquering army this testimonial to a fallen foe is being reared among the graves of their silent conquerors. It was an impressive lesson of "peace and good will to all mankind" to behold the sadly maimed spokesman of the Grand Army of the Republic, Corporal Tanner, who had lived and suffered with the heroic dead of the victorious army, stand with bared head and reverent mien and with his own hand place a trowel of mortar upon the foundation stone of this monument to a fallen foe. On the following day President Taft, the stanch representative of the party which carried the battles for the Union to a successful issue, added luster to his country's fame by declaring to the assembled United Daughters of the Confederacy: "This occasion has brought you together to celebrate the heroism, courage, and sacrifice of the men of the South. North and South alike should rejoice in the common heritage of courage." The President's address bore testimony to the depth of emotion which prompted these and many other words of wisdom and brotherly sympathy.

Is there a parallel in history to this event? Generosity to a fallen foe is the highest test of civilization.

At its last meeting Joe Wheeler Camp, No. 260, U. C. V., Bridgeport, Ala., passed resolutions that the Adjutant be instructed to write Mrs. Virginia Clay Clopton, President of the Huntsville Chapter, U. D. C., to use her influence with the Daughters in urging Congress to appropriate the cotton tax money to the States from which it was collected, the amount to be converted into Confederate pension funds by each State.

CAPT. JAMES DAVID RHEA.

Among the brave men who answered the South's call to arms was David Rhea, who was sworn into the Confederate service May 16, 1861, in John C. Brown's company, 3d Tennessee Regiment. When the company was first organized at Pulaski, David Rhea was second lieutenant. Soon afterwards the company was reorganized at Lynnville, Tenn., and here Mr. Rhea was elected first lieutenant.

From Lynnville the army moved to Camp Cheatham, Camp Trousdale, and then to Bowling Green, Ky. In the drilling and management of arms at Bowling Green Lieutenant Rhea was exceptionally good. It has been said by his comrades that he was the best in the company. He used a gun with telling effect at Fort Donelson. Here he was captured and carried prisoner to Camp Chase, from which he escaped.

After Lieutenant Rhea's company was exchanged, it was reorganized near Jackson, Miss., and Rhea was elected captain. Heretofore his company had been Company A; but it was changed to Company G, and bore a gallant part in many battles, among them being Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Raymond, Rocky Face Mountain, Lookout, New Hope Church, Chickamauga, and Resaca, where Captain Rhea came near losing his life. A shell exploded near him and killed and wounded several men. A piece of the shell went through his blanket and clothing and grazed his bosom. The next battles in which he took part were Missionary Ridge, the Dalton and Atlanta Campaign, and Jonesboro.

Captain Rhea then went with Hood on the campaign through Tennessee, during which were fought the battles of Franklin,



CAPT. JAMES DAVID RHEA.

Nashville, and Murfreesboro. The remnant of the regiment then went to Tupelo, Miss., and from there to North Carolina. Rhea was with his company in the last two fights in North Carolina, Branchville and Bentonville. He spent some weeks of his campaign out in the swamps, during which time he came very near starving.

After the surrender Captain Rhea, like all other brave officers and soldiers of the Confederacy, went to work to recover his fallen fortunes. He was an excellent farmer and splendid citizen, and on account of his many fine traits of character and genial disposition was universally loved and respected. His death, which occurred in the spring of 1881, was very tragic. He was on his way home from Pulaski, with a negro in the buggy with him, when, attempting to cross a swollen creek, he, with his buggy, horse, and all, was swept off into the raging torrent below. Captain Rhea gallantly swam to the shore with the negro and returned for his horse, which was still struggling in the waters. In some way (no one knows how) Captain Rhea, one of the best swimmers in the country, lost his life. His remains were recovered and buried by his bereaved relatives and friends. The members of his company met the funeral procession a mile from town and marched with it to the cemetery, where they buried him with military honors.

An old comrade of Captain Rhea has furnished the following interesting list of the members of his company still living to-day. The list was made up by F. M. Bunch, who states that these are all that are left whom he knows, but that there were some others who were transferred to other companies: L. E. and J. M. Abernathy, E. G. Buford, F. M., Alexander, T. J. Bunch, William Chambers, S. D. Claek, J. M. Dickson, J. K. P. Garner, W. L. and L. H. Holt, T. W. Jones, John Kennedy, W. H. Lucy, Jessie Reed, J. B. Short, T. L. Stevenson, R. M. Tinnery, J. D. Wright, J. D. Flautt, T. S. Pittard, L. W. Suttle, W. R. Smith, A. J. Nipp.

General Beauregard's Appreciation of the Military Surgeon.—In his report of the first battle of Bull Run Gen. G. T. Beauregard, C. S. A., made the following reference to his medical prisoners: "We captured also many prisoners, including a number of surgeons, whom (for the first time in war) we treated not as prisoners but as guests. Calling attention to their brave devotion to their wounded, I recommended to the War Department that they be sent home without exchange."—*Southern Practitioner, Dr. D. J. Roberts, Editor.*

HERBERT HEAD OF PEACE MEMORIAL.

The announcement is made that Hilary A. Herbert, former Secretary of the Navy and colonel of the 8th Alabama Infantry, C. S. A., is to be President of the Gettysburg Peace Memorial Association, recently organized at Chattanooga with a membership of sixty-eight founders, equally divided between U. C. V. and U. S. V. soldiers of the war of 1861.

Other officers of the Association are General Chamberlain, of Maine, and General Law, of Florida, both Honorary Presidents, and Maj. John H. Leathers, of Louisville, Secretary.

General Chamberlain, ex-Governor of Maine, distinguished soldier, lieutenant colonel of the 20th Maine Infantry at Gettysburg, made brigadier general U. S. V. by General Grant on June 18, 1864, on the battle field, author, educator, and a former President of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, will give the Association his enthusiastic support.

Gen. E. MacIver Law, U. C. V., was lieutenant colonel of the 4th Alabama Infantry, C. S. A., 1861; brigadier general, 1862; major general, 1865; a distinguished soldier and a gentleman whose life since the war has been full of usefulness; professor of history and belles-lettres. He is a native of South Carolina. General Law is the last surviving major general of the Confederate army.

Major Leathers is Treasurer of the Jefferson Davis Home Association. He served throughout the war in the Army of Northern Virginia, and afterwards went to Kentucky, where he is now president of one of the leading banks of Louisville.

TO SOUTHERN WOMEN IN BALTIMORE.

The unveiling of the monument to the women of the Confederacy erected in Loudon Park Cemetery by the Board of Managers of the Confederate Woman's Home, Baltimore, Md., was marked by impressive ceremonies. The monument stands on the lot set aside as the burial place of those who die within the Home and have no other place of sepulture. The Woman's Home has been established in Baltimore for several years and shelters a number of Confederate widows, who receive every comfort in the Home. It is under the supervision of the Board of Lady Managers, and has also the active interest of Mr. J. R. Wheeler, who is considered the father of it.



WOMAN'S MONUMENT, BALTIMORE, MD.

The beautiful poem composed for and read on this occasion concludes with these lines:

"Here tell, O tongueless stone, to-day
That where the Women of the Gray
Rest in green mother earth, there lies
The holiest dust beneath the skies!"

The address of the occasion was by Col. D. G. McIntosh and was a eulogy of the women who so nobly bore their part in the four years' struggle.

EXTRACTS FROM ADDRESS BY COL. D. G. MCINTOSH.

We are assembled here, my friends, to do honor to the memory of the brave Confederate women who suffered for the cause in which their country was embarked and to commemorate the noble and valuable services which they rendered in its behalf. History will never reveal more patient suffering, more steadfast courage, more undying loyalty, nor more Christian resignation than was displayed by them in the course of that long conflict. The contagion of their zeal and enthusiasm was always an inspiration to armies, and their activities contributed largely to the comfort of the soldiers. To the sick and wounded they were like guardian angels, and their sweet and pious ministrations softened the last moments of many a poor fellow who confided to them his last messages to the loved ones at home.

At the outset of the struggle there was high hope, implicit confidence, and a noble enthusiasm which knew no bounds. This spirit never faltered; but there were four long years of bitter experience to be endured, with only gleams of sunshine to comfort and console them. In these four years was concentrated a whole lifetime of existence.

As time wore on and the ghastliness of war spread over the land, the spirit of these noble women took on fresh courage under the hardening conditions which surrounded them; and as their prayers constantly went up to heaven, they sought relief in acts of mercy and in finding something for their hands to do. Their one thought was to relieve the necessities of the government and to give comfort and support to the men in the field.

Relief societies were organized in every neighborhood, and wayside hospitals were opened at every convenient point for the care of the sick and the wounded. Many turned farmers and overseers and looked after the crops, while in every household ingenuity was taxed to the utmost in devising what to eat and to wear. The old spinning wheels and looms and dye pots were brought forth from forgotten places and wool of home production was converted into clothing. Every fragment of material went into some kind of garment. After the blankets were given up, carpets were utilized. Wool mattresses were ripped open, recarded, and woven anew. * * * What passed for coffee was made of rye, wheat, and sweet potatoes chipped, dried, and parched. Sometimes it was made of okra seed and other articles and sweetened with sorghum or honey and was drunk with all the gusto of the purest Mocha. Fruit cakes were made of dried apples, cherries, pears, and plums, and without spice. Salt was obtained by digging up the earthen floors of old smoke houses, dripping water through it, and boiling it down. The best lights in rural sections were tallow candles and wax tapers made by winding yards of wick dipped in melted wax around an old candlestick.

These occupations provided some mental relief like a safety valve to the tense feeling which everywhere prevailed. But who can tell of the inward grief and gnawing anxiety which lay beneath. Who can conceive of the agonized suspense endured on the eve of some great impending battle and the unutterable grief which so often accompanied the fatal news?

It is not to be implied that this suffering was altogether peculiar to the Southern women. The mortalities of battle and disease carried mourning and grief to many a Northern home, and the women on that side had their hearts wrung by the loss of their dear ones. The vacant chair and the gap in the family circle were dreadfully in evidence on both sides. But there was this difference: the one was generally surrounded by friends and rarely, if ever, left without any protection. She was far from the scene of conflict, and the horrors of war were not brought to her doors. She was rarely, if ever, oppressed by fears of an invading army. She had never to fly from a home laid in ashes before her eyes at the hands of ruthless soldiers. She never had to be a refugee and never harassed by hunger and want for herself and her children, and she was never in her loneliness exposed to the dangers of a servile race whose loyalty was forever being assailed and undermined. To the Southern woman war was

all around her. Frequently she was enveloped between contending lines, and the bloody conflict sometimes reached her very doorsteps. The noise of contending strife was constantly in her ears, and at times the horrible missiles of the enemy penetrated her home and dwelling, making the cellar the only place of safety. Worst of all were the insults to which she was subjected when drunken ruffians, throwing aside all pretense of discipline, gave themselves up to pillage and wanton destruction.

The soul of the South in the sixties was stirred by a mighty impulse. It gave up its best and its bravest for a cause it believed to be absolutely just. The exhibition of character which the war called forth not only in its leaders but in the men in the ranks and in the women who toiled at home has not been in vain. The outside world saw and felt the exhibition as a great moral lesson in which the best qualities of the race shone out in splendid colors, and its influence and saving grace are not wholly lost even in this commercial age.

The same thing may largely be said of the other side. They had their heroes and their patriots. It is now conceded that both sides were animated by their own convictions of right and both fought with patriotic courage.

The importance of the part which the women on both sides played in the great drama is more and more recognized. An effort has recently been made in the Senate of the United States to add to a certain bill before that body a handsome appropriation to acquire a site and erect a memorial in the District of Columbia to "commemorate the services and the sacrifices of the women of the United States, North and South, during the sixties." The measure was supported by Senators North and South, but it unfortunateliy failed—we hope only for the time being—for lack of a quorum.

Our war fortunately was not a war of races nor of religions, and its causes have disappeared from the political horizon. Time and the recuperative energies of the two sections have under the influence of a merciful Providence removed the sources of mutual bitterness, and both sides can now happily harmonize and reunite in the bonds of a common country.

GEN. LEROY STAFFORD CAMP, SHREVEPORT, LA.

BY W. H. TUNNARD, CO. K, 3D REGIMENT LOUISIANA INFT.

This Camp, one of the most active in the great Southern Veteran organization, is the successor of the Benevolent Association of Confederate Veterans, organized at the old Tally Opera House here on Milam Street July 5, 1884, under a call made by Victor Crosjean, present editor of the Caucasian. The first officers elected were: James F. Utz, President; J. C. Egan, J. W. Jones, L. R. Simmons, Arthur J. Newman, and William Kinney, Vice Presidents; J. V. Nolan, Secretary; T. B. Chase, Secretary; W. C. Perrin, Treasurer. It has one hundred and fifteen members enrolled.

This Association, one of the first organized in the South after the war, was enrolled for mutual protection and perpetuation of the true history of the war, and was succeeded by the present Camp, No. 3, July 8, 1891, with a membership of eighty. The first officers of Camp No. 3 were as follows: Commander, William Kinney; Lieutenants, J. M. Martin, J. J. Scott, W. H. Wise; Adjutant, Will H. Tunnard; Treasurer, William Enders; Quartermaster, R. T. Vinson; Officer of the Day, V. Crosjean; Surgeon, J. F. O'Leary; Assistant Surgeon, J. C. Egan; Sergeant Major, D. G. Holland; Vidette, John Corbett; Color Sergeant, Arthur J. Newman; Color Guards, John S. Young, John Corbett.

During the nearly thirty years of its existence the members of this organization have been a power in the great Southern Association, and not less left the imprint of their activity and energy on the development and rapid progress of Shreveport, one of the most prominent cities of the Southwest. Their members have filled with distinction, honor, and marked ability high positions on the supreme bench and as judges of other courts, able lawyers, eminent physicians, ministers, bankers, editors, and in the leading business pursuits of every description. The membership embraces every branch of the military service and belonged to the great armies that won distinction during the war from the Potomac to the Rio Grande.

The members of the Camp attended the splendid Reunion held at Little Rock, Ark., in 1911 as the guests of Caddo Parish, making the most memorable trip in their history. They carried to that city one of the scarred battle flags of the 3d Louisiana Infantry, which regiment was landed there fifty years previously, in May, 1861. It was carried at the head of the Louisiana Division, and was greeted with a continuous ovation as followed by the remnant of the famous command, and beneath whose waving folds marched Miss Myrtle Young, the enthusiastic and handsome sponsor of Henry W. Allen Camp, No. 182, of Monroe, La.

This Camp has carried on its roll two hundred and five members and preserves the military record of each of its members in a heavy bound volume. Its present active membership numbers sixty, and their meetings are enthusiastically and numerously attended.

The present officers elected August 10, the anniversary of the battle of Oak Hills, Mo., embrace the following: Commander, V. Crosjean; Lieutenants, G. J. Lucas, F. C. Marsden, Dr. J. F. O'Leary; Adjutant, Will H. Tunnard; Quartermaster, George L. Woodward; Surgeon, Dr. R. A. Gray; Treasurer, T. B. Chase; Officer of the Day, H. C. Rogers; Vidette, B. H. Roach; Color Sergeant, W. T. Lassiter; Color Guards, John S. Young and W. McD. Roach.

Such is a brief outline of the formation, career, and present status of one of the oldest and most notable Camps of the United Confederate Veterans. Arouna it cluster deeds of benevolence, usefulness, and activity under the white banner of peace scarcely less brilliant than the heroism of its members displayed in war. They are honored by their fellow citizens and their comradeship and ties become more marked and closer as their ranks are decimated by the scythe of time and their enthusiasm for the cause they espoused and battled for increases in volume in each succeeding year.

Scores of the members sleep in calm repose in the beautiful cemeteries, the bivouac of the dead, where annually assemble the noble matrons and fair maidens of this Southland to pay fitting tribute to their valor and immortal glory in song and story, in impassioned words, and tear-dimmed eyes, and whose loving hands and tender hearts bring love offerings and strew each well-kept grassy mound with the regal blossoms of this sunny land baptized and consecrated by the free-will offering of their crimson life blood.

"In hearts true and tender, monuments now stand
More polished in beauty than aught in the land,
Than e'er Greek Demetrius with his skill wondrous
Chiseled from marble so rough and so pondrous;
Monuments pure and rare, deep-watered with tears,
Time cannot erase with its long lapse of years,
Nor memory true from its tablets efface
The glory and beauty in patriots' blood traced."

ALL'S FAIR IN WAR.

BY JOHN C. BAIRD, HOMER, LA.

After the siege of Knoxville, in the winter of '63-64, General Longstreet took up winter quarters at Morristown, in East Tennessee, and Martin's Division, of Wheeler's Cavalry, guarded his front and did the picket duty for his army.

It was a very cold winter; and as our wagon train was cut off south of Knoxville and never reached us, there was much suffering, especially with the cavalry on the front. We had to subsist entirely off the forage of the Tennessee Valley, and had to fight almost daily to keep the enemy from getting it.

Late one evening, after Company E, 1st Alabama Cavalry, had been on the picket line for twenty-four hours, another company came out to relieve us; but being an hour or so late, our captain refused to be relieved and said he would stand another twenty-four hours.

It was now nearly dark and was sleeting, and I said to the captain that it might suit him, as he did not have to sit four hours at a time on his horse out on the picket line, but could sleep at the picket reserve; but as for us, we would be glad to accept the relief even though it was behind time. He gave me to understand at once that he was the captain, and that he would certainly punish me for my insubordination.

Early the next morning the brigade started on the advance down toward Knoxville; but the captain in his great hurry did not forget his promise of punishment. So he disarmed and dismounted me and detailed one of my chums, Henry Tarver, to guard me. He instructed Henry to follow on after the rear guard and to see that I walked, but it was so very cold that I had to relieve Henry occasionally and let him walk. Had the captain given Henry and me a pass and told us to follow on behind, get all we could to eat, and keep out of the fight, he could not have pleased us better, for that is just what we did. So we took up our march in the rear, and when we reached the first farmhouse that looked in any way respectable I suggested to Henry that we turn in and warm up a little. As I stepped up on the front veranda, Henry following with his gun, two very neat-looking ladies met me. One of them asked if I was a prisoner, and I answered that I was. She invited us in and gave us seats before a good hot fire. Henry was a very intelligent boy. He was quick to see that the ladies had taken me to be a Yankee prisoner and I had their sympathy, and he played his part well.

One of the ladies took a seat near me and asked to what regiment I belonged; and when I told her Colonel Brownlow's 8th Tennessee, she said that her husband was a lieutenant in that regiment. "What is his name?" I asked. When she told me his name, I assured her that I knew him well, and that he was a very gallant officer, respected and loved by his men, and that he had been especially kind to me on several occasions.

She next wanted to know when I was captured and how the Rebels had treated me, and asked many other questions. I told her that the Rebels who captured me treated me roughly and robbed me of the few clothes and the little money that I had, but that this young man who was now guarding me was a very nice gentleman and had been very kind to me.

She then suggested to Henry that they had just finished breakfast, but if he could wait awhile it would not take her and her sister long to prepare breakfast for us. Of course he did not object to waiting, as we were very comfortably seated before the fire; and in a very short while we were both enjoying a good warm breakfast of ham and eggs and biscuit and sure-enough Yankee coffee. When we arose from the table, Henry walked out on the veranda and left me sitting by the fire. The young unmarried lady took a seat by me and asked me if I did not think I could make my escape from the Rebels, and I answered that I thought I could. She then insisted that I make the attempt, and in case I was successful to come to their house and they would take care of me and conceal me until our men could drive the Rebels clear out of East Tennessee, which would not be very long, as she viewed the situation.

About this time Henry appeared in the door, and after thanking the ladies for their amiable hospitality he said to me: "Come on, Yank, and get in the road." They both insisted to Henry that if he still had the little prisoner in charge when night came on, and if camped anywhere in reach, to be sure to bring him back and get supper; and at the same time said to me that if I was not allowed to come, to send some one and they would take the risk of sending me something to eat. I thanked her and assured her that I would.

We then took up our line of march following in the wake of the brigade, and when we overtook them they had met the enemy and a fierce battle was raging. We ventured up on a hill in front of another farmhouse near enough to view the progress of the fight. After an hour or so of deadly conflict, our lines began to give way. When Henry saw this he suggested that I had better prepare for action; that if our men were routed, which seemed very likely, he could not be responsible for my safety.

I said: "Why, Henry, how can I prepare for action with neither horse, gun, nor pistol?" "Don't you see that colt in the lot yonder? See if you can find a bridle in the barn." Sure enough in less time than it takes to tell it the colt was bridled and I was mounted, and the battle, with all its fierceness, was upon us. The only weapon I had left me at this time was a good pair of spurs, which was about all that I needed in that bareback ride. My colt was so light that the larger horses knocked him about considerably, but he stayed on his feet and I stuck to his back; and on that wild ride for life, as I spurred that little colt to his utmost speed, the thought uppermost in my mind was capture. Suppose I should fall into the hands of that lieutenant and our forces should retreat beyond his home and I should be taken before his wife, the lady who showed so much sympathy for the little Yankee prisoner and gave him breakfast only a few hours ago, would I not be a prisoner in fact transformed from Yankee to Rebel? Would her sympathy not turn rather to wrath and vengeance? Such thoughts as these were flying through my brain about as fast as the bullets were flying past my head.

Finally our boys rallied and with the support of other troops turned the enemy back to their quarters and our brigade returned to camp. About dark I reported on the colt to the captain, and the first thing he wanted to know was what became of Henry. I answered that he was around in the layout somewhere if the Yankees hadn't caught him. I told the captain that my colt ran away with me, and I didn't suppose that Henry could keep up with him.

After viewing the little colt, which from its size did not seem to be much over a year old, the captain gave a hearty laugh and told me to go to my quarters, get my horse and arms, and be ready for duty next morning.

No sooner had I joined the boys around the camp fire than I remembered what the good lady said about supper; and as

Henry had not yet appeared, I detailed one of my mess, George Nettles, to go after it. I directed him how to find the plaee and gave him a verbal message to the lady of the house. He mounted his horse and was gone a couple of hours and returned with ham and biseuit, tied up in a niee clean towel, enough for our mess of four. George said he asked the lady if he must return the towel, and she said: "No; just give it to the little prisoner for a handkerehief."

I deplore now that I so deceived those good ladies, even though they were our enemies at the time. On aeeount of my youthfulness and delicate physique, I aroused more sympathy and was the reeipient of more favors and lenieney than fell to the lot of the older boys. I sincerely regret many things that I did during the four years of the war and would gladly make amends if I eould.

LEE MEMORIAL ODE.

Replies to the inquiry about the lines, "He did not die that day in Lexington; Fame eame herself to hold his stirrup while he mounted," place them as a part of the beautiful "Memorial Ode" by James Barron Hope, written for the laying of the corner stone of the monument to General Lee in Richmond, Va., in October, 1887. The gentle poet did not live to take part in the ceremony, his spirit having winged its flight just a few weeks before, and his poem was read on the occasion by Capt. William Gordon McCabe. The stanzas here given are seleeted as especially appropriate for publieation at this time, the eomplete poem being too long for reproduetion.

"And hence to-day, my countrymen,
We eome with undimmed eyes,
In homage of the hero Lee,
The good, the great, the wise!
And at his name our hearts will leap
Till his last old soldier dies.

Ask me, if so you please, to paint
Storm winds upon the sea;
Tell me to weigh great Cheops,
Set volcanie forces free;
But bid me not, my countrymen,
To picture Robert Lee!

. . . . . .

His was all the Norman's polish
And sobriety of graee,
All the Goth's majestie figure,
All the Roman's noble faee;
And he stood the tall exemplar
Of a grand historie race.

Baronial were his aeres where
Potomac's waters run;
High his lineage, and his blazon
Was by eunning heralds done;
But better still he might have said
Of his 'works' he was the 'son.'

Truth walked beside him always,
From his childhood's early years;
Honor followed as his shadow,
Valor lightened all his eares;
And he rode, that grand Virginian,
Last of all the Cavaliers!

As a soldier we all knew him
Great in aetion and repose,
Saw how his genius kindled
And his mighty spirit rose
When the four quarters of the globe
Encompassed him with foes.

But he and his grew braver
As the dangers grew more rife;
Avarieious they of glory
And most prodigal of life;
And the Army of Virginia
Was the atlas of the strife.

. . . . . .

Then came the end, my countrymen;
The last thunderbolts were hurled.
Worn out by his own victories,
His battle flags were furled,
And a history was finished
That has ehanged the modern world.

As some saint in the arena
Of a bloody Roman game,
As the prize of his endeavor,
Put on an immortal frame,
Through long agonies our soldier
Won the erown of martial fame.

But there eame a greater glory
To that man supremely great
When his just sword he laid aside
In peace to serve his State,
For in his elassie solitude
He rose up and mastered fate.

He triumphed, and he did not die!
No funeral bells are tolled;
But on that day in Lexington
Fame came herself to hold
His stirrup while he mounted
To ride down the streets of gold.

He is not dead! There is no death!
He only went before
His journey on when Christ the Lord
Wide open held the door.
And a ealm, eelestial peaee is his,
Thank God, for evermore.

. . . . . .

And here to-day, my eountrymen,
I tell you Lee shall ride
With that great Rebel down the years—
Twin Rebels side by side!
And eonfronting sueh a vision,
All our grief gives way to pride.

Those two shall ride immortal,
And shall ride abreast of Time,
Shall light up stately history
And blaze in epic rhyme—
Both patriots, both Virginians true,
Both Rebels, both sublime!

Our past is full of glories;
It is a shut-in sea.
The pillars overlooking it
Are Washington and Lee;
And a future spreads before us
Not unworthy of the free."

CONFEDERATE DEAD BURIED IN INDIANA.

(Continued from page 29 of the January number.)

Horton, Lewis A., Co. C, 39th North Carolina.
House, Thomas H., Co. I, 25th Arkansas.
Howard, Marshall, Co. B, 1st Tennessee Battalion.
Howard, P. L., Co. A, 4th Mississippi.
Howsley, H. P., Co. C, 2d Kentucky Mounted Infantry.
Hubbard, H. C., Sergt., Co. A, 10th (Diamond's) Ky. Cav.
Huddleston, B. D., Co. K, 3d Tennessee Cavalry.
Hudson, J. H., Co. E, 11th Alabama Cavalry.
Huffaker, R. W., Co. L, 4th Tennessee Cavalry.
Hughes, Green J., Co. I, 3d Alabama Cavalry.
Hughes, J. R., Co. H, 9th Texas Cavalry.
Hughes, T. S., Co. B, 1st (Johnston's) Mississippi.
Hughes, W. H., Co. A, 20th Mississippi.
Hughey, B. A., Co. A, 8th Arkansas.
Huie, W. H., Co. F, 2d Georgia Cavalry.
Hull, D. F., Co. E, 10th Kentucky.
Hull, Robert, Co. G, 2d Tennessee Cavalry.
Hulse, William R., Co. E, 60th Tennessee.
Humble, John, Corp., Co. I, 9th Alabama Cavalry.
Humnet, J., Co. B, 51st Tennessee.
Humphries, Jack, Co. K, 18th South Carolina.
Hunt, D. B., Co. I, 2d Missouri Cavalry.
Hunt, W. A., Co. B, 27th Alabama.
Hunt, W. C., Corp., Co. B, 1st (Johnston's) Mississippi.
Hunter, Robert, Co. —, Landis's Missouri Battery.
Hurt, Aaron R., Co. C, 36th Virginia.
Hurt, W. H., Co. G, 4th Mississippi.
Hutchinson, George W., Co. H, 36th Virginia.
Hutto, Joseph J., Co. F, 53d Alabama.
Hutzel, Ezra F., Co. F, 45th Virginia.

Ijams, B. G., Co. M, 4th Alabama Cavalry.
Irwin, S. P., Co. —, Greer's Texas Battalion.
Irwin, W., Co. B, 26th Louisiana.

Jackson, Ethan, Co. D, 12th Kentucky Cavalry.
James, William H., Co. A, 4th Mississippi.
Jeater, W. D., Co. D, 3d Louisiana.
Johnson, A. B., Co. A, 14th Kentucky.
Johnson, Emmett, Co. G, 45th Virginia.
Johnson, J. A., Co. C, 4th Alabama.
Johnson, James M., Sergt., Co. B, 13th Tennessee Cavalry.
Johnson, James R., Corp., Co. I, 2d Kentucky Mounted Inf.
Johnson, James S., Co. B, 61st and 81st Tennessee.
Johnson, John G., Co. K, 57th Alabama.
Johnson, Samuel M., Co. H, 1st Arkansas Cavalry.
Johnson, W. T., Co. E, 3d Confederate Cavalry.
Johnston, Joseph W., Co. D, 32d Tennessee.
Jones, C., Co. —, Signal Corps.
Jones, David, Co. —, 37th Mississippi.
Jones, G. W., Co. G, 1st Missouri Cavalry.
Jones, George, Co. C, 26th Mississippi.
Jones, Henry, Co. B, 1st (Butler's) Kentucky Cavalry.
Jones, Henry H., Corp., Co. B, 29th Georgia.
Jones, J. W., Co. B, Walter's North Carolina Battalion.
Jones, James, Co. E, 2d Georgia Cavalry.
Jones, James G., Co. C, 62d North Carolina.
Jones, Jesse, Co. —, Forrest's 3d Tennessee Cavalry.
Jones, Lucius, Co. D, 3d Tennessee Cavalry.
Jones, Stephen F., Co. E, 45th Virginia.
Jones, T. A., Co. B, Newton's Arkansas Cavalry.
Jones, Theodore, Co. E, 60th North Carolina.
Jones, W. H., Co. A, 4th Mississippi.

Keating, John, Co. G, 13th Louisiana.
Keecker, E., Co. H, 45th Virginia.
Keith, D. T., Sergt., Co. F, 8th Georgia Battalion.
Keller, Conrad, Co. D, 1st Missouri Cavalry.
Keller, J., Co. G, 8th Kentucky.
Kelley, Allen K., Co. D, 9th Tennessee Cavalry.
Kelly, L. D., Co. F, 23d Mississippi.
Kelly, Parker, Co. B, 31st Tennessee.
Keltner, Elisha F., Sergt., Co. K, 53d Tennessee.
Kemp, L. G., Co. B, 26th Mississippi.
Kennedy, G. W., Co. F, 3d Mississippi.
Key, G. W., Co. D, 5th Alabama Cavalry.
Key, J. W., Co. E, 15th Tennessee.
Kiger, Henry, Co. B, 8th Arkansas Cavalry.
Kilchrist, Hickerstan, Co. H, 54th Georgia.
Killingsworth, Calvin, Co. A, 3d Confederate Cavalry.
Kimball, William J., Co. D, 2d Missouri Cavalry.
Kincaid, J. K., Co. I, 26th Tennessee.
Kincaid, T. J., Co. D, 9th Tennessee Cavalry.
Kincaide, George W., Co. D, 9th Tennessee Cavalry.
King, E. H., Sergt., Co. C, 22d Alabama.
King, H. J., Co. F, 26th Tennessee.
King, James H., Sergt., Co. A, Allison's Tennessee Cavalry.
King, John W., Co. H, 60th Tennessee.
King, R. H., Co. I, 41st Tennessee.
King, Robert, Co. K, 29th North Carolina.
King, S., Co. G, 45th Virginia.
King, Thomas J., Co. K, 32d Tennessee.
King, William, Co. L, 2d Tennessee Cavalry.
Kinningham, J. S., Co. G, 16th Georgia.
Kirven, W. H., Co. E, 4th Texas.
Knolle, F., Co. C, Waul's Texas Legion.
Knox, George J., Co. F, 5th South Carolina.
Koonce, Daniel M., Co. A, 30th Mississippi.
Kugle, James M., Co. B, 4th Mississippi.
Kyle, E., Co. K, 50th Tennessee.

Lack, W. G., Co. F, Faulkner's Kentucky Cavalry.
Ladd, J. H., Co. B, 8th Kentucky Mounted Infantry.
Lafleur, Octave, Corp., Co. K, 16th Louisiana.
Laird, J. P., Co. —, Moreland's Alabama Cavalry.
Lakeman, F. M., Co. G, 1st Mississippi Light Artillery.
Lambert, Edward, Co. A, 8th Battalion La. Horse Art.
Lambert, Joseph G., Co. F, 45th Virginia.
Lambright, John M., Co. A, 1st Louisiana Cavalry.
Lancaster, J. W., Co. A, 60th Tennessee.
Land, E. V., Co. B, 37th Mississippi.
Land, Enoch, Co. G, 2d Arkansas Mounted Rifles.
Landers, John, Co. A, 60th Virginia.
Landreth, Andrew J., Co. B, 45th Virginia.
Landry, Pierre, Co. B, 1st Louisiana Horse Artillery.
Lane, Thomas, Co. G, 17th Tennessee.
Langley, Reuben, Co. C, 1st Tennessee Cavalry.
Larkis, W., Co. C, 23d Louisiana.
Lasaigne, Joseph, Co. C, 1st Louisiana Horse Artillery.
Lash, J. W., Sergt., Co. K, 10th Confederate Cavalry.
Lashbrook, S. D., Co. A, 1st (Butler's) Kentucky Cavalry.
Latapie, Pierre, Co. D, 30th Louisiana.
Lathan, Elias, Co. —, 41st Alabama.
Lauderdale, G. W., Co. F, 12th Battalion Tennessee Cavalry.
Lauderdale, J. G., Co. A, 53d Tennessee.

Law, William, Co. G, 4th Alabama Cavalry.
Lawrence, Thomas, Co. H, 5th Missouri.
Layton, George W., Co. G, 40th Mississippi.
Lea, James, Co. B, 1st Tennessee Cavalry.
Leblanc, Trasimond, Co. C, 1st Louisiana Horse Artillery.
Ledbetter, George, Co. D, 5th Kentucky Cavalry.
Ledford, Miles M., Co. F, Thomas's North Carolina Legion.
Lee, F. M., Co. I, 32d Texas Cavalry.
Lee, L. J., Co. K, 41st Tennessee.
Lee, O. H., Co. B, 53d Georgia.
Lee, Richard, Co. —, Arkansas Engineer Corps.
Lefan, James, Co. A, Baxter's Tennessee Battalion.
Lejeune, J., Co. F, 4th Louisiana.
Leonard, P. M., Co. D, 32d Alabama.
Leslaker, Frank, Corp., Co. —, Waul's Texas Cavalry.
Lewis, Stephen, Co. —, Tennessee Cavalry.
Liles, Joseph, Co. H, 41st Tennessee.
Lillard, Augustus M., Co. B, 59th Tennessee.
Lilley, T. J., Co. E, 8th Kentucky.
Lindsey, G. W., Co. A, 26th Mississippi.
Little, Daniel, Co. A, 41st Tennessee.
Little, Swepter, Co. H, 41st Tennessee.
Littlejohn, Chester, Co. D, 51st Alabama.
Littleton, Solomon (negro slave), 3d Mississippi.
Lively, A. D., Co. I, 25th Louisiana.
Lloyd, S. H., Co. K, 23d Mississippi.
Loden, Reuben, Co. E, 26th Tennessee.
Long, A., Co. G, 1st Tennessee Cavalry.
Long, John T., Co. I, 59th Tennessee.
Love, Joseph, Co. E, 20th Arkansas.
Love, Thomas, Co. F, 12th Battalion Tennessee Cavalry.
Low, Isaac, Co. A, 45th Virginia.
Lowden, Thomas, Co. —, Wilcox's Kentucky Cavalry.
Lowery, J. C., Bowman's Company, Greer's Texas.
Lowry, Newton R., Co. D, 30th Alabama.
Lowry, R. B., Co. C, 4th Mississippi.
Luckett, D. W., Co. H, 3d Kentucky Cavalry.
Lumpkins, Lewis F., Co. D, 32d Tennessee.
Lunsford, L., Co. B, Newton's Arkansas Cavalry.
Luttrell, Hugh, Co. B, 12th Battalion Tennessee Cavalry.
Lyons, J., Co. B, 3d Tennessee.

M——, I. M., Co. —, Virginia.
Mabe, William, Co. C, 37th Tennessee.
Mabry, F. M., Co. H, 4th Mississippi.
McAffee, John, Co. C, 1st Tennessee Battalion.
McAllister, J. S., Corp., Co. —, Thompson's Virginia Art.
McArver, J. H., Sergt., Co. C, 40th Georgia.
McBride, David, Co. C, 45th Virginia.
McBride, James F., Co. E, 9th Battalion Tennessee Cavalry.
McBride, Silas, Co. F, 1st Arkansas Cavalry.
McCaffee, Jasper H., Co. F, 23d Mississippi.
McCanless, Marshall A., Co. D, 53d Tennessee.
McCann, S. L., Corp., Co. K, 23d Mississippi.
McCants, T. J., Co. E, 41st Tennessee.
McCarter, J. B., Co. A, 1st Mississippi.
McCarter, Richard, Co. C, 26th Tennessee.
McCarty, James, Co. K, 32d Tennessee Cavalry.
McCauley, George, Co. D, 3d Missouri Cavalry.
McCawley, George A., Co. D, 1st Tennessee Battalion.
McClanahan, F. R., Co. K, 23d Mississippi.
McClary, William M., Co. B, 53d Tennessee.
McClelland, J. K., Co. C, 27th Virginia Cavalry.
McClelland, Samuel, Co. D, 1st (Johnston's) Mississippi.
McClenons, J. T., 2d Corp., Co. F, 26th Mississippi.
McClung, Thomas, Co. F, 36th Virginia.
McCollough, R., Co. D, 4th Georgia Cavalry.
McCollum, Levi, Co. —, 2d Mississippi Cavalry.
McConnell, Arthur C., Co. B, 9th Tennessee Cavalry.
McConnell, Anderson H., Co. E, 53d Tennessee.
McCormick, George W., Co. —, Hughes's Missouri Cavalry.
McCraw, W. R., Co. G, 45th Virginia.
McCrook, W. L., Co. —, Tennessee Battery.
McCrow, J., Co. C, 26th Mississippi.
McCullough, A. M., Co. D, 1st (Johnston's) Mississippi.
McDermott, John, Co. H, 3d Florida.
McDonald, Daniel, Co. B, 21st Louisiana.
McDougal, John, Co. C, Baxter's Alabama Cavalry.
McDowell, W., Co. L, 1st Tennessee Cavalry.
McElhaney, J. A., Co. C, 40th Alabama.
McFall, Alfred, Co. E, 2d Kentucky.
McFarland, R., Co. C, 2d Choctaw.
McFarland, W. A., Co. E, 8th Missouri.
McGee, John, Co. A, Waul's Texas Legion.
McGill, R. G., Co. D, 12th Mississippi Cavalry.
McGrady, John, Co. I, 45th Virginia.
McIntyre, W. J., Co. D, 32d Alabama.
McKee, Benjamin F., Co. E, 63d Virginia.
McKenny, M., Co. I, 64th North Carolina.
McKinley, J. C., Co. A, 1st Kentucky Mounted Rifles.
McKinney, Daniel W., Co. A, 32d Tennessee.
McKnight, A. J., Co. C, 9th Tennessee Cavalry.
McLean, F., Co. H, 4th Alabama Cavalry.
McLeran, James C., Co. C, 26th Mississippi.
McLoney, Aaron, Co. B, 9th Kentucky.
McMahan, Pat, Co. A, 1st (Butler's) Kentucky Cavalry.
McMullen, T. N., Co. E, 56th Georgia.
McMullin, P. M., Co. E, 56th Georgia.
McNabb, Jacob, Co. C, 26th Tennessee.
McNamara, James, Co. A, Waul's Texas Legion.
McNeece, J. P., Co. C, 53d Tennessee.
McNeece, James, Co. C, 53d Tennessee.
McNeely, William, Co. A, 45th Virginia.
McRosky, ——, Co. —, Pinckney's Louisiana Battalion.
Malcomb, Alfred, Co. —, 4th Mississippi.
Malloy, Thomas, Co. G, 1st Mississippi Artillery.
Mangan, Peter, Co. —, Tobin's Tennessee Battery.
Mangram, W. B., Corp., Co. B, 30th Tennessee.
Manley, Hartwell B., Co. E, 32d Tennessee.
Mann, D., Co. F, 60th North Carolina.
Mann, J. B., Co. I, 56th Georgia.
Mansell, Micajah, Co. F, 16th Louisiana.
Manus, William, Co. B, 38th Alabama.
Marburger, G. W., Co. E, Waul's Texas Legion.
Marie, Joseph, Co. B, 1st Louisiana Horse Artillery.
Marlin, J. P., Co. A, 4th Tennessee.
Marsh, James L., Co. —, 2d Missouri Battery.
Marshall, Charles, Co. A, Louisiana Zouave Battalion.
Marshall, J. M., Co. A, 45th Virginia.
Marshall, James W., Co. B, 4th Kentucky Mounted Infantry.
Martin, A. F., Co. I, 1st Tennessee.
Martin, Godfrey, Co. A, 1st Louisiana Battalion.
Martin, Isaac, Corp., Co. G, 9th Alabama Cavalry.
Martin, J. H., Co. H, 3d Mississippi.
Martin, John, Co. —, 15th Louisiana.
Martin, John A., Co. C, 39th North Carolina.
Martin, M., Co. A, 1st Louisiana Cavalry.
Martin, M., Co. E, Missouri Cavalry.

Martin, M. C., Co. H, 1st Mississippi.
Martin, M. R., Co. K, 4th Mississippi.
Martin, T. J. H., Co. H, 9th Arkansas.
Mason, S., Co. E, 15th Tennessee.
Massa, Lewis, Co. I, 25th Texas Cavalry.
Mathews, H. D., Co. H, 41st Tennessee.
Mathews, Hezekiah, Co. E, 10th Tennessee.
Mathews, Isom, Co. A, 36th Mississippi.
Mathews, W. R., Co. C, 16th Tennessee Cavalry.
Mathis, J. T., Co. E, 9th Texas Cavalry.
Matthews, G. W., Co. B, 39th North Carolina.
May, Martin, Co. C, 18th Alabama.
May, Thomas, Co. A, 14th Louisiana.
May, William G., Co. G, 32d Tennessee.
Mayo, Henry (negro slave), Co. G, 56th Virginia.
Mayo, J. G., Co. D, 1st Alabama Cavalry.
Mays, Elijah, Co. D, 1st (Carnes's) Tenn. Light Artillery.
Mays, T. J., Co. B, Kitchen's Missouri.
Mays, William, Co. F, Virginia.
Meachum, J. T., Co. F, 1st (Johnston's) Mississippi.
Medley, James F., Co. A, Lawther's Missouri.
Meeks, Charles, Co. —, Elliott's Missouri Battalion.
Meeks, A. J., Co. —, 29th Mississippi.
Melton, George D., Co. D, 10th Missouri Cavalry.
Merrill, W., Co. E, Texas Legion.
Miles, J. G., Co. C, Mercer's Georgia.
Miles, J. N., Co. B, 2d Tennessee.
Miles, John W., Co. B, 2d Kentucky Cavalry.
Miller, C. W., Co. I, Hamilton's South Carolina Legion.
Miller, Caleb, Co. D, 10th (Diamond's) Kentucky Cavalry.
Miller, G. A., Co. D, Forrest's Kentucky Scouts.
Miller, J., Co. B, 79th Tennessee.
Miller, John, Co. E, 3d Mississippi.
Miller, S., Co. E, 7th Missouri Cavalry.
Miller, Thomas E., Company H, 5th Missouri.
Miller, William H., Co. E, 26th Mississippi.
Millner, John, Co. A, 26th Mississippi.
Mills, J. M., Co. B, 14th Tennessee Cavalry.
Milstead, F. M., Co. K, 26th Alabama.
Mintcher, James, Co. K, 4th Mississippi.
Minter, J., Co. F, 1st Texas.
Minter, John N., Co. A, 4th Mississippi.
Mitchell, Daniel, Co. K, 8th Texas Cavalry.
Mitchell, S. H., Co. E, 39th Georgia.
Mitchell, William D., Co. E, 53d Tennessee.
Mix, C. F., Co. F, 4th Louisiana.
Mix, John P., Co. K, 2d Kentucky.
Mize, John A., Co. H, 15th Tennessee.
Mobley, Samuel E., Co. E, 1st Florida Cavalry.
Moitrier, Jean Pierre, Co. A, Louisiana Zouave Battalion.
Monroe, John D., Co. I, 36th Mississippi.
Montgomery, B., Co. H, 2d Mississippi.
Monus, Auguste, Co. A, 23d Louisiana.
Mooney, A. M., Co. K, 26th Mississippi.
Mooney, Terrence, Co. A, 13th Louisiana.
Moore, Henry, Co. —, Seaman, Navy.
Moore, J. B., Co. K, 23d Mississippi.
Moore, James, Co. B, Wheeler's Tennessee Cavalry.
Moore, James F., Co. C, 26th Mississippi.
Moore, S. T., Co. H, 35th Mississippi.
Moore, Thomas, Co. —, Tobin's Tennessee Battery.
Moore, T. L., Co. G, 16th Georgia.
Moorman, R. E. L., Co. F, 4th Mississippi.
Morash, Joseph, Co. D, Waul's Texas Legion.
More, Wiley, Co. D, 3d Mississippi.
Morell, J. S., Co. C, 26th Tennessee.
Morgan, A., Sergt., Co. E, 28th Mississippi Cavalry.
Morgan, J. W., Co. —, Forrest's Kentucky Cavalry.
Morgan, John, Co. —, 43d Georgia.
Morgan, William A., Co. K, 53d Alabama.
Morin, Frank S., Co. D, 4th Kentucky Cavalry.
Morris, Bolen G., Co. K, 65th Georgia.
Morris, Daniel, Co. A, Davis's Battalion Tennessee Cavalry.
Morris, Edward R., Co. F, 36th Virginia.
Morris, J. A., Co. E, 34th Georgia.
Morris, Thomas H., Co. D, 1st Mississippi.
Morris, W. T., Co. H, 30th Tennessee.
Morris, William, Co. —, Cobb's Kentucky Battery.
Morrisey, M., Co. —, Landsman, Navy.
Morrison, John, Co. —, Tennessee Battery.
Morrow, J. M., Co. D, 1st (Johnston's) Mississippi.
Mosley, Arthur T., Corp., Co. D, 12th Louisiana.
Mowery, M., Co. D, 29th Texas.
Mullican, J. W., Co. D, 16th Tennessee.
Mulligan, William J., Co. A, 1st Kentucky Cavalry.
Mullinax, J. S., Co. I, Palmetto South Carolina.
Munsey, Harvey, Co. F, 6th Tennessee.
Murphy, J. W., Co. E, 31st Alabama.
Murphy, Talton, Co. B, 9th Tennessee Cavalry.
Murray, John A., Co. —, Green's Louisiana Battery.
Murray, L., Co. B, Hawkins's Tennessee.
Mustard, William D., Co. F, 45th Virginia.
Myers, A. A., Co. I, 25th Louisiana.

Nagle, P., Co. E, 1st Louisiana.
Nail, H. F., Co. A, 1st Alabama Cavalry.
Nail, W. W., Sergt., Co. H, 10th Texas Cavalry.
Neal, Manuel H., Co. I, 4th Mississippi.
Nelson, William, Sergt., Co. A, 26th Tennessee.
Neville, J., Co. —, Watson's Louisiana Battery.
New, Jarrett, Sergt., Co. D, 42d Georgia.
Newell, Martin, Co. —, Forrest's Kentucky Cavalry.
Newland, William, Co. —, Seaman, Navy.
Newman, M. H., Sergt., Co. A, 11th South Carolina.
Newsom, J. T., Co. G, 4th Mississippi.
Newsome, John, Co. H, 3d Mississippi.
Newton, W. H., Co. B, 30th Alabama.
Nicholas, W., Co. C, 19th Louisiana.
Nicholas, Wilson, Co. H, Reed's Arkansas.
Nichols, Stanley, Co. A, 4th Battalion Arkansas.
Nickles, James, Co. K, 26th Tennessee.
Nix, W. H., Co. H, 41st Tennessee.
Nixon, John, Co. C, Burnet's Texas, S. S.
Noel, William, Haldeman's Battery Texas Artillery.
Nolan, S., Co. A, 37th Arkansas.
Norris, J., Hutton's Co., Crescent Artillery, Louisiana.
Norris, W. J., Co. B, 4th Mississippi.
Norris, W. T., Co. E, 62d Tennessee.
Nowland, J. W., Co. I, 56th Tennessee.

Oakley, William A., Co. B, 3d Alabama Cavalry.
Oaks, T. M., Co. G, 8th Kentucky.
Oberst, C., Co. B, 1st Tennessee Artillery.
O'Briant, Allen, Co. K, 4th Mississippi.
O'Brien, Daniel, Co. —, Mississippi.
O'Connell, Edward, Co. C, 15th Battalion S. C. Art.
O'Guinn, Coleman, Co. F, 53d Tennessee.

Oliver, J., Co. D, 29th North Carolina.
Oliver, T. J., Co. H, 1st Tennessee.
Orabaugh, Gideon A., Co. F, Virginia.
Orabaugh, Samuel, Co. A, 45th Virginia.
Osborne, A. A., Co. E, 53d Tennessee.
Outlaw, David, Co. D, 3d Alabama Cavalry.
Overstreet, John, Co. C, 7th Mississippi.
Owen, W. M., Co. G, 10th Georgia Cavalry.
Owens, A. R., Co. H, 2d Georgia Cavalry.
Owens, James F., Co. B, 4th Mississippi.
Owens, John J., Co. E, 1st South Carolina.
Owens, R. B., Co. A, 1st Louisiana Battalion.
Owens, R. N., Co. M, 7th Alabama Cavalry.
Owens, W. E., Co. A, 15th Tennessee.
Ozan, Alfred, Co. A, Louisiana Zouaves.

Pace, W. S., Co. F, 51st Alabama.
Pamplin, Elijah, Co. D, 53d Tennessee.
Parish, W. C., Sergt., Co. —, Frost's Arkansas.
Park, Andrew J., Co. H, 41st Tennessee.
Park, Jerome, Co. H, 41st Tennessee.
Park, T. J. L., Co. H, 41st Tennessee.
Parker, A. B., Co. F, 9th Tennessee Cavalry.
Parker, J. T., Co. D, 62d North Carolina.
Parker, W. A., Co. —, Kentucky.
Parkerson, G. T., Corp., Co. A, 4th Arkansas Battalion.
Parrish, D. F., Co. G, Palmetto S. S., South Carolina.
Parrott, Henry, Co. E, Young's Missouri Battalion.
Parsons, W. H., Co. D, 58th North Carolina.
Partin, John L., Co. A, 32d Tennessee.
Patterson, B. E., Co. B, 5th Tennessee Cavalry.
Patterson, B. F., Co. B, 26th Tennessee.
Patterson, Jackson, Co. C, 32d Tennessee.
Patterson, William, Co. H, 2d Alabama Cavalry.
Patterson, Y. M., Co. H, 1st Mississippi.
Payne, Ira, Co. F, 5th Georgia.
Pearce, G. W., Co. I, 1st (Olmstead's) Georgia.
Pearce, J. M., Co. H, 4th Georgia Cavalry.
Pearce, W. W., Corp., Co. K, 1st Texas Legion.
Pearce, William H., Co. K, 56th Virginia.
Pearson, S. D., Co. —, Nelson's Georgia Cavalry.
Peasy, B. C., Co. A, Davis's Virginia Cavalry.
Peel, William, Co. K, 23d Mississippi.
Pegg, William, Co. G, 60th North Carolina.
Pepper, Jesse, Co. I, 4th Mississippi.
Perkins, Benjamin, Co. E, 56th Virginia.
Perry, J. H. W., Co. K, 26th Alabama.
Pettit, B. P., Co. G, 26th Mississippi.
Petts, Hosea, Co. B, 45th Virginia Battalion.
Petty, F. M., Co. I, 11th Tennessee Cavalry.
Petty, George R., Co. A, 1st Tennessee Battalion.
Petty, Jasper N., Co. H, 37th (Shaler's) Arkansas.
Phelps, Ephraim, Co. A, 41st Tennessee.
Phillips, David B., Co. C, 32d Tennessee.
Phillips, E. H., Co. A, 1st Louisiana Battalion.
Phillips, J. F., Co. A, 63d Georgia.
Phillips, John, Corp., Co. L, Kentucky Cavalry.
Phillips, Nathan, Co. N, 58th North Carolina.
Phillips, R. J., Co. E, 4th Louisiana Battalion.
Philpot, J. A., Co. F, 41st Tennessee.
Picken, John C., Co. —, Forrest's Alabama.
Pickens, J. P., Co. E, 26th Mississippi.
Pierce, Joseph, Co. I, 58th North Carolina.
Piercy, Charles, Co. G, 23d Arkansas.
Pierson, James, Co. A, 3d Mississippi.
Pinkston, John, Co. K, 26th Mississippi.
Pirkle, L. F., Co. H, 7th Alabama Cavalry.
Pirtle, J. H., First Lieut., Co. D, 2d Ark. Mounted Rifles.
Plank, James M., Co. I, Mississippi Cavalry.
Plyer, J., Co. A, 9th Alabama.
Poe, James R., Co. A, 9th Alabama Cavalry.
Pollard, Joseph, Co. D, 18th Virginia Cavalry.
Pollock, John H., Co. D, 18th Tennessee.
Ponder, Levi C., Co. I, 61st Alabama.
Poor, James M., Co. E, 37th Tennessee.
Porter, Andrew J., Co. K, 5th Tennessee.
Porter, C. C., Co. G, Dobbin's Arkansas.
Porter, William H., Co. A, 8th Missouri.
Posey, John, Co. I, 37th Mississippi.
Poston, Archibald, Co. —, Bell's Arkansas.
Potts, Elza, Co. A, 20th Georgia.
Pound, C. C., Co. —, 10th Missouri.
Powell, Daniel, Co. H, 46th Georgia.
Powers, John, Co. E, 16th Louisiana.
Prewitt, J. S., Co. A, 31st Alabama.
Price, S. W., Co. B, 27th Battalion Virginia Cavalry.
Price, William, Co. —, Forrest's Kentucky Cavalry.
Pridgen, J. T., Co. E, 19th Alabama.
Pritchard, J. P., Co. K, 12th Kentucky Cavalry.
Province, S. L., Co. H, 1st Mississippi.
Pryton, H., Co. D, 9th Tennessee.
Purser, J. W., Co. K, 4th Mississippi.
Putman, Isaac, Co. C, 4th Mississippi.

Quill, J. N., Co. F, 46th Texas.

Ragsdale, John, Co. A, 8th Missouri.
Rahn, E. W., Sergt., Co. G, 1st (Olmstead's) Georgia.
Rainey, J. C., Co. I, 13th Tennessee.
Rainey, Robert, Co. H, McGehee's Arkansas.
Raler, R. V., Co. G, 19th Tennessee.
Rand, P. C., Co. —, Seaman, Navy.
Randolph, William, Co. G, 26th Mississippi.
Rankin, David, Co. H, 5th Tennessee Cavalry.
Raver, Isaac M. M., Co. B, 30th Alabama.
Ray, General, Co. G, 41st Tennessee.
Ray, J. P. M., Co. K, 4th Mississippi.
Ray, Porter T., Co. K, 4th Mississippi.
Raynor, J. B., Co. G, 3d Alabama.
Read, J. L., Co. D, 25th Louisiana.
Read, Noe F., Lieut., Co. —, 6th Tennessee.
Rearden, Thomas, Co. —, Confederate.
Redd, D. F., Co. D, Newman's Alabama Cavalry.
Redding, J. D., Co. F, 29th Georgia.
Redsleeve, J. G., Co. C, Thomas's North Carolina Legion.
Reece, W. H., Co. C, 51st Alabama, P. R.
Reed, John, Co. A, 4th Tennessee Cavalry.
Reed, P. A., Co. A, 4th Mississippi.
Reed, Thomas, Co. E, 1st Mississippi Light Artillery.
Reed, W. M. B., Co. E, 51st Alabama.
Reese, G., Co. B, 3d Georgia.
Reeves, H. D., Co. E, 30th Louisiana.
Regan, F. S., Co. A, 1st Louisiana Battalion.
Remington, Moses L., Co. K, 4th Kentucky.
Repass, Henry L., Co. B, 45th Virginia.
Reynolds, George, Co. F, 27th Virginia.
Rhineheart, William, Co. C, 62d North Carolina.

Rhoton, Tolbert, Co. C, 45th Virginia.
Rice, Harry, Corp., Hoskin's Bat., Miss. Light Art.
Rice, James L., Co. H, 58th North Carolina.
Rice, Reuben, Co. C, Coffee's Missouri Cavalry.
Rice, Thomas, Co. K, 3d Tennessee.
Richard, Frank, Co. C, Coffee's Missouri Cavalry.
Richards, Eli C., Co. H, 4th Tennessee.
Richardson, M. B., Co. A, 4th Georgia Cavalry.
Richardson, Robert, Co. I, 56th Virginia.
Richey, John, Quartermaster Sergeant, Co. C, 41st Alabama.
Riddle, Charles M., Co. H, 26th Mississippi.
Ridgway, James J., Co. C, 6th Missouri.
Rikard, Charles, Co. E, 1st (Johnston's) Mississippi.
Riley, William, Co. B, 36th Mississippi.
Robert, Agrippa, Co. G, 4th Mississippi.
Roberts, A. P., Co. B, 4th Mississippi.
Roberts, Caleb D., Co. D, 5th Kentucky Mounted Infantry.
Roberts, James, Co. D, 5th Kentucky Mounted Infantry.
Roberts, N. W., Co. I, 37th Tennessee.
Roberts, Reuben J., Co. A, 54th Georgia.
Robinson, A. J., Co. G, 28th Mississippi Cavalry.
Robinson, John T., Co. I, 41st Tennessee.
Robinson, J. M. C., Co. K, 26th Mississippi.
Robinson, Robert L., Co. G, 2d (Duke's) Kentucky Cavalry.
Robinson, Sanford, Co. B, 5th Kentucky Cavalry.
Robinson, Wm., Co. H, Hampton's South Carolina Legion.
Robinson, William M., Co. H, 27th Virginia.
Roden, A. C., Co. I, 32d Tennessee.
Rodgers, A. W., Ward's Battery, Alabama Light Artillery.
Rodgers, Martin R., Co. H, 2d Texas.
Rodry, J. B., Co. C, 28th Mississippi Cavalry.
Rogers, B. H., Co. C, 26th Mississippi.
Rogers, Mark, Co. H, Ashby's 2d Tennessee Cavalry.
Rollins, W. F., Co. I, 16th Louisiana.
Rosenthal, P., English's Company, Mississippi Light Art.
Rowland, J. R., Co. —, Confederate.
Rudiger, A., English's Company, Mississippi Light Artillery.
Runion, S. O., Co. B, 26th Tennessee.
Russell, A. J., Co. A, 58th Alabama.
Russell, J. R., Co. H, 4th Mississippi.
Russell, Samuel R., Co. B, 61st Tennessee.
Ruth, M. L., Co. C, 32d Tennessee.
Ruth, S. D., Co. C, 32d Tennessee.
Rutledge, Martin, Co. H, 23d Virginia.
Ryals, J. G., Co. B, 4th Mississippi.
Ryan, James, Co. D, 13th Louisiana.
Rykard, J. D., Co. K, 62d North Carolina.

St. Clair, James, Co. B, 3d Mississippi.
Sample, W. A., Co. G, 4th Mississippi.
Sams, J. L., Co. D, 29th North Carolina.
Sascon, W. E., Co. —, 41st Alabama.
Saunders, W. T., Sergt., Co. D, 1st Mississippi.
Savills, James, Co. D, 8th Kentucky.
Sawyers, Samuel, Co. H, 51st Georgia.
Sayers, Richard L., Co. C, 63d Virginia.
Scales, J. C., Co. G, 51st Alabama Cavalry.
Scallien, Alcide, Co. I, 1st Louisiana Artillery.
Schmitt, Frederick, Co. D, 28th (Thomas's) Louisiana.
Schneider, J. M., Co. F, 36th Virginia.
Scott, James H., Co. D, 1st Kentucky Mounted Rifles.
Scott, Jette H., Sergt., Co. K, 1st Arkansas Cavalry.
Scott, John Martin, Co. A, 42d Georgia.
Scritchfield, S. B., Co. B, 4th Georgia Cavalry.
Scruggs, John A., Co. D, 61st Tennessee.
Scruggs, R. M., Co. E, 16th Tennessee Cavalry.
Seaborn, J. B., Co. A, 62d Tennessee.
Sellers, Isaac, Co. G, 41st Tennessee.
Sellers, James H., Co. D, 4th Kentucky Cavalry.
Sellers, N. M., Sergt., Co. B, 5th Tennessee.
Sellinger, J. L., Co. C, 41st Mississippi.
Semple, John T., Co. C, 1st Louisiana Cavalry.
Sergeant, Elijah, Co. —, Fuller's Louisiana Battery.
Shadwick, Benjamin, Co. —, 1st Missouri Battery.
Shappell, T. D., Co. A, 2d Missouri.
Sharp, John M., Co. A, Stuart's Alabama Battalion.
Shaw, Benjamin Franklin, Co. F, 20th Texas Cavalry.
Shaw, R. P., Co. G, 48th Tennessee.
Shelton, E. H., Co. B, 20th Tennessee.
Shelton, George R., 2d Lieut., Co. I, 32d Alabama.
Sherwood, W. H., Co. G, 1st Missouri Cavalry.
Shields, R. O., Co. K, 1st Mississippi.
Shields, Samuel, Corp., Co. C, 45th Virginia.
Short, Lewis, Co. I, Washington Tennessee.
Shorter, C. C., Corp., Co. G, 37th Virginia.
Shrader, William, Co. D, 45th Virginia.
Shultz, M. V., Co. I, 3d Tennessee Cavalry.
Shumberger, J. W., Co. A, 9th Mississippi Cavalry.
Siddon, John I., Co. B, 2d Mississippi.
Simmons, M. L., Co. G, 39th Georgia.
Simmons, W. T., Co. E, 1st Tennessee.
Simmons, William R., Co. D, 60th Virginia.
Simms, David, Co. E, 1st Trans-Mississippi Cavalry.
Simpson, C. C., Co. H, 4th Alabama Cavalry.
Simpson, M., Co. —, Street's Mississippi Battalion.
Singleton, Francis, Co. C, 1st Louisiana B. Cavalry.
Single, James, 1st Sergt., Co. C, Walker's N. C. Battalion.
Sinon, John, Co. G, 4th Georgia Cavalry.
Sipes, Abraham, Co. A, 11th Tennessee.
Sisk, Branson, Co. I, 60th Tennessee.
Skinner, A. W., Co. A, 12th Tennessee.
Slate, Giles B., Co. E, 56th Virginia.
Slater, John W., Co. I, 29th Texas Cavalry.
Sloan, Henry T., Co. E, 10th Kentucky.
Sloan, Jasper, Co. F, 10th Kentucky Cavalry.
Smith, D. G., Co. B, 1st Louisiana S. T.
Smith, G. W., Co. C, 4th Mississippi.
Smith, George, Co. —, 15th Louisiana.
Smith, George W., Co. F, 36th Virginia.
Smith, H. A., Co. F, 3d Kentucky Cavalry.
Smith, H. L. N., Co. B, 4th Mississippi.
Smith, Henry, Co. —, Colms's Tennessee Battalion.
Smith, Henry C., Co. A, 1st Tennessee Battalion.
Smith, J. A., Co. C, 21st Virginia Cavalry.
Smith, J. B., Co. D, 61st Tennessee.
Smith, J. M., Co. B, 32d Tennessee.
Smith, J. P., Co. A, 42d Alabama.
Smith, J. R., Co. E, 25th Louisiana.
Smith, James, Co. I, 45th Virginia.
Smith, John, Co. G, 2d Texas.
Smith, Joseph, Co. I, 1st Confederate Battalion.
Smith, L. H., Sergt., Co. A, 9th Alabama Cavalry.
Smith, M. D., Co. A, 1st Tennessee Battalion.
Smith, P. E., Co. —, Conscript, Tennessee.
Smith, R. A., Co. K, Armistead's Mississippi.
Smith, Robert J., 2d Lieut., Co. F, 53d Tennessee.
Smith, Samuel, Co. D, 1st Tennessee Battalion.
Smith, Sanford, Co. I, 7th Georgia.

Smith, Seborn, Co. E, 4th (Russell's) Alabama Cavalry.
Smith, W. C., Co. B, 1st Battalion Kentucky Mounted Rifles.
Smith, William B., Co. I, 6th Texas Cavalry.
Smithy, John, Co. B, Shelby's Missouri.
Smoot, James, Co. K, 25th Louisiana.
Snell, C. H., Co. H, 1st Florida.
Snelson, J. W. W., Co. C, 4th Mississippi.
Snelson, W. B., Co. C, 29th North Carolina.
Snider, John W., Co. C, 62d North Carolina.
Solis, Adolphe, Co. G, 28th (Thomas's) Louisiana.
Spaulding, Martin E., Co. A, 2d Missouri.
Spears, Alfred, Co. K, 45th Virginia.
Spence, S. L., Co. D, 15th Alabama.
Spracher, Levi, Co. G, 45th Virginia.
Spray, W. L., Co. D, 41st Tennessee.
Sproles, J., Co. C, 4th Mississippi.
Sproles, S. S., Co. G, 4th Mississippi.
Squires, M. W., Co. C, 3d Louisiana.
Stafford, Adam F., Co. I, 36th Virginia.
Stafford, M., Co. E, 4th Mississippi.
Stafford, Wyatt P., Co. I, 36th Virginia.
Stainback, Robert, Co. E, 56th Virginia.
Standford, Malcomb, Co. —, 4th Mississippi.
Stanford, W. W., Co. C, 11th Alabama Cavalry.
Staples, John M., Co. E, 2d Maryland Cavalry.
Stark, F. H., Co. I, 5th Arkansas.
Stark, W. F., Co. I, Gordon's 1st Missouri Cavalry.
Starke, James C., Co. F, 8th Arkansas Cavalry.
Starling, Andrew, Corp., Co. C, 45th Virginia.
Staton, Peter, Co. E, 45th Virginia Battalion.
Stattery, Thomas, Co. E, 10th Tennessee.
Steakley, Pinckney, Co. E, 1st Tennessee Battalion.
Steck, A., Co. C, Waul's Texas Legion.
Stephens, T. J., Co. I, 3d Tennessee.
Stepp, John A., Co. H, 16th Tennessee.
Stevens, A. T., Co. F, Harrison's Louisiana.
Stevens, G. B., Co. B, Mercer's Arkansas Battalion.
Stevenson, Bradley, Co. D, 1st Georgia.
Stevenson, H. H., Co. G, 17th Louisiana.
Steward, Michael, Co. H, 56th Virginia.
Stewart, Jasper, Co. G, 16th Georgia.
Stewart, Matthew, Co. K, 2d Missouri Battalion.
Stidham, J. M., Co. F, 25th Alabama.
Stillwell, L. B., Corput's Company, Georgia Light Artillery.
Stinson, John, Co. A, 34th Mississippi.
Stoll, George, Co. B, 3d Mississippi.
Stone, William, Co. —, 10th Kentucky.
Story, Enoch, Co. K, 18th Alabama.
Stovall, Lumpkin M., Co. I, 26th Mississippi.
Stracner, Hugston, Co. H, 30th Alabama.
Strader, John L., Co. A, 30th Alabama.
Strouss, George W., Co. D, 1st (Olmstead's) Georgia.
Stubblefield, B. D., Co. H, 29th Texas.
Stukes, G. W., Cameron's Company, Mississippi S. T.
Sturdivent, W. O., Co. C, 8th Arkansas Cavalry.
Sugg, C. A., Co. D, 3d Mississippi Battalion S. T.
Sullivan, John, Co. B, 32d Alabama.
Sult, John, Co. B, 45th Virginia Cavalry.
Summers, Jasper, Co. K, 9th Missouri.
Sumter, G., Co. L, 1st Tennessee Cavalry.
Swan, H. C., Co. E, 6th Kentucky Cavalry.
Swearingen, James, Co. B, 28th Tennessee.
Sweeten, Levi, Co. C, 25th Arkansas.
Swingle, H. F., Co. D, 10th (Johnson's) Kentucky Cavalry.
Syrille, Jex, Co. G, 28th Louisiana.
Taber, E., Sergt., Co. E, 64th North Carolina.
Tabler, Aaron, Corp., Co. I, 45th Virginia.
Talley, Ivin, Co. A, 31st Arkansas.
Talley, John S., Co. A, 18th Tennessee.
Tate, C. C., Co. K, 59th Tennessee.
Taylor, Benjamin F, Co. I, 2d Kentucky.
Taylor, Harold, Co. C, 45th Virginia.
Taylor, Isaac A., Corp., Co. B, 56th Virginia.
Taylor, J. G., Co. D, 6th Alabama Cavalry.
Taylor, James A., Co. I, 2d Missouri.
Taylor, James E., Co. B, 1st Tennessee Battalion.
Taylor, John, Co. E, 8th Tennessee.
Taylor, Milburn, Co. —, 4th Mississippi.
Taylor, William, Co. E, 4th Missouri.
Tear, T. T., Co. B, 4th Mississippi.
Teems, William, Co. D, 1st (Johnston's) Mississippi.
Teeters, Sylvester, Co. F, 5th Kentucky Mounted Infantry.
Teeters, Walsey, Co. B, 5th Kentucky.
Tennison, R. F., Co. A, 26th Mississippi.
Terrell, John D., Co. I, 4th Mississippi.
Terry, J. H., Co. B, 26th Mississippi.
Tew, Peter, Co. D, Crandall's Arkansas.
Thomas, S., Co. I, 33d Tennessee.
Thomas, Samuel, Co. B, 25th Louisiana.
Thomas, W. S., Co. H, 16th Alabama.
Thomas, William, Co. C, McGehee's Arkansas.
Thomaston, W. M., Co. G, 4th Mississippi.
Thompson, John R., Co. B, Kitchen's Arkansas Cavalry.
Thompson, T. S., Co. B, 1st Tennessee Battalion.
Thompson, Wilbur, Co. G, 59th Georgia.
Thompson, William H., Sergt., Co. G, 27th Va. Bat. Cav.
Thrasher, J. P., Co. H, McGehee's Arkansas.
Timmons, E. H., Co. A, 8th Kentucky.
Todd, W. A., Co. A, 4th Mississippi.
Toland, J. W., Co. H, 26th Mississippi.
Tomberlin, J. E., Co. F, 62d North Carolina.
Townsend, A. P., Co. E, 4th Mississippi.
Townson, Robert, Co. E, 4th Mississippi.
Tracey, A. W., Co. L, 6th Kentucky Mounted Infantry.
Tramel, Joshua C., Co. B, Allison's Tennessee Cavalry.
Travis, W. C., Co. A, 26th Mississippi.
Trevey, J. J., Co. H, 14th Virginia Cavalry.
Trible, E. J., Sergt., Co. C, 9th Missouri.
Triplet, E. W., Co. H, 29th North Carolina.
Trussler, John L., Co. B, Virginia Cavalry.
Tucker, J. W., Co. —, Graves's Kentucky Battery.
Tunstall, E. H., Co. I, 28th Mississippi Cavalry.
Turley, Solomon, Co. B, 45th Virginia.
Turner, J. E., Co. K, 51st Tennessee.
Tuttle, ——, Co. —, 4th Mississippi.
Tuttle, Francis M., Co. E, 5th Missouri Cavalry.
Tuttle, John, Co. B, 3d Mississippi.

Vaden, Robert, Co. I, 7th Missouri Cavalry.
Valdewaire, Clestin, Co. I, 13th Louisiana.
Vance, William H., Co. I, 10th (Diamond's) Kentucky Cav.
Vandrivers, S. W., Co. H, 34th Alabama.
Van Huss, Valentine, Co. H, 27th Battalion Virginia Cavalry.
Vanpelt, John, Co. B, 2d Tennessee.
Vanway, Jacob, Q. M. Sergt., Humphrey's Co., Ark. L. Art.
Varney, M. B., Co. B, 45th Virginia Battalion.

Vasser, Robert, Co. G, 9th Missouri.
Vaughn, Sion, Co. D, 45th Virginia.
Veasey, A. J., Co. A, 11th Arkansas.
Vertrees, Joseph, Co. —, St. Louis Battery, Missouri.
Vickers, Jackson, Co. F, 3d Missouri Cavalry.
Vicroy, John, Co. E, Freeman's Tennessee Artillery.
Vines, M. L., Co. A, Harper's Virginia Cavalry.
Vinyard, Noah H., Co. D, 37th Tennessee.
Virgely, Barney, Co. B, 8th Georgia.

Wagner, J. M., Co. F, 1st Tennessee Cavalry.
Walker, J. W., Co. C, 4th Mississippi.
Walker, James H., Co. E, 32d Arkansas.
Walker, William J., Co. B, 38th Alabama.
Wallace, Lucas, Co. C, 19th Louisiana.
Ward, E. G., Co. K, 43d Tennessee.
Ward, Thomas, Co. B, 1st (Olmstead's) Georgia.
Ward, Thomas D., Co. K, 42d Tennessee.
Warden, W. R., Co. A, 41st Tennessee.
Warren, J. W., Co. A, Colms's 1st Tennessee Battalion.
Warren, John, Co. F, 4th Louisiana Battalion.
Warren, Thomas, Co. A, 41st Tennessee.
Watson, Cornelius, Co. K, Wood's Missouri Cavalry.
Watson, L. R., Corp., Co. F, 8th Texas Cavalry.
Weaver, F. C., Co. C, 21st Virginia Cavalry.
Webb, Granville, Co. I, 45th Virginia.
Webb, Jesse, Co. H, 3d Tennessee.
Weems, Andy, Co. D, 10th Alabama Cavalry.
Welden, A. J., Co. —, Tennessee.
Wells, Barney, Co. E, 4th Kentucky Cavalry.
Wells, J. J., Co. B, 32d Tennessee.
Wells, J. M., Co. F, 23d Mississippi.
Wells, James E., Co. —, Scoggin's Georgia Battery.
Wells, M. E., Co. F, 3d Mississippi.
Wemins, Jacob, Co. A, 20th Louisiana.
Weslick, Calvin, Co. I, 27th Battalion Virginia Cavalry.
West, Jeffrey, Co. E, 26th Tennessee.
West, M. N., Co. —, 31st Louisiana.
West, Pincey C., Co. A, 31st Louisiana.
Westbrooks, Hezekiah G., Co. B, 7th Kentucky.
Westmoreland, L. D., Sergt., Co. I, Holcombe's S. C. Legion
Whitaker, Joseph L., Co. —, 2d Texas.
White, C. F., Co. B, 4th Mississippi.
White, D. M., Co. A, 1st Tennessee Horse Artillery.
White, J. H., Co. K, 8th Virginia.
White, James D., 1st Sergt., Co. G, 2d Ky. Mounted Cavalry.
White, Joseph, Co. A, 8th Kentucky Cavalry.
White, M. V., Co. D, 42d Alabama.
Whitehead, A. H., Co. K, 1st Mississippi Light Artillery.
Whitley, J., Co. C, Allison's Tennessee Cavalry.
Whitt, John, Co. E, 2d Kentucky.
Whitworth, A. M., Co. B, 44th Tennessee Cavalry.
Wickham, Robert D., Co. C, 36th Virginia.
Wicks, A. A., Co. D, 41st Tennessee.
Wicks, J. W., Co. D, 41st Tennessee.
Wilburn, Isaac S., Co. C, Hampton's South Carolina Legion.
Wilkerson, Columbus, Co. A, 15th Arkansas.
Wilkerson, James, Co. E, 2d Cherokee.
Wilkinson, B., Co. B, 15th Arkansas.
Willet, Simeon, Co. D, Hawkins's Missouri Cavalry.
Willett, James A., Co. A, 33d Alabama.
Williams, Andrew J., Co. D, 53d Tennessee.
Williams, H. C., Co. K, 21st Texas.
Williams, Isam, Co. I, 60th Tennessee.
Williams, J. W., Co. C, 4th Mississippi.
Williams, John, Co. D, 6th Kentucky Cavalry.
Williams, Jonathan, Sergt., Co. E, 45th Virginia.
Williams, N. E., Co. I, 3d Georgia Cavalry.
Williams, Robert T., Co. I, 9th Texas Cavalry.
Williams, Reuben R., Co. D, 8th Kentucky Mounted Infantry.
Williams, Thomas, Co. K, 8th Texas Cavalry.
Williams, W. O., Co. A, 4th Mississippi.
Willin, B., Co. A, 3d Confederate.
Wilson, G. D., Co. A, 8th Tennessee.
Wilson, George, Co. E, 1st (Olmstead's) Georgia.
Wilson, George P., Co. —, Forrest's Kentucky Cavalry.
Wilson, Jesse P., Co. H, 60th Virginia.
Wilson, S. L., Co. E, 13th Tennessee Cavalry.
Wiltshire, Henry, Co. C, 4th Mississippi.
Winchester, William R., Co. E, 29th North Carolina.
Windsor, S. E., Co. A, 1st Louisiana Cavalry.
Winfrey, J. M., Co. E, 35th Alabama.
Winn, B. A., Co. F, 26th Mississippi.
Winter, Fred, Co. B, 1st Battalion Waul's Texas Legion.
Wisely, Joel S., Co. B, 45th Virginia.
Womack, J. C., Co. H, 26th Mississippi.
Wood, Bryant, Co. A, 54th Georgia.
Wood, Daniel, Co. A, 54th Georgia.
Woodruff, James, Co. C, 1st Louisiana Cavalry.
Woods, G. J., Co. I, 45th Virginia.
Woodyard, James, Co. I, 36th Virginia.
Woodyard, Joseph G., Co. I, 36th Virginia.
Wren, Jasper N., Co. A, 12th Louisiana.
Wrenn, F. T., Co. A, 26th Mississippi.
Wright, Albert J., Co. B, 56th Virginia.
Wright Franklin G., Co. D, 14th Texas Cavalry.
Wright, G. W., Co. K, Thomas's North Carolina Legion.
Wright, J. B., Co. C, 41st Tennessee.
Wright, James C., Corp., Co. K, 5th Tennessee Cavalry.
Wright, W. O., Co. C, 26th Mississippi.
Wulfinger, John, Co. B, Louisiana Zouave Battalion.
Wyatt, Riley B., Co. I, 36th Mississippi.
Wyatt, W. H., Co. —, Cooper's Texas.
Wydner, P., Co. D, 63d Virginia.
Wyler, Martin L., Co. C, 1st Mississippi.

Yarberry, O. L., Co. K, 22d South Carolina.
Yeadon, J. P., Co F, 1st Tennessee Cavalry.
Yeager, W. F., Co. I, 18th Alabama.
Yeager, William, Co. K, 7th Alabama Cavalry.
Yerky, Robert G., Co. B, 36th Battalion Virginia Cavalry.
Yon, M. G., Co. C, 25th Georgia.
York, Harrison F., Co. H, 32d Tennessee.
Yost, Thomas, Co. B, 18th Virginia Cavalry.
Young, Charles, Co. E, 47th Alabama.
Young, Jarrett, Co. I, 9th Tennessee Cavalry.
Young, R. P., Co. C, 32d Tennessee.
Young, T. B., Co. C, 51st Alabama.
Young, William P., Co. A, 32d Tennessee.

Died at Lafayette, Ind., and buried in Greenbush Cemetery:

Of the 41st Tennessee: Alford H. Bell, Co. D; R. M. Carter, Co. A; William Solomon, Co. B; W. R. Warden, Co. A.

Of the 32d Tennessee: Dempsey Ashford, Co. G; James L. Bradley, Co. I; Solomon B. Cross, Co. E; James H. Dickey, Co. D; Willis W. English, Co. A; Corp. Joseph A. Erwin, Co. G; Isaac Gillum, Co. G; John W. Holley, Co. A; G. Hopper, Co. E; William F. Lauderdale, Co. K; Daniel W. McKinney, Co. A; Stephen Nance, Co. G; John L. Partin, Co. A;

Jackson Patterson, Co. C; Charles N. Peach, Co. H; M. L. Ruth, Co. C; S. D. Ruth, Co. C; Thomas E. Rosser, Co. D; Corp. William L. Stillwell, Co. I; James H. Sweet, Co. H; Samuel Wakefield, Co. I; J. J. Wells, Co. C; Sergt. William M. West, Co. H; William P. Young, Co. A.

Died at New Albany, Ind., and buried in Fairview Cemetery:
Guedry, Paul, Co. G, 18th Louisiana.
Moore, William, Co. —, 18th Mississippi.
Robins, George, Co. G, 30th Tennessee Volunteers.
Schemp, Joseph, Co. —, 18th Louisiana.

Died at Evansville, Ind., and buried in Oak Hill Cemetery:
Allen, L. M., Co. E, 10th Arkansas.
Brollol, George F., Co. —, 10th Alabama.
Clayton, R. C., Co. A, 8th Kentucky.
Downs, James R., Co. K, 5th Arkansas.
Evert, John, Co. B, 3d Alabama Battery.
Finley, James, Co. G, 3d Kentucky.
Givens, Alfred, Byrne's Mississippi Battery.
Gray, W. R., Co. —, 17th Alabama.
Hales, Isaac M., Co. C, 2d Tennessee.
Hapag, W. G., Co. K, 22d Tennessee.
Harris, G. D., Co. E, 4th Arkansas.
Haydel, Joseph, Co. E, 18th Louisiana.
Hughes, James H., Co. K, 60th North Carolina.
Ledbetter, W. A., Co. G, 4th Tennessee.
Luke, Henry, Co. F, 1st Louisiana.
McLaughlin, Morris, Co. C, 18th Louisiana.
Mason, W., Co. G, 9th Texas.
Owen, A. C., Co. H, 23d Tennessee.
Payne, James, Co. K, 22d Tennessee.
Penot, A., Co. C, 6th Arkansas.
Rollins, G. W., Co. D, 7th Mississippi.
Rykard, Edmund C., Co. C, 4th Florida.
Slipiwa, George, Co. —, 21st Louisiana.
Spence, William, Co. —, 31st Alabama.

Died at Terre Haute, Ind., and buried in Woodlawn Cemetery. They were of Gantt's Battalion, 9th Tennessee Cavalry: Thomas S. Bryan, Co. C; —— Clapp, Co. —; Benjamin F. Cockrell, Co. A; Thomas S. Davidson, Co. B; Corp. Isaac M. Foster, Co. A; John R. Holcomb, Co. A; John L. Johnson, Co. A; W. S. McCarty, Co. —; Robert H. Maxwell, Co. B; Gilford D. Nunley, Co. F; Corp. William P. Thogmorton, Co. F; George N. Zollicoffer, Co. B. F. M. Gahagan is buried there also. He belonged to the 26th Mississippi Infantry.

GEN. ALEXANDER HAYS AT GETTYSBURG.

"Gen. Alexander Hays at the Battle of Gettysburg" is the title of a small book published at the time of the Gettysburg reunion for distribution among the survivors of both sides who participated in that eventful battle. A second edition having been printed, copies will be mailed free to any address by the General's son, Gilbert A. Hays, 307 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

CENTRAL ACADEMY MILITARY BAND.

This band of forty members is made up of sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters, nephews and nieces of veterans who have been chosen as official musicians to the J. E. B. Stuart Camp, U. C. V., of Stuart, Va. The band was sent to the reunion at Macon, Ga., where twenty concerts were played, and the members received much consideration and numerous kindly attentions.

These young people also headed the Johns Hopkins delegation in the Wilson inaugural parade in Washington last spring, receiving enthusiastic greetings from the entire presidential party for their beautiful rendition of "Dixie" while passing the reviewing stand. This recognition was very sweet to the boys and girls from Virginia's mountains, who, without a scratch of music, were playing with might and main this touching epic song of the Southern home, the war cry of the sixties, now one of the anthems of the free.

The Musical Times, a journal of interdenominational circulation, recently said: "These players have aroused much enthusiasm and have been called a 'bagpipe whirlwind,' a 'human pipe organ,' a 'mountain of music, full of fountains of song.' All the members are mountain-born, with all the romance of the great hills in their exuberant natures. Their music thrills with the weird, shrill clang and mocking sweetness of the mighty peaks and picturesque vales of their early surroundings, yet with the snappy grace of military movement, the tuneful transport and merry, mellow charm of dearest home life, mingled with the stirring elements of society's hopes for the joys and activities of mankind, realizing the pleasures and perfectly wholesome and unalloyed delightfulness of well-seasoned rest, recreation, and entertainment. They have earned much commendation from both their critics and their friends."

The leader of this band is President and Head Music Master of Central Military Academy. He has played in sixteen States, is Drillmaster, Scoutmaster, and a Past Captain of S. of V. The band is composed of students in this institution who are glad to do anything in their power for either the pleasure or honor of the old soldier.



STUDENT MILITARY BAND OF CENTRAL ACADEMY.

THE LAST ROLL

THE PASSING OF THE GRAY.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

Their step is not as light as when
  Their banners kissed the air
On mountain side, in glade and glen,
  And by the rivers fair.
They're passing! One by one they go
  To seek that dreamless rest—
The men who bravely met the foe
  In battle's mighty test.

The flowers bloom in beauty now
  Where glory led the way,
And honor crowns the manly brow
  Of him who stood in gray.
The last roll beats; with steady tread
  Once more the gallant march
Toward the bivouac of the dead,
  Beneath the starry arch.

Without a stain upon the blades
  They drew at Southland's call,
They seek the region of the shades
  That o'er them lightly fall.
In mem'ry still their bayonets shine
  Upon the fields they won,
Where stand the cedar, oak, and pine,
  Under the Southern sun.

The Great Commander calls them home;
  Like soldiers they obey.
Erelong beneath the azure dome
  Will camp the silent gray.
No challenge will disturb their rest,
  No dreams, no shock of wars;
And there will lie on many a breast
  The banner of the bars.

Love goes with them. She watches o'er
  Each one unto life's close;
In each fair hand she bears a store
  Of lily and of rose.
The land they honored with their trust
  Holds each one dear to-day;
And though their swords and bayonets rust,
  Immortal are the gray.

Their leaders wait to greet them where
  There is no sound of strife—
Beyond the gates that open on
  The everlasting life.
No more for them the drum's long rolls,
  No more the bugle's call;
They're passing—these heroic souls—
  And glory guards them all.

Col. J. Stoddard Johnston.

[Extracts from resolutions by Gen. Bennett H. Young for the Filson Club, Louisville, Ky.]

The United Confederate Association has suffered a great loss in the death of Col. J. Stoddard Johnston, who died a few weeks ago at the home of his son in St. Louis. He lived the last forty years of his life in Kentucky. In many respects he was one of the most remarkable survivors of the war. He had had wide experience and had come in contact with many of the most important events and actors from 1861 to 1865.

Endowed by nature with a splendid intellect, attending Yale College, he became one of the best-educated men of his period. After his departure from college life, he faithfully and wisely pursued his studies both along literary and scientific lines, and he placed himself easily among the most scholarly men of the State. A profuse writer and painstaking student, he acquired several languages and made himself the master of a style which was always charming and attractive.

The war suddenly broke in upon his plans. He had only a little while before married the daughter of George W. Johnson, Provisional Governor of Kentucky. Impelled by his conscience to take sides with the South, he sacrificed not only his property but his ease to defend and maintain the right as he saw it.

An exile from Kentucky because of his opinions, he came in contact with General Bragg; and, by reason of his military training and knowledge, at the first interview General Bragg was so struck with his manliness and attainments that he made him a member of his staff. He held with General Bragg the closest confidential relations. As a member of the staff of Gen. John C. Breckinridge, Gen. S. B. Buckner, Gen. W. L. Preston, and Gen. John Echols he held the fullest confidence of these distinguished leaders. He enjoyed the unusual distinction of being the adviser of generals prominent in both the Army of Tennessee and the Army of Northern Virginia.

Blessed with an accurate memory, he brought out of the war a knowledge of movement and men which not only rendered him a pleasing companion, but made him one of the best-informed Confederate soldiers and, by reason of his knowledge, one of the highest authorities on all subjects affecting that great struggle.

He was brave, courteous, gallant, and intrepid as a soldier. He was thoughtful, generous, and considerate as a friend. He was never harsh or unkind in his judgment of those who differed with him. As a scholar he was painstaking and careful. As a geologist, botanist, horticulturist, he gathered an immense amount of experience and observation that was ever at the disposal of his friends.

He was one of the most prolific writers in Kentucky, and no man in the State knew more of the State and its people or could tell it more entertainingly than Colonel Johnston. He was a constant writer; not only his books, but he prepared thousands of newspaper articles. These and his books gave him high rank among the literary men of the State.

He was a nephew of Albert Sidney Johnston, and was connected with many of the prominent leaders of the South. No man had more friends or better deserved them. He never betrayed a confidence or forgot a kindness. There are thousands of people in Kentucky and scattered throughout the

South who will miss his presence in their lives and who will feel that in his death something that made them better and happier has been lost.

Colonel Johnston was born in New Orleans in 1833, a son of John Harris and Eliza (Davidson) Johnston. Orphaned at five years, he was reared by maternal relatives in Kentucky. He married a daughter of Gov. George W. Johnson, who was killed in the Confederate army. He was a candidate for Governor in 1875, and was Secretary of State for Kentucky 1875-79. He wrote several valuable books, including "Memorial History of Louisville" (two volumes) and the "Confederate History of Kentucky." There may be more of him therein. His charming qualities as a man and citizen could hardly be exaggerated.

Gen. John O. Waddell.

Gen. J. O. Waddell, of Cedartown, Ga., died suddenly at his home after having suffered for more than fifty years from the effects of a wound received at Crampton's Gap.

General Waddell was born in Greene County, Ga., seventy-one years ago, and in 1854 moved to Cedartown, where he spent the best part of his life. He came of a distinguished family, his grandfather having been the founder of the University of Georgia and his father an eminent Presbyterian divine. He was a student at the State University when the war began, and was among the first to volunteer his services to the South, going to the front as a member of the Troop Artillery. He went out as lance corporal and soon became chief of piece, which position he held in the battle of Crampton's Gap, Md., in September, 1862, where he received an almost fatal wound and was left on the field for dead. He was, however, found and cared for by the Federal commander, Col. A. I. A. Torbert, of the 1st New Jersey Brigade, and finally was sent home, where he was welcomed as one from the dead. By the following January he was again at the front, and was in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, in the latter of which he was again wounded. A short time after this he was commissioned as adjutant of the 20th Georgia Regiment, Hood's Division. He was in the battle of Gettysburg and took part in the terrible charge of Longstreet's two divisions against Little Round Top on the second day of the battle.



GEN. J. O. WADDELL.

After the war Colonel Waddell engaged in farming, and was Georgia's first Assistant Commissioner of Agriculture, and for several years was President of the State Agricultural Society. A few years ago he was elected Commander of the Georgia Division, U. C. V.

General Waddell was a Mason, and was at one time an officer of Caledonia Lodge, No. 121, F. and A. M. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church. In these relationships, as in all other walks of life, he was a genial, companionable, and public-spirited gentleman, and his friends throughout the entire South will mourn his passing.

Col. George M. Edgar.

Col. George M. Edgar died on October 18, 1913, at his home, in Paris, Ky. He was born March 1, 1837, at Union, Va., of Scotch-Irish parentage. In 1853 he graduated from the Virginia Military Institute. He began his career as a teacher in his *Alma Mater* a year later, and held two other professorships in North Carolina, at Charlotte, and in Florida as Professor of Natural Science in the State Seminary, at Tallahassee, until the War between the States broke out. He enlisted as a private in Florida; and at Fort Barancas, near Pensacola, he served as sergeant major and drillmaster of the 1st Florida Regiment. Soon after Virginia seceded he obtained a discharge, returned to his native State, and assisted in raising a company in his home town, which company was a part of the 26th Virginia Regiment, sometimes called Edgar's Battalion, of which he was elected lieutenant colonel. As commander of this battalion he for three years participated in many engagements, chief of which were the battles of New Market, Second Cold Harbor, and Winchester. Colonel Edgar was a gallant Confederate soldier and officer and carried the marks of battle upon his body. His war record was one to be proud of, as attested by the reports of superior officers to be found in "Records of the War."

As an educator Colonel Edgar had no superior in ability and scholarly attainments. For many years he conducted schools for boys and girls in Kentucky. In later years he held positions of honor as President in the State institutions of Arkansas and Florida, also professorships in the State University of Alabama and Occidental College, California. After his retirement from active school work he prepared and delivered many addresses, one especially noted, being on "Stonewall Jackson."

"A Christian gentleman of the old school, a pure patriot, noble citizen, faithful friend, gallant soldier, splendid scholar and educator, always the the patron of righteousness" is the tribute of an old friend.

He is survived by his wife, two daughters, and three sons.

Dr. K. Taylor.

In the death of Dr. K. Taylor, on October 15, 1913, a widely known physician and prominent citizen was lost to Hampshire County, Va. He went there from Loudoun County during the first decade after the War between the States and shortly afterwards married a Miss Rannells, who, with four sons and two daughters, survives him. Dr. Taylor had a large practice and was known as a most successful and skillful physician.

Dr. Taylor was a soldier in the Confederate army. He was a member of Pickett's Division, and he was in the famous charge at Gettysburg. He was knocked down by a Minié ball near the stone fence, almost at the "high-water mark of the Confederacy," and carried the mark of that ball on the side of his head to the day of his death. He attended the great meeting on Gettysburg battle field last July and, in company with a friend, revisited and identified the spot where he fell, fifty years before.

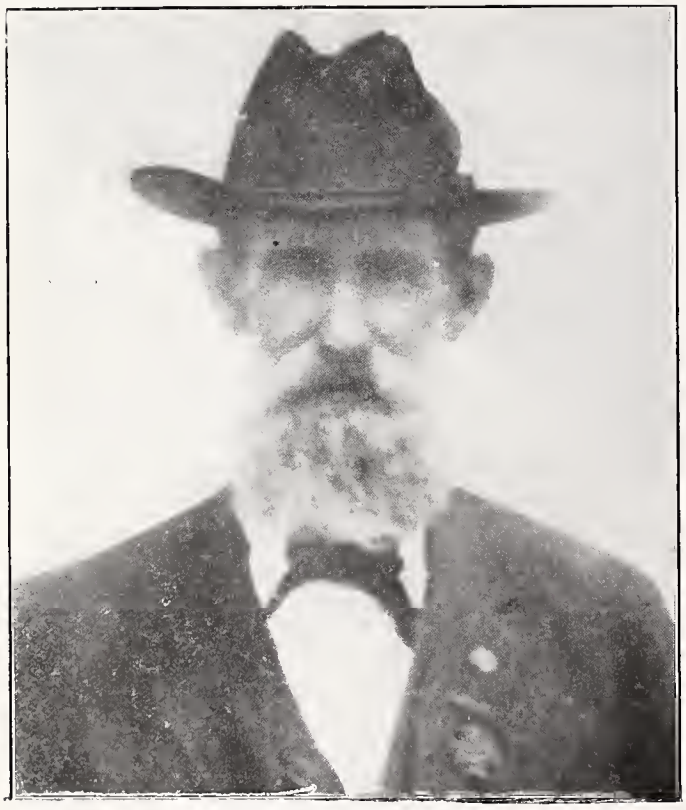
Charles J. DuBuisson.

The heart of every veteran of Yazoo Camp, No. 176, sorrowed at the death of their beloved comrade, Charles J. DuBuisson.

Returning from Bay Head, N. J., on Saturday night, August 2, 1913, he was seized with heart failure while sitting in the sleeping car and almost instantly died. He was taken to his native home, Natchez, and in the cemetery of that city by the side of his father and mother his body was laid to rest. Commander Capt. H. L. Taylor and Comrades S. S. Griffin and Theodore Schmitt, of Yazoo Camp, escorted his remains from Jackson to Natchez, Miss.

Comrade DuBuisson was in the seventy-first year of his age, born in 1842 at Natchez, Miss., and for a number of years before the war resided in this county. He was educated at Princeton, N. J. In 1862, when he had scarcely reached the age of manhood, he joined the light artillery of Capt. R. Bowman in the 1st Mississippi Regiment of Light Artillery, and was afterwards transferred to Capt. William Yerger's Company, K, of Wood's Regiment of Cavalry, Wirt Adams's brigade, and faithfully served in that company until its final surrender to General Canby on the 8th of May, 1865, in Alabama. Comrade DuBuisson participated in many fierce engagements, and bore himself as a brave and gallant soldier. He was a charter member of Yazoo Camp, No. 176, and for many years its Adjutant, always a prompt, capable, and efficient officer.

[From a tribute by a committee of Yazoo Camp.]



CHARLES J. DU BUISSON.

The Yazoo City Herald in a recent editorial paid the following tribute to Captain DuBuisson: "For twenty-eight years he was a ruling elder in the Yazoo City Presbyterian Church and clerk of the sessions for twenty years. He was a member of the Church from early manhood and lived the life of a consistent Christian. He was a model citizen, an upright, honorable gentleman, and was beloved by every one. His remains were escorted to their last resting place by a delegation of his comrades in arms from Yazoo Camp, representatives of the official bodies of the Presbyterian Church, and citizens and friends. The death is a sad loss to the community where for fifty years he had made his home, to his country that he so much loved, and to the loved ones of the family circle."

A Noted Woman.

The tragic death of Mrs. Pattie Lyles Collins, of Washington, D. C., who was run over and killed by an automobile in that city on December 23, 1913, has brought sorrow into many homes in the South. Mrs. Collins was the widow of Col. Nathaniel Dickson Collins, of Tennessee, who served in the Confederate army under General Bate. Her father, the late William D. Lyles, of Mississippi, was medical director of the Army of the West under General Polk. Because of his imposing appearance and the affectionate regard in which he was held by the soldiers, he was known as "Big Medicine." Two of Mrs. Collins's half-brothers were young surgeons in the army; and another half-brother, who entered the army as a private before he was sixteen years of age, died at Greensboro, N. C., of wounds received in battle. Her uncle, Benjamin Bibb, who was a veteran of the Mexican War, also served in the Confederate army.

Many of Mrs. Collins's ancestors performed distinguished service in the wars of the country. One of these, William Lewis, of Virginia, was an officer in the colonial wars and was a near kinsman of the celebrated Gen. Andrew Lewis and Maj. Micajah Lewis and his brothers, the heroes of King's Mountain. Mrs. Collins's grandfather, Thomas Bibb, of Alabama, was with General Jackson at New Orleans; and when young Bibb was wounded, the kind-hearted Jackson had him removed from the field on his (Jackson's) own horse. This incident was long remembered by the veterans of New Orleans. When the people of Huntsville, Ala., erected a statue to General Jackson, Thomas Bibb's young daughter, Miss Mary Bibb (afterwards the mother of Mrs. Collins) was chosen to unveil it.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Collins, like many other gentlewomen of the South, felt that she must put her talents and accomplishments to practical use. For several years she taught higher mathematics and languages in the State Female College at Memphis, but later was appointed to a position in the Post Office Department at Washington. Through the united efforts of the Mississippi delegation in Congress, most of whom had been the friends of her father, a special place was created for her in the Dead Letter Office, where she was known as the "blind reader," because of her skill in deciphering unintelligible addresses. Her work in this line attracted much attention and was often made the subject of magazine and newspaper articles. She had been known from her girlhood as one of the most brilliant of the daughters of Mississippi, and her extraordinary powers as a conversationalist and correspondent had created for her a wide circle of friends, which included many prominent and intellectual people in different parts of the United States as well as in Europe.

Mrs. Collins leaves one son (John W. Collins) and a daughter (the wife of Naval Constructor Frank B. Zahm). Her only sister, Mrs. John J. Crawford, of New York, who was Miss Fanny Lyles, the youngest child of Dr. Lyles, has been an ardent worker in the New York Chapter, U. D. C., and was at one time Recording Secretary and later Vice President of that Chapter, and was also New York State Director of the Arlington Monument Fund.

John Franklin Caldwell.

John Franklin Caldwell, a native Arkansan, died at his home, in Newport, Jackson County, Ark., the county in which he was born, November 22, 1913, aged sixty-six years. He had lived in Jackson County all his life, excepting the time spent in the Confederate army and while away at school.



JOHN F. CALDWELL.

He entered the army in May, 1862, when fifteen years old, in Company E, Col. Archibald Dobbins's 1st Arkansas Cavalry, with which he served most efficiently both in the ranks and in the regimental adjutant's office until September, 1863, when he was captured near Little Rock, Ark., the day on which the Marmaduke-Walker duel was fought, after which he was in prison at Fort Delaware until February 25, 1865, and on March 18 following he was exchanged at Aker's Landing, on the James River, twenty miles below Richmond.

He finished his education at Anchorage, Ky., in 1868, when he returned to Arkansas and married at Jacksonport, his native town, his wife dying a few months thereafter. Here he engaged in mercantile pursuits for a number of years. For the last fifteen years he has held responsible clerical positions with the St. Louis Compress Company at Newport, Ark. He was an Elk and was buried under the auspices of his home lodge at Newport.

For several years he was Adjutant of Tom Hindman Camp, No. 318, U. C. V., Newport, Ark., and he also served two consecutive terms as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V. He later served as assistant adjutant general with the rank of lieutenant colonel in the Arkansas State Guard. His entire service, both in military and civil employment as well as when a merchant, was characterized by an energetic and useful activity.

Farewell, brave, loyal, upright comrade; sleep on until the resurrection shall awake thee from thy slumber.

[Sketch by Col. V. Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark.]

In a personal note Colonel Cook writes: "Comrade Caldwell was one of the closest friends I had in Arkansas. He was Adjutant of Tom Hindman Camp, of Newport, during the several years of my incumbency as Commander thereof; he was also my Adjutant General and Chief of Staff during the two years I was Commander of the Arkansas Division, and he again served on my staff as Assistant Adjutant General with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, when I was major general in the Arkansas State Guard. In fact, he was with me in all my Arkansas, U. C. V., and State Guard positions and was offered similar positions after I went out of office, but declined to serve with any other. He was the embodiment, the very essence, of loyalty and uprightness."

Maj. M. McL. McLoughlin.

Maj. M. McL. McLoughlin was born in Cumberland County, N. C., May 7, 1833; and died in Cheraw, S. C., on December 15, 1913.

At the beginning of the war he enlisted in and was made captain of Company K, 38th North Carolina Volunteer Regiment, which was assigned to Pender's Brigade, Jackson's Corps. He participated in the Seven Days' fight, and particularly the first day, when his regiment lost heavily as it, with the 44th Georgia, charged down the hill to the edge of Ellison's mill pond, across which the enemy was intrenched. He was afterwards promoted to major, and served with Jackson at Cedar Mountain, Second Manassas, and in the Maryland campaign, being with Jackson at the capture of Harper's Ferry. When Jackson marched from Harper's Ferry to Sharpsburg, Major McLoughlin was left with A. P. Hill's Division (to which his brigade belonged), to take charge of the captured stores; but the next day he was marched to Sharpsburg, where the division arrived just in time to hold the Confederate right against Burnsides, who had succeeded in crossing the bridge over Antietam Creek.

At Chancellorsville he was with Jackson on the famous flank march, and was within a hundred yards of the General when he fell. Major McLoughlin picked up Jackson's cap the next morning. In the fight the day after Jackson fell Major McLoughlin was severely wounded, being shot through the face with a Minie ball, and was not able for further duty. General Pender in his official reports spoke highly of him.

After the war Major McLoughlin moved to Cheraw, S. C., where he established a high school that had a far-reaching reputation. He became one of the leading educators of the Carolinas. In 1874 he married Miss Cornelia McKay, who, with two sons and one daughter, survives him. In recent years he had devoted himself to Sunday school work in the Presbyterian Church, of which he had been a lifelong member. No one stood higher in the hearts of his acquaintances. He truly loved his neighbor as himself.

Hiram Allen McSpadden.

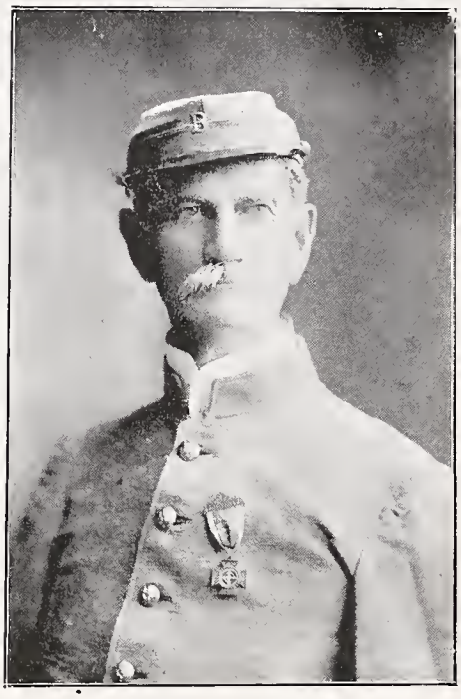
H. A. McSpadden, a Confederate veteran and a well-known citizen of Henderson, N. C., died recently at his home on Alabama Avenue. He was born in 1847, entered the Confederate service at sixteen, and served throughout the last eighteen months of the war as a member of Davenport's Battalion. After the surrender he returned home and engaged in farming on his old home place, near Fort Payne, where he lived until a few years ago.

In 1873 Mr. McSpadden married Miss Mollie Allen, who, with six children, survives him, his death being the first in the family.

Mr. McSpadden enjoyed in a marked degree the respect and affection of all who knew him, and he leaves behind the memory of a noble and modest life.

W. T. Thomas.

W. T. Thomas was born in Stewart County, Tenn., October 2, 1841; and died at his home, in Cumberland City, April 8, 1913. After the war began he volunteered in Company B, 50th Tennessee Infantry. He was taken prisoner at Fort Donelson and sent to Camp Douglas. He remained in prison until September 7, 1861, and then was exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss. The regiment was reorganized as Company L at Jackson, Tenn., and he was elected first lieutenant, and he commanded the company until 1864. He took part in the battles of Fort Donelson, Chickasaw Bayou, Port Hudson, La., Raymond, Miss., Jackson, Miss., Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge, and was discharged from the army in 1864.



W. T. THOMAS.

Comrade Thomas having fought for the Confederacy with all his zeal and spirit, when the war was over he accepted the situation and turned his time, talents, and energy toward the rebuilding of the South. He engaged in the mercantile business in the little town of Cumberland City, on the Cumberland River, and by close attention to his business he accumulated a small fortune, which has been used advantageously for the upbuilding of the town and surrounding country. He was an organizer, and President until his death, of the Cumberland City Bank, Vice President of the Dover Bank and Trust Company, at Dover, Tenn., and Vice President and Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Bank of Erin. He was also on the Board of Directors of the dry goods firm of Lyles, Black & Company, of Nashville.

Mr. Thomas was interested in the education of the boys and girls of the country, especially in his section, and for a number of years he was Chairman of the Board of Education of Stewart County. In 1893 he, with R. Steele, founded the Cumberland City Academy, giving their means and energies to the building of one of the best and most thorough preparatory schools in the State. He was a member of the M. E. Church, South, and was the leading spirit in building the church at Cumberland City. He left a wife and one daughter, Mrs. W. C. Howell, of Dover.

The world was made better by the life of W. T. Thomas, and the community in which he lived has lost a valued and trusted citizen.

Col. R. H. Morehead.

Col. R. H. Morehead died suddenly on November 3, 1912, at the home of his daughter at DeVall's Bluff, Ark. He was born in March, 1833, and at the beginning of the war enlisted in the 33d Mississippi Infantry, serving three years and six months.

Mrs. Robert Murray Collins.

Mrs. Robert M. Collins, daughter of Thomas Hill Watts, Attorney-General in President Davis's Cabinet and afterwards War Governor of Alabama, died at her home, in Montgomery, Ala., November 14, 1913, after a brief illness.

Mrs. Collins was, in every sense of the word, a true daughter of the South, and in her death a link between the old and the new South has been dissolved. She was of distinguished ancestry, handsome in person, brilliant in mind, of great strength of character, ever loyal and true. She was a belle and beauty of the sixties, and was with her illustrious father in Richmond during the war, when he was serving as a member of the Confederate Cabinet. It was often said of her that, had she been a man, the mantle of her father would have fallen upon her shoulders with easy grace. She was extremely fond of relics and reminiscences of the Confederacy, and had compiled several valuable historic reference books of mementos of the War between the States. Among her collection of relics were many personal letters from Jefferson Davis and other war heroes to her father, Governor Watts. Mrs. Collins was one of the historic women of her State selected to represent Alabama at the unveiling of the Alabama Monument at Chickamauga during the late reunion of Confederate veterans in Chattanooga. Although many times honored in this way, she did not seek to shine before the world, for with all her brilliance of mind there was no place that her sweet influence was more directly felt than within the home circle. It was truly said of her that to her her children were her jewels, her empire her home.

E. B. Gordon.

After a long illness, E. B. Gordon died at his home, in Brownwood, Tex. He was born in Lauderdale County, Miss., in 1845. He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1862 as a member of Company C, Mississippi Cavalry, Armstrong's Brigade, serving on the borders of Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi under Joseph E. Johnston and through the Georgia campaign until the fall of Atlanta. After the battle of Jonesboro, his command went to Tennessee with Hood and was with him in all that campaign. He was then in the fight at Selma, Ala., and was paroled at Gainesville, Ga.



E. B. GORDON.

Comrade Gordon was appointed color bearer of his regiment for gallantry during the fight at Manning's Mill. He was never wounded, but had many narrow escapes during the many engagements in which he participated. After the battle of Selma, Ala., his company never entered any regular engagements, but kept up a continual skirmish until forced to surrender with the mere skeleton of Forrest's once great command.

In 1868, at Cameron, La., Comrade Gordon was married to Miss Sallie A. Durr. In 1877 he removed to Texas, and in 1886 he located in Brown County, where he since resided. He spent his life in quiet business pursuit and was a man loved and respected. Surviving him are his wife, two sons, and three daughters.

William Penn Davis.

William P. Davis was born near Clarksville, Tenn., in 1843; and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. Martin, of Dallas, Tex., at the age of sixty-nine years. In April, 1861, he enlisted in Company K, 14th Tennessee Infantry; and in July his regiment was transferred to Virginia, where he served throughout the Cheat Mountain campaign in Anderson's Brigade, Loring's Division, under Gen. R. E. Lee. He served under Stonewall Jackson in the Hancock and Romney campaigns. In March, 1862, he was sent to Dumfries, on the Potomac River, and later ordered to Richmond. He participated in the battle of Seven Pines under Gen. A. P. Hill. He also took part in the battles of Gaines's Mill, Mechanicsville, Malvern Hill, and minor engagements. Under Jackson he was in the battles of Cedar Mountain, Manassas (where he was wounded), Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville. At Gettysburg he was one of the few who escaped death in Pickett's famous charge. He was also in the battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania Courthouse. He fought in the ditches at Petersburg and was at Weldon Road, Rosen House, and Geter's Mill. He was with his command at the evacuation of Petersburg and surrendered under General Lee at Appomattox.



WILLIAM P. DAVIS.

Returning home, Comrade Davis sought with heroic effort to recuperate his lost fortune. In September, 1867, he was married to Miss Nannie Halliburton. In 1870 he moved to Moberly, Mo., engaging in the lumber business. In 1910, on account of failing health and the desire to be near his children, he sought the congenial clime of Texas; but his health continued to decline, and he passed away on September 12, 1912, leaving a beloved wife, two sons, and two daughters.

William Davis was an honored member of the A. F. and A. M. and of the Sterling Price Camp, U. C. V., and his funeral was conducted by these two associations. At his request the Confederate flag was draped on his coffin and buried with him.

Maj. Jo F. Foard.

Maj. Jo F. Foard, formerly of Nashville, Tenn., died at Natchez, Miss., on December 10, after a long illness.

Major Foard was seventy-seven years of age and a native of Christian County, Ky., but for many years made his home in Nashville while proprietor of the Hecla coal mines, at Earlington, Ky. He removed to Mississippi about thirteen years ago.

Major Foard was a gallant Confederate soldier, going out from Kentucky, but becoming an officer in Gen George Dibrell's cavalry and serving through the war. He recently contributed a highly entertaining article to the Confederate Veteran regarding his war-time experiences. Many letters came in answer to the article, and they gave the family much pleasure. When conscious he would smile, and seemed to understand some of the messages.

Major Foard was also a Mason. He is survived by his wife, who was formerly Miss Cornelia Young, of East Tennessee, and his two daughters. He was the father of Mrs. William Wendel, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., and Mrs. J. Knox Hume, of Nashville.

The remains were taken to Hopkinsville, Ky., for interment.

Joseph W. Trowbridge.

Joseph W. Trowbridge died in Anderson, S. C., on October 11, 1913, in his seventy-sixth year. He was born January 8, 1838, in Wetumpka, Ala., and went to Texas before the war, from which State he enlisted in Company E, 1st Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, and participated in all the engagements of that famous command. He was a brave and chivalrous soldier, always ready to do his duty.

At the close of the war Comrade Trowbridge manfully went to work, locating first in Abbeville, S. C.; but later on he moved to Anderson and engaged in the brokerage business, in which he was successful. His chivalrous nature made him many friends. He was a member of the M. E. Church, South. An escort of Confederate veterans, some of whom were clad in the Confederate gray, led the funeral procession. He is survived by his wife and four children.

R. W. Mullins.

Comrade Mullins enlisted in Company I, 4th Tennessee Infantry, and was sworn in at Germantown in May, 1861. At Dalton, Ga., he was elected ensign of the regiment, and carried the colors until wounded at Franklin. After his recovery he became aid to Col. Luke Finley. He was captured at Nashville and was sent to Johnson's Island, where he was kept a prisoner until June, 1865.

The 4th Tennessee was a part of Strahl's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, and was in some of the hardest fighting of the Western campaigns. Comrade Mullins was badly wounded at Shiloh and again at Resaca. At Murfreesboro he was especially honored by his company for his gallantry on the battle field. He also took part in the battles of Chickamauga, Kennesaw Mountain, Jonesboro, and Atlanta.

James M. Wilson.

On the evening of July 21, 1913, James M. Wilson, of Culloden, Ga., passed from this life. He was a true citizen and a man of strong character and sterling principles. He was born at Russellville, Ga., April 16, 1845.



JAMES M. WILSON.

James Wilson, when barely sixteen years of age, in 1861, enlisted in Company C, 27th Georgia Regiment, Colquitt's Brigade, and served four years. He was in several pitched battles, many skirmishes, and was twice wounded. He made a good soldier, never shirking a duty. At the close of the war he returned to his home, in Monroe County, Ga. In 1868 he married Mary C. Rickerson, of Hickory Grove, Ga., who survived him only the brief period of forty-one hours. He was converted during the war and was ever a faithful Church member. He was a successful planter until two years ago, when stricken with paralysis. Four sons and three daughters survive him.

HENDERSON'S BIOGRAPHY OF GEN. T. J. JACKSON.

BY DOUGLAS ANDERSON, NASHVILLE, TENN.

In complying with a request to write of Henderson's "Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War" for the VETERAN I can best serve the Editor's purpose by commenting from the viewpoint of the average reader, who, however much he may be interested in the causes of wars and their resulting influences on life, governments, and civilization, balks at a detailed account of an army campaign in unknown lands and of the movements of troops on the battle field which he has never seen and can never see as it was when the battle was fought. Usually such accounts are about as interesting to the civilian as the detailed description of a game of chess is to a man who has never learned the game. But army campaigns and the movements of troops in battle are only the outward exhibition of some one man's knowledge of the principles of warfare and the art of strategy and his inborn skill and initiative in directing maneuvers. So, to claim the attention of his readers throughout his story of the origin, development, and execution of campaign plans and battles, the historian must not only be qualified by a thorough familiarity with military science and history, but must be highly endowed with the literary gift, and especially with a talent for descriptive writing.

With Stonewall Jackson as a subject, Major Henderson had ample opportunity to demonstrate the possession of both of these requisities, and in doing so he produced a work of such great historical and literary merit that it is hard to write of it in terms of justice without exceeding the bounds of pleasing moderation.

Lee was not more fortunate in the possession of his "right arm" than Jackson's fame has been in the coming of this English biographer. It is not putting it too strongly to say that Henderson performed his task as well as Jackson performed his. In establishing for Jackson a place in the front rank of the world's greatest generals Major Henderson has made for himself a place in the front rank of the world's great writers. What he has done for Jackson, Jackson has done for him, and together their names will go down the ages.

The author's portrayal of Jackson's genius in the formation of plans is so vivid and fascinating that the reader impatiently approaches the time and place set for their execution; his former aversion to such intricacies has vanished, and with maps at hand he becomes as much absorbed in the details of the battle field as if he had been a member of the Stonewall Brigade.

From the beginning of the first volume to the end of the second the author by the exercise of an indefinable gift, which can be likened only to the magnetism with which an orator sways his auditors, holds the attention of his reader and at the end leaves him in tears over his hero's death and filled with regret that the author's work also is ended. If this is deemed extravagant praise, remember that I am writing my own impressions, not the cold verdict of a learned critic.

If any one part of the book is better than another, it is, perhaps, the description of the battle of Chancellorsville, which is equal to Hugo's description of the battle of Waterloo. Scott never drew a more graphic picture.

Three extracts from the second volume are here given as samples of the author's style and power. Read disjointedly, they may or may not impress one who has not been under the spell of the entire biography; but taken in their proper connection, while the reader is imbued with the spirit of the work as a whole, they bear the imprint of a master pen.

NIGHT AT SHARPSBURG.

In the battle of Sharpsburg the Federals had 87,000 troops and lost 12,410, killed and wounded. The Confederates had 41,000 troops and suffered a loss of 9,500 officers and men in killed or wounded. Many regiments almost disappeared. In describing the awful carnage of that all-day fight (September 17, 1862) and incidents of the night following, Major Henderson says:

"The 17th Virginia, for instance, of Longstreet's command, took into battle nine officers and forty-six men; of these, seven officers and twenty-four men were killed or wounded and ten taken prisoners, leaving two officers and twelve men to represent a regiment which was over 1,000 strong at Bull Run. Yet as the men sank down to rest on the line of battle, so exhausted that they could not be awakened to eat their rations; as the blood cooled and the tension on the nerves relaxed, and even the officers, faint with hunger and sickened with the awful slaughter, looked forward with apprehension to the morrow, from one indomitable heart the hope of victory had not yet vanished. In the deep silence of the night, more oppressive than the stunning roar of battle, Lee, still mounted, stood on the highroad to the Potomac; and as general after general rode in wearily from the front, he asked quietly of each: 'How is it on your part of the line?' Each told the same tale. Their men were worn out; the enemy's numbers were overwhelming; there was nothing left but to retreat across the Potomac before daylight. Even Jackson had no other counsel to offer. His report was not the less impressive for his quiet and respectful tone. He had to contend, he said, against the heaviest odds he had ever met. Many of his division and brigade commanders were dead or wounded, and his loss had been severe. Hood, who came next, was quite unmanned. He exclaimed that he had no men left. 'Great God!' cried Lee, with an excitement he had not yet displayed, 'where is the splendid division you had this morning?' 'They are lying on the field, where you sent them,' was the reply, 'for few have straggled. My division has been almost wiped out.'

"After all had given their opinion, there was an appalling silence, which seemed to last for several minutes, and then General Lee, rising erect in his stirrups, said: 'Gentlemen, we will not cross the Potomac to-night. You will go to your respective commands, strengthen your lines; send two officers from each brigade toward the ford to collect your stragglers and get them up. Many have come in. I have had the proper steps taken to collect all the men who are in the rear. If McClellan wants to fight in the morning, I will give him battle again. Go!'

"Without a word of remonstrance the group broke up, leaving their great commander alone with his responsibility, and, says an eyewitness, 'If I read their faces aright, there was not one but considered that General Lee was taking a fearful risk.' So the soldiers' sleep was undisturbed. Through the September night they lay beside their arms, and from the dark spaces beyond came the groans of the wounded and the nameless odors of the battle field. Not often has the night looked down upon a scene more terrible. The moon, rising above the mountains, revealed the long lines of men and guns, stretching far across hill and valley, waiting for the dawn to shoot each other down, and between the armies their dead lay in such numbers as civilized war has seldom seen. So fearful had been the carnage, and comprised within such narrow limits, that a Federal patrol, it is related, passing into the cornfield, where the fighting had been fiercest, believed that

they had surprised a whole Confederate brigade. There, in the shadow of the woods, lay the skirmishers, their muskets beside them, and there in regular ranks lay the line of battle, sleeping, as it seemed, the profound sleep of utter exhaustion. But the first man that was touched was cold in death. It was the bivouac of the dead." (Page 262.)

On October 11, 1862, Jackson was promoted to the rank of lieutenant general, and after the battle of Fredericksburg, in December, he spent the winter in camp with his army writing official reports, a task that crowding events had compelled him to neglect. He was then thirty-nine years of age. In picturing his life in camp his biographer says on page 381:

"The early spring of 1863 was undoubtedly one of the happiest seasons of a singularly happy life. Jackson's ambition, if the desire for such rank that would enable him to put the powers within him to the best use may be so termed, was fully gratified. The country lad who, one and twenty years ago on his way to West Point, had looked on the green hills of Virginia from the Capitol at Washington could hardly have anticipated a higher destiny than that which had befallen him. Over the hearts and wills of thirty thousand magnificent soldiers, the very flower of Southern manhood, his empire was absolute; and such dominion is neither the heritage of princes nor within the reach of wealth. The most trusted lieutenant of his great commander, the strong right arm with which he had executed his most brilliant enterprises, he shared with him the esteem and admiration not only of the army but of the whole people of the South. The name he had determined, in his lonely boyhood, to bring back to honor already ranked with those of the Revolutionary heroes. Even his enemies, for the brave men at the front left rancour to the politicians, were not proof against the attraction of his great achievements. A friendly intercourse, not always confined to a trade of coffee for tobacco, existed between the outposts. Johnnies and Yanks often exchanged greetings across the Rappahannock; and it is related that one day when Jackson rode along the river, and the Confederate troops ran together, as was their custom, to greet him with a yell, the Federal pickets, roused by the sudden clamor, crowded to the bank and shouted across to ask the cause. 'Gen. Stonewall Jackson,' was the proud reply of the gray-coated sentry. Immediately, to his astonishment, the cry, 'Hurrah for Stonewall Jackson!' rang out from the Federal ranks, and the voices of North and South, prophetic of a time to come, mingled in acclamation of a great American." (Page 381.)

In discussing Jackson's personal traits and his capacity for making and holding friends the author says on page 370:

"He was not of a forgiving nature. Once roused, resentment took possession of his whole being, and it may be questioned whether it was ever really appeased. At the same time, the fact that Jackson lacked the fascination which, allied to lofty intellect, wins the hearts of men most readily, and is pre-eminently the characteristic of the very greatest warriors, can hardly be denied. His influence with men was a plant of slow growth. Yet the glamour of his great deeds, the gradual recognition of his unfailing sympathy, his modesty and his truth, produced in the end the same result as the personal charm of Napoleon, of Nelson, and of Lee. His hold on the devotion of his troops was very sure. 'God knows,' said his adjutant general, weeping the tears of a brave man, 'I would have died for him!' And few commanders have been followed with more implicit confidence or have inspired a deeper and more abiding affection. Long years after the war a bronze statue, in his habit as he lived, was erected on his grave at Lexington. Thither, when the figure was unveiled, came the survivors of the Second Army Corps, the men of Manassas and of Sharpsburg, of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and of many another hard-fought field; and the younger generation looked on the relics of an army whose peer the world has seldom seen. When the guns had fired a salute, the wild Rebel yell, the music which the great Virginian had loved so well, rang loud above his grave, and as the last reverberations died away across the hills the gray-haired ranks stood still and silent. 'See how they loved him!' said one, and it was spoken with deepest reverence. Two well-known officers, who had served under Jackson, were sitting near each other on their horses. Each remarked the silence of the other, and each saw that the other was in tears. 'I'm not ashamed of it, Snowden.' 'Nor I, old boy,' replied the other as he tried to smile.

"When, after the unveiling, the columns marched past the monument, the old fellows looked up, and then bowed their uncovered heads and passed on. But one tall, gaunt soldier of the Stonewall Brigade as he passed out of the cemetery looked back for a moment at the lifelike figure of his general and, waving his old gray hat toward it, cried out: 'Good-by, old man, good-by; we did all we could for you; good-by!'"

[The author of the foregoing, a grandson of the widely known and greatly beloved John B. McFerrin, who rendered valued service in the army and was a wise counselor to Confederate soldiers and on to the end of a useful life in the Methodist ministry, is an ardent devotee to the principles of his ancestor. He was so enthused with the book that he wants others to enjoy it.—Editor Veteran.]

GEN. SHERMAN ON THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA.

BY C. H. BRIGGS, NEVADA, MO.

On July 4, 1866, Gen. W. T. Sherman, Gen. John A. Logan, and Governor Oglesby were the speakers at the Fourth of July celebration held at Salem, Ill., with an audience of many thousands assembled to hear them. General Sherman was the first speaker, and his address was not long. He could be heard by only a small part of the crowd before him.

The writer, who then was about seventeen years old, made his way through the throng and stood directly in front of the speaker, near enough to hear distinctly every word. General Sherman's speech was an avowal and a justification of the burning of Columbia, S. C., by his army as a military necessity. I do not remember definitely that he said he gave the order for the burning of the city; but the distinct impression made upon my mind was that he accepted the full responsibility for the destruction of the city, which he declared was necessary to terrorize the Confederates and help end the war.

[The foregoing was sent by Hon. George M. Jones, an active and ever-zealous comrade and formerly Commander of the Missouri Division, U. C. V., of Jefferson City, Mo. He inclosed with it a letter in which he wrote that Rev. Dr. Briggs related the matter to him in a private conversation, and he requested that he write it for the Veteran. He states that the author "is noted for his accuracy of memory in regard to dates and incidents." On other occasions General Sherman has been known to assume the responsibility for the destruction of Columbia, and his worst admission was when he stated that, to injure him politically at his home, he charged it to Gen. Wade Hampton.]

HISTORY OF THE C. S. M. A. OF THE SOUTH.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association begs to announce that only five hundred copies of the "History of the Confederated Memorial Associations of the South" are left. The book is very attractive in binding, intensely interesting, and will become more valuable as the years roll on. It would make a most appropriate gift, one that will be appreciated by the daughters and sons of the heroic women of the Confederacy who were as true to their duty to "rise and build" as her sons were to bleed and die. The Historical Committee of the United Confederate Veterans recommended this work through its chairman, the late lamented Gen. Clement A. Evans. It was indorsed by the late Gen. Stephen D. Lee and Mrs. Virginia F. McSherry, Ex-President General United Daughters of the Confederacy.

This valuable compendium should be in every public library and Southern home. To place it within the reach of every Southern man and woman, the price has been reduced to $1, delivered by mail or express. No greater book bargain has ever been offered. Do not delay your order if you wish to take advantage of this exceptional offer.

All communications and remittances (by post office money order) should be made to Mrs. W. J. Behan, President, 1207 Jackson Avenue, New Orleans, La.

Col. V. Y. Cook to Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Confederated Memorial Association, publishers of the book: "I am reading it with much interest. The incident told by Chaplain Jones of the father's finding and identifying his dead son's remains in an unmarked grave at Resaca (page 150) is a marvelous and wonderful revelation of Omnipotent Power, grand and sublime in the disclosure to the sorrowing parents, bringing to them confiding knowledge of Him who heard and answered their supplication. Your book is valuable far beyond the price asked for it."

The funds secured from the sale of this book are to be used for further memorial work, marking the graves of Confederate soldiers, etc. The VETERAN commends the book, especially for its value as a work of reference.

PICKETT'S CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG.

Great Descriptive Historical Battle Piece.

The Old South—War's Horrors—Love Feast—The Greatest Entertainment of Its Kind.

By Prof. Julian Luxmore Evans, Nashville, Tenn.

After twenty-two years of diligent research with patience and persistence, the greatest of war dramas is now completed, and its production promises to become historic as "Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg." The author predicts that it will be "the grandest exhibition ever conceived by man," and he states that "competent critics, old soldiers, and others pronounce it one of the grandest conceptions of the age. A heart-to-heart peacemaker, a binding tie between the North and South—the blue and the gray—is its object lesson." As a teacher of loyalty, patriotism, and love of country the drama is commended to the younger generations. The work embraces thrilling scenes and beautiful, pathetic music, fascinating and tragic events beautifully blended together with a great peace melody, and a peace scene as a climax. A lecture will be given on the drama at an early date.

The author has commendations from Mrs. Gen. George E. Pickett, Hon. R. E. Lee (General Lee's youngest son), and Mr. C. T. Loehr, Secretary of Pickett's Division Association. The late Maj. George E. Pickett, U. S. A., praised the work.

Professor Evans is solicitous of capital to finance the production of this drama, and regards it as a big, sure, and safe money-maker. Send 10 cents for a descriptive pamphlet with added historical poems. Address: Prof. Julian Luxmore Evans, 526 Union Street, Nashville, Tenn.

THE BATTLE OF TUPELO, OR HARRISBURG, MISS.

Eugene H. Allman, 121 Old Shell Road, Mobile, Ala., who was a member of the 6th Mississippi Cavalry and was in Forrest's command at the battle of Tupelo, Miss., is now publishing a beautiful map of the battle field of Tupelo (or Harrisburg), Miss., showing the positions of the commands of General Forrest and of Gen. A. J. Smith, with a list of casualties of officers and men which is authentic. The battle was fought July 13-15, 1864. The map is embellished with halftones of Gens. N. B. Forrest and A. J. Smith and representations of the Confederate and United States flags. It will be sent to any address upon receipt of money order for 50 cents.

A YANKEE FEIGNED DEATH AT NEW HOPE CHURCH.—C. Ziprian, of Matador, Tex., tells of an experience at New Hope Church: "My command was ordered to New Hope Church to relieve some of our cavalry, who had piled up some fence rails for breastworks, and it was getting too hot for them. We took our place about 2 P.M., and after very heavy firing for about two hours our orders were to cease firing and fix bayonets. While waiting for further orders, the Federals came up in three lines through the woods and got within thirty or forty yards of us, where they halted and called on us to surrender. Instead, we opened fire and fairly mowed them down. Then toward sundown the firing lulled considerably, so Comrade Dunbar and I decided we wanted some crackers. We ran out to where we found one lone Yankee behind a small fallen tree a few paces ahead of the main line of the dead. We tumbled him around and got his haversack full of grub; and as the bullets were coming thick and fast, we hurried back. Remembering that we had neglected to search the Yankee's pockets, about dusk Dunbar and I went back to where we found him; but the little Yankee was gone. We recalled then that he had had no blood about him, so we realized that he had played us a Yankee trick. I hope he is living still and will let me hear from him. Dunbar now lives near me."

Transportation at present in Colon and Panama is by coaches drawn by one or two wiry, hardy ponies, with a system of fixed charges not at all excessive. Each coach has a tingling bell as a signal of danger which impresses visitors delightfully. In Panama there are 467 of these coaches, each of which is taxed $4 per month. The same order prevails in each terminal city of the Canal Zone. Of the 140 men who have been treated in the Ancon Hospital, about sixty per cent of the cases have required the surgeon.

Burt G. Wilder, 60 Park Street, Brookline, Mass., who was present at Rivers Causeway, James Island, S. C., July 2, 1864, as a Union medical officer, seeks fuller information on certain points. Participants not already in correspondence with him are requested to send their addresses on postal cards.

W. E. Preston, Columbus, Ga.: "On page 545, November VETERAN, 'Nicknames' says 'Georgia Goober Grabbers.' Shouldn't it be Georgia Goober Grabblers? Some recruits in Tennessee and Kentucky during 1861-63 occasionally grabbled under red clover looking for goobers."

Deafness

rom All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!



Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

ften called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" re restoring perfect hearing in every condition of eafness or defective hearing from causes such as atarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, hickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, erforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, ischarge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case r how long standing it is, testimonials received show arvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthn the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one oint of the natural drums, thus uccessfully restoring perfect earing where medical skill even ails to help. They are made of soft, sensitized material, comrtable and safe to wear. They re easily adjusted by the wearer nd out of sight when worn. What has done so much for ousands of others will help you. on't delay. Write today for ur FREE 168 page Book on Deafess—giving you full particulars.



WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
888 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.



I Am the Custodian of the Official U. C. V. Society Button

which only Confederate Veterans who are members of U. C. V. Camps and their wives and daughters are entitled to wear; same may be had by writing me and inclosing the price of same. Gold, $1; plated, 50 cents each.

J. F. SHIPP, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Quartermaster-General, United Confederate Veterans



Bronze Memorial Tablets

Designs and estimates free.

Jno. Williams Inc., Bronze Foundry
554 W. 27th St., New York

Cast Bronze Medallion, 6 1-2 inches high, Gen. Robert E. Lee, 75 cents each (postage extra) to readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

"The medallion of Lee is a beauty and much valued."—*Murfreesboro Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy.*

For Over Sixty Years

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world.

N. F. Davis, of El Moro, Colo., wants to hear from any survivors of Company H, 11th Regiment Volunteer Infantry, 2d Missouri Brigade.

S. B. McBride, of Arlington, Tex., wants the address of any surviving member of Company K, 11th Missouri Infantry, or of any one who knows of any surviving members.

T. B. Hinshaw, of Commerce, Mo., Box 118, wants to find some one who belonged to the 13th Tennessee Volunteers during the war, and asks that any survivors will write to him.

Ambrose Lee, 631 East 219th Street, New York City, wants the January, February, March, and May numbers of 1893, or the whole volume, for which he will pay any reasonable price.

Perry Cardin, of Pecan Gap, Tex., asks that inquiry be made for some surviving members of Company A, 10th Alabma Regiment, with which command he served as a Confederate soldier.

G. W. Hatch, of Ovalo, Tex., wants to hear from any surviving comrades of William P. Hatch, who served in Company B, 14th Louisiana Regiment, Nicholls's Brigade, Ewell's Division, Jackson's Corps.

Pat McCormack, of Wylie, Tex., who served in Company F, 6th Louisiana Infantry, wants to hear from survivors of his company or regiment who know his record. He is old and needs a pension, and will appreciate hearing from his comrades.

Miss Emily J. Raymond, of Newton, Kans., is anxious to learn something of the history of the 59th Alabama Regiment, and especially of Company G, in which her grandfather, William Stephens, was enrolled, and Company E, of which her granduncle, William Swann, was second lieutenant, elected September 27, 1862.

Thomas H. Simms, 310 State Line Avenue, Texarkana, Ark., would like to locate George S. Oxley and C. C. Hindley, who were members of the Hempstead Rifles, Captain Gratiot, and entered the service in May, 1861, from Washington, Ark. These two men nursed Mr. Simms when he was sick, and he wants to get in communication with them.

The Direct Route to

Washington Baltimore
Philadelphia New York

and all Eastern Cities from the South and Southwest is via Bristol and the

NORFOLK & WESTERN RY.

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

The Direct Line

to Antietam, Md., Gettysburg, Pa., Manassas, Va. (Bull Run), and other famous battle fields in the Shenandoah Valley and other sections of Virginia.

Best Route to

Richmond Norfolk
and all Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, General Agent Passenger Department, Chattanooga, Tenn.
W. C. SAUNDERS, General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.
W. B. BEVILL, Passenger Traffic Manager, Roanoke, Va.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN

UNIFORMS

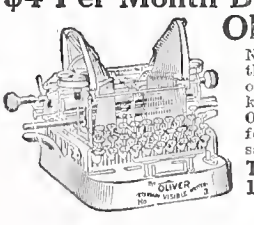
Highest Quality Lowest Prices

Tailor-Made to Your Measure

Send for Catalogue No. 341 and cloth samples.

The Pettibone Bros. Mfg. Co.
CINCINNATI

$4 Per Month Buys This Visible Oliver Typewriter



No Thing Down—Free Trial. Less than Agents' Prices. Shipped on approval. If you want to keep it, send us $4 a month. Our booklet is worth sending for, because it tells you how to save $41 50. It's FREE.

Typewriter Dist. Syndicate
166-L-68 N. Michigan Blvd.
Chicago

KU KLUX KLAN BOOKLET

Interesting and fascinating, giving absolutely correct history of the origin and objects of this famous and mysterious Klan. Published by the Mississippi Division U. D. C., all proceeds go to erect a monument at Beauvoir, Miss. (home of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy) to the memory of Confederate Veterans. Price, 30 cents, postpaid. Address

MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, Custodian K. K. K. Booklet,
WEST POINT, MISS.

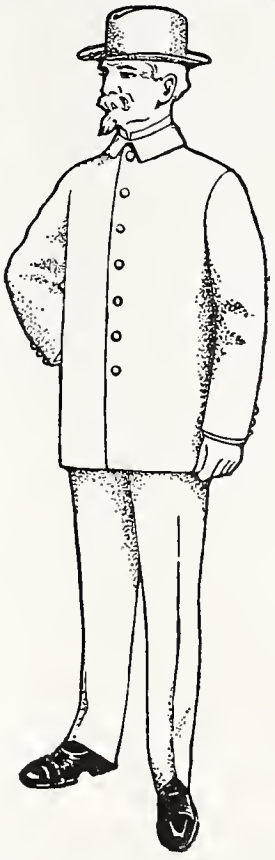
The Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company

Has endeavored during its service of fifty-eight years in the United States to exemplify the definition of the words "to insure"—viz., "to make certain or secure." Every loss claimant insured in this Company and affected by the serious conflagrations in this and other countries will, we believe, testify to the sense of security they experience in possessing our policies and of satisfaction at our settlements.

CONFEDERATE

UNIFORMS

LEVY'S SPECIAL $8.50



Made of our new "Dixie Gray" cloth, which is woven to our order for these special uniforms. Thoroughly tailored; perfect-fitting. Coat and trousers, with regulation U. C. V. buttons. "Levy's Special" at $8.50, the price made possible only by the large number of these uniforms which we make up for Veterans all over the country every year.

Finer uniforms at moderate prices. Made to order and guaranteed to fit.

Hats, caps, wreaths, cords, buttons, stars, leggins, and insignia of rank of all kinds.

Write for catalog and samples, mentioning the Veteran.

We make special terms for outfitting whole camps.

LEVY'S Third and Market

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Bronze Memorial Tablets

cast in The Gorham foundries—the finest in world—possess a distinctive charm, dignity and unequaled artistic excellence.

Correspondence invited

The Gorham Company

Fifth Avenue & Thirty-Sixth St.

New York



Miniature Pins, Battle Flag, Finest Cloisonne Enamel Brooch, Button or Hat Pin

No. 2270	
Gold-Plated	$0.25
Rolled Gold	.50
Solid Gold	1.00
Solid Gold, Heavy Weight	2.00
14kt. " " "	3.00

POSTPAID

Special prices on half dozen or more

Illustrated price list of Flags and Confederate Novelties sent on request

Catalogue of Medals, Class Pins, Rings, Trophies, and Banners now ready.

MEYER'S MILITARY SHOP

1231 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D. C.



THE BEST PLACE to purchase all-wool

Bunting or Silk Flags

of all kinds

Silk Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps

and all kinds of Military Equipment and Society Goods is at

Veteran J. A. JOEL & CO., 63 Nassau St.

Send for Price List New York City

The South in History and Literature

By Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford

ATHENS, GA.

850 pages. Price, $1 net; postage, 21 cents.

(Writers since 1906 will be found in supplement being prepared.)

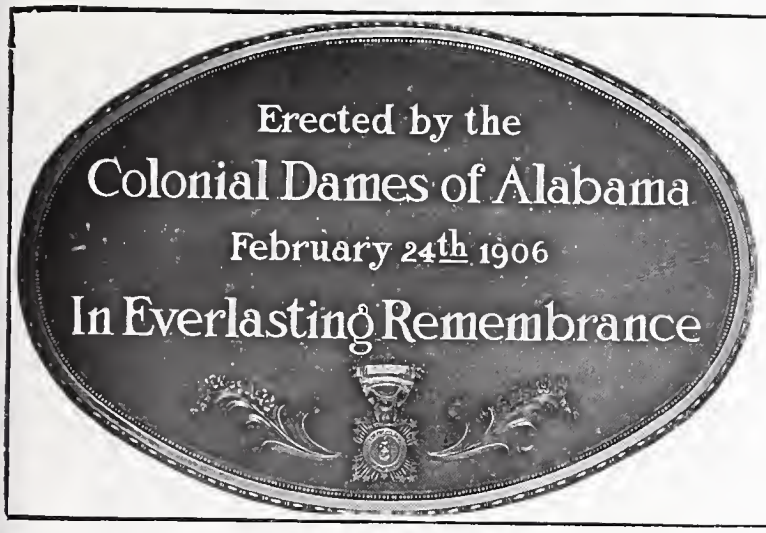
Gartside's Iron Rust Soap Co.

4054 LANCASTER AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA

Gartside's Iron Rust Soap (U. S. registered patent No 3477) removes iron rust, ink, and all unwashable stains from clothing, marble, etc., with magical effect. Good seller, big margins. House-to-house agents and store salesmen wanted. The original, 25c a tube. Beware of infringements and the penalty for making, selling, and using an in ringed article.

J. B. Hobby, of Wyatt, La., is trying to secure a pension for the widow of Jacob I. Wheat, who enlisted as a Confederate soldier in Hempstead County, Ark., but she does not recall his command. Any comrades who remember him will please communicate with Mr. Hobby.

G. M. D. Prichard, of Wichita Falls, Tex., wishes to hear from comrades of Company G, 35th Texas Cavalry, Liken's Regiment, Trans-Mississippi Department, C. S. A. He enlisted in Upshaw County, Tex., and seeks the testimony of comrades that will enable him to get a pension.



MEMORIAL TABLETS
IN THE HIGHEST GRADE OF
STANDARD COPPER BRONZE
HAND-TOOLED THROUGHOUT

SPECIALISTS FOR 25 YEARS IN
ART MEMORIAL TABLETS

PAUL E. CABARET & CO.
BRONZE WORKERS
OFFICE AND STUDIO
120-126 ELEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY
CORRESPONDENCE INVITED ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET ON REQUEST

Wanted--War Relics

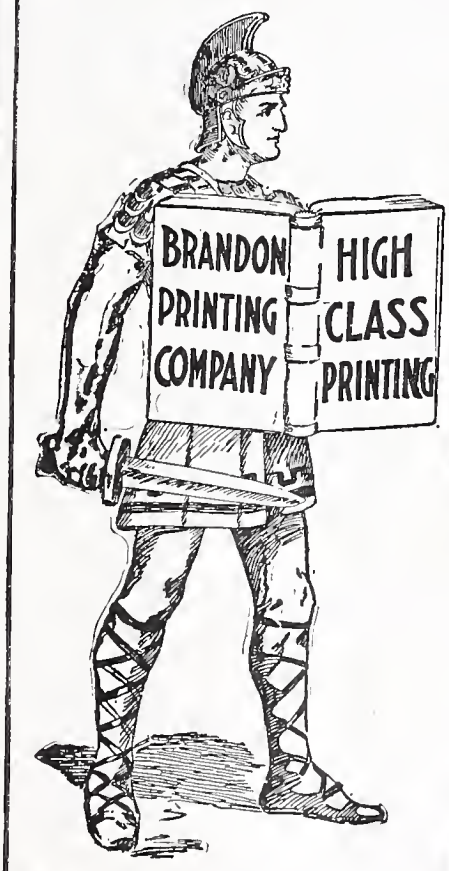
I want to purchase Confederate War Relics—Books, Letters, Curios, etc. I want Buttons and Belt Buckles. Will exchange Naval for Army Buttons. Give description and price of what you have to sell. Address **DR. GEORGE BROWN, Austell Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.**

F. W. Hobson, of Liberty, Tenn., asks the age limitation in the conscript law. He also ealls attention to error as to date of Gen. Robert Hatton's death, which was May 31, 1862.

A Confederate ten-dollar note has been sent to the VETERAN office on which is written the name of "James W. Comfort, O. Sergeant Company F, 9th Georgia Regiment." It would doubtless be of speeial interest to the original owner or some member of his family.

J. W. Homer, of Louisville, Kans., says tell the Confeds that the Yanks who fought them in the sixties would like for them to write some of the stories of their war experiences for the National Tribune, as he feels sure they would be interesting to their war-time opponents.

Mrs. Amanda McCormick, 208 West Junction Street, Paragould, Ark., will appreciate hearing from some comrade of her husband, B. B. McCormick, of Spring Hill, Tenn., where he enlisted, he thinks, with Capt. George W. Campell, who commanded Company G, the Brown Guards, 1st Tennessee Regiment, under Col. Hume R. Fields, and later was eaptain of Company H, same egiment. She mentions William Blanton, of Union City, and Columbus Spratt, of Spring Hill, as having been with her husband.



Facts about PRINTING

¶ To obtain efficiency in the result, whether it be in the **Stationery,** the **Catalogue,** the **Lithographing,** the **Blank Books,** or whatever task the printer may be called upon to perform, you must demand the best—**HIGH-CLASS PRINTING.** This we are prepared to produce by virtue of experience, artisans employed, and equipment. ¶ We give thought to our productions. Write to us. We will be able to carryout your ideas or possibly to suggest something new.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.
Nashville, - - Tenn.

Woodland Bronze Works
DEPARTMENT OF
ALBERT RUSSELL & SONS COMPANY
Bronze Memorial and Inscription
TABLETS
ESTIMATES AND DESIGNS FURNISHED UPON REQUEST
105 Merrimac St.
Newburyport, Mass.

T. H. Hightower, of Cleveland, Tenn., asks for the address of W. P. Margraves or for any information of him. He was a comrade of Lynch's Battery.

J. L. Galbraith, of Morristown, Tenn., would like to get the address of Dr. John E. Biers, who was lieutenant colonel of the 11th Tennessee Infantry.

The Thin Gray Line

THE RANKS of the Soldiers and Women of the Confederacy grow thinner each year. Scarcely a week or a day passes but some hero of the sixties answers the Last Roll. And our noble women, who shared with them the awful trials of those days, are fast crossing the river too. Not many years hence the last of this noble band will have left us.

Are we doing what we can to show our love and appreciation for their heroism and sacrifice while they are with us, and to keep alive in generations to come the honor and love that is due them?

In hundreds of cities in our Southland you will find permanent memorials in marble and stone, on which are inscribed beautiful and fitting tributes to our Soldiers and Women of the Confederacy; and as long as time itself shall last these mute witnesses shall speak out, telling of the courage and the sacrifice of our noble people. These shall serve to keep alive the honor that is theirs.

Has your city such a memorial? If not, would you like to have one? We can easily have a beautiful Confederate Monument in your city, and will do this without your incurring any expense or any obligation whatever.

C L Willoughby Aug 1914
Lakeland Fla

Don't put this matter off. Take it up now before all of our heroes are gone. It will be easier now than ever again. All that is necessary is for you to start; we will show you how.

Are you interested? Do you want a monument in your city to the Soldiers and Women of the Confederacy? Then write us to-day.

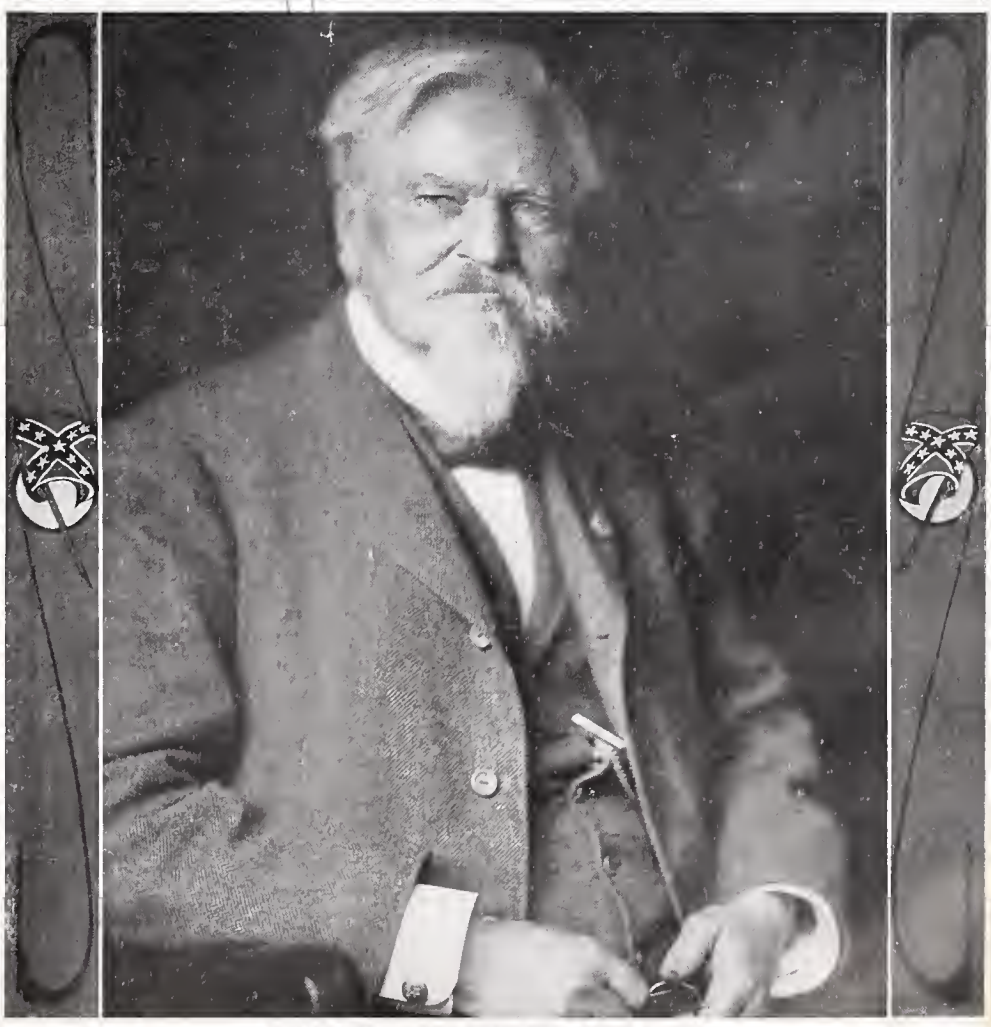
The McNeel Marble Co.

MARIETTA, GA.

The Largest Monumental Mill in the South

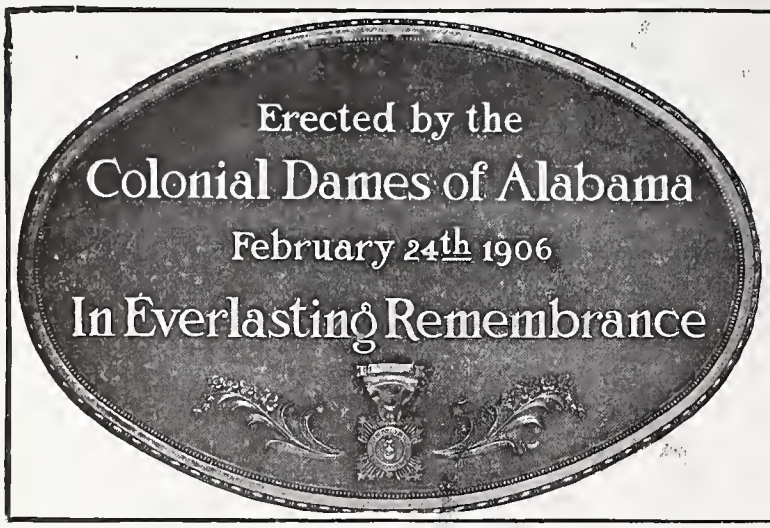
Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXII. MARCH, 1914 NO. 3



GEN. SIMON BOLIVAR BUCKNER

973.705
C748



MEMORIAL TABLETS
IN THE HIGHEST GRADE OF
STANDARD COPPER BRONZE
HAND-TOOLED THROUGHOUT

SPECIALISTS FOR 25 YEARS IN
ART MEMORIAL TABLETS

PAUL E. CABARET & CO.
BRONZE WORKERS
OFFICE AND STUDIO
120-126 ELEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY
CORRESPONDENCE INVITED ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET ON REQUEST



Facts about PRINTING

¶ To obtain efficiency in the result, whether it be in the **Stationery,** the **Catalogue,** the **Lithographing,** the **Blank Books,** or whatever task the printer may be called upon to perform, you must demand the best—**HIGH-CLASS PRINTING.** This we are prepared to produce by virtue of experience, artisans employed, and equipment. ¶ We give thought to our productions. Write to us. We will be able to carryout your ideas or possibly to suggest something new.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.
Nashville, - - Tenn.

Woodland Bronze Works
DEPARTMENT OF
ALBERT RUSSELL & SONS COMPANY
Bronze Memorial and Inscription
TABLETS
STIMATES AND ESIGNS FURNISHED PON REQUEST
105 Merrimac St.
Newburyport, Mass.

rmation from old acquaintances ing the enlistment and service father, William J. Staten, now ill be greatly appreciated. I believe he joined the Confederate army at Murfreesboro. He was a saddle maker." (R. L. Staten, care J. W. Lindsley & Company, Dallas, Tex.)

Wanted--War Relics

I want to purchase Confederate War Relics—Books, Letters, Curios, etc. I want Buttons and Belt Buckles. Will exchange Naval for Army Buttons. Give description and price of what you have to sell. Address **DR. GEORGE BROWN, Austell Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.**

Mrs. Mollie B. Thornton, of Leesville, La., wishes to establish the war record of her husband, Richard Allen Thornton, who was living in Alabama at the beginning of the war and enlisted with Company A, 44th Alabama Regiment, under Hood. In the winter of 1863 he was in Fredericksburg, Va. He had two brothers, Field and Bob. Address her in care of H. C. Shepherd.

Mrs. Mary T. Thompson, of Lufkin, Tex., seeks information concerning the service of her husband, First Lieut. W. T. Thompson, who enlisted from El Dorado, Union County, Ark., in Company A, 1st Arkansas Regiment, with which command he served throughout the war. He was wounded in the battle of Resaca, Ga. He served under Capt. (afterwards Col.) Asa Morgan and Capt. Eldridge Lacey.

Joe Smith, of Staunton, Va., desiring to receive his father's cross of honor, seeks to locate a surviving comrade who can give the company and regiment, thought to be the 52d Regiment. His father, also named Joe Smith, was killed in the battle of Sharpsburg. He married Bettie Caricofe at the time of enlistment, when he lived on Joe Landes's farm, near New Hope, Va. Mrs. J. F. F. Cassell, President of the J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, of Staunton, has been trying for years to get this cross of honor for the son of a soldier who gave his life for his country when his son was only a year old.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Contributors are requested to furnish double-spaced typewritten copy whenever practicable, and to condense as much as possible.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The VETERAN is the best advertising medium for the entire South.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XXII. NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1914. | No. 3. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, FOUNDER.

FLORIDA'S WELCOME TO CONFEDERATES.

Gov. Park Trammell, of Florida, assures Confederate veterans of a hearty welcome to the State on the occasion of their Reunion at Jacksonville, May 6, 7, 8.

THE GOVERNOR'S WELCOME.

It is simple truth to affirm that the hearts of the people of Florida are overflowing with gratification and pride over the fact that the revered heroes composing the United Confederate Veterans will hold their annual Reunion this year in our State's metropolis.

The grand old heroes of the gray will meet a magnificent, whole-souled reception in Jacksonville and at any other Florida points that they may visit. They will be amongst their own. They will be in an atmosphere thoroughly Southern, splendidly hospitable, and highly appreciative of the honor of having been selected as the Reunion city and State.

Florida is rich in romance and tradition and in the loyalty of her people to high ideals and patriotic endeavors. In proportion to population and resources, Florida contributed as generously and as cheerfully in men and in means to the support of the Confederate cause as did any of the other great commonwealths which so nobly championed that righteous struggle. Florida gave many great names to the mighty galaxy of the South's matchless heroes, and she gave a host of brave men of the ranks who on countless fields rendered valorous account of their courage and patriotism. The creditable part which the people of this State took in support of Southern defense is a source of pride to the survivors of the great conflict and of veneration to he younger generation.

In every community from the Potomac to the Gulf the Confederate veteran is always an honored and a welcome visitor and guest. No greater tribute could be paid to the enduring justice of the principles for which they contended and for the magnificent manner in which they sustained their convictions through the four sternest years of American history than the unanimous and enduring verdict of commendation and appreciation which has for half a century accorded the glorious patriotism and chivalry of the Confederate soldiers throughout the length and breadth of the Southland they so heroically defended. In Florida the veterans will find the same cordial respect and unbounded hospitality which awaits them at all points in the Southland.

The formality of assuring a welcome to the veterans who will attend the Jacksonville Reunion is quite unnecessary, but it may be permitted me to say that I shall always consider it one of the most pleasing and gratifying events occurring during my term of office as Governor that I shall be privileged to bid veterans of the Confederacy from all sections welcome as the guests of the warm-hearted people of this great State.

THE REBEL YELL.

BY KATE COLES DONEGAN.

Long ago the Southern legion
Sprang from every nook and dell,
Called to meet their foes advancing,
Met them with a mighty yell.

'Twas the battle cry of freedom.
Fast and hard flew shot and shell,
While strong throats were still repeating
That immortal Southern yell.

Was there ever such a trumpet
Sending forth such sounds to tell
Of the glory of the fighting
As that piercing, surging yell?

Once there was a shout more like it
When that ancient city fell,
And the host of Joshua's army
Felled its walls with one great yell.

'Twas the same old inspiration
Prompting them again to tell
Of the warrior's jubilation
When his soul was in his yell.

'Twas the yell that spurred the charging
Of the batteries aimed so well,
Till the breath of fire and courage
Conquered breastworks through its spell.

What the army lacked in numbers
Every man his lungs would swell;
And though hungry, ragged, bleeding,
Giant strength they gave each yell.

For beneath the Southern armor,
Where brave hearts and honor dwell,
Valor, pride, and faithful knighthood
Hold the secret of that yell.

And in spirit those old heroes
Would, their country's foes to quell,
Forces join with those who fought them,
Share with them their generous yell.

SLEEPING.

BY MRS. J. R. KIRBY, SMITH'S GROVE, KY.

(In memory of Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner.)

Life's day is done; the tired brain can rest,
Nor dream of waking to the rude world's call.
O slumber sweet, no fear for darkened dawn,
No more to watch life's lengthening shadows fall.

Dear dreamless sleep, your arms can hold him now;
The way was long till noon, then evening fell.
Dark clouds and sunshine mingled all the way,
Till now the port is reached and "all is well."

The hands that reached in love are folded now;
Their work is done; the Master said: "Be still."
The echoing footsteps all have silent grown—
A silence deep that makes the heartstrings thrill.

But night has come. Be glad that o'er the hills
The sun went down behind no clouds of gloom;
Its setting spoke a fairer day to come to him
Who gives unto the tomb a form, a vacant room.

GEN. SIMON BOLIVAR BUCKNER.

With the death of Gen. S. B. Buckner the last lieutenant general of the Confederacy has passed from earth. Beloved for his great-heartedness, honored for his integrity, revered for his service to his country, his memory will live through generations to come.

Two hundred years before gold drew a brave and strong people to the far West a stream of bold men and women had poured in from Europe to settle the Atlantic Coast from New England to the Southern shores and established new homes among the savages, where communities of self-governed people became the nucleus of the country of to-day. The traits of the pioneers still exist and are manifest on occasion.

Virginia was peculiarly fortunate in the class of people who settled there, and, despite all the changes of passing centuries, there is still much left of that sterling manhood which marked the first settlers. The "Mother of States" has been as truly the mother of statesmen and of great men. Virginia sent her early sons to North Carolina, to Tennessee, to Kentucky, and thence throughout the nation. A loyal son of Kentucky, Herman Justi, some years ago wrote for the Courier-Journal a paper entitled "Once a Kentuckian, always a Kentuckian." The Kentucky trait was largely inherited from the mother State, Virginia, thus characterizing other Kentuckians.

Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, who died at his Kentucky home on the night of January 8, 1914, was a result of that early early immigration, a type of the best that Virginia gave the Union and that was devoted to the South. In the house where he died he was also born, April 1, 1823. In a few days more he would have passed his ninety-first year in the old home. It was no mansion of modern brick or stone, but a well-nigh palatial home of log construction, changed since his father's days only by necessary enlargements and increased comforts in furnishings. The room in which he was born became his library. Of the original land, all but portions, and to it he added other portions until he had the estate as he would have it. He lived a plain life, the English gentleman, like the old Virginia gentleman, like the Kentucky gentleman, a high type of Southern manhood. His life was not altogether a quiet one, for when duty or his country called he responded, whether to serve the United States in its war with Mexico, in its campaigns against the Indians, or to battle for the South in the War between the States, whether as Governor of his native State or as the candidate of a large portion of his political party for Vice President. Then when the duty had been performed, the call of his old Kentucky home brought him back, and there he passed the last twenty years of his life in peace, with his books and friends around him, the honored host of thousands who sought him out to show their love and respect. In the ripeness of old age he passed away, with wife and son at his side, and he sleeps in Kentucky soil.



GEN. BUCKNER AS COMMANDER IN CHIEF KENTUCKY STATE GUARD.

By General Buckner's death the last lieutenant general of the Confederacy has passed. The last major general had preceded him, and of all the Confederate brigadier generals in that momentous conflict but twelve survive. They may appropriately be named here: Marcus J. Wright, of Washington; Basil W. Duke, of Kentucky; E. M. Law, of Florida; John McCausland, of West Virginia; William R. Cox, of Richmond; Thomas H. Logan, of New York; William McComb, of Virginia; S. W. Ferguson, of Mississippi; Roger A. Pryor, of New York; Francis Marion Cockrell, of Missouri; T. T. Munford, of Virginia; and Felix Robertson, of Texas.

The Buckners came from England in 1635 and settled in Virginia. Near the close of the eighteenth century Col. Aylette H. Buckner came farther West and located in the Green River section of Kentucky. In 1820 he purchased the farm and built the log house which is still the Buckner residence. The old house still stands intact. Colonel Buckner was an ironmaster and had an iron furnace in the Lily Glen, the remains of which are still seen by travelers along the roads winding about the heavily timbered hills. The Glen retains all of its native beauty. A clear stream fed by many springs runs through it and supplies water for the home and for the pools and ponds, teeming with black bass. Well stocked and equipped and highly productive, the farm supplies almost everything consumed there. The house has all the comforts of a city mansion and has surroundings that no city mansion can have.

It was an ideal spot in which to spend the evening of life in ease and happiness, his loved ones, his friends, and his chosen books around him. Over the doors of the library are deer antlers, spreading horns, the swords which General Buckner used in two wars, his father's sword used in the War of 1812, antique pistols, and other ornaments. But the

charm of the room for him was the collection of books it contained. Valuable as it was, to General Buckner it was something more than a library. He entertained a quaint and beautiful sentiment for the volumes. It was not as though they were real books; they were a great deal more than that to him: they were constant and warm friends that perfectly understood him. It was by reason of this sentiment that Mrs. Buckner chose the library as the room in which his body should spend the last day at Glen Lily. Where he had spent so many of his latter days, when age and ill health forced confinement upon him, his body lay at rest in the ample companionship of his books.

He read much and kept in touch with public events, and his mind was fresh and strong to the last. He was a fluent and convincing speaker, a forceful writer, and a poet of no mean rank. He was a stalwart figure both in war and in peace, with a clear conception of duty and firm and serene courage to uphold his conceptions. Simple as a child, brave and courtly as a knight of the olden time, he would have ranked high in any position to which he might have been called. Yet such was his modesty that he would never write his memoirs, though often urged to do so. He could have made an interesting narrative. Until the last year of his life he was strong and well and in the enjoyment of all his faculties. Then age and infirmities began their work, and slowly the end came. He died as he had lived, "the leading citizen of Kentucky." But his last years were neither idle nor unprofitable. To the last he dispensed Kentucky hospitality to the thousands who made a pilgrimage to his door. His counsel was sought on all public questions. He was more than the courtly gentleman, strong, chivalrous, generous; for, notwithstanding these traits, it was the stanch, true character of the man that commanded approbation.

An incident in the life of the original Buckner who came to this country may be of interest. When he came to Virginia he brought into that colony the first printing press and printery. For this he suffered a heavy fine and imprisonment by order of that Governor Berkeley who had previously declared that he "thanked God there was neither printing press nor public school in the colony."

General Buckner's well-poised mind and his belief in the majesty of the law and the right of the people to rule were manifested at the time open hostilities were threatened in 1861. When commander in chief of the Kentucky troops he was the idol of the soldiers. He had the power to seize the government and carry the State into the Confederacy. But the State had not seceded, and so instead he resigned his office and entered active service for the Confederacy. He went into four years of battle, sacrificing all that was dear to him as a man. His life and character were always an inspiration to others.



HISTORIC HOUSE AT GLEN LILY.

His career was long and distinguished. He graduated from the United States Academy in 1844, having just attained his majority, and since that time his life had been a part of the country's history in some of its most thrilling periods. He was immediately commissioned second lieutenant in the 6th Infantry, serving as instructor at West Point. In the winter of 1846 he went with his regiment to take part in the invasion of Mexico, and he was with General Scott in all the fighting from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. He was promoted to first lieutenant for gallant conduct in action at Contreras and Cherubusco and was made captain for brave services at Molino del Rey. Among the first to enter the Mexican capital, he was among the last to leave when peace had been declared.

While stationed at Mexico City, after the capitulation, he climbed to the crater of Mount Popocatepetl, the first foreigner ever to make the ascent. Numerous other officers started with him, but turned back, fearing the snows, the whirlwinds of ashes, and the excessive cold. A detailed description of the perilous trip was afterwards written by him and was printed in Putnam's Magazine of April, 1853.

Peace came, and he was again assigned to West Point as instructor in military tactics and later participated in several campaigns against the Indians. He resigned from the army in 1852, returned to Kentucky, and engaged in business. When the war threatened in 1860, from the first he sided with the South, and he resigned as commander in chief of the State troops because he held that the imminence of war made the holding of that position by a man committed to one side improper. He offered his services to President Davis and was appointed brigadier general, having declined an offer of the same rank from President Lincoln.

With the fortunes of war against him, General Buckner made in his first campaign a reputation for military skill and conduct. When Fort Donelson was surrounded by Grant's army, he was third in command. Generals Floyd and Pillow, his superior officers, were unable to cope with the situation; but they did not heed General Buckner's advice, and the series of errors which followed made the fall of the fort inevitable. General Floyd and General Pillow escaped down the river by boat, leaving the army to its fate. Feeling in Kentucky was high against General Buckner on the part of the Union adherents, and he was urged to go after his superior officers, but he refused to desert his men. He made the best terms of surrender he could for them, after holding the post as long as possible. He won the respect of the Federal officers and the high esteem of General Grant, resulting in a lifelong friendship. He was years afterwards one of General Grant's pallbearers. After a year in prison at Boston, he was exchanged and rejoined the army. His conduct at Fort Donelson won recognition from the Confederate government, and he was promoted to major general. He was in the battle of Perryville, in the defense of Mobile, in charge of the Department of East Tennessee, and later in absolute command in Louisiana. After this he was made lieutenant general and placed in command of a full army

corps in Bragg's army. He commanded with signal capacity a wing of the army at Chickamauga and was in the historic conference between President Davis and Bragg's generals near Chattanooga after that battle. At the time the war closed he was again in command in Louisiana.

The war ended, and after a short residence in New Orleans General Buckner returned to Kentucky, where he served four years as Governor (1887-1891) and in the latter year was a member of the Kentucky State Constitutional Convention. After retiring from the governorship he resumed his residence at Glen Lily, his ancestral estate. In 1896 he was nominated for Vice President on the "sound money" ticket headed by General Palmer. Some years ago he was one of the notable figures in the centennial celebration at West Point. When war with Spain was declared, despite his advanced years, he proffered his services and declared his readiness to go to the front. His son, Simon Bolivar Buckner, Jr., not many years ago graduated from West Point and is making a splendid record in the United States army.

Until his failure in health, Glen Lily had been the Mecca of many thousands from all over the country. General Buckner always received his guests in the summer time on the spacious veranda of his home and in the winter in his library, where he would entertain them with story after story before a great fire of logs. Often he would present a favored guest with a corncob pipe made by himself, a favor that was always highly prized. He was well-to-do. An investment in Chicago made before the war yielded him half a million dollars when the property was sold some years ago.

The news of General Buckner's death caused widespread sorrow. The funeral services were held at Frankfort, where his body was interred, and men came from all points to attend. Among the pallbearers were Gov. J. B. McCreary and Lieut. Gov. Edward J. McDermott. The services were conducted by Dr. J. G. Minningerode and Dr. Charles Ewell Craik. Confederate organizations in all parts of the country have paid high and merited tribute to the fallen leader.

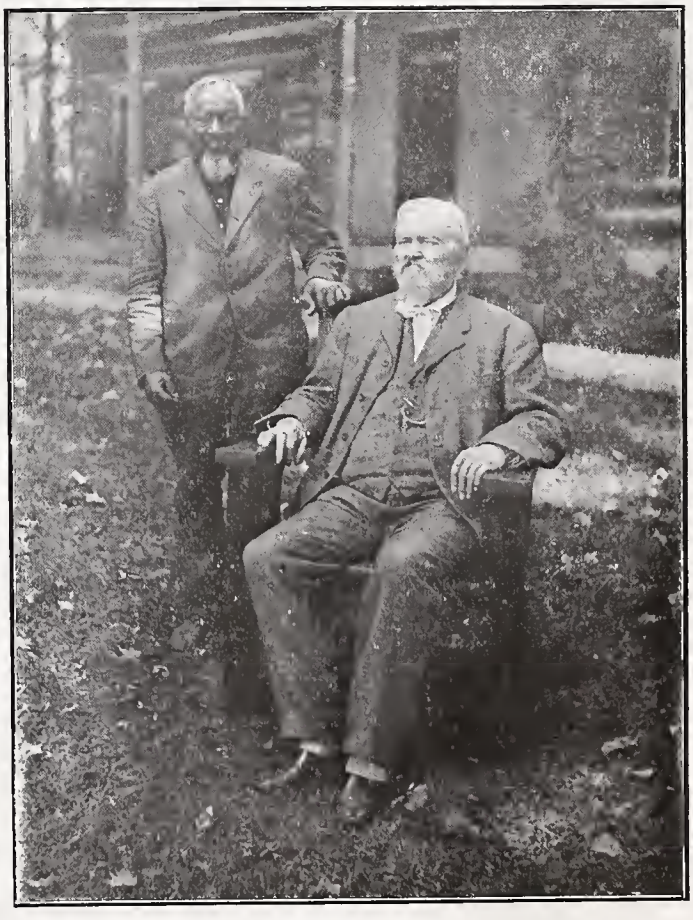
Lyman J. Gunn, of Nashville, who had close association with General Buckner, gives some personal reminiscences of his military and home life:

"In April, 1861, after having resigned command of the Kentucky Home Guard, General Buckner visited my home in Nashville on his way to Montgomery, Ala., then the capital of the Confederacy, and he told me that the 'North would never invade the South through Kentucky without meeting with armed resistance,' thus showing that his sympathies were with the South. I did not see him again until the morning of the surrender at Munfordville, Ky., where he had been accorded by General Bragg the honor of receiving the surrender. A little later, as he was riding over the field, I rode up to him as a bearer of dispatches from General Polk at Glasgow, Ky. Recognizing me, he had me detached from my command (Bennett's Tennessee Cavalry) and kept me with him until the final surrender, May 30, 1865, at Shreveport, La. I was a mere boy, fifteen years old, and his interest in me came through my being a cousin on his mother's side. From the time of taking me with him he was a father to me; but he did not favor me in assignments of duty, often giving me arduous service.

From Munfordville, instead of meeting the enemy in line of battle south of that place, expecting attack, our army moved through Harrisburg to Perryville, where we met the enemy, and the battle of Perryville was fought. The General and his staff, mounted, were on the brow of a hill, where the enemy had good range on us. The bullets and shells were flying thick and fast, and instinctively I kept ducking my head. General Buckner turned to me and said: 'Lyman, don't dodge; it's all over when you hear the noise.' But I think he was the only one there who did not dodge. He sat stoically in his saddle, face to the front, with never so much as the change of a muscle. I determined then that I would let a shell take my head from my shoulders rather than dodge another bullet.

"After the battle of Perryville we took up retreat at daybreak the following morning and that night camped at Dick Robinson, where the supplies of the Yankees were captured and burned. In the counsel of war held in the carriage house of Mr. Hoskins General Bragg had his official map spread out on the floor, and his officers were discussing the proper route to retreat. Having been over that part of the State in recent weeks in the interest of recruiting troops, General Buckner pointed out a road to Crab Orchard ten miles shorter than the road shown on the map; but General Bragg insisted that his map was official and he would be governed by it, so we started on retreat the next morning by the long road to Crab Orchard. General Buckner was happy to find that the enemy had not taken the shorter line and cut us off, as he had feared. My understanding is that General Thomas was severely criticized by his authorities for not taking this road and cutting off our command at Crab Orchard. From there on the retreat was nothing unusual except in crossing creeks, rough places, etc., I frequently saw the General give his horse to some sore-footed soldier to help him over and his staff doing the same.

"At Mobile, Ala., while in command of the Department of the Gulf, General Buckner had his wife and daughter Lily



GEN. BUCKNER AND SHELBURN WERE REARED TOGETHER.

with him. It was there that I saw more of his home life than during the whole war. He was attentive, kind, and gentle in his family.

"At Shreveport, La., after hearing of the surrender of General Lee and General Johnston, a counsel of war was held at the headquarters of Gen. Kirby Smith, in command of the Department of Louisiana. General Shelby was granted the privilege of taking his command to Mexico, and the command of the Department was turned over to General Buckner. He had the forces formed in hollow square and addressed them, stating that we had one of two alternatives—to surrender or go to Mexico. He said that he wanted the men to decide what course should be pursued. If they wanted to go to Mexico, he would lead them. His men voted to surrender. I was sent with orders for the gunboat to get up steam and be ready as speedily as possible. General Price, Gen. Kirby Smith, General Buckner and staff departed for New Orleans, where advantageous terms were secured by reason of the muster rolls showing 30,000 men. Officers were allowed side arms and personal property and first-class transportation, and the entire army was allowed transportation home and thirty days to wear their uniforms. Later, on May 31, 1865, we saw the smoke of the vessels coming up the river. General Buckner was on the hurricane deck with General Pennypacker, to whom he had surrendered. I was signaled to come aboard, and he inquired the condition of matters, and I told him that the entire army, with the exception of the 7th Missouri Infantry, had gone. He cautioned me to be quiet, which I could readily understand afterwards on account of the muster roll.

"We soon left the boat and returned to headquarters, where he went hastily to his cot and from under the pillow drew a little silk Confederate flag which had been presented to him, opened his shirt, and put it in his bosom, evidently fearful that the Yankees would get it. The next day those that were there were paroled and went by boat to New Orleans. General Buckner, with his wife and daughter, went to the St. Charles Hotel, and in a few days I left for my home, in Nashville. The General afterwards organized a fire insurance company, of which he was made president, and he continued in New Orleans two or three years, subsequently returning to Louisville, Ky."

The picture representing General Buckner as commander in chief of the Kentucky State Guard shows him in a uniform designed by himself and his wife, Mary Buckner. The insignia of office is designated on the collar by a shield flanked on each side by a star. The black collar band, broad black velvet shoulder straps, and cuffs are on a uniform of cadet gray. It was said that the uniform of the Kentucky State Guard was used as a guide for designing the uniform of the Confederate army. General Buckner wore this uniform on occasions of a social nature and seemed to be especially fond of it, doubtless from its association with his native State. The present Mrs. Buckner was Miss Delia Claiborne, of Richmond, Va.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM CAMP, U. C. V.

Camp No. 1784, U. C. V., was organized at Naples, Tex., with nineteen members and with J. L. Jolly as Commander and F. W. Bolen as Adjutant. At its last meeting, by unanimous consent, it was named S. A. Cunningham Camp, No. 1784, U. C. V.

GALLANT THOMAS LEGRANDE GUERRY.

BY DUPONT GUERRY, MACON, GA.

In the Veteran for August I noticed the very interesting contribution of Felix Richard Galloway on "Gettysburg, the Battle and Retreat," in which there is a reference to the loss by Dupont Gary of his arm in that battle and to his death the night following. The author evidently referred to my brother, Thomas LeGrande Guerry, but by mistake substituted my given name and misspelled our family name. In making this correction allow me to perpetuate through the Veteran a brief account of my brother's entrance into the Confederate army and of his service and death, as they so typically illustrate the patriotism, courage, and fortitude of the boy soldiers of the Confederate States of America.

In the sixteenth year of his age he determined that he would volunteer his services in defense of his country. His father and mother tried to dissuade him because of his extreme youth, saying that he would probably soon discover and regret his mistake; but he persisted and went to war the first opportunity, and was a model soldier for a year or more, until he lost his life at Gettysburg in his seventeenth year. He was in Cutt's Artillery, and during the battle on the 3d of July, 1863, while he was drawing the lanyard to fire his gun, an exploding shell from a battery of the enemy completely shattered his arm. His surgeon, Dr. Hill, amputated the limb at the shoulder and he sank under the operation, dying at one o'clock on the morning of July 4. When advised by Dr. Hill and others that death was very near, he was able to speak only a few words, and, addressing his captain, George M. Patterson, he said: "Tell my father and mother I am not sorry that I came to the war; that I fell at my post and died with my face to the enemy." His captain conveyed the message in a letter to his parents, and eyewitnesses to both occasions testified that he so fell and so died.

FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

BY CAPT. F. J. V. LE CAND, POET LAUREATE MISS. DIV., U. C. V.

(Adapted to the hymn tune of "Haven of Rest.")

Sweet flowers we spread o'er the graves of our dead,
Our comrades of long years ago,
Who fought by our side 'mid the battle's red tide
And valiantly met with the foe.

Chorus.

Remembering those who fought to its close,
A warfare we knew to be just,
We meet here to-day our tribute to pay
And honor their slumbering dust.

No triumphal arch spans over the march
Which leads to the place of these mounds,
Where sweet flowers bloom on each sacred tomb
And gray moss and cypress abound.

The trumpet no more awakes as of yore
Our comrades to seasons of strife;
In silence they lie till the trump from on high
Shall waken the dead to new life.

The shriek of the shells, the wild Rebel yells,
The scenes of battle fields gory
Are things of the past. Sweet peace comes at last—
Our cause was lost, but in glory.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE COMING REUNION.

The people of Jacksonville, Fla., are making preparations to entertain the twenty-fourth annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans' Association in May. As our readers know, the dates of the Reunion are May 6, 7, and 8. The Jacksonville Reunion Association has been chartered under the laws of Florida, the incorporators numbering fifty of the most active and patriotic citizens of that marvelous city, to handle the Reunion. A fund of $60,000 is being raised by the Association to defray expenses of the meeting and to show the veterans and their friends that Jacksonville appreciates the honor that has been conferred on the city by its selection as the 1914 meeting place.

This is the first time a Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans has gone to a Florida city, and all of Florida is taking a deep interest in the preparations to entertain them. The Reunion city is delightfully situated and well equipped to handle large crowds. Jacksonville is situated on the north bank of the St. John's River, twenty-seven miles from the mouth of that stream. Its environments are historic, picturesque, and of semitropical interest. Nearly four hundred years ago the French and Spaniards fought bloody battles for supremacy in the territory around Jacksonville. Evidences of these conflicts are yet visible between Jacksonville and the mouth of the St. John's River. While the State of Florida lies south of the great theater of the Civil War, Jacksonville felt the shock of the mighty conflict. Four times the city was occupied by Union troops, but the gallant Confederates, under the leadership of Generals Colquitt and Finegan, stopped their advance into the heart of the State by winning the famous battle of Olustee.

Florida troops were conspicuous for bravery on many fields. The State gave liberally of her sons to the cause of the South and is now taking care of aged Confederates with generous appropriations. Confederate monuments have been erected at many points throughout the State, and a Soldiers' Home is maintained near Jacksonville. The Confederate veterans, therefore, will feel that they are in the hands of their friends when they visit Florida.

When Gen. Bennett H. Young visited Jacksonville in December to confer with citizens about a date for the Reunion, he was so well pleased with what they proposed to do that he alluded to the city in the most complimentary terms, saying, among other things, that Jacksonville would hereafter be known as "the city of the big heart."

Everywhere throughout the South Confederate uniforms are being brushed up for the Reunion. Once more the followers of the Stars and Bars are looking forward to their annual meeting. Their ranks are growing thinner year by year, but those who have been spared to live will march on to Jacksonville to retell the story of the greatest conflict known to ancient or modern history. They played their part well. History records no higher courage or loftier patriotism than that of the Confederate soldier. His fame is enduring, and his page in American history has no parallel. He stands erect among men, in heart at least, no matter if his body is bent by the weight of years. The old fire flashes from his eye as bright as it was on the fields of Gettysburg and Chickamauga, the Wilderness, and other famous battle fields of the war. Time lets us down slowly, but it lets us down nevertheless. A few more years and there will be no survivor of the Confederate armies to tell the story. The Jacksonville Reunion will be the last that many of these aged veterans will be spared to attend. It will be a great Reunion if no unforeseen obstacle is interposed. Florida appeals to the young and is intoxicating to the old. It is a marvelous country, and its hospitality is as splendid as the climate that sends thousands of people to the State every year for health and pleasure. Let us do our part in making the Reunion the great success that the people of Jacksonville want it to be.

"CEASE FIRING."

The beautiful lines quoted in the resolutions by Ransom Post, G. A. R., published in the VETERAN for February, were written by Maj. William M. Pegram, of Baltimore, Md., in 1875, at the request of Col. Harrison Adreon, a prominent Federal officer during the war, who wanted something that would arouse better feeling in some members of his Post who opposed decorating the Confederate monument at Loudon Park as a reciprocal courtesy to the 5th Maryland Regiment, National Guard. In compliance with this request, Major Pegram wrote the verse, which is the complete poem, and it has been extensively copied and used by patriotic organizations, and especially in the North. An article about this appeared in the VETERAN for October, 1909.

Major Pegram calls attention to the omission of the word "here" in the first line, so the correct version is given:

"Cease firing! There are here no foes to fight;
Grim war is o'er, and smiling peace now reigns.
Cease useless strife! No matter who was right,
True magnanimity from hate abstains
Cease firing!"

JACKSONVILLE REUNION DATES.

After careful consideration, it was decided to change the dates for the Jacksonville Reunion to May 6, 7, and 8 as a time of greater convenience to people generally. This will avoid any conflict with the date for the unveiling of the Arlington monument and also relieve those to whom the first of the month is always a busy time. The convention will be called to order on Wednesday morning, May 6, at eleven o'clock.

The people of Jacksonville are busy with preparations for the care of their guests, and they are hoping that the attendance will exceed that of any previous Reunion.

THE OFFICIAL REUNION BADGE.

The need for an official Reunion badge that will locate the wearer by Division, Camp, and place of residence has been keenly felt by every veteran who has attended Reunions of the United Confederate Veteran Association. Such a badge the Adjutant General is now prepared to furnish veterans and Camps at a nominal price. Write to Gen. William E. Mickle, New Orleans, La., and he will give particulars and prices.

MESSAGE FROM PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C.

Your President General would call attention, my dear Daughters, to several important matters in her letter to you this month. First, her great delight in the announcement that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN will continue to be published in the future as it has been in the past. Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief U. C. V., says in his article, "Meeting of the Board of Trustees," that if every camp of Veterans and Sons and every Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy would send one new subscription it would give the work a great impetus. Will not every Chapter send in one new subscription? On page 114 of the minutes of the twentieth annual convention (New Orleans, La.) you will note the resolution (carried) by Mrs. Chappelle Cory, of Alabama:

"*Resolved,* That the Daughters of the U. D. C. in convention assembled, recommend to the different Divisions that each Division take a certain number of pages in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and pay for the printing of same either in money or advertisements; that each Division have its own official editor, who shall send official Division communications and news and shall edit the department allotted to her Division."

Mr. Cunningham expressed himself as agreeable to this arrangement, and the present management will doubtless approve.

A letter has been sent by the President General to each Division President and Chapter Presidents where there are no Divisions calling attention to the generous offer to the U. D. C. by the Martin Hoyt Publishing Company, of Atlanta, Ga. (page 113, New Orleans minutes), and urging that you become interested and begin work on this contest at once. I urge you again through these columns.

The date for the Reunion is fast approaching, and I hope as many Chapters and Divisions will send as many veterans otherwise unable to attend as possible. The average age of the veterans left is seventy-four years. Let us give them the pleasures and joys of the Reunion as long as they are with us.

Not only are the Daughters of the Confederacy enthused over the approaching unveiling of the Arlington monument but the whole country. The splendor of the unveiling ceremonies must be commensurate with the magnificence of the monument; so again I urge you to redeem Arlington pledges at once. Especially appropriate is it that all correspondence connected with Arlington should be stamped with the Arlington U. D. C. Confederate seals. Buy these and stamp all letters and packages with them, and in this way lend a helping hand to Arlington. Other things, too, are calling all the while for loving assistance—the Home for Needy Confederate Women at Richmond, Va., and the great monument for Shiloh. On pages 361-364 of the New Orleans minutes you will find a most interesting report of facts about this Home, which the committee tells us "is run in a most wonderful way." Will each Daughter study carefully this report and give unstintedly to a cause where so much happiness is reaped from the giving, like mercy blessing those that give and those receiving? Last year you gave liberally to Shiloh. Will you not make it more by doing even better this year than last, that we may complete this work and assume other great things? There is much awaiting us. Your Director General's heart, I am sure, will be made most happy by great things done for Shiloh.

We are happy in a desire to do our part in a monument to the late Col. S. A. Cunningham. Believing it best to appoint a committee or board to coöperate with a committee or board from the U. C. V., your President General has named on this committee: Chairman *ex officio,* President General U. D. C.; Director, Mrs. John P. Hickman; Vice Chairman, Mrs. St. John Allison Lawton; Secretary, Mrs. John A. Lee; Treasurer, Mrs. James B. Gantt. Contributions may be sent at once.

I have approved the card sent out by Mrs. George T. Fuller, Chairman Camp Beauregard Committee, for the collection of money for the Confederate monument to be erected at Camp Beauregard, Kentucky.

Your attention is called to the following resolution, introduced at the New Orleans Convention by Mrs. William L. Durr, of Alabama, and adopted:

"*Resolved,* That the Daughters of the Confederacy endeavor to have all counties have large registers in which may be recorded the services of every Confederate soldier who enlisted in that county; that State Divisions be requested to enlist the aid of the Veterans and of the Sons of Veterans for this; that when legislative action is necessary to enable counties to buy such registers they see that such an empowering act be passed by their State legislatures."

Do not neglect to give this matter the proper consideration. It was recommended by the New Orleans Convention that State Conventions of Divisions make provision in their by-laws that the Corresponding Secretary General be notified of change in Division and Chapter rosters. Division Presidents will please comply with this recommendation.

Article V., Section 3, of the U. D. C. Constitution states, "A Division shall be organized by the adoption of a constitution and by-laws," etc. Everything to be done well must be done "decently and in order." It is absolutely necessary that each Chapter have a copy of the Division constitution, so your President General insists that all Chapters supply themselves accordingly.

It is my belief that a great deal would be accomplished if the U. D. C. Chapters would lend their influence and assistance to the organization of Camps of Sons of Veterans, and I ask that each Chapter interest itself in seeing that wherever a Chapter exists there is also a U. S. C. V. Camp.

The notice in the February number of the VETERAN should read: "The President General again offers the certificate of merit to that Division, or Chapter where no Division exists, making the greatest increase in membership during the year. Award to be given, not by numerical increase only, but by per cent of increase."

It is with great pleasure I announce to you that the next General Convention, U. D. C., will be held in Savannah, Ga. Most cordial invitations were received from Chattanooga, Tenn., Denver, Colo., and Columbus, Ohio; but Savannah was selected by the Executive Board as the next place of meeting.

I fancy, dear Daughters, that by this time you are thinking your President General is asking much of you. I am; but if great work is to be accomplished, it takes great effort.

It is with a feeling of loving sympathy and sadness that I tell you of the sorrow that came to Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone on January 7, when her beloved sister, Mrs. Olive Branch Briggs, "fell on sleep." Like Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Briggs was one of Texas's best-loved women, having devoted her time largely to the cause of education, civic, religious, and patriotic monuments, giving to them the strength of her intellect and womanly sympathy. Mrs. Briggs was a member of the Daughters of the Confederacy, Daughters of the American Revolution, the Colonial Dames, and the Daughters of the Re-

public of Texas. For many years the two loving sisters have lived together, each crowning the life of the other with love and affection. It was my great privilege to express to our beloved Mrs. Stone personally and for you deepest sympathy.

Faithfully, DAISY MCLAURIN STEVENS,
President General U. D. C.

VIRGINIA DIVISION NOTES.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL.

The Virginia Division, U. D. C., feels the death of Mr. S. A. Cunningham as a personal loss and unites with all other Confederate associations in rendering loving tribute to the noble life, the high ideals, and the unselfish patriotism of the late editor of the VETERAN. That his work may be continued as provided in his will is greatly to be desired, and in no better way could appreciation for him be expressed than in loyally supporting the periodical to which he dedicated his talents.

The 19th of January, a golden milestone marking the one hundred and seventh anniversary of the birth of Robert E. Lee, is a legal holiday in eight Southern States. In Virginia especially it is a day to give thanks that such a high exemplar of Christian virtues and knightly renown was vouchsafed to lead the armies of his people and to pray that he may be an abiding inspiration to the English-speaking race. Naturally some of this feeling embraces the comrades who marched under the Bonnie Blue Flag, and the 19th is a happy day for the veterans. In Richmond the celebration included a parade in which the Richmond Blues, the Howitzers, Virginia Volunteers, Lee Camp, and the Daughters of the Confederacy took part. Flowers were placed on the Lee monument, and an editorial in a leading daily declared that the veterans marched with a vigor and enthusiasm which won for them the applause and admiration of the crowd. In Lexington the Mary Custis Lee Chapter and the Sons of Veterans held appropriate exercises and served lunch to ninety-three Rockbridge veterans. William Watts Chapter, at Salem, gave the annual oyster supper to celebrate the day for the veterans, followed by addresses from Judge Moffett and Mr. Mercer Hartman. The Hamilton Wade Chapter, of Christiansburg, served an elaborate dinner to the gallant Montgomery veterans. There was a musical program rendered by one hundred high school children, singing by the veterans, and an address by Dr. Neighbors, all features being arranged by the attractive President of Hamilton Wade Chapter, Mrs. C. W. Sumter. The Petersburg Chapter bestowed crosses of honor, as did several other Chapters, and it has recently taken two scholarships in a business college for daughters of Confederate veterans—one of the most helpful ways in which to give practical aid to those whom we delight to honor. This Chapter is also marking historic spots.

Simeon T. Walton Chapter, Keysville (organized by Mrs. C. C. Guthrie in 1912), is growing and working under Mrs. Lee Morton, and has organized a Junior Chapter of fifteen members. Contributions have been sent to the Relief Fund, the Home for Needy Confederate Women, and local charity.

The Farmville Chapter and the Richmond Chapter have recently held most interesting historical evenings. At the former Professor Whiting, of Hampden Sidney, delivered an able address. At the latter interesting papers were read.

The Spottsylvania Chapter has undertaken a great work and would like for the other Divisions to know something of it. The battle fields of the Wilderness lie around Spottsylvania Courthouse, and buried in the cemetery there are many who paid the heavy death toll of that fearful carnage. The names and graves of soldiers from ten States have been identified, as follows: Alabama, 35; Arkansas, 3; Georgia, 158; Louisiana, 15; Mississippi, 22; North Carolina, 131; South Carolina, 66; Tennessee, 5; Texas, 4; Virginia, 98; States unknown, 33. Upon each should be inscribed the heroic motto: "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" The ladies of the Spottsylvania Memorial Association have cared for this cemetery, and they wish to erect markers for each State section and a monument to commemorate both the known and unknown dead, in which good work they feel that the other Divisions will no doubt desire to coöperate. Requests for information can be addressed to Mrs. R. M. Waller, President of the Spottsylvania Chapter, Spottsylvania. A register giving the names and commands has been prepared, and much affectionate care has been given to this last resting place of these heroes to supplement a small appropriation which the State of Virginia provides for Confederate cemeteries. Will not the State Presidents who read this brief presentation of this cause endeavor to interest their Divisions in marking their respective sections?

Under the wise guidance of Mrs. S. A. Riddick, State President, a year of rich accomplishment is planned, with special emphasis placed by the Fourth Vice President, Mrs. Cabell Smith, upon the development of junior work.

U. D. C. SCHOLARSHIPS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

An offer has been made by the University of Chicago which cannot be properly scheduled in the usual list of scholarships. At the same time it is of more significance to the South than any single scholarship which has at any time been established by our United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The Illinois Division, U. D. C., established a prize of $100 in October, 1912, to be given for the best doctor's thesis which should be written by a student taking his doctor's degree in the Department of Southern History in this institution. Whereupon the University of Chicago officially declared that all Southern students admitted to the graduate school of the university who should undertake to write their theses in the Department of Southern History could have their entire tuition free for the full time required for the completion of their graduate work. Such a period is from three to four years, and the money value is equivalent to $120 per year for each student so competing.

When the offer was made public, four students in this department took advantage of it and have their theses nearly completed. Others are to begin on theirs this fall. The number will increase each year; thus the gift of the University to the U. D. C. is cumulative in value.

This not only affords an opportunity for the scholarly young men of the South to get a broad education free of charge, but, what is of more importance, it affords an opportunity for collecting and giving to posterity rich treasures of historical material concerning our beloved Southland.

Students who have bachelor's degrees from Southern colleges, and who wish to pursue their studies further, may write for detailed information to Prof. W. E. Dodd, Ph.D., Department of Southern History, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

These scholarships cannot be awarded by any Division nor by the whole Association. The young men earn them by study, and the door is wide open to all who are fitted to strive for the prize. For this reason this gift is in a peculiar sense a gift to the whole South.

THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL FUND.

Contributions to the proposed memorial to the founder of the VETERAN continue to come with cordial expressions of interest from all over the country—from friends of many years, from those of later acquaintance who had felt the impress of his personality, and from others who had never known the editor of the VETERAN except through his great work—all friends with this common interest. Then the Camps, U. C. V., and Chapters, U. D. C., are coöperating in this movement most encouragingly, and with such coöperation success is assured. A good list of additional contributions is given this month, and a better showing is expected next month. Those who feel that the limit of $5 for individual contributions is too small can obviate this by subscribing also in the names of other members of their families.



YOUNGEST CONTRIBUTOR.

The picture here given is of the very youngest contributor to the fund, little Al G. Field Conard, of Columbus, Ohio, whose name appears in a previous list with that of his adoring grandfather, known and loved all over this country. Mr. Field has expressed his wish to assist in advancing this memorial and will do much in its interest.

Mrs. Letitia D. Ross, President Alabama Division, U. D. C., writes from Auburn, Ala.: "This movement will, I am sure, illustrate the love and gratitude of the South for the unselfish, useful life and the splendid work of the faithful founder and editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It will touch a responsive chord in the hearts of all true men and women, and the contributions, freely given, will typify the appreciation and loyalty of a devoted people."

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MONUMENT FUND.

Previously reported	$507 77
W. A. Miller, O'Brien, Fla	5 00
J A. Sewell, Schuler, Ark	1 00
H. D. Norvell, Augusta, Ga	1 00
Mrs. J. C. Thompson, Bradley, Ark	1 00
R. W. Moffett, Mount Spring, Va	1 00
Robert Gilliam, Petersburg, Va	1 00
John W. Simpson, Bronston, Ky	1 00
T. H. Peebles, Clarendon, Tex	1 00
Miss A. R. Jackson, Baltimore, Md	5 00
J. H. Sylvester, Quincy, Fla	50
R. A. Bullock, Williamsboro, N. C	75
Charles William Watson, Belvidere, Ill	1 00
Mrs. Mattie V. Watson, Belvidere, Ill	1 00
Richard Vidmer Watson, Belvidere, Ill	1 00
Eliza Palmer Watson, Belvidere, Ill	1 00
Mrs. C. F. Thompson, Mansfield, Ga	1 00
Col. Andrew Cowan, Louisville, Ky	5 00
Mrs. L. T. Dickey, Covington, Va	1 00
Rev. George E. Brewer, Montgomery, Ala	1 00
M. M. Reynolds, Montgomery, Ala	1 00
A. W. Humphries, Montgomery, Ala	$ 0 25
S. Y. Lee, Waco, Tex	2 50
Mrs. M. C. Cassity, Benoit, Miss	5 00
Sterling Price Home Chapter, U. D. C., Keytesville, Mo.	2 50
J. C. Braden, Austin, Tex	1 00
W. M. Parnell, Austin, Tex	25
S H. Nance, Austin, Tex	25
W. Raleigh, Austin, Tex	50
J S. Heard, Austin, Tex	25
John Ramsey, Austin, Tex	25
William Luney, Austin, Tex	25
Malcolm McNeill, Mathis, Ga	5 00
Capt. J. W. Irwin, Savannah, Tenn	1 00
G. W. Nichols, Jesup, Ga	50
W. P. Coats, Gail, Tex	2 50
Charles J. Merritt, Medina, N. Y	2 00
H. B. Lyon Camp, U. C. V., Murray, Ky	5 00
C. J. Davis, Cookeville, Tenn	1 00
A. Robertson, Sibley	1 00
Mrs. P. C. B. Ewing, Stockton, Cal	1 00
W. F. Thomas, Durant, Miss	1 00
N. L. Lowrance, Iowa Park, Tex	1 00
T. A. Hunt, Tulsa, Okla	1 00
C. K. Henderson, Aiken, S. C	1 00
Rev. P. A. Sowell, Jeanerette, La	1 00
Springfield Chapter, U. D. C., Springfield, Mo	5 00
Black Oak Chapter, U. D. C., Pinopolis, S. C	5 00
J. T. Fitzpatrick, Royse City, Tex	1 00
R. M. McKnight, Henderson, N. C	50
Mrs. H. W. Greer, Laredo, Tex	1 00
E. R. Boyd, Aquilla, Tex	1 00
Miss E. J. Colburn, Denver, Colo	50
S. W. W. Hagin, Tampa, Fla	25
Mrs. B. H. Hood, Dawson, Ga	1 00
T. J. Kendall, Dallas, Tex	1 00
Stephen D. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Eufaula, Okla	5 00
Judge John C. Ewell, Bertrand, Va	1 00
Mrs. Mollie Macgill Rosenburg, Galveston, Tex	5 00
Abel Bates, Mansfield, Ia	1 00
Mrs. V. E. Austin, Galveston, Tex	1 00
Mrs. C. B. Stone, Galveston, Tex	1 00
Capt. B. E. McCulloch, Buda, Tex	1 00
H. T. Shiffey, Charleston, W. Va	1 00
Mrs. G. A. Adams, Vernal, Utah	1 00
E. H. Walker, Coal Hill, Ark	2 00
C. L. Coats, J. W. Wallis, C. C. Flake, Ben Douglass, H. Douglass, J. B. Crisman, A. G. Hill, Dr. T. B. Blakely, K. L. Harman, F. Rinke, F. W. Srygley, Dr. W. C. Porter, John N. Hill, John J. Walker, Coal Hill, Ark., 25 cents each	3 50
Mrs. J. W. Sherburne, Miss Mary Walker, Fort Worth, Tex.	50
E. A. Bronaugh, Buffalo, W. Va	2 00
A. Smith, Dana, Ind	1 00
James R. Wheeler, Baltimore, Md	5 00
Winnie Davis Chapter, U. D. C., Moorefield, W. Va	5 00
Dr. G. C. Phillips, W. F. Hopson, B. F. Porter, P. B. Bradley, Lexington, Miss., 25 cents each	1 00
John Coxe, Groveland, Cal	1 00
Marshall Chapter, U. D. C., Marshall, Tex	2 50
L. M. Shumate, Leesburg, Va	2 00
M. M. Warren, Pence Springs, W. Va	1 00
J. M. Rudisill, Pawnee, Okla	1 00

William M. McAllister, Warm Springs, Va.....$ 5 00
Miss Lula MacFadden, 25 cents; E. H. MacFadden, 25 cents; Miss Edna MacFadden, 10 cents; William Chesleigh MeFadden, 10 cents—Baltimore, Md..... 75
Judge R. B. Haughton, St. Louis, Mo..... 2 00
W. P. Lane Camp, U. C. V., Marshall, Tex..... 5 00
E. S. Rugeley Chapter, U. D. C., Bay City, Tex..... 5 00
Misses Nannie and Nellie Wood, Nashville, Tenn..... 2 00
W. B. Leedy, Birmingham, Ala..... 5 00
Mrs. E. B. Preston, Washington, D. C..... 1 00
John C. McClelland, Martin, Tex..... 1 00
J. D. Allen, Lakeland, Fla..... 1 00
E. Griffin, Lakeland, Fla..... 1 00
Members of Lakeland Camp, U. C. V.: J. A. Chapman, A. J. Matthews, W. L. Finger, J. L. Morgan, A. B. Braswell, O. W. Collier, J. B. Odum, 25 cents each; W. P. Bryant, C. L. Willoughby, 50 cents each..... 2 75
C B. Wilson, Taylor, Tex..... 5 00
Mrs. M. E. Grimstead, Sherman, Tex..... 1 00
James G. Phillips, Marcus Hook, Pa..... 1 00
Dr. S. E. Lewis, Washington, D. C..... 5 00
Frank Bennett Auxiliary, Wadesboro, N. C..... 1 00
Mrs. George P. Turner, Huntsville, Ala..... 1 00
G. Brown, DeLand, Fla..... 1 00
J. J. Gill, Chicota, Tex..... 2 00
R. Marshall, Chicota, Tex..... 1 00
J. R. Paddison, Mt. Airy, N. C..... 1 00
Mrs. J. R. Paddison, Mt. Airy, N. C..... 1 00
Maj. Charles M. Steadman, Greensboro, N. C..... 5 00
Hon. S. P. Graves, Mt. Airy, N. C..... 1 00
Hon. W. F. Carter, Mt. Airy, N. C..... 1 00
Capt. S. C. Franklin, Mt. Airy, N. C..... 25
R. Y. Leavell, Newberry, S. C..... 1 00
T. H. Neilson, New York City..... 25
Maj. W. F. Foster, Nashville..... 5 00
J. P. Smartt, Chattanooga, Tenn..... 5 00
R. F. Webb Camp, U. C. V., Durham, N. C..... 5 00
W. E. Preston, Columbus, Ga..... 1 00
Capt. Henry George, Pewee Valley, Ky..... 5 00
J. E. Abraham, Louisville, Ky..... 5 00
Joe Kendall Camp, U. C. V., Warrenton, Va..... 1 00
Mrs. M. H. Campbell, Chicago, Ill..... 2 00
Egbert Jones Camp, U. C. V., Huntsville, Ala..... 5 00
Robert P. Abel, Dayton, Tenn..... 1 00
G. T. Colvin, Henry, Tenn..... 1 00
R. M. Knox, Pine Bluff, Ark..... 5 00
H. W. Henry, Sr., Oklawaha, Fla..... 1 00
Robert McCulloch, St. Louis, Mo..... 5 00
John A. Preston, Ovalo, Tex..... 1 00
C. C. Scott, Arkadelphia, Ark..... 1 00
George Fuller, Arkadelphia, Ark..... 1 00
J. D. Williamson, Arkadelphia, Ark..... 1 00
B. R. Castler, Arkadelphia, Ark..... 1 00
Gen. John L. Inglis, Jacksonville, Fla..... 5 00
Mrs. John L. Inglis, Jacksonville, Fla..... 5 00
Camp Tom Moore, U. C. V., Apalachicola, Fla..... 5 00
J. A. Williams and wife, Gainesboro, Tenn..... 2 00
J. C. Purnell, Winona, Miss..... 5 00
G. W. Keerl, Culpeper, Va..... 1 00
J. M. Beckham, Culpeper, Va..... 1 00
W. F. Redwood, Brooksville, Miss..... 1 00
Camp E. S. Rugely, Bay City, Tex..... 5 00
Corporal James Tanner, Washington, D. C..... 5 00
P. B. Darling, Columbus, Ohio..... 1 00
Mrs. Kate Darling, Columbus, Ohio.....$ 1 00
H. P. Rauton, Greenwood, S. C..... 50
Clay Sharkey, Jackson, Miss..... 1 00
Camp Jones, U. C. V., Selma, Ala..... 5 00
E. W. Christian and wife, Mobile, Ala..... 5 00
Maj. W. A. Obenchain, Bowling Green, Ky..... 1 00
John Graham, Wynne, Ark..... 1 00
O. Alexander, Jackson, Mo..... 1 00
W. M. Hardin, Rome, Ga..... 1 00
H. B. Copenhaver, Seven Mile Ford, Va..... 1 00
Thomas P. Bryan, Richmond, Va..... 5 00
J. B. Fletcher, Blanket, Tex..... 1 00
W. F. Ross, Pecan Gap, Tex..... 1 00
D. M. Atcheson, New Salem, Tex..... 1 00
G. A. Porterfield, Charlestown, W. Va..... 5 00
Mrs. J. O. Banks, Columbus, Miss..... 5 00
Mrs. C. F. Harper, Los Angeles, Cal..... 1 00
R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Los Angeles, Cal..... 5 00
A. G. Thompson, Amory, Miss..... 1 00
Mrs. H. N. Spencer, St. Louis, Mo..... 5 00
Charles Ducloux, Knoxville, Tenn..... 1 00
T. J. Connolly, Trenton, N. J..... 1 00
Dr. J. S. Cain, Sewanee, Tenn..... 2 00
Edmond Carter and wife, Warrenton, Va..... 2 00
J. H. Gilfoil, Omega, La..... 2 00
Miss Annie E. Currie, Omega, La..... 1 15
Mrs. J. H. Gilfoil, Omega, La..... 10
Miss H. A. Currie, Omega, La..... 25
Miss Ella Buchanan, Emory, Va..... 2 50
H. W. Rutland, Cherokee, Ala..... 1 00
Goodloe Pride, Cherokee, Ala..... 1 00
I A. Noel, Gettysburg, Pa..... 2 00
T. H. Stevenson, Portland, Oregon..... 2 50
J. R. Shurley, Eden, Miss..... 25
T. T. C. Anderson, Richmond, Ark..... 1 00
J. M. Dunn, Richmond, Ark..... 1 00
Mrs. Lilla Provine, Fort Worth, Tex..... 1 00
John W. Broughton, Lorman, Miss..... 1 00
V. C. Lewis, Cockrum, Miss..... 1 00
Capt. R. H. Cooper, Cockrum, Miss..... 1 00
E. E. Eason, Cockrum, Miss..... 1 00
W. L. Kerr, Cockrum, Miss..... 1 00
J. C. Langston, Cockrum, Miss..... 25
Thomas H. Harvey, Huntington, W. Va..... 5 00
Franklin-Buchanan Camp, Baltimore, Md..... 5 00
Mrs. John M. Taylor, Lexington, Tenn..... 5 00
A. H. Boyden, Salisbury, N. C..... 5 00
H. R. Scott, Reidsville, N. C..... 5 00
Col. Ell Torrance, Minneapolis, Minn..... 5 00
R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., Fort Worth, Tex..... 5 00
Choctaw Chapter, U. D. C., McAlester, Okla..... 5 00
Simon Saucerman, Winslow, Ill..... 5 00
Mrs. Nora Owen Armstrong, Memphis, Tenn..... 5 00
Robert F. Hoke Chapter, U. D. C., Salisbury, N. C..... 5 00
Lawrence Botts Chapter, U. D. C., Charlestown, W. Va. 5 00
Los Angeles Chapter, U. D. C., Los Angeles, Cal..... 5 00
Mrs. L. A. Nutt, Sanibel, Fla..... 5 00

Total $929 22

An error was made in the previous list of contributions in giving the address of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Devenport as Augusta, Ga., when it should have been Letohatchee, Ala.; also Mrs. F. T. Edwards was credited at Tyler, Tex., instead of Tyler, Ala.

C. A. Reed, Anderson, S. C.: "I sincerely hope the proposed monument will correspond with the high type of man it is to commemorate."

Bowie-Pelham Camp, U. C. V., of Bowie, Tex., contributes to the monument "in memory of his deeds in the defense of the South and the Southern soldier."

J. B. Davenport, Augusta, Ga.: "I think all our people should contribute to this cause and build to him a monument so high that it will reach to the clouds."

W. A. Miller, O'Brien, Fla.: "I give my mite willingly to commemorate the noble and unselfish deeds he has performed and his true devotion to the cause of the South."

James S. Hatch, 36th Illinois Infantry, Plano, Ill.: "I counted as brother and friend S. A. Cunningham, editor of the VETERAN and an old Confederate soldier, brave and true."

M. H. Peters, Watseka, Ill.: "I feel it a privilege to contribute to the monument, and cheerfully respond to the call of your committee, feeling that in the great loss the South has sustained I too have lost a friend."

Charles E. Campbell, Macon, Ga.: "Mourning with every true Confederate and a grateful South the death of the unselfish and loyal S. A. Cunningham, I am more than pleased at being permitted to add my mite to the amount to be raised to erect a suitable tribute to his memory."

Edward Q. Nye, Milwaukee, Wis.: "I am deeply grieved to learn of his passing away, and am sure that many another Union soldier will mourn the loss of this true gentleman and former gallant foe. * * * Permit me the privilege of contributing toward any memorial which may be erected to his memory."

HONORED BY HER ASSOCIATES.

The VETERAN for December gave a sketch of the patriotic service of Mrs. H. M. Earle, of Arkansas, sister of the gallant Brockman brothers, of South Carolina, who were killed at Spottsylvania Courthouse. The picture here given should have appeared with that sketch. The removal of Mrs. Earle from Benton, Ark., to Arkadelphia in September last was made the occasion for a splendid reception in her honor given by the members of the Baptist Home Mission Society, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the School Improvement Association. After twelve years of harmonious work with these associations for the public welfare and uplift of the community, her fellow members united to show their appreciation of her work. A program of music and appreciative talks was carried through, and Mrs. Earle was presented a handsome pin as a gift from the three societies.



MRS. H. M. EARLE.

SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM DECEMBER 1, 1913, TO FEBRUARY 10, 1914.

Arizona: Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Bisbee (post cards), $6.50.

Arkansas: C. E. Royston Chapter, Fulton, $1; Henry G. Bunn Chapter, El Dorado, $5.

California: Gen. Tyree H. Bell Chapter, No. 786, $5.

District of Columbia Division, $10.

Georgia: Newnan Chapter, $5; Toccoa Chapter, $1; Eastman Chapter, $4; Lizzie Rutherford Chapter, Columbus, $10; Hartwell Chapter, $1; Oconee Chapter, Dublin, $3; Adeline Brown Chapter, C. of C., Dublin, $2; Daugherty County Chapter, Albany, $10.

Kentucky: Kate M. Breckinridge Chapter, Danville, $5; Mrs. Basil Duke Chapter, Fort Thomas, $10; Tom Barrett Chapter, Ghent, $10; Paducah Chapter, for Lee picture, $2.50; Gen. Basil W. Duke Chapter, Henderson, $10; Maj. Otis S. Tenny Chapter, Lexington, $5; Mrs. Horace Luten, Fulton, for "Heroes in Gray," 80 cents; Cripps Wickliffe Chapter, Bardstown, $5.40.

Louisiana: Thomas Overton Chapter, Alexandria, $2.50.

Mississippi: Jasper County Chapter, Heidelberg, $1.

Missouri: Emmett McDonald Chapter, Sedalia, $15.

New York: Mrs. Louis Bennett (personal), $10; Mrs. D. M. Miller (personal), $10; Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, $30; Mrs. James H. Parker (personal), $25; New York Chapter, $50; Mrs. F. G. Burk (personal), $60; calendars sold by Mrs. Reid, $5; Mrs. Edward Conelly (personal), $5.

Oklahoma: Julia Jackson Chapter, Durant, $5; Chustenahlah Chapter, Steigler, $2.50.

South Carolina: John C. Calhoun Chapter, Clemson College, $5; Ellison Capers Chapter, Florence, $5; Palmetto Chapter, Anderson, $3; Florence Thornwell Chapter, Fort Mill, $2.50; Winnie Davis Chapter, Yorkville, $5; St. Matthews Chapter, $1; Lancaster Chapter, $11.25; Draton Rutherford Chapter (post cards), Newberry, 25 cents; Mary Ann Buie Chapter, Johnstons, 75 cents; same Chapter, "Heroes in Gray," 20 cents; Confederate banners, 12 cents.

Tennessee: Col. Casey Young Chapter, Memphis, $5; Mrs. Francis Fort Brown, Chattanooga (personal), $10; Joe Wheeler Chapter, Stanton, 30 cents; H. Vaughn Chapter, Sweetwater, $15; Mrs. O. E. Barton, Paris (personal), $50; John Sutherland Chapter, Ripley, $5; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Cleveland, $5; Miss Kate Fort, Chattanooga (personal), $5; Mr. A. H. Lankford, Paris (personal), $2; Miss Hope Lankford, Paris, $1; Joe Kendall Camp, U. C. V., Paris, $1; Fifth Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, $1; Knoxville Chapter, $10; Frank Matthews Chapter, Lawrenceburg, $3.50; Baker Lemon Chapter, Covington, $25; A. S. Johnston Chapter, Harriman, $5.

Texas: Terry's Texas Rangers Chapter, Rockdale, $1; Mrs. M. E. Spain, Austin (for sale of post cards), $7.61; Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, Galveston (personal), $5.

Calendar sale, receipts to date, $1,629.88.

Interest, $99.60.

Total collections since last report, $2,254.16.

Expense, $33.92.

Collections since last report in hands of Treasurer, $2,220.24.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, $25,109.62.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, $27,329.86.

COLONEL BILLY.

BY ROBERT H. LANGFORD, SPRINGFIELD, TENN.

"Sometimes a thing does seem well-nigh impossible, but nothing is. I remember"—Colonel Billy invariably wound up his advice to us boys with a story—"one time during the Civil War the Confederates under General Gardner had been cooped up for months at Port Hudson by the Federals under General Banks. Port Hudson was about one hundred and fifty miles below Vicksburg, on the Mississippi River. The river had broken through the neglected levees, and for miles and miles it had overflowed that Louisiana and Mississippi country, if such a tangled network of cane and impenetrable undergrowth could be called country.

"General Banks had set out in January from Baton Rouge and advanced with a very strong force into Louisiana. He had gained a victory over the Confederates at Bayou Teche, and then he had come northward and begun the siege of Port Hudson. The beleaguered garrison had made a brave defense, but the outlook was gloomy enough. However, the Confederates held out until July—and you should remember that this surrender of Port Hudson was the last stroke by which the Federals gained complete control of the river. General Gardner would not surrender until after the fall of Vicksburg—a blow from which the Confederacy lost more than in any other struggle and from which it was never able to recover.

"There were Bob and the Doctor and 'Old Nick.' They had a way of making life endurable during those months of inactivity at Port Hudson. Ah! they were rare old comrades. The Doctor was a long, lank Tennesseean, a lithe hound of a fellow for grace of movement and good looks, on whom the gods had showered more gifts in the way of a brilliant intellect, quick wit, and keen, incisive reasoning than on any other man I've ever known, pagan though he was.

"Bob was his exact opposite. Nature had evidently intended Bob for a tall fellow, but early in his career a careless nurse had allowed him to fall down the cellar steps and injure his spine, so that he never grew to be over five feet in height. He instead grew wide. His ears fanned out, his nose was flat, his eyes slanted like a Chinaman's, his mouth spread earward in a good-natured grin, and his arms were long and thin. He resembled a fat beetle on its hind legs more than anything else. Bob was a clown. Old Nick was a sort of cross between him and the Doctor.

"One evening both Rebel and Yankee camps were cooking supper. The pungent smoke from countless fires of green, wet wood arose in long, thin lines like never-ending serpents, twisting their sinuous way upward and mingling, and then floating outward over the vast swamps that seemed as never-ending as the smoke itself.

"Bob and the Doctor and Old Nick were dodging the stinging smoke, and while cooking their supper were at intervals playing 'hazards.' Now, 'hazards' is a most complicated game. Success with it depends entirely upon how well you can measure distance with your eye. To play it you stick a twig up in the ground, so, and flip a coin at it, so. That's 'hazards' as we played it during those days in camp when our stock of amusements as well as provisions was running at a mighty low ebb.

"I remember Bob turned his head sideways with that peculiar twist that hunchbacks have and said to Old Nick: 'Yo' time, Nick. Bet you're plum sho' to hit it fust th'ow.'

"The brown specks in the Doctor's greenish eyes dilated. 'Bet my corn pone Nick can't do it. Old Nick, he's no good at hazards of any kind; O no,' he bantered.

"'Got jes' three th'ows,' warned Bob. 'I missed it; Doc brushed it'—

"'Old Nick will eat my pone,' sang the Doctor sarcastically.

"Nick smiled amiably, took the coin, tossed up one, spun one in his palm, then quickly sent the dime spinning toward the twig, with such success that both twig and dirt went flying into the air.

"Bob squinted at the Doctor: 'Ain't that true gamester spirit for you? Thass Old Nick, though; he's jes' sho' of hisse'f, thass all; been any doubt in his mind 'bout him a-doin' that couldn't 'a' done it.'

"The Doctor slapped him on the back. 'There isn't a man in Johnston's army that I'd be as sure of hitting the nail spang on the head as I would him,' he said.

"'Come, boys,' protested Nick; 'I haven't got a single chaw left, not a crumb for my pipe even, an'"—

"But at this juncture General Gardner's orderly saluted and summoned Old Nick to headquarters. As their comrade hastened away, the Doctor's peculiar eyes became focused on Bob, and Bob's outspreading features took a downward curve. General Gardner's eyebrows contracted as he met Nick's steady, inquiring look. In that troublous time, son, we were often more like man to man than like military 'superior' and 'inferior.'

"'Gen. Joseph Johnston is about on the march from Jackson to reënforce Pemberton at Vicksburg,' began General Gardner in a low voice. Dispatches must go out to-night. I have chosen you to take them because it is a hazardous undertaking. We are, as you have already had occasion to know, entirely surrounded by vigilant Yankees, and there are sharpshooters scattered for miles and miles through these miserable swamps. But it is vital that these dispatches reach General Johnston as soon as pssible. And it is fully two hundred miles by the route that you will be forced to take.'

"'I will deliver them, sir, God willing, within three days.'

"The quiet, confident tones of the soldier seemed to renew the courage and hope of the officer. His face cleared. 'Your fertility of resource and your bravery have been proved in too many instances for me to doubt,' he said. 'I leave the time of your departure to you. And may God help you!' he added solemnly.

"As Old Nick withdrew and strode rapidly away, his mind became busy with the problem before him. A flush mounted his face and a wave of heat surged through his body that was not in keeping with his cool manner when in the presence of the harassed officer.

"Thompson's Creek flanked the Confederate camp on the east and north, and at that time it was swelled to a muddy, rushing torrent by the backwater. It loomed up dark and forbidding as Nick stood peering across at the Federal pickets flitting back and forth, back and forth, like huge bats in the fog, the lights of their camps behind them throwing them into grotesque relief. At one particular point he noticed that the sentry's steps were slow and tired, his head was dropped on his breast, and his chin merged into his coat. He was doubtless thinking of some far-away home, wife and little ones, as he tramped to and fro with dogged persistency through the drizzling rain that had set in after nightfall. Old Nick dropped down on the ground and contemplated him. Long after Bob and the Doctor, rolled up in their blankets, were asleep he sat there and then— Suddenly the sentry stopped short in his march, and his well-trained heels

went together, his head jerked up, but it is doubtful as to whether he forgot to give his challenge; if he did give it, it was utterly lost in the noise that smote the air.

"There was a jangling of empty canteens, a heavy splash back into the water, and an angry, discordant yell, coupled with a volume of oaths that only increased in vigor as the sentry, hastening to the creek's bank, looked over in the water, where a man was floundering and trying futilely to resist the rushing current, swirling round and round and sputtering curses that gained even more strength as the picket gibed: 'Got jest what ye oughter hev, bein' lazy ernough to try to fill all yure canteens to onct.' And then he laughed at his own joke, while the unfortunate filler of canteens scrambled and clawed up the muddy bank and angrily faced the picket and continued to swear in a high nasal whine, with a guttural note thrown in on a word that required special emphasis. He cussed the South, the war, the weather, the swamps, the niggers, and that sentry in particular in oaths that were plain American and oaths as dire and awful as ever fell from the lips of 'pirates sailing the Spanish main.' He advanced with threatening fists, and the sentry retreated to the time he kept with his song of awful words until finally, like a charmed child, the sentry opened and shut his mouth in exact imitation of the swearer. And as he started through the Federal camp with the canteens rattling over his shoulder he caught a final glimpse of the picket straightened up to a martial bearing, a look of admiration flashing after him, a parting sound of his voice: 'Dog my cats ef I don't wush I could cuss like 'um.'

"He was awake after that. I'll venture no other fellow got by him that night without a lusty challenge," sniggered Colonel Billy as he tenderly disengaged a fine trout from his hook.

"Given with a bunch of heartfelt oaths undoubtedly," I suggested.

"Mighty vent to a fellow's feelings at times."

"But, Colonel Billy, I wasn't aware that you numbered that among your accomplishments."

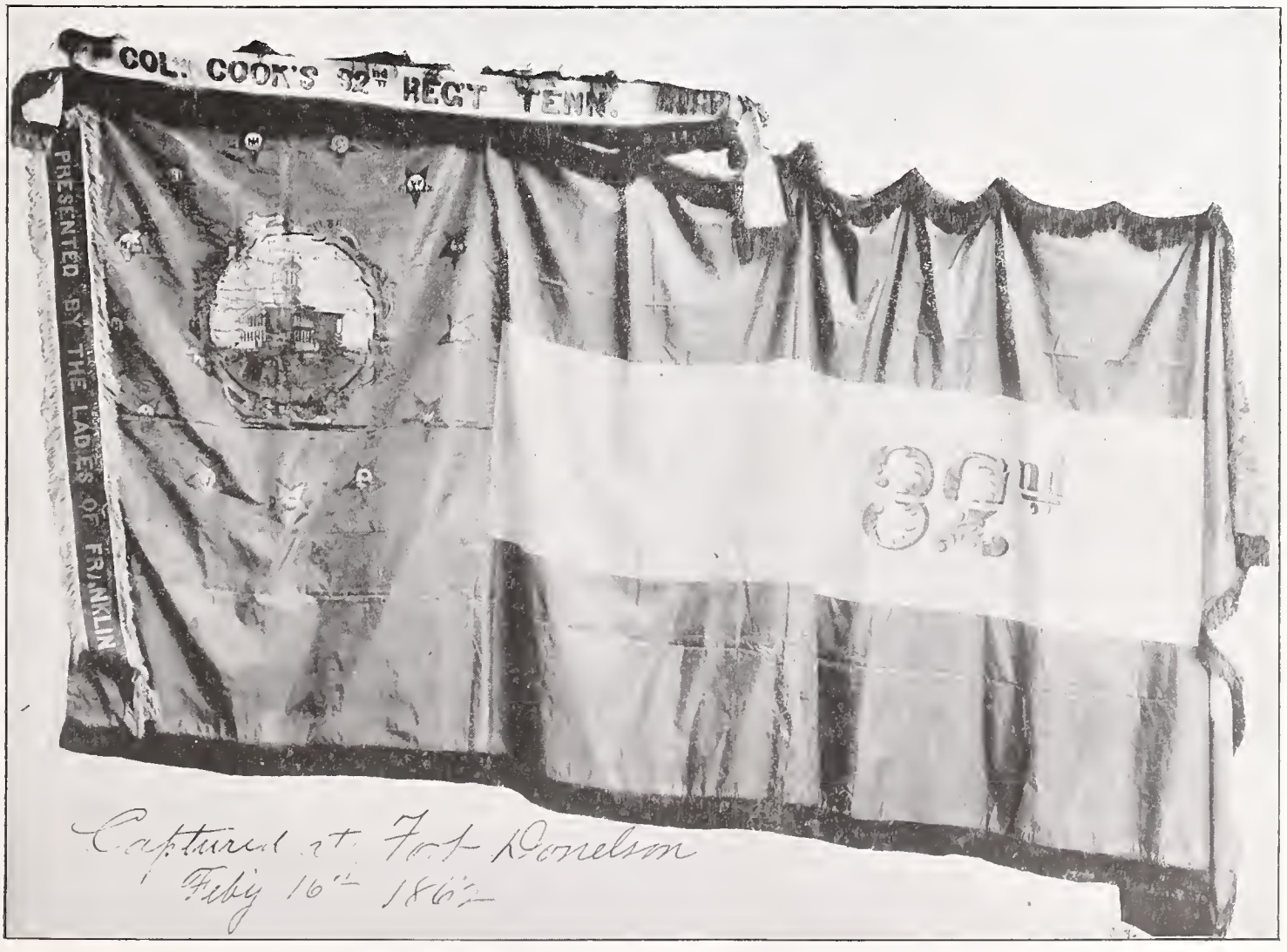
"I?" he questioned innocently.

"Oho!" I laughed. "Do you think I don't know that it was Colonel Peck who marched, dripping wet and swearing, through that Yankee camp?"

Colonel Billy regarded me out of the tail of his eye, then he slightly raised one eyebrow. "Yes, I gad, I did," he admitted.

"And where did you have those precious dispatches?"

"In the canteen nearest my chin. General Johnston read them three days later, too. But," he trailed off, "it was many, many days before I lounged around a camp fire with old Bob and the Doctor—long after the fall of Vicksburg and the surrender of Port Hudson."



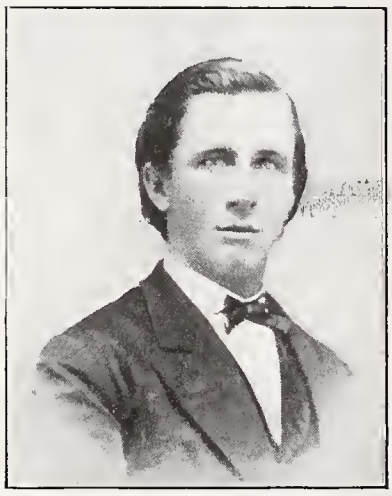
FLAG OF THE 32D TENNESSEE REGIMENT, COLONEL COOK.

This beautiful old flag has been lost or stolen. Any information leading to its recovery will be appreciated. It has been exhibited at many Reunions, U. C. V., since coming into the possession of the late editor of the VETERAN, in 1898, and sometimes loaned to others on special occasions. Some one has doubtless forgotten to return it.

C. P. ROBERTS, ADJUTANT SECOND GEORGIA BATTALION.

BY HIS BROTHER, FRANK S. ROBERTS.

"Charlie" Roberts went peacefully to rest on May 19, 1909, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Alex Blair, in Macon, Ga. On April 1, 1861, he left Augusta, Ga., with the Oglethorpe Infantry for Macon, where the 1st Regiment Georgia Volunteer Infantry, C. S. A., was organized and mustered into service for twelve months. This regiment was commanded by Col. J. N. Ramsey, of Columbus, Ga., and shortly after being mustered into service was sent to Pensacola, Fla. After a few months' service there, it was sent to Virginia, taking part in the campaign in (then) West Virginia in the summer, fall, and winter of 1861-62.



CHARLIE ROBERTS.

On March 12, 1862, this regiment was mustered out of service at Augusta, Ga. Charlie Roberts reenlisted in the Oglethorpe Infantry, Company B, which was a part of the 5th Georgia Regiment. This regiment had three extra companies which were detached from it. A fourth company was made up from the regiment, and the 2d Georgia Battalion of Sharpshooters was formed. Charlie was made adjutant of the battalion on the field at Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 31, 1862, for gallantry. In the charge of Jackson's Brigade at the "bloody center" Ed Hall, of Company C, the color bearer, was killed and the colors fell with him. Missing them when the command fell back, Charlie, with two others of Company C, went back to recover them, which they succeeded in doing under a heavy fire. He had previously been made sergeant major of the command for gallantry in action. In his report of the part the command bore in the battle of Chickamauga Maj. R. H. Whiteley commended him for his "cool and fearless conduct while exposed to a constant fire from the enemy's lines."

On September 1, 1864, at the battle of Jonesboro, Ga., the 69th Ohio (I think it was this regiment) came up in our front. Their line was repulsed by us and broke in confusion, leaving their colors in our front, at least six men going down with them in succession. As their line broke, Charlie leaped over our slight works and made a dash for the colors (they were about fifty yards in our front), and as he was in the act of picking them up a second line bore down upon him and he was taken prisoner. I was an eyewitness of all this.

I shall let him tell from his own account the rest of it: "When I saw that the fresh line was upon me I dropped to the ground in the railroad cut, and thus escaped injury from the terrific fire, I being between the two lines. I was sent to Atlanta in a few days with other prisoners, thence to Chattanooga. While there a young lady whom I knew when my command was stationed there on provost duty in 1863, Miss Bettie Brabson, saw my name in the list of prisoners. She went to General Steadman, who was in command, and asked permission to see me. He complied with her request, and I had the pleasure of seeing her several times. On the morning of September 15, 1864, we were put aboard the train, headed for Johnson's Island, but I never got there. About sundown our train stopped at Estill Springs, Tenn., to take on water. I asked one of the guards to go with me to the engine to fill my canteen. Several of the boys gave me theirs also. I got up between the tender and car back of it. As I filled the canteens I handed them to the guard, who slung them across one shoulder. As I handed him the last canteen I looked toward the rear of the train and called out in an excited way: 'Hello! Some one has escaped.' He looked away from me, and in that moment I jumped from the tender on the opposite side from where he was standing and made a dash for the woods, which were quite thick there. By the time he got around the engine I was some distance away, and after firing his rifle at me he returned to the car without me. General Govan was in the car with me, and I confided to him my intention to escape. He tried to dissuade me, but I had no idea of going to Johnson's Island. When night fell, I began making my way southward. After a few days I fell in with a young man named Martin, whose home was near Winchester, Tenn., and we made our way to the Tennessee River, which we crossed in a dugout hog trough near Caperton's Ferry. Martin left me here, and I made my way to Gadsden, Ala."

If Mr. Martin is living, I should be glad to hear from him. I wished to attend the Reunion at Chattanooga that I might meet Miss Brabson, if living, but I was unable to be there.

Of my old company, C, of the sharpshooters, there were only five of us living December 1, 1912—viz.: First Sergt. W. A. Griffin, in California; Sergt. Martin V. Calvin, Director of the Georgia Experiment Station; Anderson Peppers, in Walker County, Ga.; —— Tinsley, in Richmond County, Ga.; and I. I have been corresponding with Sergeant Griffin, who lives at Oakdale, Cal. He was seventy-seven years old in October. I live at the Cordova, Washington, D. C., and would be glad to hear from any member of the 2d Georgia Battalion of Sharpshooters.

GETTYSBURG—AN INCIDENT.

M. V. B. Sutton, who served in Company K, 18th Regiment, North Carolina troops, Lane's Brigade, Elizabethtown, N. C., writes:

"On the second day's fight at Gettysburg, in the early morning, Longstreet's or D. H. Hill's men were moving down to our right and the Yankees commenced shelling us, so we lay down to protect ourselves from the furious discharge.

"I belonged to the pioneer corps of our regiment. During the cannonading a shell missed me about a foot, plunged into the ground, and exploded directly underneath three soldiers who were lying down, throwing them at least ten feet in the air and killing them instantly.

"As soon as it was safe to do so I took the men under my command and cleaned out the hole that the shell had made, wrapped the bodies in some blankets, and buried them there. While so occupied I looked up and saw a soldier standing beside the grave, and I said to him: 'I am doing the best I can for them.' He replied: 'I see you are.' I then asked if he knew them, and he answered: 'Yes, my brothers.' I wanted to ask their names, but when I looked up again he was gone.

"Any one who sees this or has knowledge of the circumstance will please communicate with me."

THE CONFEDERACY AFTER JULY 4, 1863.

BY C. P. J. MOONEY.

[Memorial Day address delivered in Memphis in June, 1913.]

Those who are in the midst of things often fail to see that chain of incidents which turns the currents of human actions. The contemporary is not a good historian. He is interested in writing his experience and his memoirs. I think this is a time when men who study the progress of government and of civilization should begin to give their attention to an analytical discussion of the history of the Confederacy and begin to draw from it conclusions, in which they may be greatly assisted by those Confederates and those Federals who survive.

The history of the war has not yet been written. But when the commentator finishes his study of the Confederacy he will give to the world a story of the most marvelous struggle that men ever sustained. And he will wonder how it was possible for the Confederacy to maintain itself from July 4, 1863, until the disbanding of Lee's army at Appomattox in the spring of 1865. What matchless quality was it that enabled the soldiers of the Confederacy to carry it upon the points of their swords through the year 1864?

The crowning fact of the Confederacy is its duration. With your permission I shall briefly discuss certain things in that period of the Confederacy when by all of the rules of war the trial of strength should have been over. To my mind the fate of the Confederacy was sealed at Vicksburg and Gettysburg. Then let us see how it was and why it was that this titanic struggle lasted twenty-two months longer.

Fifty years ago this month the Confederacy was in the supreme struggle for its life. The strongest of the fortified places on the Mississippi held by the Confederates was Vicksburg. In the month of June, 1863, Pemberton was shut in and Grant's army was pressing him from the east. The Federal gunboats were sending their messages of death into the beleaguered city from the reaches of the river. The Confederates had not lost hope of relieving Pemberton by an attack from the direction of Jackson. During the hot days of that terrible June, Grant, having learned the foolhardiness of direct, assault settled down to the less brilliant but more effective method of a sustained siege. The Federals held the river at New Orleans and above Vicksburg. Johnston could not draw enough men away from the lines that protected the Confederates' northern outposts in Alabama and Georgia to give strength that would enable him to strike Grant in the rear.

The spirit of the men within the trenches at Vicksburg was the same spirit that was a peculiar mark of the Confederacy. Those who had studied the rules of war knew that in the end there must be a surrender. All during this month of June they fought on with the same steady valor that marked the Confederate, whether he was charging to victory or defeat. In the East the Federals were uneasy. In every pitched battle, except that of Sharpsburg, they had been beaten. Each side claims a victory at Sharpsburg. The student of history will probably call it a drawn fight; for while McClellan held the field and Lee withdrew, the Federal commander did not pursue him. McClellan was censured for this by the editor-generals of the North and by the politicians who fought the war from the safe recesses of the speakers' stand at barbecues. McClellan gave up his command, and those who followed him when they did attack toward the end of the war saw their armies cut to pieces on the heights of Fredericksburg.

Another general in the fall of 1863 did what McClellan did in the fall of 1862, but he was not blamed. Grant, however, had a victory to his credit; McClellan had none, only a drawn fight. The forces under Grant beat Bragg's army at Missionary Ridge, but the Federals did not follow up the fight until April of the next year. Grant in the meantime was transferred to Washington, and the work of taking up the thread of war in the West following Missionary Ridge was not begun until Sherman started to Atlanta.

Fifty years ago to-day, if the Federals were gaining confidence in the West, they were sorely troubled in the East. General Lee, who was far-seeing, felt that a chance for victory and for ultimate peace was an invasion of the North. For a month before July 3, 1863, his adversaries could not divine his purposes. They felt his army, but they could not grapple with it. Their strategy would have been to have fought with him in Virginia, but so eager were they to protect Washington that Lee crossed the Maryland without opposition. And then the armies marched in parallel lines. Hooker was removed, and it fell to the lot of Meade to fight Gettysburg. The place was of neither General Meade's nor General Lee's choosing. General Lee knew that a great army was in front of him and that at some point in his march to the North it would lie across his path. And the Federals knew that a hitherto unbeaten army under the command of a matchless leader was coming headlong toward them and that a victory would result, not from superior bravery nor superior marksmanship, not from the enthusiasm that with courage conquers victory, but it must come from force of numbers. You know the story of Gettysburg. The invading army of the Confederacy spent its force there. Sullenly the Confederates fell back. Leisurely they retraced their steps into Virginia. The Federals did not follow. The Confederates may have received their death wound at Gettysburg, but they concealed the hurt from the adversary.

By all the rules of war, Vicksburg and Gettysburg should have marked the collapse of the aggressive fighting strength of the South. The Confederate States were cut in two by Federal armies commanding every bend of the Mississippi River from Cairo to New Orleans. The Federals had driven their line down to North Mississippi, to the Tennessee River, and to Chattanooga. Following Vicksburg and Gettysburg, an offer of a settlement might have been made. Jefferson Davis, the head of the Confederacy, might have said: "We have fought a good fight. The fortunes of war are against us. What have you to offer?"

The Federal fleet was at the mouth of every river that empties into the sea. Only two Confederate flags were on the high seas. One was borne aloft and defended with a knightly valor by Admiral Semmes, whose own daughter every year is present in this cemetery at this service and who to-day sits on this stand. Later another Confederate flag was unfurled on the ocean and was carried into every sea by a band of gallant men, one of whom has the honor to-day of commanding the uniformed Confederates sitting in front of me. Two Confederate ships could make but small progress against a fleet which could patrol the Atlantic Coast from Maine to Mexico with a line of ships so close to every port that one was always in sight of another.

A cordon of Federal troops was drawn from Arkansas across Tennessee and up the Valley of Virginia. The only supplies that could be imported were those that came from intermittent landings of blockade runners. The Confederate soldier could have surrendered in July, 1863, and the world would have said he fought a good fight. The officers from that time on knew that the chances were against success, and the private soldiers had little hope of ultimate victory.

I desire to suggest for your consideration this thought: The glory of the Confederaey is in its defeat. A faint hope for success was in sustaining a defensive warfare so long that the patience and the spirit of the Northern soldier and the Northern people might wear away. There might have been a further hope that conflieting politieal opinions in the North would finally divide the people and, a-weary, they might be content to recognize the Confederaey as a separate entity. But to the glory of the Confederate soldier he did not trust to these forees. He trusted his cause to the arbitrament of the sword, and he was willing to decide it by shot and shell, by force of arms if you please, and not by the indirection of diplomacy.

The marvel to me is that after Gettysburg and after Vicksburg the Confederate soldier had the heart to fight at Chickamauga. And yet before the shouts of victory and joy had ceased in the North, because of Vicksburg and Gettysburg, the Confederates brought a magnificent fighting machine into play against another Federal army, beat it, captured thousands of its men, and all but annihilated it at Chickamauga. Chickamauga, I believe, more nearly struck terror into the hearts of the brave men of the North than any other contest.

The First Manassas was a stampede. There raw soldiers were matched against raw soldiers. But at Chickamauga trained men fought trained men. Skillful generals matched their wits against equally skillful adversaries. The vietory, by all rules of the game, should have gone to the Federals. Instead they found themselves beaten and shut up in a city.

The Confederate vietory did not surprise Grant and it did not surprise Sherman. These men knew the charaeter of their foes. Sherman had taught school among them in Louisiana, and Grant had campaigned with them in Mexieo and in the West. Sherman and Grant both knew that, so long as Mr. Davis did not give the signal to give in, a sense of duty would impel Lee and Johnston and Hood and Longstreet to press on with the same determination that would mark them if they were going to certain victory instead of certain defeat.

There is bitterness in the South against Sherman. Sherman may have been bitter himself against the cause of the South, but he knew the fiber of his foe; and while he may have hated him for his cause, he respected him for his knightly valor. There was no hatred in the heart of Grant. He was a man of elear vision. In dealing with the Confederacy he weighed their valor, their determination, and in the eontest reekoned on these qualities to cause the Confederate soldier to toss his life away with the same reckless abandon as a boy throws away a flower. Grant should have annihilated Bragg's army at Missionary Ridge. He should have pressed that soldier so hard that Atlanta should have fallen at Christmas of '63 instead of at the end of the next summer.

And while these things were happening in the West, how fared it in the fall and winter of '63 with Lee? He did not escape back from Gettysburg into Richmond. He moved in orderly and stately procession. Meade followed at a respectful distance. Though he may have beaten Lee at Gettysburg, his victory inspired in his breast no confidence that he might beat him again. After Vicksburg and after Gettysburg the Federals marked time during the winter until new forces eould be drawn up, until new supplies could be brought in, until new troops eould be levied.

How fared it through the winter of '63 with the Confederacy? There were no more troops to be had. Some old men and some boys stepped into the depleted ranks—just a few. No nation sent its countless hordes as food for powder through Southern ports into Southern armies. When a soldier on the firing line at Missionary Ridge or around the foothills of Virginia was picked off, there was no one else to take his place. The army was reduced that many. Grant, the mathematician of war, who knew that vietory would finally come if two went out against one, bided his time after he came out of the West until he had forces sufficient to overwhelm his adversaries. Then we find him moving against Riehmond in '64, taking the same route over which three years previous another army went out from Washington on a holiday journey. Grant consumed a year in making that journey. His army spent more than a billion dollars in that journey. They suffered a loss in killed and wounded of more than 100,000 men. On that journey, from the environs of Washington down to Appomattox, the army of Grant lost more men in killed and wounded than did General Lee eommand fighting men.

And the same summer in the West Sherman began the 150-mile trip from Chattanooga to Atlanta, a journey whieh you and I can now make in a morning, and on every mile of that journey there was a skirmish and during every week of that journey there was a battle. It is said that Sherman lost more men in killed, wounded, and prisoners than the number of Confederates that stood up and responded "Present" to Joseph E. Johnston's roll call.

And how fared it farther in the West? In our own city of Memphis how was it? The Federals held the river. An army as large almost as were the numbers on one side at Shiloh was encamped in and around the city. They sent one expedition out after another. And these were not mere parties of raiders; they were armies made up of every desired unit—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. And every expedition was beaten back. Finally, in the heat of the summer, General Forrest's men rode through the streets of this eity, and General Forrest himself stood at bay near the State Female College, which is only a stone's throw from this spot.

And after Atlanta, when Hood's army should have disbanded, instead of surrendering it became an invader. Sweeping around Sherman, it struck out boldly for the Ohio River as an objective. It began the invasion of Tennessee and Kentueky, where a Federal garrison was in almost every county.

This summer Confederate and Federal, at the invitation of the national government, will meet on the hills of Gettysburg and join there as eitizens of a reunited country in eelebrating the valor of those who followed Meade and those who followed Lee. Gettysburg is remembered because it is dramatic. It was the crisis of the struggle. The eyes of the world were turned toward that field when Pickett made his charge and failed. The Creator never put it into the hearts of men to do more than did those Confederates who for three days gave battle at Gettysburg.

But let me say that the Confederate soldiers at Franklin gave an exhibition of courage, endurance, and daring which resulted in an engagement unparalleled in the history of warfare. They assaulted an enemy as numerous as, or more numerous than, themselves, having the advantage of being on the defensive and having the further advantage of temporary breastworks. And when all was over, major generals and brigadiers to the number of six were killed. When morning came, the Federals were crowding the thoroughfares to Nashville and the Confederates held the blood-stained field. A victory for Pickett at Gettysburg might have turned the scales for the Confederacy. Pickett failed. A victory for the Con-

federacy at Franklin simply postponed the day of doom. The officers who led the men into that fight knew it. Then why such matchless valor? Why did men toss their lives away as though life was a vain and empty thing? Because this Civil War of ours was to be the epic tragedy of our country. And these Confederate soldiers were determined that its climax should be such that through all the ages it would be the glory of our people.

A sense of duty filled the ranks of the Confederacy in '61, and that same loyalty to duty, that same devotion to a principle filled the valleys with the graves of the dead, took away from wives their husbands, and made orphans in many homes. The war might have ended in '63, but the men under the Stars and Bars were determined to go on even to the bitter end, and if need be each man was determined to yield his life.

And how magnificently the Confederacy died! After Franklin a skeleton army pursued Schofield into Nashville. And Thomas, a cool and calculating man, tried the patience of Grant, who demanded that he immediately give battle. Grant saw at Nashville the strange spectacle of a well-fed, well-equipped army, stronger in numbers than was the wreck of Hood's fighting machine, torn to pieces by the shock of its own victory at Franklin, being besieged for a month. Grant became uneasy. He remembered the fight they gave him at Missionary Ridge; he knew how bitterly the same soldiers contended with Sherman; he measured the force of their strength against Schofield at Franklin; and he feared that this army, whose ranks were decimated by the bullets from a hundred fields, might in its dying hour make its death memorable by destroying the army of Thomas in Nashville.

Thomas also knew the strength that was still there. He also knew that desperate spirit of a foe that fought just as well under a certainty of ultimate failure as though it were marching to a certain victory. The stuff that was in the men who followed Hood into Tennessee was of that brand of courage that marks those who step from the ranks to lead a forlorn hope. Grant sent Logan to supersede Thomas, if Thomas had not fought when Logan reached Nashville. When Thomas had made a victory certain by overwhelming odds of men under his flag, he gave battle. And even then there was no rout. Beaten down, Hood's veterans retraced their steps southward. The story of the Confederate rear guard fighting from Nashville to the Tennessee River under the direction of Walthall and Forrest is in itself a magnificent incident of this strange and matchless expedition from Atlanta to Nashville.

Sherman had an easy march from Atlanta to Savannah, because there were no soldiers in his path. It was a different story from Savannah north. A remnant of the old army that fought him under Johnston and had under Hood fought at Franklin and Nashville again crossed Sherman's path and engaged him.

When Lee felt that it was no longer good strategy to hold Richmond, the Confederate army drew out of Petersburg. According to all the rules of war, that army should have been captured. And then if you will follow this journey from Richmond and Petersburg to Appomattox you will find that every day when the Confederates made a stand they were not driven away from the field. And the day before the surrender at Appomattox the Confederates engaged in a pitched battle with their foe, and in that fight conducted themselves with the same gallantry that marked them at Fredericksburg and at Chancellorsville, when they were driving everything before them.

A close study of the last two years of this war will convince any man that it is no empty boast to say that the Confederate soldier went down into defeat triumphant until the reverberation of the last gunshot lost itself amid the blood-stained hills of Virginia.

The Old Guard at Waterloo, after its charge failed, broke into disorder, and the army which followed the eagles of Napoleon at Borodino, at Elyau, at Austerlitz, and never before reeled in the shock of war, when the knowledge of defeat came broke into a wild, disorganized, and frenzied mob.

In Virginia, in Tennessee, in Georgia, and in Mississippi the Confederate armies after 1863 never lost step, never turned to the right nor to the left, but pressed onward into the valleys of death with a steadiness of purpose, with a heroic valor that are to-day the glory of the American citizen, no matter whether he be Confederate or Federal or born into this world when the Confederacy had become a memory. And here we are in this marvelous country of ours fifty years after the war on a day of memory for Confederate soldiers to pay tribute to the bravery of men and not asking on which side they fought.

The history of the Confederacy is a history of the nation. The matchless skill of Lee, the persistence of Grant are inspiring to every American boy and girl, it matters little whether they gather in the evening under the shade of the scented magnolia or under the Green Mountain pines whose boughs tremble in response to the sigh of the breeze that comes from the north.

The great Civil War gave to other nations in letters of fire a story of the colossal possibilities of the United States. And so long as we keep these memories in our hearts and in the hearts of our children we will be inspired to lofty ideals and there will be created in our hearts a determination that this country of ours shall go forward and that the guiding principle of its people shall be national honor, the hope of its people shall be national glory, and the determination of its people shall be freedom under the law and under the Constitution. Honor the Confederate dead; honor the living Confederates, for they are the survivors of an army that responded to many demands that could be met only by lofty courage and devotion to home and to country.

Appomattox did not mark the close of the career of the Confederate soldier. From 1865 until this good day, wherever he has been, he has borne himself as a man and as a leader of men. In the ashes of Confederacy's hope he set up a torch which was a signal that the traditions of the South should never be forgotten and the civilization of the South should be forwarded.

In the work of recreating the Confederate soldier was a leader. The imprint of the Confederate soldier is heavy upon the civil history of this country since 1865. In the Senate of the United States, in the Lower House of Congress the Confederate soldier did his duty to the South and to the common country alike. In the State Legislature, as Governors, as lawyers, as judges the Confederate soldiers have made their mark. To-day the chief justice of the greatest court on earth, a court which is the guardian of the nation's ark of the covenant, is a Confederate soldier. Another Confederate soldier is an associate justice. Confederate soldiers have been in the Cabinet. They have served as foreign ministers.

When the call to arms came in 1898, they leaped into the firing line. They have served their people as physicians, as teachers, as preachers, and merchants, and they have served in the hard occupations, at the plow and at the forge. Whether the Confederate soldier stands at the handle of the plow or

raises his hand to administer the oath to an incoming President, he is the embodiment of unselfish devotion to the work that is at hand and loyal to the duty that is to be discharged.

And the Confederate soldier's day of usefulness is not over. The youngest of you are around seventy. You are in the lean shank. But when you are eighty—and a few of you will reach that age—you will then not be in the way, for our grandchildren, little boys and girls, may then gather at your knees in the shadows of the dying day and hear from your lips the story of your part in a struggle which will be the glory of this nation and an inspiration to this people so long as the republic survives.

Gentlemen of the Old Guard in gray, followers of Lee, Forrest, Johnston, and Hood, I salute you.

THE SOUTHRON'S FATHERLAND.

BY A PAROLED CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

Where is the Southron's fatherland?
Is Carolina's sunlit strand,
Where Sumter's walls in ruins dare,
The refuge of the South's despair?
No; our homeland farther lies,
A brighter shore, 'neath happier skies.

Where is the Southron's fatherland?
Is it where Blue Ridge bulwarks stand?
Can those brave Highlanders drive back
The wolves that follow on our track?
No; far beyond those ridges blue
The homeland of the tried and true.

Where is the Southron's fatherland?
Can Georgia guard the hero band
Within her lengthened frontier line,
From Yonah's brow to Tybee's brine?
No; that fair land is broader far;
Its limits reach from star to star.

Where is the Southron's fatherland?
Is it where leagues of golden sand
Fence Florida from sea to sea,
The land baptized at Olustee?
No; that fair shore lies farther yet,
Undimmed by shadows of regret.

Where is the Southron's fatherland?
From sea to summit where make stand?
Can Alabama, Arkansas
Redeem the wrongs of bayonet law?
No; our homeland farther seek,
Where strength protects, not smites, the weak.

Where is the Southron's fatherland?
Is it where Mississippi's strand
Bears laurels for the martyred chief
Who shared our glory and our grief?
No; that far land beneath fair stars
With rankling hate no victory mars.

Where is the Southron's fatherland?
Is it in fettered Maryland?
Why should we seek a farther shore
When welcomes come from Baltimore?
No; that far land gives better cheer,
Stills every pang, dries every tear.

Where is the Southron's fatherland?
Is it where Forrest lit the brand
That showed the way to victory
In fair Kentucky and Tennessee?
No; our homeland's flowery meads
No fierce baptism of fire needs.

Where is the Southron's fatherland?
Louisiana's breezes bland
Blow soft o'er sunny seas. Can they
Bring back the blooms of our lost May?
No; that fair land, our hearts' desire,
Still blooms untouched by frost or fire.

Where is the Southron's fatherland?
Is it near distant Rio Grande,
Whence Texan Rangers came to aid
The loved just cause with ball and blade?
No; that fair shore, let none forget,
Our fatherland, lies farther yet.

Where is the Southron's fatherland?
Is it where Lee fought hand to hand
With Northern hordes for four long years,
Virginia bathed in blood and tears?
No; that dear land, say what you will,
Hope what we may, lies farther still.

Where is the Southron's fatherland?
Where love and justice, hand in hand,
Bring peace on earth, good will toward men,
And fallen freedom crown again!
That is the land, where'er it be,
That is the homeland of the free.

[This poem was sent by A. M. Huger, of Clover Patch, N. C., who writes: "I inclose herewith 'The Southron's Fatherland.' These verses were written soon after the 'captivity' (1865) by a Confederate soldier. I had a pencil copy of the poem as early, I think, as 1868, which was long mislaid; but by the merest chance it turned up years after, when I had a few copies of it printed. As I again by accident find one of these among my papers, I forward to you and hope you will be able to give it space in the VETERAN."]



HANDSOME HOME OF COL. V. Y. COOK AT BATESVILLE, ARK.

THE BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS.

BY DAVID CARDWELL, COLUMBIA, S. C.

So much has been said about the morale of the Army of Northern Virginia after the battle of Gettysburg that I cannot refrain, as a humble private in that army, from describing as best I can the battle of Five Forks.

To say nothing of the splendid fighting of A. P. Hill's men and the cavalry at Reams's Station in August, 1864, and the almost daily fights that W. H. F. Lee's Cavalry had along the Boydton plank road and the Weldon Railroad at Reams's Station, we swept Hancock's celebrated 2d Corps away from our front like a whirlwind. Nothing stopped us, and our force was far inferior to theirs. Col. Robert Aldrich says that Gen. A. P. Hill sent to General Hampton (or Butler) for a mounted man who was familiar with the country, and he (Lieutenant Aldrich) was sent. When he reported to General Hill, the General said: "Lieutenant, how many men have you with the cavalry?" Lieutenant Aldrich told him that he had about two thousand and then asked: "General Hill, how many men have you?" The response was: "About eight thousand, I think." Then the General said: "How many men do you think are in front of us, Lieutenant?" To which the Lieutenant replied: "All of Hancock's troops, I should say about twenty thousand men." Lieutenant Aldrich then insinuated that the General was attempting a big job with the force he had. General Hill then said: "Lieutenant, if we can't whip them with this proportion, we'd better stop the war right now."

History shows how well he figured. General Hancock, when he returned from the hospital, testified to the completeness of the defeat and told his corps that the Confederate army could not be beaten, but must be worn out. So you see that up to August, 1864, the army had a good deal of fight in it, and so on till the spring of 1865. I was with the cavalry and on the right of General Lee's Petersburg line. After leaving the breastworks, the cavalry patrolled the line and fought almost daily, and fought with spirit, too.

On the 31st of March the cavalry found itself way down the line toward Dinwiddie Courthouse, and they put their artillery in position on the south bank of a stream called Chamberlain's Run. I was No. 4 at one of these guns. In a few minutes Barringer's Brigade, the 1st North Carolina Cavalry (a splendid regiment under Col. W. H. H. Cowles) in the lead, came up. At once a heavy fire was opened on them from the other side of the run. We opened with our guns, using short fuses. As the brigade of General Barringer charged across the run, which was three or four feet deep, our gun was in position on a little knoll on the right of the ford by which the cavalry charged, and I had a splendid opportunity to see the whole fight. In all my experience (and I had been in over sixty fights, great and small) I never saw a more splendid charge. They simply swept everything out of their way. Every field officer of Barringer's Brigade was shot, yet on pushed these soldiers. The splendid cavalry of Sheridan fled before them until they almost reached Dinwiddie Courthouse, where their infantry was in large force.

Now, this was long after the battle of Gettysburg. Colonel Cowles was shot through the head and fell into the creek, supposedly dead; but I met him after the war pretty much alive. One of our men, a splendid soldier, Ashton Chichester, was shot through a thigh. It was a pitiful sight to see the dead and wounded dragged from the creek. General Barringer, when writing a history of the North Carolina Cavalry years ago, asked me to write him an account of this fight, of which he was justly proud. The soldiers covered themselves with glory.

But now we must come to our story, the battle of Five Forks. This is, I believe, said to be one of the decisive battles in all history. At any rate, to my mind it was the turning point in the fighting in the immediate defense of Petersburg and Richmond. After the Chamberlain's Run fight we lay down on the red clay of Dinwiddie County and thought we could whip anything alive. We had taken care of our wounded, buried our dead, and were ready to go to sleep. We went to sleep and slept as only soldiers can. The matter of bedclothes did not concern us. We "traveled light," and when the reveille sounded at dawn on April 1 it was soon followed by "Boots and saddles!"

We were up and in the saddle after a hasty breakfast of grapefruit, eggs *au gratin,* hot rolls, beefsteak, German fried potatoes, and coffee—I reckon not! What we had was corn pone cooked three days before and raw Nassau pork (sometimes called "mule" by the boys, who worshiped it and got so little of it). I was hungry—"hungry" is not strong enough. I was so hungry that I thanked God that I had a backbone for my stomach to lean up against.

Well, as I said, we were up and in the saddle. We sat in the saddle for hours waiting—for what, I didn't know. Whatever it was, we were ready for it—for anything, and nothing would have surprised us. We were past all such emotions.

We found later that we were on the extreme left of a line that was forming, and we found this out by being ordered to the extreme right at a gallop. As we galloped down the line we recognized among the infantry Pickett's men, Bushrod Johnson's men, and the foot artillery that belonged to those commands. We passed just in the rear of them all. They were behind very light earthworks, just enough to insure them a wound above the knee.

We recognized many men in the infantry and artillery, many who never left that field alive. One man particularly I noticed, sitting on his horse just at the forks of the road (Five Forks). He had on a brand-new uniform of gray, with a red collar, and on the collar were three gold stars. He was a young man—O so young he seems to us old soldiers now! To my boyish eye (I was nineteen) he was simply grand. Think of it! A full colonel of artillery! Could anything be more exalted than that? He had on gold spectacles and looked like the god of war. It was Col. Willie Pegram, of old Virginia. He was one of the gallant men who gave up their lives there. Before the day was done he was shot through the breast of his beautiful gray coat; and I was told that he died that night in the arms of his friend, Capt. Gordon McCabe, in Ford's Depot. O the pity of it! He had great and good company there.

We galloped down the entire line, and on the right we found our division (W. H. F. Lee's) already dismounted and in position. They too were behind breastworks just high enough to insure them a death wound. The works were about three feet high. Space was made for us at once and our four guns went into position. "On the left fourteen yards; close intervals; forward into battery!" was about the command our captain (Wilmer Brown) gave, and we unlimbered for one of the history-making battles of the world. Little did we think of this; we were simply doing what we were used to. If anybody said anything, it was about this: "Well, boys, it looks like we are going to have a good-sized scrimmage."

We dismounted, gave our horses to the horse holder, and proceeded to rest ourselves and to make remarks. One said: "No fight to-day, boys; only an April fool." Our commissary rode down the line on a good fat horse with such cries as: "No fight to-day. Company Q is at the front." Another fellow cried out: "Look at that horse. How fat he is! That's where the feed goes." The careless, jolly humor of the men almost in the presence of death is hard to understand in these piping times of peace.

Well, we lounged about these works till about three o'clock. At one time one of the boys went back to the limber chest and got out of it a plug of tobacco so musty that no one could use it—such as our government issued to the troops. He suggested that we ram it into the gun and said: "If anything will kill them, this will."

I have read much history since the war, and of course I write now with that light before me. I know now (I did not then) why Sheridan kept us waiting so long. He was waiting for Warren to come up on our left and rear. Since then war history says that Warren, who was relieved of his command at Five Forks by General Sheridan, was court-martialed, or there was a congressional investigation as to his tardiness. I don't know what the outcome was, but I do know that until Warren came up W. H. F. Lee took care of Sheridan's immense force of cavalry; and Sheridan's success at Five Forks was due to General Warren's coming up in the rear and left of our infantry.

Well, be that as it may, about two-thirty, or possibly later, some one said: "I see some movement in the peach orchard back of Mrs. Gillam's house." As I could not see it (being a short man), I went back and got my horse; and as I rode up Major McGregor, who was formerly our captain, handed me his field glasses, and I beheld a sight as I saw squadron after squadron of splendidly mounted and equipped cavalry wheel into line in the orchard back of the Gillam house. They were at "carry saber" and were forming by the right flank. The sun shone brightly, and the glint from their burnished arms was blinding. On they came, forming on the right, in front of our position. Well, I watched them until I was sure that there was more cavalry than I ever saw even on the plains of Brandy Station.

I saw an ambulance drawn by four horses drive up to the Gillam house. An officer in charge (I don't know whether he was a Yankee or a Confederate) assisted the ladies of the Gillam family in and drove off. I thought by this time that I had better get to my post; so I gave up my horse and went to my post, No. 4, at the gun.

Our cavalry had thrown out a skirmish line, "a thin gray line," and they had brought out some fence rails, piling these rails up in front of them in a sort of angle with the point toward the enemy. Then we waited and waited and wondered why Gen. Phil Sheridan did not commence his movement to ride over us. Many a thought passed through a man's mind in such waiting.

We were still in good shape. Gen. W. H. F. Lee rode up and down the line, talking in a quiet tone to officers as he passed. He was ready to fight, and so were we. We had fought big odds before. "Brace up, old boy; it is no new thing to you." "Well, why in the thunder don't they come along?"

After a while out in front we saw a small white puff of smoke, then another, and so on till it sounded like a pack of fireerackers. Then the men in the little rail pens began to come in on a run, turning and firing as they ran. As they scrambled over the works they said: "Boys, we are going to catch hell. The whole earth is covered with cavalry." Raising our eyes, we saw them coming, first at a walk, then at a trot march, and next at a gallop, and then bugles blew the charge. Did you ever hear the charge sounded? Great Cæsar! It is a blare that goes to the bone, and it would make a rabbit fight a bulldog. On, on they came. We threw short fuse shells into them as fast as we could pull the lanyard, and then canister. On they came. We thought that they would ride over us; but when the canister got in its work they wavered, swayed, and turned back. O, can you imagine yourself standing behind those light earthworks waiting for five thousand mounted men to ride over you? There are many things I would prefer. Our men did not move. Nobody fell back but the men out in the rail fence. But we drew a long breath when the cavalry wavered and turned. What a relief!

We looked out over that great field as the smoke cleared away and saw the bodies of the dead. The slightly wounded crawled off, afraid to raise their heads. The poor horses! Some were still in death, some struggling to get up. This charge was repeated four times, as I remember, and when they came the fourth time we heard the spattering of bullets in our rear, to the left. In a few minutes we saw the infantry moving toward us—at first just one or two, then three or four, and so on till there was a big movement through our command, and then a stampede. I had never seen our troops stampeded.

It should not be inferred from the foregoing that the infantry and artillery to the left of us did not take a large part in this battle. I am telling of what I saw in front of the cavalry and horse artillery where I was. All I know of what took place on the left of the cavalry is what I heard, and I heard a continuous roar of artillery and a strong rattle of small arms. So far as I have heard since, the divisions of George E. Pickett and Bushrod Johnson did not "lay down" on their job, and gave way only when the 5th Corps of General Warren enveloped their left and rear.

The records of these two divisions were about made up, and they were glorious. I have seen many narratives by privates that told of things which were impossible for them to know anything about. I have tried to avoid this. Does it not seem strange that General Warren, the man who saw to it at Gettysburg that the key to the situation (Little Round Top) was occupied by the Federal forces when it had been overlooked, the man who was the real hero of Five Forks, should have had a court-martial for his reward and is not lauded as one of the great men, as is the noisy Sheridan? Sheridan never did anything when he did not have every advantage.

Our division kept its line and never wavered, though the infantry crowded them. They met the charges and moved out under orders. It was an awful mixture. General W. H. F. Lee took a flag and rode among them, begging them to rally. But no, sir; they would not. They went their way. We limbered up under order to do so and moved out toward the right, down the road. As I attempted to follow with two other comrades we were stopped by Col. L. Tiernan Brien, of Maryland. I recall his splendid figure. He was in the full-dress Confederate uniform of his rank, and any one who has seen the full-dress uniform of a Confederate colonel of cavalry or of the staff has seen something gorgeous. He told us to pull down a fence in front of the 2d North Carolina Cavalry, "squadron front," and we did it. By so doing we got terribly

mixed up, after mounting, in a charge or that regiment. We were pressed back to the road. I was looking for a way out, and I was looking hard, too.

I looked west, and there was a line of fire clear across the road. I knew I could not go east (the enemy were there) nor south. So northwest I went, jumping my horse over a fence. Poor old Dick Chamberlaine, of Norfolk, who was No. 2 at my gun, had all of his eyebrows, mustache, and hair on the right side of his head burned off. Half of his jacket was also burned off by his being too slow to clear the front of the gun when the order to fire was given. Poor old Dick rode close behind me and jumped the fence into the swamp, also. Dick was a sight. You could not tell which army he belonged to. His face was black with powder.

The 2d North Carolina Cavalry had checked Custer's mad charge, which enabled the artillery and most of the cavalry to get away. In the *mêlée* of the charge of the 2d North Carolina Cavalry sabers and pistols were used before Custer's men recoiled. We were at very close quarters, and such fights do not last long.

Henry L. Moore, of our battery, Owen O'Brien, and myself were close together. In the mix-up a color bearer was cut from his horse, and as the flag fell it was seized by Moore. A great big man made a swipe at Moore with his saber, but missed his head and struck the flagstaff. Moore struck him over the head with his pistol and brought the flag out. This about closed the battle of Five Forks. Night had come on before we got through, and the line of fight could easily be traced by the line of fire.

Soon after we got in the swamp we encountered the numerous wounded men who either had been taken out of the fight and laid behind sheltering trees or had crawled out there. As we rode along in the dark woods they begged piteously to be taken up. We talked about it, but could not see that we could do them any good. We knew that an ambulance corps of one army or the other would look after them the next morning.

When I jumped the fence I had a saber hanging to my wrist by a strap and a pistol in my hand. With Dick riding by my side, I looked much like a man with a prisoner. Soon some one said to me: "Great God, man, how did you get a prisoner?" I put up my saber and pistol and looked more peaceable. Dick and I floundered about in that swamp, and soon we were out of sight and sound of the wounded and all sound of strife.

We kept on in a northwesterly direction, and just as the roosters began to crow we emerged into an open field. We halted. In a few minutes we discovered the figure of a man standing upright, holding a gun. He looked like "one in authority." In fact, he looked "on guard." So we contemplated him with interest. Dick said: "Davy, you ride forward and challenge him." I said: "Dick, suppose you amble up and ask him his name and command." We did not know where we were nor who he was. After some debate we both rode forward, and the figure promptly presented his gun and said, "Halt!" in a cross tone of voice, and we halted as soon as we could. We found that he was on guard and belonged to our division. We asked him where our battery was, and he said that it was "away over beyond that big white house." And for "over beyond that big white house" we started.

Before we had gone far, however, we came upon a group of mounted men, and in their midst we soon made out Maj. Gen. William Henry Fitzhugh Lee. It was now broad daylight, and we could see things plainly. But I must say that in the darkest part of that forest at the darkest period of the night we could have made out General Lee. He was six feet three or four and weighed not an ounce less than three hundred pounds. He was mounted on his brown war horse, "Frantic," a horse he always had his saddle changed to before going into a fight. The two together, man and horse, made one of the largest establishments I ever saw.

We halted here. Meantime Moore and O'Brien had joined us, Moore still carrying the battle flag. We found General Lee trying to collect and get into some shape his scattered division. We three boys sat on our horses near by, feeling very much at home with our division commander. The General would call out, for instance: "Is there any officer here from the 1st North Carolina Regiment. Is Colonel Cowles here?" No reply. "Is Lieut. Col. So and So here?" No reply. "Is there any officer of this regiment here?" Some captain or lieutenant would ride up and say: "I am here, General. I am Captain So and So, of Troop B." "Well, Captain, form the 1st Regiment out there and take command." And so he went through the whole list of his regiments and formed what was left of that once splendid division.

Now our turn had come. The General turned in his saddle and in a sweet, soft, courteous voice said: "Well, young gentlemen of the artillery, what is your battery?" We answered, as we always did with great pride, "McGregor's." "Well, permit me to inquire why you are not with your battery." We thought we had a splendid excuse. In fact, we felt that we had done even more than our duty. Think of that mix-up with Custer at the Forks, etc. Henry Moore rode up and, expecting to be complimented, showed General Lee the rescued flag. We told him of Colonel Brien and the line of fire to the west, across the road. As our battery retired that way, we thought it was captured. He answered with more harshness than I thought him capable of: "Go to your battery. It is not captured; it is over there in that field. You should never allow yourselves to be separated from your battery." We rode off in no good humor and said about this: "He is an ungrateful old fellow, and I don't like him anyway. He isn't much of a general." A courier rode up and told General Lee that he was wanted at the big white house to attend a council of war. We rejoined our battery in the big field, and were received with great rejoicing. The boys in the battery did not know what had befallen us. We felt very much set up by having so much fuss made over us.

As we traveled the road that night, about midnight an incident occurred that shows the rigors and severities of war. General Lee called for a man who knew the country and asked for a man from the 13th Regiment. No one coming forward, the General said to a courier: "Go up to that house, rouse them, and say that I want a man that can guide me to such and such a place." The man of the house, and also the lady, appeared at the window, and both protested against the man's going; but General Lee ordered the man to come out at once and guide the command. The poor man came, and the woman wept bitterly. General Lee made the man mount a led horse and ride out into the darkness to guide him as he directed.

The affection of one comrade for another is second only to the affection for one's own family, and it lasts through life. I see my comrades in the silent watches of the night. I hear their voices. I know their ways and sayings. I can see them mounted and dismounted. I know their horses. I have slept, eaten, and nearly starved with them.

Now begins the story of the retreat of General Lee's army,

when we fought daily, sometimes four or five times a day, till we reached Appomattox. But I leave this to any other man who craves the job. Only Col. Dante Alighieri could do justice to the subject. He wrote one "Inferno."

We fought a losing fight. That did not make us wrong. A poet has said:

"Minorities, since time began,
Have shown the better side of man;
And often in the lists of time
One man has made a cause sublime."

CAPTURE OF THE GUNBOAT QUEEN CITY.

BY COLEMAN SMITH, BUTLER, MO.

One of the most brilliant achievements of Shelby's Brigade during the War between the States was the capture of a gunboat at Clarendon, Ark., on June 24, 1864. Clarendon is on White River, about twenty miles below De Vall's Bluff, which was at that time connected with Little Rock by the only railroad in the State. Both towns are about fifty miles east of Little Rock.

Shelby's Brigade of about three thousand was the only Confederate force north of the Arkansas River. He had also one four-gun battery, commanded by Capt. Dick Collins. The Union army, under command of General Steele, was in possession of the Arkansas River, the railroad mentioned above, and White River as far up as De Vall's Bluff. The Confederate army, under Kirby Smith and General Price, was south of the Arkansas. Yet by the aid of reliable scouts and couriers Price and Shelby were in constant communication. Shelby had crossed the Arkansas at Dardanelle, about seventy miles northwest of Little Rock, on the night of May 17th, making a valuable capture of arms, ammunition, provisions, and prisoners at the time. He pushed rapidly forward to Batesville, and by the middle of June he had made several captures of small forces at various points and was at or near Jacksonport (now Newport), at the junction of White and Black Rivers.

On the night of June 21st we crossed Cache River and Bayou de Vue; and as that whole country was one vast swamp at that time on account of recent rains, we marched, camped, cooked, and slept in water from two to six inches deep until the morning of the 23d, when we encamped on land about twelve inches above high water, about three miles from Clarendon, where the gunboat Queen City lay at anchor in midstream. A strong guard was stationed around the camp to prevent our presence being discovered by the enemy. No one but Shelby and his immediate advisers knew anything about the approaching battle. Most of us thought we were down there to hide from imminent danger. All were cautioned to keep quiet. And there we remained until about ten o'clock at night, when our battery was ordered to see that our ammunition chests were filled with solid shot and shells and to be ready for battle in an hour. Then all began to wonder: "Where are we going?" "Who is coming?" "What does Shelby mean this time of night?" "Why no grape and canister among our ammunition?" But we were ready for action by eleven o'clock, and we were quietly informed that we were going to capture a gunboat. Then came the exclamations of astonishment: "A gunboat?" "How big is it?" We had seen them at a distance about a year before; and although their shot and shell had fallen around us at Helena on July 4, 1863, they were too far away for us to reach. Besides, one of their shots would weigh twice as much as a whole volley from our battery, which consisted of two ten-pounder Parrott rifles and two twelve-pounder howitzers.

Then it was explained to us that "this was only a small gunboat, carrying two thirty-pound Parrott rifles, two sixty-four-pound howitzers, four thirty-two pounders, and one twelve pounder—three hundred and twenty-eight pounds of shot at one volley! Forty-four pounds were all we could fire at once. Besides, we could get within one hundred yards of it." How the thought of looking into the muzzles of those sixty-four pounders, only one hundred yards away, made the cold chills and hot blood chase each other through the anatomy of those cannoneers, perhaps you can imagine. The night was so dark that we could not recognize one another ten feet away except by voices.

At midnight we started for Clarendon to capture the gunboat. Our attacking force consisted of our four-gun battery and about four hundred picked riflemen from among the three thousand cavalry that composed Shelby's Brigade. Slowly, silently, and cautiously we moved forward—every one on foot except General Shelby and the drivers of our artillery teams—as quiet as a funeral procession. All we knew about the four hundred riflemen with us was what we had been told. We could neither see nor hear them. When about a mile from Clarendon we came out of the woods into an open field, where we could see the smoke from the chimneys of the gunboat. Here we stopped to unlimber the guns and leave the horses, drivers, and limber chests, because they would make too much noise. An effort was made here to muffle the wheels of the gun carriages to prevent any possibility of rattling. One or two of the men took off their socks and wrapped them around the spindles between the hubs and axles. When the socks gave out, one man pulled off his shirt, tore it into strips, and gave them to be used as mufflers. General Shelby asked the man how many shirts he had left. He said: "None." The General then said: "I will see that you get half a dozen new ones as soon as this battle is over." But the man answered: "I won't need them, General. You can bury me just as I am." Some other fellow said: "Yes, General, you can put us all in one grave."

The unanimous opinion was that it was our last night on earth. Darkness and silence were all that could save us from destruction in our advance of a mile across an open field against a foe of ten times our strength.

But slowly and silently we moved forward. By two o'clock on the morning of the 24th we had our guns in position, two of them within fifty yards of the gunboat and two about one hundred yards distant, directly in front of the boat, which was just below a bend of the river.

From our positions we could see and hear the sentinel as he walked to and fro on his beat on the upper deck. The boat was brilliantly lighted inside and, all portholes being open, made a splendid target for midnight practice. All our guns were loaded, and we were ready to fire. But we were ordered to keep quiet and wait, and to be ready to fire all four guns simultaneously so that the enemy could not count our guns by the shots. There we waited nearly two hours. Think of it! Two hours there with that great monster liable to wake up, discover us, and annihilate us in a minute! And to give you an idea of how silent we were, the gun I was with was less than twenty feet from the front door of an occupied

dwelling, and no one in the house or on the boat knew we were within a hundred miles of the place.

All at once, about four o'clock, our four guns sent four shots crashing through the boat. We had brought five shots for each gun, and before they were exhausted the drivers had galloped up with the rest of our ammunition in the limber chests. We put five shots through the pilot house without hurting the pilot. We put about twenty shots through the gun deck of the boat without hurting more than one man, who was cut in two as he lay asleep in his hammock. But our shots broke a great deal of the machinery, thereby disabling the engines. A great many of the crew became panic-stricken and jumped overboard, swimming to the opposite side of the river, where they were able to hide in the dense forest and underbrush and finally escape. Almost simultaneously with our first shots the four hundred riflemen began a fusillade on the boat, which was kept up until the pilot came out of his pilot house and waved a white flag. All firing ceased; and General Shelby, who was on horseback, rode forward as near the shore as he could and asked him if he was the commander. He said that he was only the pilot, but that he would go and find the captain, who soon came on deck about half dressed and made a formal surrender. A boat was manned, a tow line was brought ashore and tied to a tree, and the boat drifted to the shore on our side. We made prisoners of all on board, took off everything we could use, and set the boat on fire. When it burned down to the magazine, there was an explosion that shook the earth for miles around like an earthquake.

But the fun was not to be all on our side. Soon we heard three more gunboats coming down the river. One called the Tyler was said to carry eleven guns, and the other two nine guns each. There we stood on the bank of the river about two hours listening to their snorting, whistling, bell-ringing, and other signals; but we could not see them until they came around the bend about three hundred yards distant and opened fire on us with all their available guns. They stopped for a while right in front of us, not fifty yards away, and peppered at us and we at them for (it seemed to me) an age, and then drifted down the river out of sight. From their last position they, knowing our location and being out of sight, had us at a great disadvantage. They began to plow the ground and trim the trees around us with shot and shell that seemed as big as washtubs.

How long they kept this up I do not know. Some of the boys said that it was only about fifteen minutes, but I thought it was several hours. And I have often thought since that the fellow who was with Joshua in the battle at Gilgal was justified in thinking that the sun stood still, for such a day does seem to be ten times as long as an ordinary day. General Shelby, seeing the futility of further fighting, ordered us to get the guns away as soon as possible. I helped to limber up the guns, and then I started to the camp.

There was no one ahead of me, and I did not look back. A jack rabbit would have died of envy if he had seen me going across that open field and through the woods. I did not see the retreat, so I can't describe it. Several shells from the gunboats passed me on my way to camp, but I overtook one and passed it before I reached the camp. It had hit a big tree and stopped. But I was only one or two minutes ahead of the rest of the boys. One of the boys said: "Smith didn't run so fast because he was scared, but because he was afraid that some of those who were scared would run over him." We did not lose a man nor a horse in the fight.

A PERILOUS BUT SUCCESSFUL SCOUT.

BY DR. L. A. WAILES, ONE OF THE TRIO.

After those four years unparalleled in history, escaping the perils of shot and shell on the firing line or lonely picket, of hunger and pestilence, or perhaps that crowning hell, a military prison, how we hang on to life, how many of us are still left to drag out a miserable existence of poverty, infirmity, or decrepitude in humiliating dependence or at best relegated to the cold charity of Old Soldiers' Homes, waiting, marking time in painful impatience for the final "taps"! Even old Father Time seems reluctant to strike! But the line is growing thin, the gaps wider and more frequent. Close up, forward; the ramparts are almost won. Comrades, we will come, we will come.

"Lieut. Caleb H. Snyder, Company A, 3d Louisiana Cavalry, aged seventy-three." So reads the morning mortuary notice, and the name brings to the memory of an old comrade and messmate scenes on the firing line, on picket, or in the hours of relaxation in camp or bivouac, and notably among others one not so moving or exciting perhaps, though not less dangerous or fraught with direful consequences or demanding less nerve, yet an occurrence of such frequency as scarcely even to be known beyond the environs of headquarters unless in case of failure or disaster, as in the case of Andre or Hale, when the actors might be accorded a paragraph in history.

"Three men mounted and armed to report to headquarters for special duty" was the order. Sergeant Snyder, Sim Anderson (one of the kids of the command noted for his reckless courage, and who long since answered his final roll call), and the writer were the detail. Reporting to headquarters, the adjutant (still living in the enjoyment of an honored old age) gave us these orders: "A certain old man, prominent and a sort of a patriarch in the community, is suspected of being in communication with and giving information to the enemy, and his arrest is required." Then, after giving us all the available required information as to the identity of the individual, his locality, residence, etc., he stepped aside and the colonel came forward and addressed us in about these words: "Boys, you are going on a perilous duty. Remember that after passing our advanced picket you are within the enemy's lines, and if you are captured you will be considered as spies and treated accordingly. Therefore you must keep your wits about you. Keep your eyes and ears open and use all circumspection and discretion, avoid as far as possible the public roads and frequented paths and byways, houses, etc., as you are liable at any moment to run into scouting or foraging parties. Locate your man, make the arrest as quickly and quietly as possible, and get away with all speed. Good luck to you."

Having received our orders, we set out on our trip about the middle of the afternoon. Reaching our picket line and getting all available information as to the topography of the locality, settlements, prominent farms or houses, neighborhood roads, paths, etc., we took up our march at dusk of about twenty miles, as we supposed, timing ourselves to reach our destination and make the arrest before daylight; but in our uncertainty of the route, with detours to avoid houses or public thoroughfares, the day was dawning when we came in sight of the house, which we readily located, having no near neighbors. Halting long enough to take in the situation, we separated, two going in opposite directions to approach from the rear; and waiting a sufficient time to insure uniform arrival, we made a rush for the house, the writer going directly to the front. Just as I reached the gate an old gray-haired man,

evidently just out of bed and half dressed, opened the door, I saluted, "Good morning," and asked if he was Mr. C. He replied that he was, and without another word I opened the gate and rode up to the gallery. Apologizing for my unseasonable call, I told him that I was sorry, but that he was wanted at headquarters, and that he would have to go with us. He took in the situation immediately, betraying himself with the remark that some of his neighbors had been telling lies on him, but that he would come to our camp and make things all right.

By this time my two comrades were on the ground. The household was aroused and two ladies, one very old and a younger lady with several children, appeared, and, realizing the condition, of course became excited and vociferous in their protestations, mingled with explanations and entreaties and tears. The old man tried to comfort them and started to the house, saying that he was going to "get ready." Of course we could not lose sight of him and stopped him and ordered a negro boy, who had appeared on the ground, to saddle his master's horse; and directing his wife to pack his saddlebags, we had him mounted and were off within a quarter of an hour. Making the negro boy take hold of the tail of his master's horse (for fear of his being sent to the enemy to report the arrest) and fall into the procession, we were off in a swinging gallop, which pace we kept until the negro was completely exhausted, when we allowed him to drop out, knowing that he could not reach the enemy before we were in comparative safety. Being free from the incumbrance, we urged our already well-jaded horses to their best until we arrived at our picket line, when we were glad to stop for a rest, having been in the saddle some fourteen to sixteen hours. We delivered our prisoner at headquarters at the same hour we left camp the preceding day and, as it seemed, to the surprise of all, for the success of the capture was not expected.

SEVERE EXPERIENCES IN EAST TENNESSEE.

[Writer's name not given with manuscript.]

Being in Johnson City, Tenn., I was introduced by a friend to a Tennesseean who had served in the Federal cavalry throughout the War of the States. My friend, whom I had known during the war, was a captain in our army; and when he had finished a very pathetic story of the treatment accorded him on his return to East Tennessee after the surrender (our conversation was naturally about the war), I gave them a bit of my experience, for I lived about thirty miles from Jonesboro, Tenn., and had been subjected to considerable annoyance and rude treatment by men from my locality who had gone to the Federal side for reasons other than patriotic and were now at home. One of the first indignities was a demand that I remove the brass buttons from my Confederate uniform—that is, if I intended to wear it. It was not a question of choice with me about wearing it; it was all I had, and I hesitated, but they were peremptory. I should remove them that day or they would cut them off. We had wooden buttons in those days, so I replaced the brass with wood. One indignity followed another in rapid succession until I began to apprehend something serious from men who had left our town and who were plundering and picking up everything in the way of guns and horses that they could lay claim to as having been used in Confederate service. Their cruelty and plundering knew no limit. Much of this happened after I had surrendered. But I am leading up to my experience in Jonesboro.

It was about April 12, 1865, when Capt. Thomas S. Hays, who had been quartermaster at this post and who resided at Nashville, I think, showed me an order he had just received requiring all Confederate soldiers to proceed at once to the nearest Federal post and surrender. The order said we could retain our side arms. Jonesboro was the nearest post, thirty miles away and through a mountainous country infested with native sympathizers who cherished their feudal hatred with intense bitterness. There was a man here named Cox, who had been a member of Wheat's Battalion of the famous Louisiana Tigers, a company made up largely along the wharves of New Orleans. They were disbanded early in the war and Cox drifted to this place.

Late in the war, when I came home wounded, Cox and I struck up a sort of friendship; and when Hays and I decided to go to Jonesboro and surrender, we had to pass through this section of country where Southern soldiers were taken on their return and maltreated in many ways. Some were beaten, some were whipped like slaves almost to death, and otherwise degraded, and some were killed. Cox suggested that it was a pretty risky business to make the trip; but as he knew all the highways and byways, he would go along.

So we three rode to Jonesboro on the 15th of April, 1865, and found the flags all stretched across the street at half mast. President Lincoln had been murdered the day before. The Federal troops were lined up along the street, and this news manifestly increased their apparent hatred and caused us no little anxiety. We were ordered to form in line facing the soldiers on the pavement. My eyes began to open when Cox told Hays to dismount and told me to remain in the saddle. They left me and went to headquarters. While alone with these men I was subjected to some abusive words, which, of course, I could not resent. My mare kept backing out of line into the street. A Federal soldier got behind her and every time she backed out of line he would thrust her with his saber. He finally came alongside of me and said: "Let me see your pistol." I handed it to him and he said: "I will just keep this." I asked him his name, and he replied, "Rush" or "Rust." He kept my pistol and I was taken to the Federal camp, just outside of town, where I picketed my horse; and without a morsel of food for my horse or myself I laid down on the wet ground and slept till morning. They fed themselves and their horses, but never even offered a grain of corn to my poor dumb brute, whose only offense was bad company.

The next morning, still without food, I was taken to headquarters, where I met Cox and told him about the man who had taken my pistol. He left and was gone half an hour or so and returned with my pistol in his hand. "Mount your horse at once, and we will go." Much to my surprise he came back all the way with me, and on the road told me that he had been a spy for General Stoneman for two years.

Now this is about the story I told my friend and the Federal soldier at Johnson City; and when I had finished, the Federal soldier said: "Well, sir, you surrendered to the 4th Tennessee Cavalry, a regiment that never missed a meal nor fought a battle during the four years' war and never had but two men killed, and one of them was killed by his own men for stealing potatoes and the other was killed for stealing a horse." I consider that the most remarkable record of any regiment, North or South, and I should like to know why this Yankee regiment of Tennesseeans never fought a battle; for if I were asked to make up a regiment of fighting men from my choice of all the States in the Union, I believe I would select Tennessee as the State.

COL. DAVID SHANKS.

A finely preserved daguerreotype picture of Col. David Shanks has been presented to the Upton Hays Chapter, U. D. C., Kansas City, Mo., by Mrs. J. B. Dorman (his great-niece), of Greenwood, Mo., through Mrs. S. C. Bane, a member of the Chapter.

David Shanks carried fourteen wounds received in battle to his grave. He grew to perfect manhood and physique on a Jackson County farm and never knew timidity or fear. In 1849 he went overland with Upton Hays to California, where he quickly achieved a competency. When the war began Hays raised the 12th Missouri Cavalry, C. S. A. Shanks returned to Pleasant Hill, raised Company G, and joined Hays. This regiment was brigaded with a regiment from Lafayette County in which Joe Shelly commanded a company.



COL. DAVID SHANKS.

After Hays fell at Newtonia, Beal Green Jeans was made colonel of the regiment and Shanks became major. Jeans was afterwards furloughed in Arkansas, and due to great losses this regiment was reorganized under Charles Gilkey as colonel. Gilkey lost his life fighting gunboats on the White River and his ranks were decimated. The regiment was newly recruited and became known as the 6th Missouri Cavalry, with David Shanks as colonel, in Shelby's Brigade.

Shelby was soon made a major general commanding a division, and Shanks became acting brigadier, leading the old Hays-Shelby "Iron Brigade" in Price's last grand raid, including the battle of Westport.

John H. Edwards, who succeeded Shanks as major in this regiment, writing of the time when Col. Shanks fell at Osage Crossing during the last Missouri campaign, states: "Shanks, leading far ahead, before his Iron Brigade, his hat off, his eyes ablaze with a battle light, cheered on the fight. It was hot and pitiless while it lasted, but the Confederates triumphed. Just in the very moment of victory, as a wild shout went up to sober ashen skies, Shanks fell, a Minie ball through his dauntless breast. It would have been difficult to have found another among living men so inaccessible to physical terrors as David Shanks; and when he came heavily to the earth, the old light was in his eyes and the old smile upon his face. Very soon Shelby galloped to the fatal spot, and all of Shanks's features, wan and drawn with pain, were lighted up with a tenderness and joy inexpressible as his loved leader bent over him with a heart too sick for words. A few expressions of hope, a few scalding tears, and Shelby rode swiftly away."

This Kansas City Confederate cavalry regiment had five colonels, all reared on Jackson County farms. Four were lost on fields of battle.

The thoroughbred charger ridden by David Shanks throughout the war was brought to Mrs. Dorman's mother by comrades of Shanks and lived to a peaceful end on her farm, near Pleasant Hill, Mo.

The survivors in 1913 of men who enlisted in the Confederate service at Kansas City under Col. Upton Hays are as follows:

Kansas City, Mo.: Jefferson Mosby, Company F; William B. Brown; J. J. Ford, first lieutenant Company F; S. N. Pitcher; J. M. Burrus, orderly sergeant Company D; R. E. Campbell, Company F; Turner A. Gill, Company K; William H. Gregg, captain Company 14, 2d Missouri Cavalry, adjutant and aid-de-camp to Quantrell; Alex M. Holloway, Company K; John G. Holloway, Company K; William Holloway, Company K; W. H. Mills, Company K; George M. Noland, Company K; Maj. H. J. Vivian; Dr. Caleb Winfrey, surgeon; Thomas S. Stone, Company F.

Independence, Mo.: C. C. Fields, Company K; W. W. Fields, Company K; A. G. Hull, Company H; T. B. Harris; D. L. Stone, Company F; James R. Webb, Company H; George Wiggenton, Company B; L. A. Workman; Warren W. Welch; Joe Noland, Company K; W. T. Smith, Company C.

Oak Grove, Mo.: O. J. Brown, Company G; Charles Duncan; J. H. George, Company D; Joseph Hahn; John Harding, Company D; H. V. P. Kabrick, Company C; F. M. Webb, John Brown, E. B. Pallett.

Lee's Summit, Mo.: Willis Duncan; O. H. Lewis, Company E; William Muir; Thomas Noland; John W. Tyer, Company E; Cole Younger; Jeff Boggs, Company E; J. W. Noel, Company C.

Blue Springs, Mo.: Davis Clark, Company I; William Hopkins, Company B; Frank Smith, Company D; Joseph V. St. Clair; John W. Tatum, Company D; Thomas B. Tatum, Company D; William T. Stone.

Buckner, Mo.: Pat Costello, Company E; James W. Hambright, Company E; B. F. Morrow, Company D.

Greenwood, Mo.: Sam Hamilton, Company E; F. K. Butler, Company I; Burks Harris, John Muse.

Odessa, Mo.: George A. Campbell, Company I; B. F. Wood, T. L. McChesney, Sterling Powers, Lum Jeans.

Lone Jack, Mo.: Alfred Spainhouer, Company G; William Spainhouer, Company K.

Pleasant Hill, Mo.: Peter Alexander, Samuel Hamilton.

Pewee Valley, Ky.: Confederate Veterans' Home, O. F. Redd, captain; Hark Lane.

Single survivors are reported as follows: Pasadena, Cal., A. G. Cave; Strasburg, Mo., Dr. Joe Collins, surgeon; Tuleta, Tex., C. W. Ford, Company C; Dillon, Mont., W. H. Erwin; Bisbee, Ariz., John Rowden; Valley Park, Mo., George Schull; Lexington, Mo., William Greer; Pittville, Mo., James Tapscott; Olathe, Kans., J. P. Hamilton, Company F; Little Blue, Mo., John T. House, Company K; Shawnee Mission, Mo., William M. Johnson, lieutenant and aid-de-camp; Taylor, Tex., John Kritser; Grain Valley, Mo., E. A. Morre, Company K; Knobnoster, Mo., Dr. Vernile Miller; Belton, Mo., David Scrivner, Company E; Marceline, Mo., A. Staples; Vega, Tex., James S. Whitsett, Company E; Mosier, Oregon, F. M. Hunter, Company C; Nevada, Mo., William S. Fisher; Kalispar, Mont., Philip Smith; Oskaloosa, Kans., B. F. Andrews; Higginsville, John Koger.

NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO.

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

A band of worn-out, battered, hopeless French troops, massed in a rude square formation, stood panting, waiting for the attack of a far stronger enemy. The little knot of men were all that remained in unbroken ranks of Napoleon's mighty French army. In eight short hours the history of the world had changed, the warlike power of France had been smashed, and Napoleon Bonaparte's star of conquest had forever set. That morning, June 18, 1815, Napoleon, at the head of 72,000 men, had advanced, confident of victory, to the battle of Waterloo. Now the army was gone and the ruined Napoleon was scrambling wildly for a place of safety. Only that one dauntless, hopeless little square of men remained to face the whole army of the enemy.

The Escape of the Emperor.

Napoleon for years had ruled the destinies of Europe. This son of a poor Corsican lawyer had risen with lightning speed to the rank of emperor of the French and master of Continental Europe. Nation after nation he had humbled. Nothing could withstand his brilliant genius. At last, at a time when he was weakened by a disastrous campaign in Russia, most of the European powers formed an alliance against him and, headed by England, drove him from the French throne. Napoleon in 1814 was packed off to exile on the island of Elba. Europe drew a long breath and prepared for peace. France, scourged and impoverished by nearly a quarter of a century of war, rested and sought to build up its strength.

Then early in 1815 came terrible news. Napoleon had escaped from Elba. He landed in France, and the entire stricken country rose to welcome him. He advanced to Paris in triumph without striking a blow. Forces sent to drive him back rapturously joined his ranks. Generals ordered to arrest him fell on their knees at his feet, weeping for joy. France, forgetting the misery he had caused, was once more drunk with the "Napoleonic idea." The Allies, however, mustered their armies near the Belgian frontier to crush him once more.

Napoleon did not wait for his foes to invade France. He rushed to meet them. The Allies were in two separate armies —one made up of Prussians under Blucher; the other, a mass of English, Dutch, Germans, and Belgians, under the British Duke of Wellington. To prevent these two armies from uniting Napoleon sent Marshal Ney to hold Wellington in check at Quatrebras, while he himself proceeded to thrash Blucher at Ligny. It was the last of his countless victories. Then, after sending Marchal Grouchy with 35,000 men to chase the retreating Prussians, Napoleon advanced on Waterloo, where Wellington's army was drawn up to meet him.

Wellington had about 69,000 men, of whom less than 25,000 were English. Napoleon counted on beating Wellington before Blucher could come up to the latter's aid. But Blucher's army had already given stupid Grouchy the slip and was even now marching to join Wellington. At 1:30 P.M. on June 18 the battle of Waterloo began. It was Napoleon's last chance. Should he lose that one fight, all would be lost.

Wellington could barely withstand the succession of fearful attacks launched against him by the French. He barely managed to hold his ground until, late in the afternoon, the arrival of many thousands of Blucher's Prussians turned the fortunes of the day. By eight o'clock in the evening the whole French army was in retreat.

Napoleon's crack corps, the Old Guard, had fought like lions. When all was lost one regiment of this guard under General Cambonne formed into a square to rally the flying fugitives and to block pursuit. Napoleon melodramatically declared that he would die fighting in that square. But he was easily induced by his advisers to keep on retreating. The square of war-battered, exhausted heroes stood firm as the British troops poured down upon it. One dapper young English officer advanced and called politely: "Gallant Frenchmen, pray surrender!"

Cambonne, wounded, dusty, blood-stained, mad with the disgrace and the tragedy of the day, roared back in answer: "The Old Guard dies! It does not surrender!"

The Heroes' Last Stand.

Then he gave the order to charge. The fragments of the Old Guard hurled themselves against their British foes and were cut to pieces. Cambonne, covered with wounds, was carried half dead from the field.

In later years Cambonne denied that he had ever used the lofty words attributed to him. He said that in the charge and despair of the moment he had yelled a shorter and more vulgar expression of defiance at his dapper British foes. Nevertheless, he is credited with the speech. And on his tomb by way of epitaph is carved in French: "The Old Guard dies. It does not surrender."

[Dr. Henry Field, who gave fifty pages in "Bright Skies and Dark Shadows" about the battle of Franklin, after visiting Waterloo twice and Franklin three times, regarded the latter as the worse of the two fields of carnage.]

READING THE LIST.

"'Is there any news of the war?' she said.
'Only a list of the wounded and dead,'
Was the man's reply
Without lifting his eye
To the face of the woman standing by.
''Tis the very thing I want,' she said.
'Read me a list of the wounded and dead.'

He read the list; 'twas a sad array
Of the wounded and killed in the fatal fray.
In the very midst was a pause to tell—
That his comrades asked: 'Who is he, pray?'
'The only son of the Widow Gray,'
Was the proud reply
Of his captain nigh.
What ails the woman standing near?
Her face has the ashen hue of fear.

'Well, well, read on; is he wounded? Quick!
O God, but my heart is sorrow sick!'
'Is he wounded?' 'No, he fell, they say,
Killed outright on that fatal day.'
But see, the woman has swooned away.

Sadly she opened her eyes to the light;
Slowly recalled the events of the fight;
Faintly she murmured: 'Killed outright!
It has cost me the life of my only son,
But the battle is fought and the victory won;
The will of the Lord, let it be done!'"

MONUMENT TO CONFEDERATE DEAD OF FORT DELAWARE.

Henry T. Bell, of Elmer, N. J., contributes the following description of the Confederate monument near Salem, N. J., which was erected by the United States government. Mr. Bell took special pains to get a good picture of it:



MONUMENT TO CONFEDERATE DEAD IN NATIONAL CEMETERY.

"After passing the grounds of Fort Mott (formerly Finn's Point Battery), with its numerous buildings and well-kept lawns, a few minutes' walk brings us to the National Cemetery, which is inclosed by a high stone wall. As we go through the heavy iron gate we unconsciously step with a slow, easy tread and talk in whispers, as we feel at first sight that this is hallowed ground. Fort Delaware, with its grim old walls, stands out in the middle of the river, and a number of small monuments dot the shady lawn of the cemetery. But the one object that takes prominence is the monument erected in memory of the Confederate dead. Gazing upon it, we cannot help thinking of the mother who watched and prayed for her boy to return, only to learn at last that he had died a prisoner of war and was buried in a distant land. But what a joy it would be to her if she could only see this beautiful monument that has been erected to his memory! The monument is sixty-five feet high, built of reënforced concrete and faced with white marble, and around the base are twelve bronze plates with the names of those in whose memory it was erected. On the die of the monument is another bronze plate with this inscription:

> "'Erected by the United States to mark the burial place of 2,436 Confederate soldiers who died at Fort Delaware while prisoners of war and whose graves cannot now be individually identified.'"

JOHN GREGG, BRIGADIER GENERAL C. S. A.

Gen. John Gregg was born in Lawrence County, Ala., September 28, 1828. He attended the celebrated school of Professor Tutwiler, from which he graduated in 1847. After his graduation he was chosen to fill the chair of mathematics in the same school. In 1851 he studied law in the office of Judge Townes in Tuscumbia, Ala. In 1852 he removed to Texas and settled at Fairfield, in Freestone County. In 1856 he was elected judge of the district court. In 1861, while holding the office of district judge, he was elected a member of the Secession Convention. When Texas seceded he was chosen a delegate to the Provisional Congress of the Southern Confederacy, holding sessions at Montgomery, Ala., and later at Richmond, Va.

Immediately after the battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, he resigned his seat in Congress and received from the Secretary of War authority to recruit a regiment of infantry in Texas for service in the Confederate army east of the Mississippi River. Prior to the receipt of this authority he had communicated with friends in Texas who had already organized companies, some of which had been mustered into the State service. When enough companies had been secured, they were sworn into the Confederate service, enlisting for three years or the war, and by order of the War Department hurried to Hopkinsville, Ky., where they were organized into the 7th Texas Infantry Regiment, and John Gregg was elected colonel. His regiment was sent to Fort Donelson, reaching there on February 11, 1862, in time to participate in the fighting and final surrender of that place. He was a prisoner of war for nearly seven months, being confined the greater part of the time at Fort Warren, Boston, Mass.

He was exchanged in September, 1862. On his arrival in Richmond he found his commission as brigadier general awaiting him. He was sent to Mississippi and given a brigade of the 3d, 10th, 30th, 41st, 50th, and 9th Battalion of Tennessee troops, and his old regiment, the 7th Texas Infantry, all of which had been in prison and exchanged at Vicksburg in September, 1862. He was then sent with his command to Fort Hudson, La., and remained there until May, 1863, when he was ordered to Mississippi to report to General Pemberton. On May 12, 1863, he met and fought the advance of Grant's army at Raymond, Miss. While he was forced back by overwhelming numbers, he fought so well that General Grant in his "Memoirs" magnified his one brigade into two. He was with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in the campaign of 1863 in Mississippi, participating in the fighting at Jackson in May and again in July. In September his command was ordered to the Army of Tennessee, reaching there just in time to participate in the opening battle of Chickamauga on Friday, September 18, 1863. On Saturday evening, September 19, General Gregg was seriously wounded. He was unfit for duty for several months. When he returned to duty he was transferred to the Army of Northern Virginia and assigned to the command of Hood's Brigade of Texans. He remained in command of this brigade until he was killed in the fighting near Richmond on October 7, 1864.

"Crowns of roses fade, crowns of thorns endure.
Calvaries and crucifixes take deepest hold on humanity.
The triumphs of might are transient;
They pass and are forgotten.
The sufferings of right are graven deepest upon the chronicles of nations."

REMINGTON AND GEN. HOOD AT SPRING HILL.

BY J. P. YOUNG, MEMPHIS, TENN.

The VETERAN for December contains an article of a startling nature from one J. D. Remington, who says he was a private in the 73d Illinois Volunteers, Opdyke's Brigade, Wagner's Division, and as such was engaged in the battle of Spring Hill, November 29, 1864. From that article it seems that Remington is the man who claims to have brought about all our misfortunes at Spring Hill.

The whole story is manifestly a pipe dream. Your correspondent was on the field the whole afternoon of the 29th as a member of Company A, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, at that time detailed as escort, or courier company, to Gen. W. H. Jackson, commanding a division of Forrest's Cavalry. In company with a few scouts we chased the Federal pickets in on the Mt. Carmel Turnpike on the east and halted with General Jackson on the hill overlooking Spring Hill and perhaps eight hundred or one thousand yards distant about, I should say, 2:30 P.M.

Opdyke's Brigade had just rushed through the village and was rapidly forming in open skirmish order on the north and northeast of the town, so as to cover their big wagon and artillery park from a threatened assault of Ross's Brigade, of Jackson's Division. As we came in view Lane's Brigade was forming a line of battle in the valley between us and the village. Buford's Division, of Forrest's Cavalry, was arriving on the field at our left, and Chalmers's was moving in on his rear and deploying both north and south of his division. By one o'clock there were 5,500 of Forrest's cavalry swarming along the country road over which the alleged spy, Remington, states that he passed in quest of General Hood.

A study of years has made your correspondent familiar, from official and personal sources, with events upon that fated field. An article was compiled by him years ago, with the assistance of Gens. A. P. Stewart, Stephen D. Lee, George W. Gordon, D. C. Govan, James R. Chalmers, and many other Confederate and Federal officers, all participants in that conflict except General Lee, and published in the January (1908) number of the VETERAN at the request of Gov. James D. Porter, a member on that field of General Cheatham's staff. This was entitled "Hood's Failure at Spring Hill," and gave in detail the statements of nearly all the notable survivors of the battle of which Mr. Remington tells. That article in itself disproves Remington's statements, but I shall briefly sketch for you some of his errors.

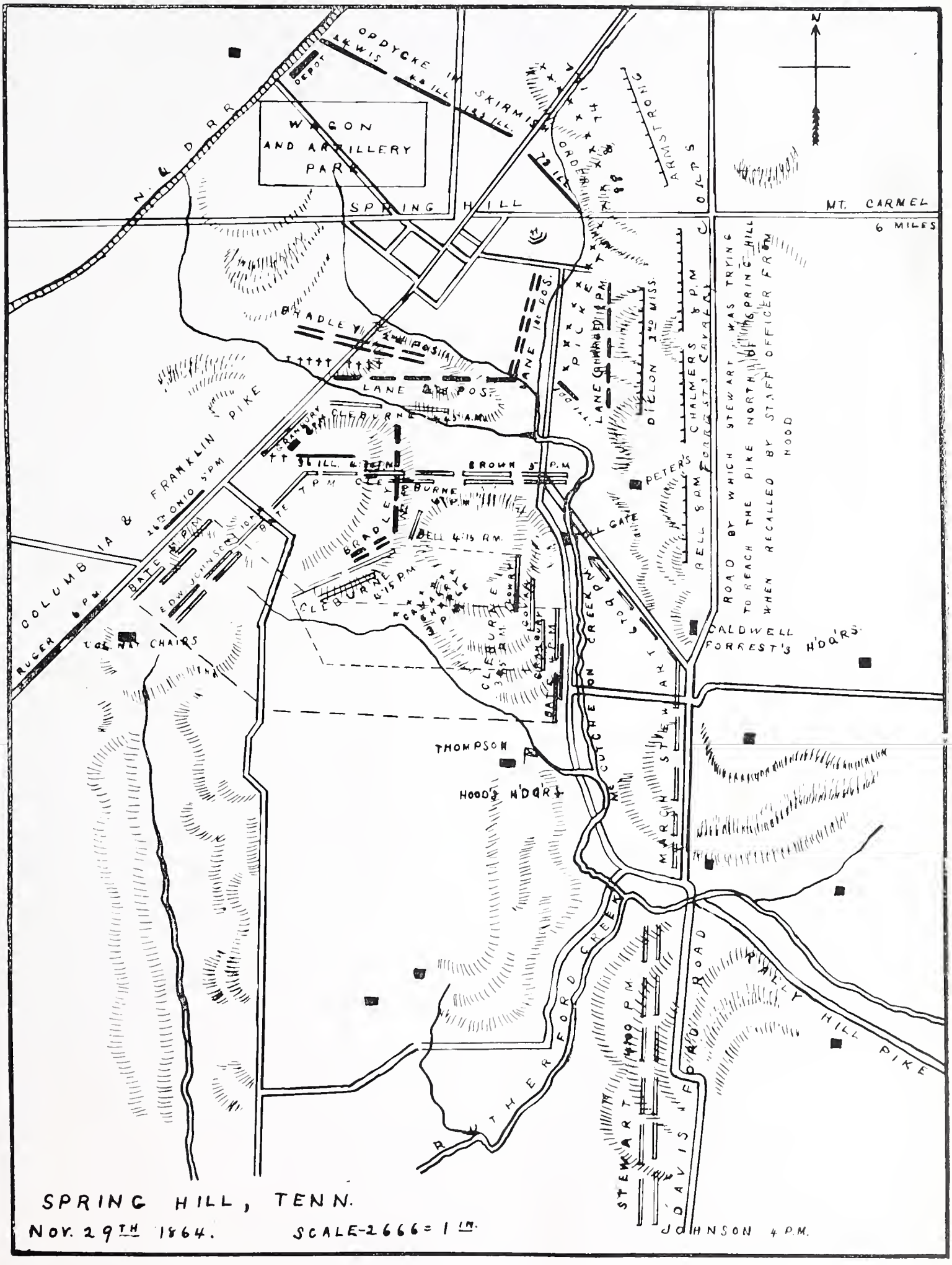
He says that he was detailed by General Opdyke from Company I, of the 73d Illinois Regiment, on that day to get into the Confederate lines in disguise and find what troops were there; that Companies A, F. D, and I of this regiment, under Capt. G. W. Patton, were the first Federal troops to enter Spring Hill; and that he, first disguising himself in a Confederate uniform furnished by General Opdyke, went around the right of his regiment, as there were no troops to their right, and proceeded southeast for one or two miles.

Now, the four companies named were under Captain Jones, of Company F, and not Captain Patton, and were, in fact, to the north of the town and west of the Franklin Pike. The remainder of his regiment was resting, however, with its right on the Mt. Carmel Pike, connecting with Lane's Brigade, which was deployed south of that pike in front of the 2d Mississippi (Dillon's), Armstrong's Brigade, Jackson's Division. To have ridden through the woods, as he claims to have done, one or two miles southeastwardly, until he reached the Rally Hill Pike, on which he says he met General Hood and retinue, would have carried him from the Federal lines in front of Dillon in broad daylight through Chalmers's and Buford's skirmishers and then through the masses of these cavalry divisions, filling the entire country south of the Mt. Carmel Pike for a breadth of a mile by two or three miles, and would certainly have resulted in his being brought up standing in his attempt to do that, whatever uniform he wore. And then, if he got through those divisions of cavalry, he would have found the woods alive with horses and horse holders instead of being a quiet rural road. And besides that, the 64th Ohio Regiment was out on that road near the tollgate scouting and was engaged in sharp skirmishing with Buford's men on the pike on which Hood was approaching, and this combat he would have been compelled to pass through before reaching Hood and staff.

Besides, if this Federal baker's helper, or apprentice, who was parading nonchalantly about the battle field on that day and directing the movements of great Confederate army corps, had succeeded in getting through Forrest's whole command unchallenged and had actually met Hood on the Rally Hill Pike, on which he, at the head of Cleburne's Division, was rapidly approaching Spring Hill, he would not have found General Cheatham, as he claims, with Hood. General Hood reached Rutherford Creek, two and a half miles south of Spring Hill, a little before 3 P.M., or rather about 2:30 P.M., and, directing the crossing of Cleburne's Division over the creek, he led it in person forward toward the tollgate, just west of which Forrest was fighting Bradley's skirmishers, leaving Cheatham to press the crossing of the Creek by Bate's and Brown's Divisions. Hood himself directed Cheatham and then Bate, when the latter arrived, where to form and in what direction to move to the attack.

When Cleburne had deployed, Forrest left his command aligned on the right of Cleburne and rode forward with Generals Cleburne and Govan in the rear of the latter's brigade to the attack. And so it was that when this remarkable baker's apprentice was telling General Hood, "General Forrest directed me to inform you that he had left one regiment to annoy the enemy and he has taken the rest of his command and is going to Thompson's Station to capture a large train," both General Forrest and two of his divisions, Buford's and Chalmers's, were right there where General Hood could see them, Buford then forming on the right of Cleburne for the charge and Chalmers in reserve. Was there ever anything so absurd? General Forrest himself, from whom Remington claimed to have brought the order which he says he imposed on General Hood, was within twenty rods of General Hood at that moment, according to General Govan's own statement, and his exposure would have been certain and swift if he had delivered such a false order to General Hood under those circumstances.

But he immediately makes another statement equally as absurd. Being ordered by Hood to "overtake Forrest" and his command (all of whom were right then present and under Hood's immediate eye), he went instead, so he says, to General Strahl, on the right of Brown's Division, then forming for attack, and "just as Cleburne was attacking" pointed out to Strahl the Federal force on Strahl's right flank, so as to threaten him if he moved forward. And he says he then rode with Strahl to Brown and then to Cheatham and then to Hood and told about the Federal flanking force, and Hood at once said to Cleburne: "Let your troops remain as they are for the night." Now, Strahl did not reach


WAGON AND ARTILLERY PARK
SPRING HILL
MT. CARMEL
6 MILES
N. & D. R.R.
DEPOT
ODDYCKE'S LEWIS
SKIRMISH LINE
ARMSTRONG'S
LANE'S 1ST POS.
BRADLEY'S 2ND POS.
LANE'S 2ND POS.
CLEBURNE
BROWN
BELL
DILLON 3RD MISS.
CHALMERS
PETERS
GATE
COLUMBIA & FRANKLIN PIKE
RUGER
BATE
EDW. JOHNSON
CAMP CHAIRS
CALDWELL
FORREST'S H'DQ'RS.
ROAD BY WHICH STEWART WAS TRYING TO REACH THE PIKE NORTH OF SPRING HILL WHEN RECALLED BY STAFF OFFICER FROM HOOD
THOMPSON
HOOD'S H'DQ'RS
COLUMBIA PIKE
RUTHERFORD CREEK
MARSH
STEWART
DAVIS FORD ROAD
HILLSBORO PIKE
JOHNSON 4 P.M.
SPRING HILL, TENN.
NOV. 29TH 1864.
SCALE-2666 = 1 IN.

the point of formation indicated by Remington until more than an hour after Cleburne began his attack on Bradley, and Cheatham tells us himself that when he reached the place, after directing the crossing by Bate's and Brown's Divisions of Rutherford Creek, where Cleburne formed for the attack, the latter command was just disappearing over the ridge to the left of the Rally Hill Pike on its way to attack Bradley. Strahl was still far in the rear.

And then this marvelous brigade cook proceeds to ride along the Confederate lines and give personal orders, according to himself, to various Confederate brigade commanders, directing them in the name of General Hood to cease firing and not get nearer the Columbia and Spring Hill Pike than four hundred yards. It is well known that General Cleburne was halted by Major Bostick under orders of General Cheatham himself and ordered to reform much later in the afternoon, but that cuts no figure with our self-appointed staff officer. Nor was this all. But why follow this ridiculous narrative further? Enough has been said above to convince the most credulous reader of that article that Mr. Remington is a rank impostor. And the article in the VETERAN of January, 1908, above referred to, will fully explain the nature of all the transactions of that fateful day, as told by the many eye-witnesses, both Federal and Confederate, who participated in them. General Opdyke made an extremely full report of all the operations of that day, but makes no mention of the brigade cook who had saved the day. General Stanley, the commander of the 4th Corps, also reported fully in regard to all the movements on that field, on which he was present and in command; and General Schofield, the Federal commander in chief, next day dispatched General Thomas as follows: "I am satisfied that I have heretofore run too much risk in trying to hold Hood in check, while so far inferior to him in both infantry and cavalry. The slightest mistake on my part or the failure of a subordinate during the last few days might have proved disastrous. I do not want to get into so tight a place again; yet I will cheerfully act in accordance with your views of expediency if you think it important to hold Hood back as long as possible."

There is nothing in this dispatch of Schofield's to indicate that a private soldier on a cooking detail, but appointed scout for that day by Colonel Opdyke, had been the instrumentality by which his army was saved rather than by his own strategy and skill. It seems that Mr. Remington has succeeded in hiding this important transaction, which would have made him famous throughout the world, for half a century, not only from the Confederates, who were the victims of it, but from the distinguished commanders who were the beneficiaries. If it had been true, as detailed by him in the article, that he had himself, merely acting as a scout, assumed the rôle of a staff officer at various Confederate headquarters, from commander in chief down to brigadiers, and had brought about by his own ingenuity and tactical skill the failure of Hood's army, such an episode would have won the highest praise from all the Federal officers in the reports of the occurrences of that important battle field and would have resulted not only in perpetual fame for Mr. Remington, but in all likelihood he would have received distinguished honors at the hands of the President and of Congress, which governmental body has frequently voted swords and other marks of distinction to private soldiers for far less important services than those claimed to have been rendered by Mr. Remington at Spring Hill.

It seems to your correspondent that the article requires no further notice. A reference to the article in the VETERAN of January, 1908, and to the sketch map of the battle field of Spring Hill will make clear to every reader the absolute ridiculousness of Mr. Remington's claims.

HOW LIEUTENANT MEIGS CAME TO HIS DEATH.

BY J. K. TALIAFERRO, REMINGTON, VA.

Having noticed in the December number of the VETERAN a copy of a report from General Sheridan from Woodstock, October 7, 1864, in which he states that Lieut. John R. Meigs, his engineer officer, was murdered near Dayton, in consequence of which he had all houses within an area of five miles burned, I consider it due our cause that the readers of the VETERAN and public should be informed as to how Lieutenant Meigs came to his death. He was shot and killed by Private George W. Martin, a true and brave soldier of Company H, 4th Virginia Cavalry (Black Horse Company, of this county), in a hand-to-hand fight after Martin was shot by Meigs through his right lung and was supposed to be mortally wounded.

The circumstances, as stated by F. M. Campbell, a member of the same company, who was frequently sent out from brigade headquarters to ascertain and report the location and movements of the enemy, were as follows:

Campbell selected young Martin and a member of the 1st Virginia Regiment of Cavalry to accompany him on this occasion. It was a misty, raw morning, and they all had on their overcoats and were either inside or very near the enemy's lines. They observed three cavalrymen approaching, and as they met each selected his man to fight or capture. Martin faced Meigs, as the other two did his attendants, and demanded a surrender. All threw up their hands; and when Meigs was supposed to be taking off his arms he shot Martin from under his cape. While falling from his horse Martin returned the fire and instantly killed him. Martin was desperately wounded and suffered from the effects of the wound to the day of his death, which occurred about ten years ago.

Shortly after the surrender General Meigs, the father of the Lieutenant, no doubt influenced by General Sheridan's statement, offered a reward of $1,000 for the delivery to him of young Martin, in consequence of which Martin went to a secluded section of Missouri and remained there until the war excitement had subsided and General Meigs had been satisfied by statements of those who knew the circumstances that his son lost his life in a fair conflict.

I write this in justice to the memory of an intimate friend and comrade whose courage and coolness never faltered in facing a foe, but who never sought to take a life without giving an opportunity for surrender or defense.

The Black Horse troop was proud of the record of the three Martin brothers, who were its members. Robert, who was orderly sergeant, had a very handsome and valuable gun sent to him by an English officer of high rank through Lieutenant Minor, of the Confederate navy, to be presented to the "best soldier of the Southern army." While others were no doubt as good, none could have excelled him. He lost his life by a runaway horse a few years after the surrender. J. Richard Martin, who was badly wounded, now lives in Fulton, Mo. Robert and George W. Martin were buried side by side in the old family burying ground, their graves marked by a beautiful shaft upon which is inscribed: "Lambs in peace; lions in war."

I must not fail to mention the noble parents and sisters of these gallant soldiers. When the war commenced, the Martin homestead, about five miles southeast of Warrenton, Va., was occupied by the aged parents, three sisters, and the three brothers mentioned. After the army left Manassas in the spring of 1862, this section of country was continuously subjected to occupation by Federal armies and raiding parties, who devastated it, and frequently the inhabitants were on the verge of starvation. But all through this trying time the pluck, patriotism, and interest for the comfort of Confederate soldiers was proved by the risk of life and forced submission to the destruction of property owing to the care for any Confederate soldier who might present himself for information as to the location of the enemy, food, or shelter; and though everything in the way of provisions visible was wantonly destroyed, none were ever turned away empty.

Language would fail to express the hardships to which these good people were exposed or the cheerful self-denial in the interest of a cause to which they were so truly devoted. After the surrender many sought their hospitality and were cheerfully received and made to feel at home until some employment was secured or they could go to the homes they had left to cast their lot with the Southern cause. Two of the sisters represent the family now at the old home. May they ever be remembered by those who can still recall with appreciation their hospitality and tender care!

While this family is especially mentioned, there are others of this battle-trodden section who were equally patriotic, true, and self-sacrificing.

FREEMASONRY THE STRONGEST FRATERNAL TIE.

BY THE LATE GEN. J. MADISON DRAKE, HISTORIAN ARMY AND NAVY MEDAL OF HONOR LEGION, U. S. A.

In civil life there are ties of affection, of friendship, of family, and in an army during a war the tie of comradeship surpassing in fervor and intensity all other human bonds. During the Civil War perhaps the strongest fraternal tie binding men together was that of Freemasonry, a bond of fellowship that has been recognized and proved the wide world over as a blessing to mankind.

There were numerous instances in which the sacred tie of Masonry intervened at critical moments not only in battle but in prison pens, where perhaps its luster showed with more brilliance than that radiated by any diamond. Property was preserved, lives protected, and executions stayed by the discovery that the persons involved belonged to the mystic circle, and escaping prisoners of war on both sides, when all hope seemed lost, were succored through its benign influences.

I do not know that I can more forcibly illustrate the truth of this statement than by relating a thrilling incident on the day following the sanguinary battle of Antietam, when a grievously wounded Virginian, who had lain helplessly upon the blood-stained field during the night, with a feeble voice called a member of the 5th New Hampshire Regiment, commanded by that sterling patriot, Col. Edward E. Cross, who was doing picket duty not far from the Confederate lines, and gave him a slip of soiled paper on which had been marked in a circle, apparently with great effort, some mystic signs. In lieu of a pen or pencil a bit of stick had been used, and his life's blood had been substituted for ink.

"My good fellow," said the wounded and apparently dying Confederate officer, "do me the last earthly favor of handing this piece of paper to some one of your officers whom you may know to be a Freemason. I am dying and would like to give my last message to my family through the medium of one of my brethren."

The New Hampshire soldier, whose heart was full of sympathy for the unfortunate Southron, after covering him with his blanket, making him as comfortable as possible, took the strange-looking missive and, making his dangerous way to the rear, delivered it into the hands of Colonel Cross, who, although a member of the fraternity, was unable to decipher the token so singularly inscribed. The Colonel, however, feeling it to be a case of life or death, the bearer of the strange missive having told of the desperate condition of its sender, consulted with Capt. J. P. Perry, of his regiment, a member of the thirty-second degree in Masonry, and he had no sooner exhibited to him the missive than the latter somewhat excitedly said: "The man who sent this is a brother Mason in imminent peril and must be rescued."

Colonel Cross, fearfully wounded at Fredericksburg, and who at Gettysburg met the glorious death he had coveted, at once sent for several brother Masons in his command and, after reciting the strange story, gave them permission to make their way to the perilous spot where the wounded Confederate was seen by the Union soldier and rescue him from a cruel fate. Owing to the close proximity of the two lines of battle and the constant firing of small arms and artillery which prostrated the standing corn as if done by sickles, the relieving party was compelled to crawl upon the ground to the spot where a young and handsome Confederate was found lying in the agonies of death. He had been shot through the thigh and breast and, weak from the loss of blood, was in a state of unconsciousness.

Despite the terrific storm of shot and shell which swept the cornfield, imperiling their lives, the New Hampshire brethren shrank not from the performance of a humane duty; and when a lull in the firing came they tenderly placed the young soldier on a stretcher they had thoughtfully taken along and carried him to the field hospital of their regiment, where every attention was given him. Recovering from his insensibility, but too weak to speak, the Confederate manifested his gratitude to his new-found friends, a short time before deadly enemies, for the great service rendered him by mute expressions of love. Removed to the general hospital at Washington, the Southron speedily recovered from his ghastly wounds, and later on was exchanged and permitted to return south.

The soldier thus rescued from the jaws of death was Lieutenant Edon, who belonged to an Alabama regiment and was a member of a Masonic lodge at Mobile.

That same day the colonel of a Georgia regiment, whose body had been riddled with bullets and who had lain helpless on the field all night, made himself known to our soldiers as a member of the Masonic fraternity, and was treated with the utmost kindness by his New Hampshire brethren, with whom but a few hours previously he had been engaged in fierce and deadly combat.

Often were the strongest friendships formed on the battle field; for there, amid carnage and desolating scenes, the true heart opens its floodgates and humanity again asserts itself. The enemy, whom but a short time before one is doing his best to kill, you now endeavor to save. You supply him with water to quench his consuming thirst, with your last morsel of food to sustain his strength, and use sympathizing words to soothe his troubled mind. All that is human or charitable in your nature now rises to your face and you become consecrated by that spirit of mercy that "blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

One afternoon in the prison inclosure at Savannah, which, by the way, was a paradise compared to others in the South owing to the large live oak trees whose luxuriant foliage protected the six hundred Union officers there confined from the burning sun by day and the heavy miasmatic dews at night, a Confederate captain of the 1st Georgia Regiment, the best set of men that ever guarded a prison, while walking about the inclosure, engaged in conversation with a comrade of mine, in the course of which they happily recognized each other as Masons.

"What can I do to render your situation more comfortable?" I heard the Confederate ask my friend.

"Well, captain," replied the Union prisoner, "if I could be provided with a couple of boards, I would be enabled to build a bunk for myself above the ground."

The Southron, after extending his hand, which was promptly grasped and significantly pressed, took his departure, and a couple of hours afterwards a wagonload of smooth, yellow pine boards was delivered to my companion, whose joy was so great that he divided the lumber among his friends, reserving scarcely enough to answer his own purposes.

I might tell of many instances of this character that came under my observation during the four years' war to show the love that true-hearted men, even though enemies, can bear toward one another.

A COMPANY MADE FAVOR WITH GEN. FORREST.

In a meeting at Camp Cherokee Station, Memphis and Charleston Railroad, October 10, 1864, the following proceedings were had:

"Whereas Gen. N. B. Forrest has kindly offered to transfer this company to our native State, Georgia, if we so desire, a meeting of the committee was called this day to consider the matter. The captain appointed a committee who reported as follows, which report was unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved:* 1. That Major General Forrest has our unqualified regard as a gentleman, our profoundest respect as an officer, and our highest admiration as a leader. We consider him as a prime, if not the leading, spirit in the revolution, having written with his sword

"'One of the few immortal names
That were not born to die.'

"2. That this company was recruited exclusively from nonconscripts and exempts with the distinct understanding that it would report for duty to none other than General Forrest; that he has our lasting gratitude for the honorable position assigned us; that we would be guilty of base ingratitude were we to quit his command, even if we so desired. Believing as we do that his troop has accomplished more than a like number of any other command, fidelity to a glorious cause demands that we remain with him until our common country is free.

"3. That we love our native State with the most ardent devotion. The virgin soil of every Confederate State has drunk the blood of her gallant sons. Georgia needs no eulogium, no praise. There she is. Look at her. Judge for yourselves. The world knows her history by heart. She will not lack defenders, for the chivalric sons of all the other seceding States (many of whose homes and families are in the possession of the enemy) have stood for many long months as a wall of fire upon her borders, disputing inch by inch the invasion of a hateful and merciless foe. We deem it our duty, therefore, to strike a blow wherever we meet a common oppressor.

"4. That we cordially invite our brothers and friends at home to join us and fill our much-depleted company to its maximum."

Committee: Sergt. R. W. Everett (Chairman), Sergt. C. W. Fouche, Sergt. J. H. Fulton, Sergt. W. S. Scott, Lieut. C. W. Hooper, A. P. Jones, T. H. Rentz, G. W. Morton, W. M. Towers, J. R. DeJournett, R. S. Gill, T. C. Lumpkin, A. R. Durron.

General Forrest's Reply.

Headquarters Forrest's Cavalry, Corinth, Miss.,
October 13, 1864.

Sergt. R. W. Everett, Lieut. C. W. Hooper, and others—Gentlemen: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the resolutions of your company, commanded by Capt. H. A. Gartrell.

It was under the most complimentary and gratifying circumstances that the company you represent became a part of my escort. In offering you the privilege of a transfer to the Army of Tennessee I was actuated solely by a desire to gratify those who I supposed were anxious to defend their own State; but your determination to remain with me is certainly most gratifying to my feelings. For the complimentary terms in which your company has been pleased to speak of me permit me, gentlemen, through you to return my heartfelt thanks.

In the camp, on the march, in battle you have exhibited all the traits of the patriotic citizen and gallant soldier. In the hour of emergency you have obeyed my orders with promptness, devotion, and heroic gallantry. I have never been for a moment unappreciative of the steadiness, self-denial, and patriotism with which you have borne the hardships and privations peculiar to camp life. You deserve the gratitude of your country for these soldierly virtues.

Let your future but emulate your past, and you will preserve the high estimation which your valor and patriotism have already won. May you live to return to the homes from which you are now exiled and to avenge the wrongs your people have suffered! That the God of battles may guard and protect you will be the constant prayer of one who feels honored in having you under his command and who would deeply deplore your loss.

Thanking you, gentlemen, for the kind terms in which you have discharged your duty, and asking you to make known my feelings to the company, I am, very truly yours,

N. B. Forrest, *Major General.*

Explanation of the Unusual Proceedings.

Maj. D. M. Scott, commander, received the following from an old soldier:

"*Dear Major:* At your request I mail you a short history of Captain Gartrell's company, which as an independent was under Gen. N. B. Forrest for nearly two years. This company was organized for service by a special order of Secretary Seddon, Secretary of War, at the request of General Forrest.

"Lieutenant Hooper, of Stonewall Jackson's command, was in Rome, Ga., on May 2, 1863, on recruiting service when a message was received by General Black, who commanded the militia of that district, from General Forrest urging that General Black raise all the forces he could and intercept General Streight, who was headed for Rome. At the request of General Black, Lieutenant Hooper secured a mounted company of old men and boys, numbering less than two hundred. This company crossed the Etowah River at Rome and went to meet General Streight. When Streight's advance met this

company, they fell back and reported to General Streight that considerable force was in their front. General Streight decided to surrender. This militia company at the request of Major Strange, General Forrest's adjutant general, took charge of the Yankee officers who surrendered, guarded them to Rome, and took care of them until they were paroled.

"General Forrest was pleased with the action of this militia company and asked if they would not like to join his command. With some effort eighty-six members were secured who were willing to enlist, six of which were over forty-five, eighty being only fifteen to eighteen years of age.

"Lieutenant Hooper and J. W. Stillwell went to Richmond to see the Secretary of War and received an order to enlist the company for special duty with General Forrest, securing all the equipments necessary excepting horses. Sixty horses were secured by members and their friends. Twenty-six members were without horses. Capt. Henry Gartrell, of the Rome Courier (newspaper), offered to furnish the twenty-six horses if made captain of the company. This Lieutenant Hooper agreed to, and the company went out of the State and joined General Forrest in Mississippi, although a law had been passed that no new companies should leave Georgia, but should report to General Johnson for duty in his department.

"On October 9 General Forrest received an order to send Gartrell's company back to Georgia; but his action was finally approved by the Secretary of War, as this company was organized by order of the Secretary of War at the special request of General Forrest and for duty under him."

Captain Gartrell was captured in November, 1864, and kept in prison for more than six months after the close of the war. The company, under the command of Lieutenant Hooper, was sent by General Forrest to watch the rear of the enemy from Columbia to Franklin, Tenn.; and being cut off from General Forrest's personal command, which went to Murfreesboro, Tenn., it joined Colonel Biffle's regiment, under General Chalmers, and was very active all around Nashville. It was sent under special detail to the rear of the enemy at Nashville. The command it was with captured a Yankee corral, seized the horse troughs, used them as boats, crossed the Cumberland River, and routed a large party of the enemy, capturing quite a number, each member of the expedition bringing back a captured Yankee in his horse trough with him. (This occurred on the day General Hood's command retired from its advance position in front of Nashville.)

This company acted as special escort for Gen. Stephen D. Lee during the battle of Nashville and was highly complimented by him. It served night and day in the rear of Hood's army while on the retreat, almost without relief, until the Tennessee River was crossed, and it was among the very last to cross the Harpeth River on the retreat from Nashville. By special order from General Forrest the company rejoined his command at Corinth, Miss., on January 4, 1865, remaining constantly under his personal command until the surrender at Gainesville, Ala., May 11, 1865.

A Correction.—Referring to the article, "General Forrest Endangered by His Own Men," appearing on page 69 of the February Veteran, Judge W. M. Ives, of Lake City, Fla., says: "The 6th Florida was nowhere near Murfreesboro, Tenn., at the time of the battle. The 1st, 3d, and 4th Florida were in Preston's Brigade, Breckinridge's Division, and fought gallantly December 31, 1862, and January 2, 1863. Wheeler's Cavalry acted as eyes and ears for us, and his battle at La Vergne proved it. Forrest was not there."

LAST ISSUE OF CONFEDERATE MONEY.

D. H. RUSSELL, ANDERSON, S. C.

In the December number of the Veteran Comrade W. F. Spurlin, of Camden, Ala., writes of the last issue of Confederate money and what became of it, and also of the lithographic stones from which it was printed. These were not all destroyed, for upon Sherman's approach to Columbia the Confederate treasury was removed to Anderson, S. C., and located in the buildings of the Johnston Female University. It is known that there was a considerable amount of gold coin, Confederate bills, and bonds brought here, and when Brown's raiders came through in May, 1865, the gold was secreted and afterwards appropriated by men who had no right to it. Confederate bills and bonds were scattered about the streets. The lithographic stones were thrown into an abandoned well on the university campus, where they remained for twenty years or more. In the meantime a military school was started in the buildings, and the principal decided to clean out and use this well. In doing this the lithographic stones were brought to light, but the action of the water had erased the inscription on most of them, though not all. There were probably fifteen or twenty of them. I have one of them in my home now, used as a doorstone, and I know of six or eight more used at the front doorstep of one of my neighbors. The rest were carried off by different people, some by the cadets. These statements can be verified by witnesses here.

HER LITTLE FLAG.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

One little flag was all she had
To hang above her door
When down the street the veterans came—
They numbered but a score.
Some saw the lonely flag and smiled;
But ah! they did not know
That a brave son's blood that banner stained
When charged the gallant foe.

His comrades brought it back to her—
She'd lost the best of earth—
And when she saw its stains she knew
She'd lost the best of earth.
They told her how he held it up
'Mid Chickamauga's tide
And kissed its fair and tattered folds
A moment ere he died.

With moistened eyes she seeks that flag
When march the valiant gray,
And not for all the world would she
Its blood stains wash away;
With trembling hands she hangs it out
And looks on it with pride,
For 'neath its ever-precious folds
Her own young gallant died.

One little flag is all she has
To hang above her door,
And as the years go flitting on
She treasures it the more;
And when the thinning ranks march by
A silence falls around,
For each old grizzled soldier knows
He's treading holy ground.

THE LAST ROLL

"They are not dead, but have simply passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here."

Gen. Thomas W. Castleman.

Gen. T. W. Castleman, Louisiana Commissioner of Confederate Records and for two terms Division Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, died on January 11, succumbing to exhaustion after an operation.

Thomas W. Castleman, born in Staunton, Va., in 1845, was a son of Rev. T. T. Castleman, rector of Trinity Church, in that city, and founder of the Virginia Female Institute. When twelve years old he went with his father to St. Joseph, La., and in 1861 he entered the Confederate army as a private, having in the meantime been educated at the Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge. He became a member of the Tensas Cavalry (Capt. I. F. Harrison), later Company A, of Col. Wirt Adams's regiment, 1st Mississippi Cavalry. With this regiment he went to Kentucky and served in that State with the army of Albert Sidney Johnston. He was on duty along the Cumberland River during the Fort Donelson campaign, retreating with Johnston's forces after the fall of that stronghold, and later participated in the battle of Shiloh and the operations about Corinth, including the battle of Farmington. With General Armstrong's brigade his command took part in the summer campaigning in Mississippi and the raid into Tennessee.



GEN. T. W. CASTLEMAN.

In the fight at Baldwin, Miss., June 14, 1862, Thomas Castleman's leg was crushed, and he was in the hospital at Enterprise, Miss., for six months. In the fall of that year his company was transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department, and a year later he was transferred to the torpedo service. He invented a torpedo and was engaged in its manufacture at Shreveport until a considerable stock was secured, and he was then sent down the Mississippi River to operate with his invention; but before effective results had been accomplished the war ended.

Surrendering at Franklin, La., on May 28, 1865, Thomas Castleman returned to his home, at St. Joseph, and was soon elected recorder of Tensas Parish, which office he held eight years. In 1868 he purchased the Tensas Gazette and edited it until 1872. From 1875 he engaged in planting until 1887, when he went to New Orleans and was appointed cashier in the Internal Revenue Department. Since that appointment he had held other positions of prominence, and in 1898 he was a member of the Constitutional Convention. He was also one of the organizers of the Ponchartrain Railroad. He was appointed Commissioner of Confederate Records by Governor Blanchard and had worked several years with great diligence in copying the records from the archives at Washington, having photographed them as far as obtainable.

In 1871 General Castleman married Miss Ogden, daughter of Judge R. N. Ogden, of the Louisiana Supreme Court. After her death he married Miss Anna Carroll, of New Orleans, in 1875.

General Castleman commanded the Lousiana Division, U. C. V., in 1910-11, from which the military title was given. He was very active in all matters relating to the Confederate organizations. Besides his wife and two daughters, he is survived by a brother, Robert L. Castleman, of Natchez, Miss.

Col. Martin L. Costley.

Martin L. Costley, Adjutant General of the Louisiana Division, U. C. V., was stricken with heart trouble while on a visit to his friend, Gen. T. W. Castleman, and died on the 14th of January, never knowing of the death of his friend. His successor in office is Col. Charles Santana, under appointment by Gen. Thomas J. Shaffer, Major General commanding the Louisiana Division.

Martin L. Costley was born in Mobile September 4, 1840. He went to New Orleans with his parents when six years old. He was educated in the public schools; and on October 8, 1861, enlisted in Company L, 1st Louisiana Cavalry. He was wounded in the battle of Shiloh and after his recovery returned to his command. He was taken prisoner July 30, 1863, and confined as a prisoner of war in Fort Delaware until paroled for exchange on March 7, 1865. His war record was an enviable one, but not more so than his civil record upon his return home. Reaching New Orleans shortly after the close of the war, he entered the contracting business and remained in that business until his retirement, several years ago.

Colonel Costley was married February 16, 1869, to Miss Kate E. Holzman, and his home life was most ideal. He reared a family of four sons and one daughter, who, with his wife, survive him.

Several years ago Colonel Costley was appointed by Governor Sanders a member of the Board of Directors of the Confederate Soldiers' Home, and at the time of his death

he was Secretary of the Board. He always displayed an ardent interest in the welfare of the Confederate soldiers and took an active part in Confederate work, practically giving it all of his time during the last two years. He was Adjutant General of the Louisiana Division during the terms of Generals Castleman and Shaffer.

Colonel Costley always took an active part in fraternal affairs and was a leading member of Union Lodge No. 172, F. and A. M., Grand Consistory of Louisiana, Jerusalem Temple, Mystic Shrine, Orient Grove No. 10, U. A. O. D., and the Knights of Honor.

John W. Thomas, Jr.

The end came to John W. Thomas, President and General Manager of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway, on December 17 at his home, in Nashville, Tenn. He was much beloved by the officers and men of the road, with many of whom he had worked in the ranks. At the funeral hour every wheel on the road was stopped for five minutes and all engines draped, while the stations of the road were draped in mourning for thirty days.

With the death of Mr. Thomas the presidency of the N., C. & St. L. Railway passed from the family, to which it had been securely intrusted for about thirty years. Maj. John W. Thomas, one of the most beloved men of Tennessee, served as President from 1884 until his death, in 1906, and he was succeeded by his son. While not so widely known as his father, Mr. Thomas was beloved as few men are, and it was recognized that he had made much of a busy life. By many of the men of the road he was still known as "Johnny," having grown up under their eyes when learning the railroad business. He worked in every capacity, passing from the lowest to the highest positions within the gift of the road.

Mr. Thomas was born in Murfreesboro August 24, 1856, the son of John W. and Elizabeth Thomas, and was educated at Montgomery Bell Academy and Vanderbilt University. During his vacations he worked in the railroad shops, even as a fireman out on the line, and in 1878 his career as a real railroad man began in the capacity of engineer on the system. He rose successively through the office of trainmaster, conductor, secretary to the President, purchasing agent, assistant general manager, and general manager, to which latter office he was elected in 1899, and on the death of his father he was made President and General Manager. His administration of the presidency of the system witnessed an increase of the dividend and the opening of the first stretch of double tracking from Chattanooga to Shellmound. In his early manhood Mr. Thomas perfected a railway signal system which sealed his reputation as a practical railroad man and brought him $30,000 in addition. When President Grover Cleveland and his bride visited Tennessee, in 1887, it was "Johnny" Thomas who drove the engine that pulled the illustrious passengers into Nashville and into Chattanooga.

Mr. Thomas married Miss Dillie Duncan, who survives him with three daughters and a son, John W. Thomas, Jr., of Philadelphia.

Eugene Worthington.

Eugene Worthington, Sr., died at Annapolis, Md., on January 27, 1914, in the seventy-second year of his age. He was born at Summer Hill, Anne Arundel County, Md., September 26, 1842. He was a member of the 1st Maryland Confederate Battery of Artillery, first commanded by Capt. Snowden Andrews, and served with distinction throughout the Civil War. At the close Mr. Worthington returned to Baltimore and after studying pharmacy was engaged in the drug business in Baltimore and Annapolis for a number of years. For the last thirty-five years, and to the time of his death, he held the position of cashier of the Annapolis Savings Institution. He was a vestryman of St. Anne's Protestant Episcopal Church, Annapolis, for over twenty-seven years. Mr. Worthington is survived by his wife, who was Miss Evelyn Morton Jenkins, of Baltimore, and three children. Two brothers and one sister also survive.

A Confederate comrade, James W. Owens, gives his appreciation: "Eugene Worthington has passed over the river to rest in the shade of the trees. I suppose no one knew him better than I. We served in the same company, the 1st Maryland Confederate Battery of Artillery. None but those who were in the Confederate army know of its hardships and sacrifices. Going back over the intervening years, I know of no soldier who more conscientiously performed his duty. No one ever knew him to shirk a duty, whether in camp, on the line of march, or in battle. He was one of the bravest of the brave. He had a defect in his sight known as moon blindness, and at night could not see distinctly, and many nights when on the march he has come to me and asked to take my arm, and we marched together like Siamese twins. He was a soldier 'without fear and without reproach.' As to his life in Annapolis, no word is needed. In every sphere in life where a duty was incumbent on him he performed it in full measure. As a pharmacist and apothecary he was skillful and careful; as a bank officer he was skilled, tried, and true; as a Churchman he was always in the line of his conceived duty; as a citizen he measured up to its full requirements; as a husband, father, and friend he was all that could be asked or required. The grim reaper has swung his scythe recently among Confederates with relentless vigor, and we who are left are asking ourselves the question: 'Who will be the next?' We do not extend our sympathy to his family, as in the loss of such a splendid friend and comrade we grieve with them and feel that we are objects of sympathy also."

Mrs. W. H. Sebring.

Mrs. W. H. Sebring, who died on November 9 at Jacksonville, Fla., was the talented artist, Miss Annie Perdue, who is also remembered for her devotion to the Confederate cause, for which she sacrificed and suffered much, even enduring exile.

Mrs. Sebring was born in Baltimore eighty-one years ago, her family being among the early settlers of that city. Her paternal line was French, while on her mother's side she was a descendant of Lord Baltimore. Her family removed to Memphis, Tenn., when she was but a child, but her eyesight failed, and she returned to Baltimore for treatment. There the artistic instinct and genius she exhibited were developed and thoroughly trained. She was a pupil of the famous McCann, and when twenty years old she painted the picture of General Price. Old soldiers seeing it on exhibition at the old Southern Palace saluted and cheered the canvas, and soon after it was sold for $300, which sum was ultimately used by General Price to buy instruments for his military band. This was known as the Annie Perdue Band, and "Annie Perdue" was engraved upon every instrument.

Among the pictures that gained fame for Mrs. Sebring is a Magdalene, a Beatrice Cenci, and "A Day's Sport." All are regarded as masterpieces.

As Miss Annie Perdue she was a belle at the time the Civil

War began. She returned to Memphis from Baltimore upon the breaking out of hostilities and gave assistance to the Southern leaders in many ways. She was regarded as a spy, and time and again she was ordered to leave Memphis, but she refused. Finally General Veach lodged a formal complaint and she was put upon a steamboat, with orders to the captain to land her at some lonesome spot in the Mississippi bottom. She went through terrible hardships, but returned to civilization and continued to serve the cause she espoused.

Mrs. Sebring was the wife of Gen. W. H. Sebring, a gallant Confederate veteran and former Mayor of Jacksonville. She was the founder and head of the Annie Perdue Sebring Chapter, U. D. C., named in her honor.

Alexander J. Goodrich.

Alexander J. Goodrich was born March 13, 1839, in Isle of Wight County, Va.; and died at his home, in Norfolk, on December 6, 1913, in his seventy-fifth year. He suffered an attack of la grippe last March, from the effects of which he never recovered. He is now with the ever-increasing number of R. E. Lee's grand army in the unknown beyond.



A. J. GOODRICH.

Comrade Goodrich was a good soldier from 1861 to 1865, serving the entire time as a member of the Norfolk Light Artillery Blues, which battery he joined in 1861. He took part in all the engagements of his command, beginning at Sewell's Point, on Hampton Roads, where his battery did service in repelling the attacks made by the enemy's fleet of ships; then around Richmond, at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Petersburg, and a great many others too numerous to mention. He was taken prisoner a few days before the surrender at Appomattox, sent to Point Lookout, and later released on parole. After the war he made his home in Norfolk, engaged in business, and was very successful, retiring some years ago after the death of his brother, who was in business with him.

Comrade Goodrich was a valued member of the Pickett-Buchanan Camp, U. C. V., and served on many committees faithfully. He is survived by three sisters (Miss Alice O. Goodrich, Mrs. Annie L. Turner, and Mrs. R. A. Ligon), the eldest being eighty-one years old. He was never married.

[Written by R. S. Broughton, who served with him throughout the war and knew him intimately.]

Capt. Jehu G. Postell.

Capt. Jehu Glenn Postell was born in Charleston, S. C., May 7, 1841. His ancestors bore a conspicuous part in the colonial and revolutionary history of South Carolina. He descended in direct line from Hon. James Moore, Receiver General and later on Governor of the colony. Another ancestor was Gen. James Moore, who defeated the Tuscaroras and was also Governor. His great-grandfather, Capt. Jehu Postell, for whom he was named, with his two brothers, Col. James Postell and Maj. John Postell, did valiant service in Marion's Brigade; while William Bird, another grandfather, fought in the War of 1812.

Being thus descended, it was but natural that Jehu Glenn Postell should enter the Confederate service early in the great War between the States. He enlisted in May, 1861, in the Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston, S. C., which was made Company A of Hampton's Legion. He fought throughout the Civil War and received a severe wound at Second Manassas. He recovered and was paroled at Appomattox. He removed to Georgia after the war and was in the railroad business in Macon many years. He was Adjutant of Macon Camp, No. 1477, U. C. V., for a long time. Removing to Atlanta, he became a regular contributor to prominent journals of that city and was widely known as "Uncle Dudley." He was a consistent member of the M. E. Church, South, in whose faith he lived and won the esteem and love of all who knew him. He died at his home, in Atlanta, Ga., August 30, 1913.

James Rice Buford.

James Rice Buford, a member of Brunswick Camp of Confederate Veterans, died on September 26, 1913, at his home, "Farmington," near Lawrenceville, Va., in his sixty-ninth year. He enlisted in June, 1863, as a member of the 3d Virginia Cavalry, and served till the close of the war. He was severely wounded in a cavalry skirmish near Aldie, Va., but as soon as his wound healed he returned to his command. On account of his fine horsemanship and matchless daring he was often chosen to be bearer of dispatches to Gens. Fitzhugh Lee and "Jeb" Stuart.

Comrade Buford never married, but lived a life of ideal service and usefulness on the ancestral estate, making a home for his widowed mother and unmarried sisters. Few men have been more beloved, and he numbered his friends in many States.

Charles David North.

Charles D. North, born in 1845 in Pendleton County, W. Va., was the youngest child of Eliza Henkle and Thomas Jefferson North. He entered the Confederate army before he was seventeen years old, enlisting at Newmarket, Va., in August, 1861, in Company F, 62d Virginia Cavalry, under Capt. William McCoy and Colonel Smith. He served in General Imboden's brigade and also under Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. He was in many battles, some of which were Cross Keys, Garner's Mills, Cedar Creek, Newmarket, Cold Harbor, Lynchburg, Gettysburg, Winchester, Harper's Ferry, and others. He was wounded three times and was captured twice, but was never in prison. He was one of the sixty-five men who went with Captain McNeill to capture Generals Crook and Kelly. He served until the close, surrendering at Appomattox, and was paroled at Petersburg. In 1866 he went to Illinois and became a successful farmer. In 1875 he was married to Miss Mary Nicholson, of Illinois, and to them were born four sons and two daughters, all of whom are living.

Comrade North was descended from Old Virginia families. The Henkles came to America in 1717 and the Norths in 1729. Eight North brothers were in the Revolutionary War; and one of them, George, was his grandfather. Several uncles and cousins were in the Confederate army. He was a man of prominence in his community, in its business life, and in Masonic circles.

Mrs. Alice Caldwell Ray.

Mrs. Aliee C. Ray, wife of Brig. Gen. Jas. M. Ray, U. C. V., died on January 13 at her home, Ramoth, near Asheville, N. C., after an illness of several years. Mrs. Ray, known as "Mother Ray" to hundreds of friends who loved her for her many strong traits of eharacter and lovable disposition and others who had received aid from her hands, eonceived the idea of holding the first reunion of Southern soldiers. On the 4th of July, 1879, the survivors of the 60th North Carolina Regiment were entertained by General and Mrs. Ray at Ramoth, and that is generally eonsidered the first gathering of Confederate soldiers after the war, in that State anyway. General Ray commanded the 60th North Carolina Regiment, and between thirty and forty of the survivors spent that day at Ramoth, recalling their experiences in the war. There were music and feasting and general enjoyment until the late afternoon. To some of those present the reunion was the first and last on earth; to others it was the beginning of a number of gatherings of Confederate comrades. During the time of the war Mrs. Ray was a great help to the families of soldiers in the mountainous section of the State, and her husband's home was the Mecca for many hungry men, tired and wounded, who were fed and ministered to.

Mrs. Ray was the daughter of the late Col. R. D. Caldwell, of Paris, Tenn., and was married in the early sixties. She was seventy years of age, and she is survived by her husband, four sons (Wayne, Clarence, Walter, and Carl Ray), and one daughter (Mrs. E. C. Dickerson). She was a member of the Methodist Church and took an active part in the work of her Church as long as possible.

Frederick S. Hewes, Sr.

Frederiek S. Hewes, Sr., for thirty-eight years Chaneery Clerk of Harrison County, died at Pascagoula, Miss., on Deeember 15, at the age of eighty-three. He was born in New Orleans, to which eity his father had gone from Massachusetts in 1818, and where he became a successful merchant and banker. In 1861 F. S. Hewes joined a eompany in Pass Christian, Miss., called the Dahlgren Guards, which was mustered into the Confederate service as a part of the 3d Mississippi Infantry on November 20, 1861, at Bay St. Louis, serving faithfully to the end of the war, from the fight at New Madrid, Mo., to the final battle of Nashville, Tenn. After the deposal of the Military Governor of Mississippi, F. S. Hewes was elected chancery elerk of his county, and held the offiee eontinuously to his death. He was a member of Harrison County Camp, U. C. V. He was a man of unquestioned integrity, and as a eitizen he was highly respeeted.

William R. Chunn.

William R. Chunn was born in Morgan County, Ala., Deeember 27, 1844; and entered into rest June 1, 1913. When only sixteen years of age, in August, 1861, he enlisted in Captain Owen's company, afterwards Captain Grayson's company, whieh was transferred to the 37th Tennessee Infantry as Company E. In this he served twelve months, reënlisting in the 4th Alabama Cavalry, Colonel Russell's regiment, with which he served until his command surrendered in May, 1865, at Greenville, Ala. He was in the battles of Fishing Creek, Shiloh, Perryville, Shelbyville, Chickamauga, and all the engagements from Missionary Ridge to Atlanta. He was severely wounded in the battle of Strawberry Plains, Tenn.

William Chunn was a true soldier, brave and faithful in every duty. A beautiful characteristic of his was his neatness. In February, 1870, he was married to Miss Mattie J. Terry, who survives with two daughters. He held the highest eonfidence of all who knew him. He was a lifelong member of and an elder in the Presbyterian Church, which he attended regularly and to which he eontributed liberally. He was a suecessful farmer and merchant. He owned the splendid plantation on the Tennessee River where he was born. Comrade Chunn was a member of Camp Egbert Jones, U. C. V., of Huntsville, Ala.

W. B. L. Reagan.

William Ballard Lenoir Reagan was born in MeMinn County, Tenn., at what is now Reagan's Station, on May 31, 1838; and died at Terrell, Tex., September 1, 1913. He was a son of Gen. James H. Reagan and Ann Lenoir Reagan, of Lenoir City, Tenn. The son was given such an education as the public schools afforded at that time, and when a mere boy he served as assistant cashier and bookkeeper of the branch Bank of Tennessee, located at Athens, of which his father was president. Here he remained until the beginning of the war, when he enlisted with Col. John C. Vaughn's 3d Tennessee Regiment, serving first as a member of the Cornet Band; but wishing to be in the thick of the fight, he served later as first lieutenant and adjutant in Col. John R. Neal's 16th Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry, Rucker's Legion, Pegram's Brigade, under General Bragg, in Kentucky and Tennessee. He was with Vaughn's Regiment in Virginia. He was under Forrest in the battle of Chickamauga, was afterwards with Vaughn's Cavalry Brigade in the Valley of Virginia and Maryland campaigns, and was in all the engagements of his command up to the time he was wounded near Winchester, Va., July 24, 1864, when he lost his leg. Soon afterwards he was catured by the Federals and placed in Old Capitol Prison, at Washington, and then removed to Fort Delaware, where he remained until June, 1865. He was a faithful and gallant soldier.

Until his removal to Texas, a few years ago, Comrade Reagan lived at the old homestead, in McMinn County, Tenn.

J. J. Bolton.

On the 10th of May, 1913, J. J. Bolton died at his home, in Demopolis, Ala., in his seventy-fourth year. He was the son of a Virginia planter who had moved to Missouri with his slaves in the early days when the rich soil there and the right to work it with slave labor promised much for such newcomers. The war, however, put an end to such plans, and the family cast its fortunes with the South and immediately became conspicuous targets of Union hate and persecution. Young Bolton was taken prisoner at Wilson's Creek when the Federal Sigel was driven back on Lexington; but the tide of war, gathering volume, swept the depleted ranks of the Confederacy from the State. His father being old, the prisoner was allowed parole. The conditions were extreme. He eould not get away, for that would have led to complete ruin, as his father was placed under bond for him; but ever restless in his nature, he could not be quiet. He was arrested and tried for his life. He was clear of this court-martial only to be again in their toils by his reckless help to Confederate sufferers. At last the war ended, and Comrade Bolton went to Alabama and married Miss Cox, of Demopolis, whose living children are three daughters. He married the seeond time Miss Rose Arrington, who survives him with one son.

William James Moore.

William J. Moore died at Meridian, Miss., early in November, while visiting his son there. The burial was at Columbia, Tenn., his own home being in Maury County. He was in his seventy-fourth year.

Comrade Moore was a Confederate soldier, having been twice enlisted. He was captured at Fort Donelson and kept a prisoner at Camp Morton several months, during which time he had a long spell of fever, and was discharged from prison completely broken down. However, he enlisted again later as a member of Coleman's Scouts, serving under General Bragg. He was captured with Sam Davis, and would have been executed with him but for his spectacular escape by jumping from a window of the courthouse where he was confined. The papers that convicted Davis stated that W. J. Moore would deliver them to General Bragg. After his escape he managed to get through the lines by crawling a distance of several miles, finally reaching his home, in Maury County.

Comrade Moore was a man of courage and integrity, energetic and of strong character, with a genial, affable disposition that won him friends easily. His wife survives him, with two daughters and two sons.

James Martin Cartmell.

James M. Cartmell was born April 12, 1839. He was the second son of Martin and Jemima Sharp Cartmell. As a Confederate soldier he was a member of the 6th Tennessee Infantry. This regiment was composed of eight companies from Madison County, one from Haywood County, and one from Fayette County. It was mustered into service on May 15, 1861, elected officers on the 22d, and left Jackson for Union City on the 26th. Comrade Cartmell was with the regiment during its stay in Kentucky, and was wounded at Shiloh, a piece of shell striking him in the face, badly lacerating it and causing the loss of one eye. This wound rendered him unfit for further duty, and from its effects he suffered all his life. He was taken to New Orleans at the close of the war and placed in a hospital for treatment, by which he was benefited to some extent. He was married twice and is survived by two sons and two daughters. His death was caused by being run over by an automobile on September 13, 1913, at Jackson, Tenn. His youngest brother, William Edward Cartmell, was a member of the 6th Tennessee Regiment, and was killed at Perryville, Ky., October 2, 1862.

Col. J. L. Stozier.

Col. J. L. Stozier, of Camp Meriwether, passed away in June, 1913. He was born in 1839 and was studying law when the War between the States began. He enlisted in the Echols Guards, the first company organized in Meriwether County, Ga., and a part of the 8th Georgia Regiment, which went to Virginia and took part in the first battle of Manassas. The captain was killed, and soon after that battle young Stozier was taken ill with fever and was sent to Richmond. His health was so wrecked by the fever that he was discharged and returned home. When the militia of his State went into service, he organized Company D of the 12th Georgia Militia, and was soon promoted to the colonelcy of the regiment. With this command he rendered faithful service to the end of the war. He then returned home and resumed the practice of law; but his health failing, he began farming. He married and reared an interesting family. He loved the cause for which he fought and always felt an interest in his comrades. He was for years Commander of the Camp.

Capt. James W. Johnson.

Capt. James W. Johnson, of Shelby County, Ky., went out in the summer of 1861 as a lieutenant of Company K (Captain Jones), 6th Kentucky Infantry. That company was broken up after serving a year in the infantry, the officers going to the cavalry. Captain Johnson then recruited a company for the 1st Kentucky Cavalry, which he commanded with much credit to the end of the war. Upon returning from the war he resumed his farming until the infirmities of age came upon him. He lived for more than eighty years in Shelby County. Five years ago he went to Oklahoma to live with his son, and there his death occurred on August 9, 1913, in his eighty-sixth year. He was taken back to his native State and buried in his Confederate uniform, as he had requested. He was an honorable, upright citizen, and had been a member of the Baptist Church for more than half a century.

Other deaths in John H. Walker Camp, of Shelbyville, for 1913 were: Dr. W. F. Beard, surgeon 41st Alabama Infantry; James P. Haggard, Company A, 7th Kentucky Cavalry; W. G. Stucker, Morton's Tennessee Battery, Forrest's Command; Jacob B. Caplinger, Company E, 1st Kentucky Cavalry; John P. Miller, Company E, 1st Kentucky Cavalry.

Miss Sophia E. Martin.

[From resolutions of D. H. Hill Chapter, U. D. C., Elizabeth City, N. C.]

The death of Miss Sophia E. Martin, on October 12, 1913, deprived this Chapter of one of its most useful and patriotic members. Since its organization she was its Honorary President and was always active in furthering its aims to commemorate the deeds of the Confederate soldiers. She was a sister of Gen. James G. Martin and Col. William F. Martin, and her life was by nature indissolubly linked with the Confederacy and its most cherished traditions. As a teacher during most of her long and useful life she taught the girls of her native town to honor and respect the memory of the Southern soldiers, and in this simple way she contributed more than she knew to the organization of an interested body of women into this Chapter. In her death the Chapter has sustained a loss which cannot be filled and the community one which will be mourned for many years. We shall not see her like again.

Thomas Dudley George.

Thomas D. George, who died November 7, 1913, was born in Anderson County, Ky., June 22, 1842, but had lived in Missouri since he was fourteen years old. He enlisted in the Confederate service at Springfield, Mo., in December, 1861, in Company D, 3d Missouri Infantry, 1st Brigade. After the battle at Pea Ridge, when the armies of Van Dorn and Price were ordered to Corinth, he was one of a detail to convey army transportation left behind to Texas. When relieved of that duty, it was too late to again join his command east of the Mississippi. So he then enlisted in an Arkansas regiment, in which he served until the surrender. He was paroled at Shreveport, returning to his home, in Caldwell County, Mo., where he was largely engaged in farming and stock-raising for a number of years. Up to the time of his death he was President of the Hamilton Savings Bank, one of the popular banks in Northwest Missouri. Added to his other duties, he was administrator, guardian, and trustee of more interests than any other man in his county, and no interest ever suffered in his hands. It was his joy to benefit and help mankind.

Capt. B. M. Collins.

A brave, true, manly man has "passed over the river." The death of Capt. B. M. Collins at his home, near Ridgeway, N. C., on March 8, 1913, removed from earthly scenes one of Warren County's truest citizens. Born about seventy-two years ago near the place of his death, he grew to manhood and lived to an old age, honored and beloved by his associates. Entering the Confederate army as a young man, he endeared himself to his countrymen by his valor and patriotism. He was ever faithful, surrendering at Appomattox as Captain of Company C, 12th North Carolina Regiment. It was said of him that no braver man served in Lee's army. His remains were followed to the grave at Warrenton Place by his old companions in arms, headed by Capt. J. M. B. Hunt, of the Townsville Grays. There were present from four hundred to five hundred friends, and many flowers decorated the grave. A few years after his return from the army Captain Collins married Miss Mollie Plummer, a sister of Messrs. Thomas and Blount Plummer, and reared a charming family, who ministered to his every wish. A military company, under Captain Rose, turned out in full force as an escort of honor and fired three volleys over his grave.

William Leroy Lilly.

Comrade W. L. Lilly, Adjutant of Camp Rufe Wood, No. 584, U. C. V., of Somervell County, Tex., died at his home, in Glen Rose, July 4, 1913. He was born at Chester, S. C., December 7, 1839. He married Miss Sarah E. Wylie at Tupelo, Miss., January 7, 1868, and to them were born five sons and three daughters. He was a member of the M. E. Church, South. Comrade Lilly enlisted at the beginning of the war in Company H, 2d Mississippi Regiment of Infantry, Davis's Brigade, Hood's Division, Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. He was wounded in the second battle of Manassas and honorably discharged. He moved from Mississippi to Arkansas in 1868, then to Texas in 1875. He moved back to Arkansas, and then returned to Texas in 1882, and had lived in Glen Rose since 1888. Rufe Wood Camp has lost a worthy member and the community a Christian gentleman. We regret this great loss to our Camp.

[Sketch by George L. Booker, Commander of Camp Rufe Wood, No. 584, U. C. V., Somervell County, Tex.]

Thomas William Taviant.

T. W. Taviant died in St. Louis, Mo., on March 18, 1913. He was born in Jefferson County, Ala., in 1844 and went to Macon, Miss., in 1860. He was a clerk in Dr. Dent's drug store. He was a small, slender, blonde sixteen years old, a Christian, clean in person, always carefully dressed, clean of tongue, fond of music, sang well, evidently the son of a lovely, loving Christian mother, who had transmitted to him her characteristics. I joined the Confederate army in April, 1861, and went to Virginia. I was surgeon of the 9th Regiment Alabama Volunteers. Comrade Taviant enlisted with the Noxubee Rifles, 11th Mississippi Regiment Voluntcers, as a private. After the first battle of Manassas, I had him transferred to the 9th Alabama as hospital steward. He served with me until the close of the war. He slept on my blanket and messed with me. What he was ordered to do he did, and knew no fear. At the battle of Manassas I was wounded. He came and sat by me all night. I asked him if he was scared or afraid while in battle, and he said: "O no; I prayed the Lord to take care of me, and I had no fear."

I see him now—his clean, white face and hands, his eyes sparkling, as he went to the door of a house we were passing and asked if they had a piano. If so, he would ask to play and sing for them or for himself. And how he would sing! Maybe he would tell the people of his mother and sisters. Then how the women would kiss him! And often the girls would kiss him too. He would come back with his face aglow.

After the surrender he returned to Macon, Miss., and again was drug clerk. He married a Miss Bush, and after some years he moved to Galveston, Tex. I pray that God may always bless his children and those whom he loved and who loved him.

[From a sketch by H. A. Minor, M.D., ex-surgeon 9th Regiment, Alabama Volunteers, Wilcox's Brigade, Anderson's Division, A. B. Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.]

William H. Reynolds.

W. H. Reynolds was born near Auburn, Ala., August 29, 1844. His parents moved to a plantation between Tallassee and Notasulga, from which place he enlisted in the C. S. A. in April, 1862. He was discharged from service on May 6, 1865, at Atlanta, Ga. He was a private in Company F, 34th Alabama Regiment, Managault's Brigade, Johnson's Division, Army of Tennessee. He took part in all the battles and campaigns of that army for three years. He was the first Commander of Camp Hardee, Birmingham, Ala. He organized Camp Bedford Forrest, Woodlawn, Ala., and inaugurated the movement to erect a monument to the Confederate soldiers and women of the Confederacy in the Woodlawn Cemetery.

Captain Reynolds (by which title he was known) was an enthusiastic promoter of the Home for Old Soldiers at Mountain Creek, Ala. He was given staff appointments by Gens. George Moorman and J. P. Gordon, Commander in Chief U. C. V., at the New Orleans Reunion in 1892 for his patriotism and fidelity. It was through his untiring efforts that the Winnie Davis Wigwam was erected for the first Reunion in Birmingham.

On August 17, 1865, he was married to Miss Mollie Traywick, whom he knew in childhood.

Captain Reynolds was a member of the M. E. Church, South, and served officially as steward and superintendent as long as his health permitted. On May 9, 1913, after an illness of about a year, he answered to the Lord of hosts. He is survived by his wife, one son, and three daughters.

M. A. Nelson.

M. A. Nelson died at his home, in Estill Springs, July 18, aged seventy-five years. He was an old Confederate soldier, having enlisted in Company B, 11th Tennessee Infantry, as a private, but was promoted to first lieutenant, and served with distinction until the close of the war, when he was paroled at Greensboro, N. C. Comrade Nelson was noted for his many charitable acts, never turning any one from his door hungry or in want of anything he could supply. For many years he lived at Murfreesboro, Tenn., where he was loved and respected by all who knew him. He was in twenty-one battles and skirmishes, and was wounded twice, carrying the scars to his grave. He leaves behind his wife and five children.

[From a sketch by S. A. Ingersoll.]

Remember that "Last Roll" sketches are published without charge, and that everything must be condensed as much as practicable.

AN ANOMALY OF WRITTEN HISTORY.

[Paper read by Mrs. Virginia Hays Asbury before Upton Hays Chapter, U. D. C., Kansas City, Mo.]

Rev. Paul B. Jenkins in his book, "The Battle of Westport," after telling of the rout of Cabell and Marmaduke (Price's rear guard) in Independence and of Cabell's famous last charge and the westward retreat from there of Price's army, places the scene of Captain Todd's death west of Independence in the line of this retreat. He says: "Capt. George Todd, a famous young Confederate whose home was in Jackson County, of which Independence is the county seat, and who had been serving in Cabell's Brigade, was killed on the outskirts of Independence in this fight in Cabell's last charge. Known to the Federal sympathizers as 'a notorious guerrilla,' he was held in most opposite esteem by friends of the Confederacy and had been called by them 'a flower of Southern manhood.' He had been Quantrill's second in command in the raids on Lawrence and Baxter Springs. Closely pressed by Federal cavalrymen, he put spurs to his horse and was dashing away at full speed, his bridle in his teeth, firing backward over each shoulder with a revolver in each hand, when a Federal bullet pierced his throat." Picture the scene!

John N. Edwards was engaged in this campaign as major of the 12th Missouri Cavalry, Jackson County's own regiment, and in "Shelby and His Men" Edwards credits the death of George Todd in a general way to the battle of Little Blue, as does also W. L. Webb in "Battles and Biographies of Missourians."

The latest contribution to the history of this subject is by W. E. Connelly in "Quantrill and the Border Wars." After telling with great detail how Todd came to possess the magnificent mount of a Federal major, Connelly says: "The next day (October 22) the Confederate lines streamed out from Independence to Kansas City and Westport. Todd took half a dozen of his men and went back to gain intelligence of the enemy following in the rear. The road ran along an elevation ending in a sort of point. Below this was a grassy glade or slough, where Todd told his men to stop while he looked about him. He was mounted on the splendid thoroughbred horse of the Federal major, and he was himself a fine figure. He rode out to the end of the elevation and halted to survey the country. From the slough he was outlined against the sky, seeming a magnificent statue of bronze, a living expression of the noble blood of the Norman warrior. Suddenly a sharp report broke the stillness, and Todd pitched forward to the road, a dead man. A sharpshooter had taken advantage of the splendid mark. Mattox, one of his men, ran to him and carried him to the slough, then galloped back for some conveyance for his dead captain. Securing an ambulance, he took Todd to Independence (then entirely occupied by the Federals, note) and buried him."

William H. Gregg, senior officer under Quantrill and captain of Company H, 12th Missouri Cavalry, C. S. A., which, under Col. Will Hugh Erwin, was engaged in this fight, says: "Capt. George Todd fell in with Gen. Jo Shelby's brigade of Shelby's Division at or near Lexington. (Cabell's Brigade was attached to General Fagan's division, even according to Paul B. Jenkins.) Captain Todd and his company acted as advance guard and scouts for General Shelby. Todd at this time led all that was left in active service of the old Quantrill command. On arrival at Little Blue River the enemy, previously driven from Lexington by General Shelby, made a feeble stand. On the morning of October 22, 1864, Todd was ordered to move up the river with his company, cross, reconnoiter the Federal forces, and report to headquarters by courier. Todd crossed the Little Blue River, and on approaching the Independence and Lexington road at a point some three miles east of Independence he halted his men some fifty paces from the road, ordering them to wait while he went forward. He reached the center of the road and was fired on at long range from the west. Out of the few shots fired, one bullet pierced his neck. Captain Todd lived perhaps four hours after he was wounded and died in Independence, where he lies buried. The scene of this fatality was about one-fourth of a mile west of the Staples farmhouse, on the Independence and Lexington road."

It is strange indeed how even Christians differ.

COMMANDER IN CHIEF U. S. C. V.

William W. Old, Jr., the present Commander of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, has a record of his connection with the organization which shows his continued interest in the work. He became a member of Pickett-Buchanan Camp, U. S. C. V., at Norfolk, Va., in 1898; and was afterwards made Lieutenant Commander and then Commander of the Camp. Successively he has since been Adjutant of the First Brigade, Virginia Division, Adjutant of the Division, and then its Commander. After that he became Department Commander, A. N. V., member of Executive Council from A. N. V. Department, and is now Commander in Chief of the organization.



COMMANDER W. W. OLD, U. S. C. V.

Commander Old is a son of Capt. W. W. Old, of Virginia, who made a record as a gallant soldier, serving until wounded in October, 1864, which incapacitated him for further service. Captain Old first served as a volunteer aid upon the staff of General Wise, then enlisted as a private in the 14th Virginia Regiment. He was afterwards commissioned as captain and quartermaster and assigned to Battery No. 9 of the Richmond defenses. Later he served on the staffs of Gen. Edward Johnson, Gen. R. S. Ewell, Gen. J. A. Early, and again with General Johnson in the West until he was wounded.



ADJUTANT GENERAL U. S. C. V.

Nathan Bedford Forrest, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, served on the staff of Gen. John B. Gordon from 1892 to 1897 and as aid-de-camp. He is a charter member of N. B. Forrest Camp, No. 215, U. S. C. V., Memphis, Tenn., organized in 1900; also served as Adjutant and as First Lieutenant Commander of that Camp, as Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, and has served as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff since 1907.

Nathan B. Forrest was born at Oxford, Miss., in 1872, and is a son of Capt. William Forrest, the only son of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest. After finishing school he was connected with his father in the railroad and levee contracting business for a number of years. In the spring of 1897 he went to the Klondyke, where he remained, mining and prospecting, until December, 1900. He returned to Memphis and was in the life insurance business there until 1910. Since then he has been devoting his entire time to the work of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and he is now at Jacksonville, Fla., in the interest of the organization in that State.

ORIGIN OF "DIXIE LAND."

The following article was clipped from the Financial Times of November 15 and sent the VETERAN by James G. Phillips, of Marcus Hook, Pa., an interested subscriber:

"A monograph in the London Financial Times on the history of the old Citizens' Bank of Louisiana at New Orleans reveals the origin of the name 'Dixie Land,' the term applied now to all the Southern States and preserved in the famous Southern war song 'Dixie.' Prior to the Civil War the Citizens' Bank, having the power to issue paper money notes, issued several millions of bills in denominations of $10 and $20, but preferably $10. The latter were engraved in French with the word 'Dix' prominently featured on their backs. The bills became known as 'Dixies,' and this money being popular, Louisiana was referred to as the 'Land of the Dixies' or 'Dixie Land.' Eventually the term was so broadened as to apply to all the Southern States.

"This Citizens' Bank had a romantic and picturesque career, peculiarly linked with the financial and political history of the South. It was organized in 1833, ceasing its existence on January 30, 1911, when the present Citizens' Bank and Trust Company was formed to take its place. The seventy-eight years of its existence were one clear, unblemished record. As early as 1836 the bank's credit throughout the world was so good that it sold an issue of $3,000,000 of its bonds to the banking house of Hope & Co., Amsterdam, Holland.

"The State of Louisiana granted the original charter in April, 1833, with a capital of $12,000,000. This capital, according to the records of the bank, 'was to be raised by the novel process of loans on bonds to be issued by the bank. The amount to be subscribed by stockholders to raise the capital was $14,400,000, or 144,000 shares of the stock to secure the capital of $12,000,000. The subscriptions were to be guaranteed, secured, and pledged for by mortgage on real estate.' No money was paid by the subscribers to the capital stock of the bank on their shares. They placed mortgages on their plantations and slaves to secure the stock taken by them, entitling the subscribers to a credit at the bank equal to one-half of the par value of their shares. To utilize this credit the stockholder gave his note, renewable each twelve months, with interest at six and a half per cent in advance and such proportions of the capital sum in annual installments as would pay off the debt at a certain fixed period. The stock sold readily, and the bonds were disposed of, after some delay, in England and the Continent. The State of Louisiana guaranteed the bonds, making them marketable throughout the world. The bank was considered by the government at the end of 1837 as the strongest in the South and one of the best known in the United States. In this year it completed the sale of its bonds in Europe and those of other banks to the extent of $20,725,000.

"The Citizens' Bank allied its fortunes with the Confederacy when the war of 1851 broke out, and consequently suffered a long run of vicissitudes, from which it emerged successfully. The London Financial Times states on this point that when General Butler took charge of New Orleans he issued orders to the bank to turn over to him all money and property in its possession belonging to any one who had aided the Confederacy. The bank paid $215,829 to him under the order. Later, at Butler's dictation, a further sum of $306,400 was contributed to the city. After this an additional sum of $37,000 was paid to Butler; then to General Banks, at Butler's dictation, $55,477, and later $111,485. On January 15, 1866, on General Canby's order, the bank turned over $1,000,000 in securities and charged them to profit and loss. In addition to these forced contributions, the Citizens' Bank gave to the Confederacy $250,000 April 15, 1861, loaned the Confederacy $325,000 in coin January 7, 1862, and paid the pay rolls of some divisions of the Confederate army to a total of $50,000. Yet the bank withstood all these losses and outlived its old charter and gave up only when the authorities would not renew its charter on account of the unusually liberal features of this instrument."

THE NATIVITY OF THE SOUTH.

BY MADGE E. ANDERSON, SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Our South, a land set apart in the history of nations as unique, a land on which the eyes of the world of strong nations have been focused for fifty years! Why? To see her rise renewed in her strength from that abysmal chasm into which she was thrown, a sacrifice, that yawning gulf between slavery and antislavery—antislavery, the revenge that the East and the North instituted as retaliation on the South for the Nullification Act, which would have prevented a tariff being put upon manufactured goods.

In ancient Rome, when the ship of State was endangered, a gulf opened and the chasm refused to close until the fairest of the land was sacrificed—thrown into the abyss. We of this century lived to see this fabled story proved a fact. Why was this nativity? Why was the South born into the world of nations, and yet has no independent nationality? Why? because the gulf of wrong must be closed, and to-day we see the principles of Democracy, those principles that no blare or glare of temptation has won the South to relinquish, accepted from Massachusetts to Florida—the principles upon which our Constitution was founded.

When the heat of fevered interest is over and a calm day comes in our hurried history, the world will say that the South was the kindergarten of the African race. No other peoples had the patience to teach them to become civilized through work—the only gospel of civilization the world of nations has yet found to tame the savage in man.

When the brave little colony of men and women settled on the James River, the grandest embryo of the States to come was conceived—Virginia, the virgin State, destined to be the mother of Washington, that Moses who led the American continent into the promised land of freedom; of Wilson, the Moses who leads that land back to the principles of that Democracy for which Washington and Jefferson suffered—yes, and ten thousand others as brave—principles that the solid South has held, loved, and suffered for for fifty years.

South Carolina had been a refuge for the persecuted Huguenots of France fifty years before this, but they had not been able to form a nucleus for others to gather around. It was from the sturdy stock of English cavaliers and yeomanry and from her twin State, "Maryland, my Maryland," that Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Carolinas first drew their solid citizenship. The Spanish in their pride of conquest had ventured all along the sunny coast lands of Florida and the other Gulf States, the French had added their coterie of brave adventurers, and the elegances of the life of these proud nations did much to bring the life of the old lands into the life of the new. The cities of New Orleans, Mobile, and Pensacola grew and thrived and sent their people pressing on into the central States to meet and intermarry with those who were pressing south. Charleston sprang into life, a city of the world, with elegance of manners, of homes, and all traditions of those homes of the old land were wafted across an ocean and took quick root in the virgin soil of our Southland.

We will go back to brave Maryland, a colony so blessed as to be always free, free of taxation by the crown of England, free from groveling serfdom. Lord Baltimore, that proud man of name and influence with king and Parliament, came to America with a right to the whole State of Maryland and the given right to freedom from home rule. No wonder that in 1861 Maryland's cry went up to the God of nations: "The despot's heel is on thy shore!"

The stalwart Scotch-Irish Presbyterians settled North Carolina and grew in their feudal State, of large plantations, of comfortable homes in the country, and with trading centers on the coast and inland. Until 1861, when the change of war came, North Carolina had no large city in her State lines, yet had made a notable name for herself. The Old North State was a power in the land. In 1848 the brilliant lone star of Texas was added to the constellation of Southern States, the Texas of the Alamo, the Texas of Goliad.

South Carolina has always shown her quick, inflammable French blood, quick as were the followers of brave Coligny to resent wrong. She was the first to favor Boston in her fight with tea, first to spring the Nullification Act when she saw discrimination's dread claw about to fasten on our country, first to secede when State's rights were threatened, and first to fire a gun in a cause she believed was right.

To Virginia belongs the credit of raising the first cry against that blot on England and on her colonies, the indentured slave act which gave to England and then to all Europe a dumping ground, not alone for the undesirable citizen, but for the undesired as well. Thousands of artisans and workers along all lines were shipped over in New England vessels and sold on the shores of this land of new hope that possessed the hearts of men. Sold as slaves white men and white women! The cupidity of men, the great need of laborers for the rich tobacco fields, and the greater need of artisans in the growing factories of the North and East seduced the manhood of our new land and they bought and they sold. But the day came when noble Virginia waked up to the criminal selfishness of such acts, and her voice was so loud and so prolonged in its cry that one by one it was wiped out by the colonies and States, Pennsylvania holding on till 1831 to this pernicious trade.

History shows us what strong men some of these indentured slaves must have been. We read that for a time proud Maryland drew from their ranks most, if not all, of her schoolteachers. And when that crucial day for America came, when the document which was to proclaim equality for all citizens and the right to the pursuit of happiness for all citizens—yes, when that greatest Declaration of Independence the world has ever heard read was to be signed, we find two names on its roll of men who had been indentured slaves—men so strong, so great that, coming to a land with the lowest stigma of disgrace upon them, they had been able to work out their freedom and to stand with the best of the land in her need for brave, free men. One was Secretary of the Continental Congress and one a great general in the Revolutionary War. To-day we bow in reverence and thank God for the nativity of the solid South—the South at whose baptism the sprinkling was not with the pure waters of love from her fellow men of the selfsame nation. No! Her baptism was one of blood, blood shed as freely as was that of the men Washington led against odds not half so great; blood we of the South reverence anew to-day, for we see the nativity of a nation born again into the principles which the solid South gives as a whole law to our united land—democracy.

[In a note with the foregoing Mrs. Anderson states: "I read this paper before the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., No. 476. I am a Tennesseean by birth, and lived through the war times in West Tennessee. General Grant was in my town of LaGrange for several months. I saw my birthplace ruined and the church in which I was baptized turned into a stable."]

STATUS OF SOUTHERN STATES IN WAR OF 1861-65.

Gen. Marcus J. Wright's book about Tennessee is a compilation of names and dates that offers for ready reference a valuable fund of information concerning the part taken by her people in the great War of the States. Other volumes of the series that follow this one are on Alabama, Arkansas, Arizona, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Indian Territory, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, South Carolina, and Texas, the entire list making a library of accessible and accurate information of service to both students and historians.

The volume on Tennessee opens with an eloquent tribute to the State by William H. Stephens, followed by a concise preliminary sketch of Tennessee's history from the election of Governor Harris, in 1856, to the readmission of the State into the Union, in 1866. After this come the following lists, all of them verified by the author's careful and tireless research through the innumerable government records and documents to which he has access:

Officers of the provisional army of Tennessee appointed by Governor Harris and staff of Gen. Robert G. Foster and of Gen. J. L. T. Sneed.

General officers of the Confederate army appointed from Tennessee, with date of appointments and names, rank, and duties of their staff officers.

Artillery officers, C. S. A.

Field officers, regiments, and battalions from Tennessee in the Confederate army and estimate of the number of troops.

Officers in the Confederate States navy appointed from Tennessee.

Members of the Confederate States Congress from Tennessee.

General officers in the Union army from Tennessee.

Register of the regiments of artillery, cavalry, and infantry from Tennessee which served in the Union army, with statement of casualties and promotions and the number of troops, from the official report of the Adjutant General, U. S. A.

Naval officers from Tennessee who served in the Union army.

Members of the United States Congress from Tennessee, 1861-65.

Campaigns conducted and battles, engagements, skirmishes, etc., fought within the limits of the State of Tennessee from 1861 to 1865.

This book is furnished by the VETERAN office at $1, postpaid.

HEIRS OF WEST POINT GRADUATES.

In 1838 Congress passed a longevity bill allowing certain specified increase of pay after each term of five years' service. At first the service of an officer was allowed after his graduation; but in 1868 a bill was passed by which his service was reckoned from the time he entered the Academy, but barring all graduates who became officers in the Confederate army and not those who resigned prior to the war, who either died or did not serve the Confederacy. An effort is now being made by certain gentlemen to have this law repealed, and there is a good prospect that it will be done, in which event the heirs of officers, few if any now living, will receive what is commonly known as "longevity" pay, about $1,500 or less, according to length of service. If dead, their heirs benefit. Capt. Perry M. de Leon, a gentleman of high character, formerly an officer in the Confederate navy, desires to hear from those who have not already employed counsel. See his advertisement in this number.

SEEKS PEDIGREES OF FAMOUS HORSES.

Mr. May Overton, of Nashville, Tenn., wishes to get in communication with survivors of Scott's Louisiana Cavalry, from whom he hopes to obtain information that will throw light on the pedigrees of some famous horses. The following letter has been sent out by him:

"To Surviving Members of Scott's Lousiana Cavalry: Sometime in the early spring of 1862 a Southern cavalryman riding along the pike that leads from Clarksville, Tenn., to Russellville, Ky., and within about three miles of the first-named place, found that his mount was too heavy with foal to carry him any farther. He traded her off to a blacksmith who lived on this pike. The cavalryman stated that she was a very fine mare and would soon bring a foal by a distinguished sire. He seemed distressed at parting with her, but it was unavoidable. In due time the foal came and grew up in the neighborhood and is remembered by many of the old citizens as a magnificent black stallion. The blacksmith gave him the name of Creole. I am endeavoring to trace his breeding for the reason that he forms the basis of the pedigrees of two of the most famous trotting stallions and sires in the world. Substantiating this belief, I find on page 480 of William Preston Johnston's 'Life of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston' that Scott's Louisiana Cavalry was at Fort Donelson and on the north side of the Cumberland River, which would make it necessary for the cavalry retreating to Nashville to pass through Clarksville.

"I hope that the soldier who rode this mare is living, for his own sake, his country's sake, and mine, and that I may hear from him. If he has passed away, then I hope some associate now living can recall this occurrence."

THE BATTLE OF TUPELO, OR HARRISBURG, MISS.

Eugene H. Allman, 121 Old Shell Road, Mobile, Ala., who was a member of the 6th Mississippi Cavalry and was in Forrest's command at the battle of Tupelo, Miss., is now publishing a beautiful map of the battle field of Tupelo (or Harrisburg), Miss., showing the positions of the commands of General Forrest and of Gen. A. J. Smith, with a list of casualties of officers and men which is authentic. The battle was fought July 13-15, 1864. The map is embellished with half-tones of Gens. N. B. Forrest and A. J. Smith and representations of the Confederate and United States flags. It will be sent to any address upon receipt of money order for 50 cents.

T. H. Hightower, of Tasso, Tenn., writes to thank the VETERAN for helping him to locate an old comrade from whom he had not heard in forty odd years. He says: "The old soldier who does not take the VETERAN misses a lot he should know."

G. W. Winters, of Traskwood, Ark., in renewing subscription, writes: "Let it continue to the end of my life, and I hope my children will continue it as long as they live and that my grandchildren and great-grandchildren will take it."

Robert E. Lester, of Jonesboro, Tenn., writes: "I am the son of a Confederate and couldn't possibly get along without the VETERAN. Were I a regular 'old vet,' I believe I would need several copies every month."

W. E. Schubert, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "Send me the VETERAN as long as I live. I won't give it up."

The Direct Route to

Washington Baltimore
Philadelphia New York

and all Eastern Cities from the South and Southwest is via Bristol and the

NORFOLK & WESTERN RY.

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

The Direct Line

to Antietam, Md., Gettysburg, Pa., Manassas, Va. (Bull Run), and other famous battle fields in the Shenandoah Valley and other sections of Virginia.

Best Route to

Richmond Norfolk
and all Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, General Agent Passenger Department, Chattanooga, Tenn.
W. C. SAUNDERS, General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.
W. B. BEVILL, Passenger Traffic Manager, Roanoke, Va.



Miniature Pins, Battle Flag, Finest Cloisonne Enamel Brooch, Button or Hat Pin -:- -:- -:-

No. 2270	
Gold-Plated	$0.25
Rolled Gold	.50
Solid Gold	1.00
Solid Gold, Heavy Weight	2.00
14kt. " " "	3.00

POSTPAID

Special prices on half dozen or more

Illustrated price list of Flags and Confederate Novelties sent on request

Catalogue of Medals, Class Pins, Rings, Trophies, and Banners now ready.

MEYER'S MILITARY SHOP
1231 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D. C.

"The Babe of the Company"
By HAMP B. WATTS

Dedicated to the ladies of Fayette Richmond Grays Chapter No. 148, U. D. C., who will erect a monument to the memory of the brave and fallen Guerrillas in the Fayette battle, Sept. 20, 1864, and to the Confederate soldiers of Howard County, Mo. Price, 25 cents. Address **Mrs. J. H. Finks, Fayette, Mo.**

J. E. Gilman, of Bowie, Tex., writes in behalf of a needy widow who is trying to secure a pension and has not her husband's war record. B. F. McCarty was second lieutenant of a company organized in Clay County, Ga., about Fort Gaines. Any of his surviving comrades will confer a favor by writing to Mrs. McCarty, at Lancaster, Tex., or to Mr. Gilman, telling what they know of his service.

Mrs. Mollie Pollard, the widow of S. or Seaborn Pollard, wishes to learn something of his record as a Confederate soldier in order to secure a pension. She thinks he served in the 33d Georgia Regiment. She can be reached at Quitman, Tex.

Information is urgently asked for a record of the service of R. B. Cooper, a private in Company B, 2d Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A. His widow is seeking a pension, and any comrade who knows of his service will please write to E. Polk Johnson, 1125 Second Street, Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. A. L. Williams, 1325 Garrett Avenue, Dallas, Tex., desires to hear from some one who knew her husband, Tom W. Williams, who enlisted in the Confederate army from Mississippi and was wounded at Shiloh. She knows nothing of his company or regiment or his length of service.

G. W. Hughes, 417 W. Front Street, Tyler, Tex., wants information of the service of George W. Hughes, who was with the 4th Georgia Cavalry, having enlisted in 1861. He was captured and taken to Camp Chase, and after release he served to the end of the war. This information is needed in the effort to secure a pension.

Mrs. E. N. Gardien, 231 Forty-Ninth Street, Birmingham, Ala., wants to hear from any surviving comrades of the naval service with whom her husband served. He was living in Wayne County, Miss., when he enlisted. He was sent to Mobile and served in the commissary department for some time and was then sent to Ship Island, where he was captured in a small skirmish. She thinks he was in Buchanan's command under Captain Rainey.

Mrs. William M. White, of Miller Grove, Hopkins County, Tex., seeks to establish the war record of her husband, William M. (Billie) White, who left his home, in Forsythe, Ga., in 1864 and joined the Tennessee Army—it is thought Waddell's Artillery, Company B, Capt. Henry Bellamy. The battalion was captured at Columbus, Ga., by General Wilson and taken to Macon, Ga., and there exchanged. William White then returned home and later went to Texas, where he married. His widow needs a pension, and will appreciate hearing from any survivors of Waddell's Battalion.

Bronze Memorial Tablets

cast in The Gorham foundries—the finest in world—possess a distinctive charm, dignity and unequaled artistic excellence.

Correspondence invited

The Gorham Company
Fifth Avenue & Thirty-Sixth St.
New York



THE BEST PLACE to purchase all-wool

Bunting or Silk Flags

of all kinds

Silk Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps

and all kinds of Military Equipment and Society Goods is at

Veteran J. A. JOEL & CO., 63 Nassau St.
Send for Price List New York City

CONFEDERATE VETERAN UNIFORMS

Highest Quality Lowest Prices

Tailor-Made to Your Measure

Send for Catalogue No. 341 and cloth samples.

The Pettibone Bros. Mfg. Co.
CINCINNATI

For Over Sixty Years

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world.

James Montgomery, after serving in the Confederate navy as pilot from 1861 to 1863, enlisted in the latter year at Greenville, Hunt County, Tex., in Company D, 2d Texas Cavalry, and served until the war closed. His widow wishes to secure a pension and will appreciate hearing from some comrade who remembers his service and can testify to his honorable discharge. Address Mrs. Emma Montgomery, Ghent, Ky.

Missouri Confederate soldiers desiring the names and addresses of comrades can obtain them by writing to the Adjutant General at Jefferson City, Mo.

G. B. Taylor, of Pecan Gap, Tex., makes inquiry in behalf of Perry Cardin, who served in Company A, 10th Alabama Regiment, and will appreciate hearing from any surviving comrades who can help to establish his record.

Mr. Alvin C. Smith, 2700 First Avenue, Columbus, Ga., would like to purchase some old Confederate and Revolutionary war papers, currency, notes, bonds, official letters, documents, relics, etc. Readers of the VETERAN having any will please write him at once giving description.

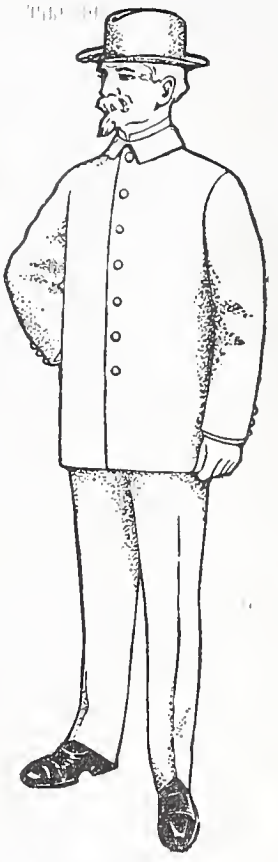
Mrs. Zella H. Gaither, of Texarkana, Ark., care the Baltimore Hotel, would like to hear from some comrades of her husband, Eli Robert Gaither, who belonged to the 18th Missouri Battalion and was with Pemberton at Vicksburg. She needs testimony of his service in order to secure a pension.

Mrs. A. L. Williams, of Breckenridge, Tex., would like to hear from comrades of her husband, Thomas W. Williams, who enlisted in the Confederate service from Mississippi when quite young, but she does not know his command. He was wounded in the hip during the battle of Shiloh. Address Newton Russell, County Treasurer, Breckenridge, Tex.

INFORMATION WANTED.—My brother, Robert D. Fyffe, was a member of one of the bodies of Mississippi Rangers at the siege of Vicksburg. I was a youth when he served. I would like to have some information in regard to him, whether he be living or dead; and if dead, where he died and when. A. C. Fyffe, 87 Hill Street, Wellington, New Zealand.

Mrs. F. E. Hughes, 44 Chestnut Street, Florence, Ala., seeks information of the record of L. W. Hughes as a member of the 7th Arkansas Regiment. He volunteered in a company of that regiment which was made up at Batesville, Ark., or near there. She says a Mr. Dye, now president of some university in Arkansas, was an important personage in the company, but she does not know what rank he held. This information is sought in the effort to secure a pension for his widow.

CONFEDERATE
UNIFORMS
LEVY'S SPECIAL $8.50



Made of onr new "Dixie Gray" cloth, which is woven to our order for these special uniforms. Thoroughly tailored; perfect-fitting. Coat and trousers, with regulation U. C. V. buttons. "Levy's Special" at $8.50. the price made possible only by the large number of these uniforms which we make up for Veterans all over the country every year.

Finer uniforms at moderate prices. Made to order and guaranteed to fit.

Hats, caps, wreaths, cords, buttons, stars, leggins, and insignia of rank of all kinds.

Write for catalog and samples, mentioning the VETERAN.

We make special terms for outfitting whole camps.

LEVY'S Third and Market
LOUISVILLE, KY.



Bronze Memorial Tablets
Designs and estimates free.
Jno. Williams Inc., Bronze Foundry
554 W. 27th St., New York

Cast Bronze Medallion, 6 1-2 inches high, Gen. Robert E. Lee, 75 cents each (postage extra) to readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

"The medallion of Lee is a beauty and much valued."—*Murfreesboro Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy.*

Heirs of West Point Graduates

Who entered the Confederate service, or of those officers who resigned between 1838 and 1860 but did not enter the service, will please address the undersigned. Those who have already employed counsel in the matter of Longevity Pay need not do so. Am associated with lawyers of high standing.

PERRY M. DE LEON
Formerly an Officer of the C. S. Navy
1122 Vermont Ave. Washington, D. C.

The South in History and Literature

By Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford
ATHENS, GA.

850 pages. Price, $1 net; postage, 21 cents.
(Writers since 1906 will be found in supplement being prepared.)

Ku Klux Klan Booklet

Interesting and fascinating, giving absolutely correct history of the origin and objects of this famous and mysterious Klan. Published by the Mississippi Division U. D. C., all proceeds go to erect a monument at Beauvoir, Miss. (home of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy), to the memory of Confederate Veterans. Price, 30 cents, postpaid. Address

Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, Custodian K. K. K. Booklet
WEST POINT, MISS.

I Am the Custodian of the Official U. C. V. Society Button

which only Confederate Veterans who are members of U. C. V. Camps and their wives and daughters are entitled to wear; same may be had by writing me and inclosing the price of same. Gold, $1; plated, 50 cents each.

J. F. SHIPP, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Quartermaster-General, United Confederate Veterans

Gartside's Iron Rust Soap Co.
4054 LANCASTER AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Gartside's Iron Rust Soap (U. S. registered patent No. 3477) removes iron rust, ink, and all unwashable stains from clothing, marble, etc., with magical effect. Good seller, big margins. House-to-house agents and store salesmen wanted. The original, 25c a tube. Beware of infringements and the penalty for making, selling, and using an in ringed article.

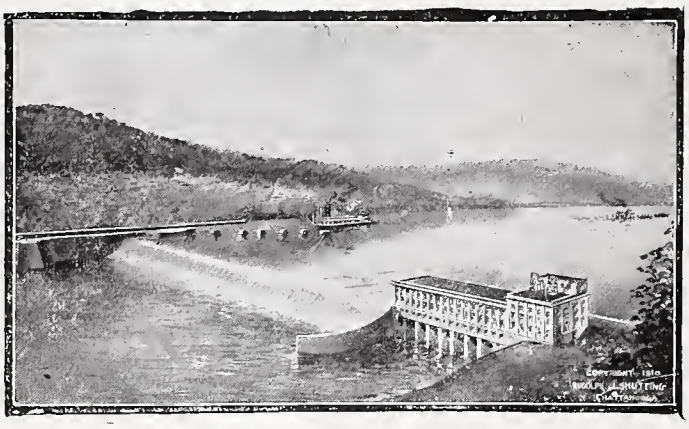
Mrs. Anna Paradise Liflander, 5811 Berlin Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., seeks information of J. or Jonas Paradise, who was a private in Company B, 3d Mississippi Infantry, mustered into service September 29, 1861.

Chattanooga Has Not Forgotten the Confederate Veterans

ON THE CONTRARY, THE DYNAMO OF DIXIE INVITES YOU TO VISIT HER AGAIN THIS YEAR



FIRST POWER PLANT ON OCOEE RIVER
One of Three Sending Cheap Electric Current to Chattanooga



$10,000,000 BRADY POWER PLANT ON TENNESSEE RIVER
Furnishing to Chattanooga Power at Lowest Rates in America

IF YOU ARE GOING TO JACKSONVILLE FROM POINTS NORTH OR WEST OF CHATTANOOGA, YOU CAN HAVE THE TICKET ROUTED THROUGH CHATTANOOGA AND HAVE THE RIGHT TO STOP OVER THERE

MANY of you attended the 1913 Reunion here. But we know as well as you know that with the crowded conditions brought about by that glorious occasion you and your friends could not enjoy Chattanooga's historic spots and scenic charms as thoroughly as you could at a normal time. Perhaps you visited Chickamauga Park and had to miss Lookout Mountain. Or possibly Chickamauga Park was the place you did not reach. Even if you went to all these sacred fields—Chickamauga, Lookout, Missionary Ridge, Orchard Knob, and others—you were in such a hurry you could not look around as much as you wanted to. You said to yourself: "I'll come back some other time."

NEXT MAY WILL BE THAT TIME. ON THE WAY TO JACKSONVILLE OR ON THE RETURN TRIP, STOP OFF AT CHATTANOOGA

Chattanooga has done big things since you left last May. In addition to the features you saw or might have seen then, we now have a fine fireproof hotel on Signal Mountain, which is a part of Walden's Ridge, the name having been changed so as to make it significant of the wilder days when war signal fires burned there in the '60's. Signal Mountain Inn, surrounded by handsome bungalows, tennis courts, driveways and walks, is a pleasant place to rest up in the heated season—at a good, healthy, invigorating height, overlooking the Tennessee River, with mountains all around. And yet the city is visible from the point, and only half an hour away by electric car.

You saw the beautiful, winding Tennessee River when you were here—perhaps went out on it for a short trip. Thirty miles below Chattanooga, by the river, at Hale's Bar, the $10,000,000 Brady Power Plant, one of the largest and best-constructed in the United States, was opened last fall and is now ready to deliver 65,000 horse power to industries and other users. The big dam, great lock where steamers are raised and lowered, and power house furnish unceasing interest to all visitors. A trip by boat reveals the wealth of rugged scenery that the Tennessee River has to offer—scenery that rivals the famous Hudson of our own country and the Rhine across the seas.

Frequent excursions in the summer.

THOSE WHO WERE HERE LAST YEAR KNOW THEY CAN HAVE A PLEASANT TIME ON ANOTHER VISIT. AS FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOT BEEN HERE, ASK SOME ONE WHO HAS, AND YOU WILL BE CONVINCED

You Will Find as Warm a Welcome in Chattanooga as You Did in 1913

Chamber of Commerce, Chattanooga, Tennessee

ALL RAILROAD TICKETS INCLUDE FREE STOP-OVER AT CHATTANOOGA

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Contributors are requested to furnish double-spaced typewritten copy whenever practicable, and to condense as much as possible.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The VETERAN is the best advertising medium for the entire South.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XXII. NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1914. | No. 4. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, FOUNDER.

STATEMENT CONCERNING THE VETERAN.

The VETERAN is owned by the Confederate organizations of the South and is published by the Confederate Veteran Company, organized of the members of the Board of Trust appointed by the late S. A. Cunningham, then owner and publisher. There are no stockholders, no outstanding bonds or mortgages.

THE ANNUAL GATHERING.

The meeting of Confederate veterans in Jacksonville, Fla., in May next represents the Twenty-Fourth Annual Reunion of Confederate survivors. The State of Florida has not before been honored by this great gathering; but if the earnest efforts of her citizens to provide the best entertainment possible for these visitors count for anything, the Jacksonville Reunion will go on record as being one of the most noted.

Although their numbers have diminished sadly since the inauguration of these annual gatherings, interest has not abated but rather increased with the years, and to many a veteran of the Confederacy this is the chief event of the year. To meet and mingle with "the boys" again is compensation for the discomfort of long journeys; and the added hope of finding a favorite comrade of those days of hardships, perhaps not seen since the separation of the surrender, is another inducement to again make one of that happy throng. That there could be recognition with the many changes that time has wrought in the once boyish faces seems a marvel; yet every Reunion witnesses the quick embrace, the happy tears of comrades who have not met since the parting of '65. Where else could there be such loyal fellowship, such communion of soul as among Confederate veterans?



MOROCCO TEMPLE, JACKSONVILLE, FLA., WHERE THE CONVENTION WILL BE HELD.

And what of those who entertain this mighty throng? What is it to them to bring this host within their city's gates? Gen. John B. Gordon, first Commander in Chief U. C. V., brought out this thought at one of the early Reunions, saying:

"What mean these honors to the shattered fragments of those mighty legions which once in the white smoke of battle followed the plume of Lee, of the Johnstons, of Hood, of Forrest, and of Jackson? There can be nothing of self-interest or of self-seeking in this demonstration. These gray-haired soldiers of the sixties have brought to your midst neither merchandise nor gifts nor products to barter. . . .

"There is, there can be, but one explanation. It is the voluntary tribute of noble natures to the noblest of human passions. It is patriotism's offering to that band of unpaid patriots whose record for courage, for constancy, for consistency and consecration has never been surpassed, if ever equaled, either in the annals of peace or of war. It is the response, the rapturous response, made to the question: 'What think you of the Confederate soldier, of his services, his valor, and his devotion to principle?'"

JACKSONVILLE, THE REUNION CITY.

Every annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans is, and has always been, a history-making event. As the years pass, each coming together becomes the more historic because of the lessening number of those who survive and the approach of the time when these great assemblies must be abandoned.

The twenty-fourth annual Reunion at Jacksonville, Fla., to be held May 6-8, will not only be historic in itself, but will have an added interest. The citizens of Jacksonville are making preparations, inspired by the ambition to break all Reunion records both by the number in attendance and in the entertainment provided. The United Confederate Veterans, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and other allied organizations, together with the tens of thousands of other visitors, are to be made the recipients of the warmest welcome to the Peninsula State that the cordiality and hospitality of its people can devise.

The veterans and their friends will be introduced to a city and community proud of its present and loyal to the ideals of the Old South. The State is rich in historic associations and interest, and at the same time is a fit exponent of all that is progressive in the Southern States. Not only the hotels and boarding houses, but the private homes as well, will be open to the Reunion delegates and visitors, and all who go will be cared for. Jacksonville's people will meet them at the depots on arrival, extend the hand of welcome, show them to their temporary homes, and look after their comfort and pleasure while guests of the city.

And Jacksonville is well fitted for doing this. Thousands of tourists from all sections of the country farther north pass through Jacksonville every fall to seek warmth and pleasure along the famed East Coast. Most of them stop in Jacksonville a part of their time to enjoy the many delights and attractions that the city and surrounding country afford. This constant stream of travel has made Jacksonville probably better and more favorably known than any other city on the South Atlantic Coast.

Jacksonville is a new city and yet it is old. Soldiers the country over revere the name of Andrew Jackson, and that this Reunion is to be held in the largest city in the country named in his honor will add to the interest. The city was named for Andrew Jackson as a mark of appreciation of the services rendered to civilization in the Seminole War. Conditions in this territory in 1818 demanded the services of a brave and resolute man. General Jackson was selected by the government to head the movement against the Indians. He invaded East Florida and in less than six weeks crushed the Indians. In one village he found three hundred scalps of men, women, and children, many of them still fresh, hanging on a war pole. Knowing that the Spaniards were in sympathy with the Indians in their attacks on American settlers, after cleaning up the Indian villages General Jackson captured the Spanish post of St. Mark's. For this act he was nominally censured by the government. When he closed the campaign against the Seminoles, he had completely broken their power and run them out of their strongholds. They caused no more serious trouble.

General Jackson obtained satisfactory evidence that Spanish officers at Pensacola were in sympathy with the Indians, and he decided to march against them and teach them a lesson. The Spanish Governor of West Florida sent him a written protest against the invasion, which protest is now among the Jackson documents in possession of the Tennessee Historical Society. His reply to the protest was a peremptory demand for the immediate surrender of Pensacola and Barrancas. They capitulated. Having thus snatched both East and West Florida from the Indians and Spanish, General Jackson established a provisional government under the Stars and Stripes and returned to Tennessee. Without censuring General Jackson, the government restored Pensacola and St. Mark's to Spain, but shortly thereafter Florida was ceded to the United States. General Jackson was made Provisional Governor, served a little more than one year, and was succeeded upon the establishment of a territorial government by William P. Duval as Governor.

In 1822 a number of pioneers held a meeting at the present site of Jacksonville and decided to build a town. The place was then known by the Indian name of the Cow Ford. After perfecting an organization, the place was named Jacksonville.

Florida was situated far south of the great theater of war during the War of the States, but still felt the shock of the



DIGNAN PARK, WHERE CONFEDERATE CAMP WILL BE LOCATED.

conflict. Jacksonville was occupied four different times by the Federals, the purpose of the occupancy being to keep the St. John's River open from its mouth to the head of navigation and to arm the negroes for service in the Federal army. The small Confederate force in East Florida was commanded by Gen. Joseph Finegan. During this occupation Jacksonville was burned by Federal troops.

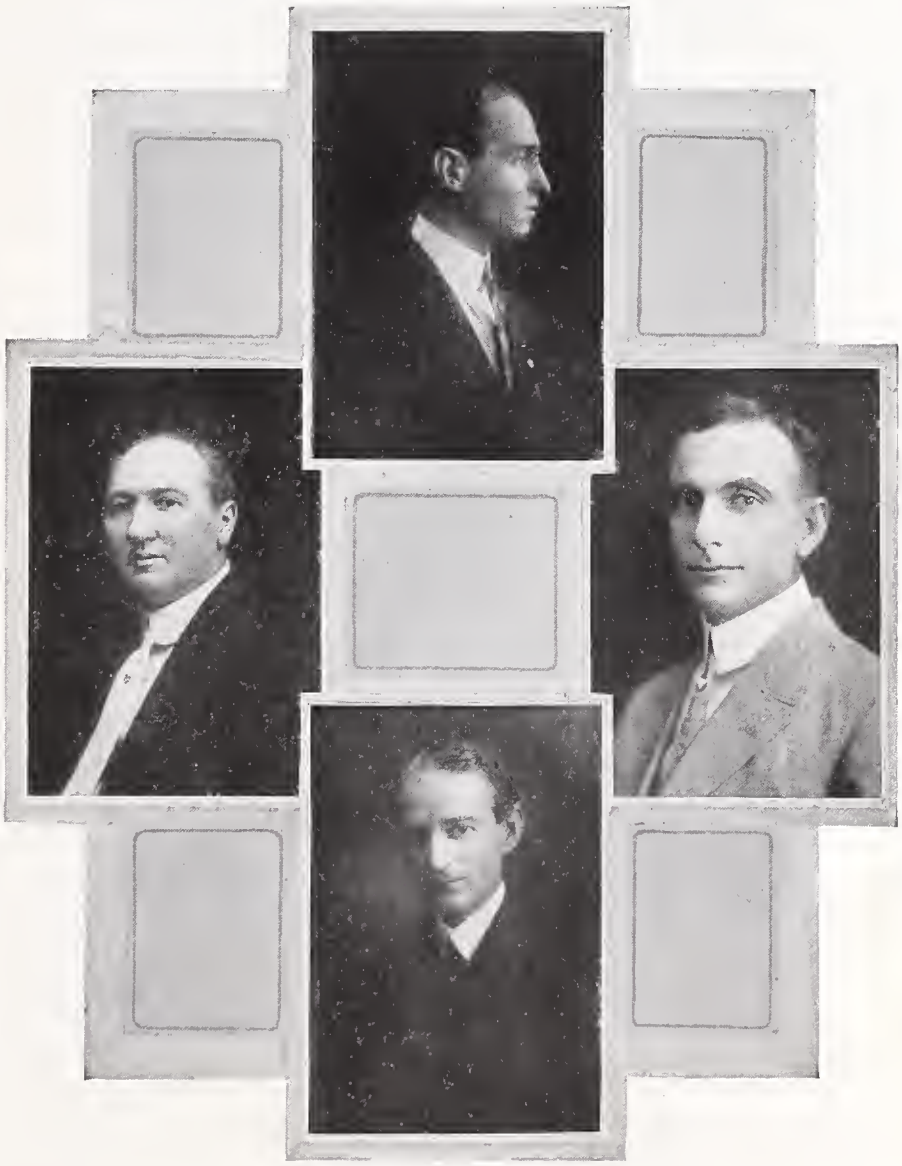
Jacksonville To-Day.

The Jacksonville of to-day has a population of 85,000 and is noted for having one of the greatest deep-water harbors in the world. It has more than seven miles of deep-water front, lined with terminals and large warehouses. The products of Florida and other Southern States are scattered from the Jacksonville port over most of the world. Five railway systems from four different points of the compass, controlling more than 16,000 miles of track, handling millions of tons of freight to and from the city annually, center at Jacksonville. Ocean and railway traffic constitutes a most important factor in the city's prosperity and importance. Ninety passenger trains is the daily record, and three great steamship lines handle the ocean and river traffic.

Jacksonville bank clearings for 1912 were $168,442,388; aggregate deposits in its sixteen banks approximate $22,000,000. The assessed value of taxable property is $58,000,000. Twelve years ago it was but $13,000,000. The municipal tax is 11.5 mills, one of the lowest in the country. The city owns its electric lighting plant and its waterworks, the water supply coming from thirteen artesian wells a thousand feet down, with a daily capacity of 5,500,000 gallons. Its manufacturing plants employ over 4,500 people and annually turn out from $14,000,000 to $15,000,000 in products.

In 1901 fire wiped out practically the entire business section of the city. Since that conflagration more than 13,000 new buildings have been erected, valued at $40,000,000. Modern Jacksonville has thus been practically built in twelve years, many of the new buildings being from eight to fifteen stories high. Other interesting facts about the city are: Post office receipts, $506,248.45; eighty mails handled daily; two hundred rural carriers; new manufacturing enterprises started in 1912, 114, with a total capital of $22,951,000; miles of paved streets, 59; miles of sidewalks, 145; miles of sewers and drains, 95; acres in nine beautiful parks, 104, valued at $1,508,000.

As to Jacksonville's future, here is the prophecy of John W. Lansley: "Judging from the brilliancy of her record and performance, and observing the trend of events which are already inaugurating an unparalleled period of Southern development, the possibilities of Jacksonville's future assume gigantic proportions. The completion of the Panama Canal, which brings to the very doors of the South Atlantic ports the vast west coasts of two continents, is turning the attention of the world to this great and still undeveloped section of the United States. Everywhere we find the same hopefulness and belief in the things that are to come out of the construction of the Panama Canal. With her magnificent thirty-foot harbor of well-nigh unbounded capacity, her unrestricted dock and terminal facilities, her railroads, her industries, her commerce, Jacksonville must ever hold a position of leadership among the seaports of the coast and Gulf."



PROMINENT WORKERS FOR THE JACKSONVILLE REUNION.

H. B. Race, President Board of Trade.
William Foor, President Jacksonville Reunion Association.
D. J. Herrin, Chairman Finance Committee.
Harry B. Hoyt, Member Finanee Committee.

Picturesque Surroundings.

In picturesque surroundings Jacksonville has few if any competitors. Thousands of tourists spend their winters there to enjoy the balmy climate and beautiful scenery of ocean, river, and forest. Then, too, the points of historic interest never fail to draw the visitors' attention.

During the Reunion steamboat excursions will carry veterans and visitors to these points of historic interest and beauty. The beautiful St. John's River, which bounds the city of Jacksonville on the south, is in many respects the most wonderful body of water in America. It is a river of sensations, fed by never-failing springs. At points above Jacksonville it reaches a width of five or six miles, and it is

doubtful if at any point between Jacksonville and Palatka it is less than a mile wide. The Indians called it Welaka, meaning "a chain of lakes." The St. John's is navigable for about two hundred miles, and palatial steamers make regular trips from the city to the head of navigation. The largest ocean-going vessels come to Jacksonville with passengers and freight from all parts of the world.

A visit to the seashore will be another delightful trip. A railroad connects the city and the sea, and a splendid autoway has been built to Atlantic Beach, twenty-seven miles distant. This is one of the finest beaches on the Atlantic Coast and furnishes all the attractions of a perfect resort. Many pronounce it the finest beach on the coast.

Four miles northeast of the city, and reached by electric cars, is a famous ostrich farm, one of the three ostrich farms in America. There the visitor finds one hundred and fifty fine specimens of the curious and useful bird, some of them trained to drive in harness. Adjoining the ostrich farm is the celebrated Florida alligator farm, where all sizes and conditions of the alligator tribe may be seen, several thousand of them, ranging in weight from six ounces to eight hundred pounds. The patriarch of the tribe, two hundred and fifty years old, basks in the sun in his subtropical indolence.

And while the visitors are enjoying these views and mingling with the evidences of modern thrift and business enterprise, they will be given an opportunity to look down the past three hundred and fifty years. All of this territory was in dispute between the French and Spanish, with the wild Indians holding the balance of power between the combatants. The first man to enter the mouth of the St. John's River was Jean Ribault, in command of a company of Huguenots who had left France because of religious persecution. He made his landing on May 1, 1562, fifty years after the landing of Ponce de Leon, at a point to the south of Jacksonville. But he did not ascend the river as far as the city's site.

In 1664, one year after the departure of Ribault, René de Laudonnière, who had been with Ribault on the first expedition, came with another colony of Huguenots and ascended the river as far as the present location of the city. Old Fort Caroline was built at St. John's bluff, several miles below the city, but not a sign of this historic fort remains, not even a slab to commemorate its mournful story.



SPONSOR FOR THE SOUTH.

Miss Corinne Hampton, of South Carolina, Granddaughter of Gen. Wade Hampton.

In May there will be steamboat excursions also to all points of interest along the river and to the great system of jetties constructed by the government at the mouth of the river. These deepened the water on the bar and otherwise aided navigation. The sites of the old forts built nearly four hundred years ago by the French and Spanish can be located by the visitors.

Florida's Generous Provisions.

The assurance of welcome given by Gov. Park Trammell's proclamation, published in the Veteran for March, and the extensive plans formed for making the old soldiers feel at home give confidence, for Florida has never been laggard in loyalty to the Southern cause or to the Southern veterans. The State of Florida pays out more money *per capita* for the support of dependent ex-Confederate soldiers than any other Southern State. Annually $700,000 is being paid by the State to her pensioners. The average yearly amount paid to old soldiers is $122.30, and to widows of Confederate soldiers $120. There are 2,633 soldier pensioners on the rolls of the State and 2,227 widows of Confederates, making a total of 4,860. The fund to support this pension roll is raised by a tax of four mills on the assessed property of the State.

Florida is not only caring for the living, but the memory of the dead is also kept green. In the State there are more than twenty Confederate monuments, erected by public and private means; a home for ex-Confederate soldiers is maintained at Jacksonville; two Confederate monuments have been erected there, and a monument to the women of the Confederacy will be dedicated during the coming Reunion. This monument is similar to the handsome State memorial unveiled last year on the Chickamauga battle field during the Confederate Reunion at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Improving Reunion Methods.

The Jacksonville program will change in at least two important particulars the customary Reunion methods. It is the purpose of the local management to put many, if not all, the old soldiers in hotels, boarding houses, and private homes, where they will live more comfortably and be better entertained than in the camps.

Another change will be that in the parade of the old soldiers, instead of walking, they will ride in carriages and automobiles.

It is realized that a large majority of the veterans are now past seventy years of age. Many of them are physically unable to march two hours in the sun, notwithstanding the fact that they fight it out with their old-time courage and determination. The time is rapidly approaching when the survivors of the war, both North and South, must quit marching in parade as a spectacle for admiring eyes. A Confederate parade brings these facts sharply to the attention.



IN BEAUTIFUL RIVERSIDE PARK, JACKSONVILLE.

These proposed changes were submitted to Gen. Bennett H. Young on a recent visit to Jacksonville, and he enthusiastically approved them. He declared that Jacksonville would be setting a precedent that would be appreciated by the veterans, and paid a high compliment to the citizens who made the proposition.

Jacksonville has full confidence in its ability to carry out these plans. The first change is made possible by superior hotels, boarding houses, and private homes, all of which will be open to the veterans; the second change is easy because of the very large number of automobiles, carriages, and sight-seeing cars in the city. Jacksonville has a greater number of hotels than any city that has entertained the Confederates since the Louisville Reunion. It has four times as many hotels as Chattanooga, and probably the same is true as to Little Rock and Macon. If these cities, two of which broke all records in attendance, took care of all but 4,500 of the visitors, there is no doubt felt in Jacksonville that the city can care for a record-breaking crowd and have room to spare. The average number of veterans cared for at the Chattanooga camp was 4,500. All other visitors were accommodated in the hotels, boarding houses, and private homes of that city. The attendance at the Chattanooga Reunion was about 100,000. Jacksonville can easily accommodate 150,000 because of her superior hotel facilities. And Jacksonville expects a crowd. Every State Division reports that a large crowd will attend. Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri, and those States nearer by are already making arrangements with the railroads to handle the large crowds coming to the Reunion.



MISS ELOISE WASHBURN, OF ALABAMA,
Maid of Honor for the South.

The Social Side.

Jacksonville society is taking great interest in the great Reunion. Owing to the comparatively early date of the Reunion, the Divisions, Brigades, and Camps made the appointments of their sponsors and maids early. These ladies compose the social side of the Reunion. They are considered the official ladies of the occasion and are entertained as such.

The Sons of Confederate Veterans, following in the footsteps of their fathers, maintain organizations in all the Southern States and hold their reunions at the same time and place. They also appoint sponsors and maids of honor. The two closely allied organizations therefore send to each Confederate Reunion several hundred official lady representatives, whose entertainment is one of the difficult but pleasant duties of a Reunion city.

Making out a social program, therefore, for a Confederate Reunion is a task that demands the best talent in the entertainment line. There must be dinners, receptions, trips to points of interest, and anything else in the line of social entertaiment the committee may devise. The crowning event of the week in society, however, is the annual ball for maids and sponsors.

OLD ST. AUGUSTINE.

BY J. G. RICE, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Many points of historic interest lie about Jacksonville. Just south of the city is old St. Augustine, one of the wonders of the American Continent. Situated on the Atlantic Ocean, fifty miles from Jacksonville, St. Augustine will be visited by hundreds of people during Reunion week. This ancient city, with its forts and its missions, its medieval ruins and its narrow streets, together with its modern hotels, is the oldest settlement in America.



A STREET IN OLD ST. AUGUSTINE.

The settlement at St. Augustine antedates that of Jamestown by forty-three years. It is fifty-five years older than the Plymouth colony. Historians write much of Jamestown and Plymouth, poets sing of them as the oldest settlements of the New World, each seemingly oblivious of the fact that St. Augustine is more than a generation older than either.

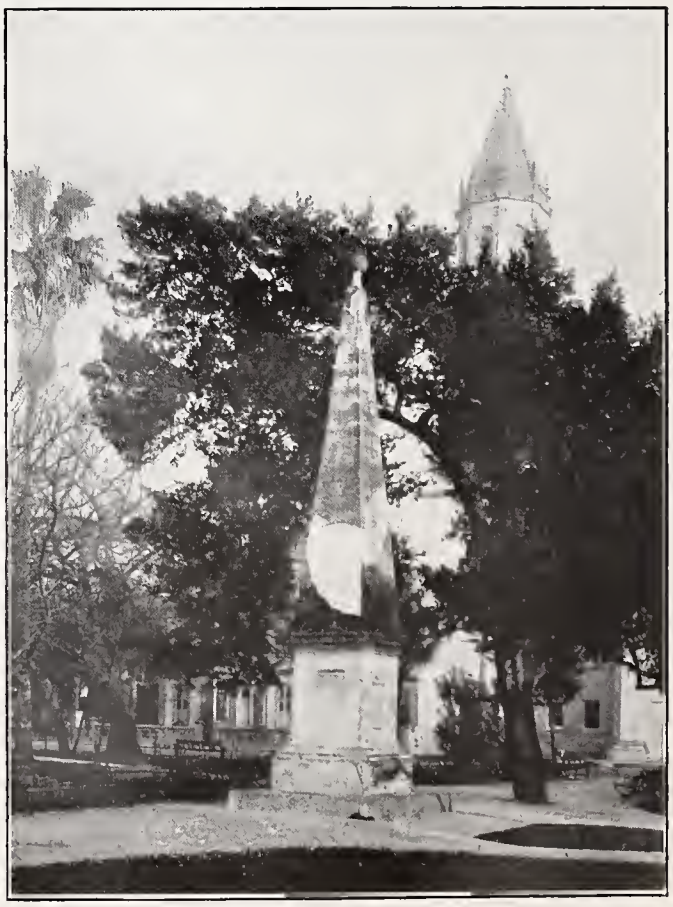
St. Augustine, with its splendid old age and much modernism, is but two hours' ride from the thriving city of Jacksonville, with its modern skyscrapers and twentieth century enterprise. A visit to the ancient city will be one of the many delightful and educative side trips for Reunion visitors. They will enjoy the trip and get a chance to look down the centuries three hundred and fifty years.

For more than two hundred years St. Augustine was the Spanish capital of Florida, and the Florida of those days extended from the Chesapeake Bay to the Pacific Ocean. It was an impregnable stronghold all of those years. Old Fort Marion, begun in 1592 and finished in 1756, is the only medieval castle in America. It cost an enormous sum of money. Repeated heavy drafts of the builders caused the king of Spain to inquire if they were building Fort Marion of gold dollars. The castle stands to-day in perfect condition, guarded by the United States government. The keeper conducts visitors through the castle, down into the dungeons, and shows you rings in the walls where victims of Spanish oppression were chained to die. Report, fairly well authenticated, has it that when the castle fell into the hands of the British two skeletons were found in one of these dungeons chained to the wall. One was of a man, the other a woman. There is something uncanny about these dungeons that cannot be described.

It should be borne in mind that, while there has been great improvement in old St. Augustine, the ancient landmarks have been preserved. The old city gate is intact, and Spanish monuments hundred of years old attract the lover of antiquities. Narrow streets characterized all Spanish towns of medieval times. There are streets in St. Augustine not more than ten or twelve feet wide, each side lined with the same type of buildings that were the custom three or four centuries ago. The old Spaniard held to the doctrine that day was for rest and night for sleep, and he religiously observed his program of belief. The visitor sees much of this lingering belief in the old town to this day, while in another section of the town he finds evidences that Henry M. Flagler put his spirit and enterprise into the community. The Ponce de Leon and the Alcazar are towering monuments to the Flagler spirit. St. Augustine beats the world for buildings that represent the many grades of architecture from 1592 to 1914, or a period of three hundred and fifty years.

The man who delves into antiquities will find much to interest him in Florida, for this State is probably the most wonderful land in America. When the continent was in process of formation, clusters of small islands, poking their heads out of the sea, appeared here and there on the present Florida Peninsula. These clusters of islands are known as the phosphate belt. They were composed of silica, sea shells, and carbonate of lime. There was but little vegetation on them, for the soil had no power of production. In the fullness of time millions of quadrupeds accumulated on these desolate isles. Where they came from, nobody knows. They deposited large amounts of bone and excreta, enriching the soil and stimulating plant life. Thousands of years passed, new islands grew out of the sea, adjacent land became cemented, and through these processes the peninsula of Florida was added to the continent.

Mr. John H. Welch, who wrote most entertainingly on Florida, had in his possession some years ago an ancient coin found several feet under the ground by a negro laborer



SPANISH MONUMENT OVER 200 YEARS OLD, ST. AUGUSTINE.

doing some excavating not far from St. Augustine. No student of ancient or modern coins was ever able to trace this coin to its origin. The conclusion was that it had lain where found fifty thousand years. Visitors to the Smithsonian Institution have noticed the petrified remains of a prehistoric horse taken about twenty-five years ago from the Manatee River. Bones of beasts and human beings have been found in one heap far under the ground at a number of places in the State, leading to the conclusion that thousands of years ago man and beast inhabited the peninsula and were destroyed by some mighty cataclysm. The condition of these remains warrants reputable scientists in figuring their ages at from 35,000 to 100,000 years.

Down at Silver Springs, Fla., there is a "bone yard" from which hundreds of bones have been dug. The vertebræ of whales as much as nineteen inches in diameter have been found there. In a pond near by the petrified remains of a sea monster nearly a hundred feet long are plainly seen. Sometimes this wonderful formation sparkles like a diamond in the sunlight. Scientists believe that the midshipmite of the depths of the ocean and this sea monster are of the same species.

Both ancient and modern Florida are wonderful. The gradual evolution through the works of nature of a sea waste into the garden spot of America forms a most wonderful story in geology and topography. The traveler of to-day looks out of a car window on fields and gardens green with vegetation and sparkling with flowers, and wonders how it was that a combination between man and nature accomplished the change. He beholds these wonderful Florida cities and towns, alive with modern energy and enterprise, shipping fruits and vegetables to all parts of the country, and a stream of gold flowing back in exchange. He sees railroads and steamships carrying an immense tonnage of freight between the Florida producer and the foreign consumer. Florida is the great fruit and vegetable market of the nation.

A Confederate Reunion held under and among such attractive environments is something new and attractive. To visit these points of historic interest and enjoy the hospitality of the people of Jacksonville will be a privilege that the veterans and their friends can enjoy but once.



RUINS OF OLD FORT MATANZAS, ST. AUGUSTINE.

REUNION.

BY GRACE IMOGEN GISH, ROANOKE, VA.

Along the many-peopled street
A shout, a cheer, with joy replete,
From every heart and throat they leap;
Then sudden silence as to weep—
  Hush! Wait! The Southern soldiers come!

With hearts as loyal and as true
As Southern skies are high and blue,
With banners bright that flaunting wave
Above the gay, above the grave,
  In steady file the soldiers come.

To music throbbing quick and low
We watch the long line marching go,
With steady swing from left to right,
Far, far into the sunset light,
  And still, gray-clad, the soldiers come.

So may we think that in that land
Where angels wait on every hand
At sound of many marching feet
They stop their anthems to repeat:
  "Hush! wait! The Southern soldiers come!"



OLD FORT MARION, ST. AUGUSTINE, THE ONLY MEDIEVAL CASTLE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

REUNION.

We are gathered here a feeble few
Of those who wore the gray—
The larger and the better part
Have mingled with the clay;
Yet not so lost but now and then
Through dimming mist we see
The deadly calm of Stonewall's face,
The lion front of Lee.

—*Henry Lynden Flash.*

ABSENT.

The story is told that in a fierce engagement on the high seas an admiral, lashed to a mast, was directing the movements of his fleet when killed by a cannon ball of the enemy. His government decreed that thereafter in every roll call of the navy his name should be called and the response given: "Absent, but accounted for."

Amidst the cheer of meeting and greeting comrades at Jacksonville next month there will come thoughts of those whose presence once added to the joy of reunion time. Though they have passed on to a grander reunion, in spirit they will again mingle with the boys in gray. Again we see the peerless Gordon holding sway over the great convention and hear his ringing call of "Comrades!" arousing them to duty, while the spirit of Stephen D. Lee abides in his last thought: "Do they love us still in Dixie?"

There were many leaders of the Confederacy still living when the Confederate Veteran Association was organized; and such men as Kirby Smith, John B. Gordon, Stephen D. Lee, "Tige" Anderson, James Longstreet, Joseph Wheeler, and others were seen and heard in the conventions. One by one they have dropped out, until now there is but a remnant of that noble leadership to receive the homage of their devoted followers. Others of lesser rank and those of the great body of the Confederate soldiery who gave their best efforts for the good of the organization have passed in even greater proportion, and the gaps in the thin gray line grow wider with each yearly review.

When the veterans of the South assemble at Jacksonville next month there will be missing one who never before failed to meet with them. Though holding no official position in the big association and taking no part in the proceedings of the convention, few others were more eagerly looked for at such time and nothing more patiently awaited than a chance to greet this friend universal. He will not be seen again, but he will be there in the spirit of comradeship that did not grow less with him in the intervening years. To others he has left the vindication of the cause for which the Southern soldier fought and to them consigned the ideals that made that cause glorious. Loyal to them in word and act, when the silent call is made of that invisible throng the name of S. A. Cunningham will bring response in tender thought: "Absent, but accounted for."

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C.

Your President General desires to call attention to the following and urges you to earnest effort for its accomplishment:

"*Resolved* by the United Daughters of the Confederacy in general convention assembled in New Orleans, La., November 12, 1913, That we ask each Division represented to appoint a committee of five to bring before the Congressmen of their respective States the matter of the cotton tax collected from 1862 to 1868, and request that our Congressmen coöperate and pass a bill to return this money to the States from which collected, and that these States return the same to its legal owners, their wives and heirs.

A copy of an address, "Secret Political Societies in the South During the Period of Reconstruction," delivered before the faculty and friends of Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, was sent me recently. Professor Cook, a Northerner by parentage and education, a Northern historical student, attempting to read both with the heart and eyes, dedicated this address to the Alexander H. Stephens Chapter, Ohio Division, U. D. C. This Chapter wishes to sell copies of the address to raise money to offer a prize in Western Reserve University for the best essay on some subject pertaining to Southern history. This object has your President General's hearty indorsement, and she hopes it will receive your hearty coöperation. The address is beautifully written, interesting, just, and impartial, and can only elicit your approval.

I trust that all Chapters are busy with plans to send our veterans to the Reunion in Jacksonville, Fla. The time is fast approaching.

With an abiding interest in whatever nearly concerns you, I am, faithfully,

DAISY MCLAURIN STEVENS,
President General U. D. C.

IN HONOR OF PRESIDENT GENERAL, U. D. C.

Mrs. Roselle C. Cooley, of Jacksonville, will entertain during Reunion week in honor of Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, of Mississippi, President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. Cooley is one of the most prominent members of the organization, having been a member of the Executive Board, President of her State Division, Director in the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, appointed by the Governor on the Olustee Monument Commission, and acting on this commission as Chairman of the Committee on Location, Contract, and Construction. Mrs. Cooley has a nation-wide reputation as a parliamentarian and has served on three general committees on revision of the Constitution and By-Laws of the U. D. C.

DEDICATION OF ARLINGTON MONUMENT.

The date for the unveiling of the Confederate monument at Arlington has been postponed to June 7. Delay in securing material for the foundation prevents its being ready for the earlier date of April 27, as first announced.

Maj. Alexander Hunter, of Silver Springs, Md., has been appointed by Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, Assistant Adjutant General on his staff. Major Hunter was a member of the famous Black Horse Cavalry and is known widely as the author of "Johnny Reb and Billy Yank" and "The Women of Mosby's Confederacy."

FLORIDA IN THE WAR.

While far from the centers of military operations during the war, Florida, in proportion to her population, had her share of fighting. This State was one of the original thirteen States and knew her right to secede. She did secede on the 10th of January, 1861, but declared against any act of hostility against the forts and military posts unless they became guilty of overt acts against the State, her cities, or her troops. Anticipating a demand for surrender, however, the Federals withdrew from the navy yard at Pensacola and Fort Barrancas and retired to the strongly fortified Fort Pickens, removing the stores and spiking the guns. After the declaration of war, Floirda furnished as large a quota of soldiers to the Confederacy as her sister States and prepared to resist, but could not hope to fortify her 1,400 miles of coast line. The only important forts were in the enemy's hands, and after several boats were captured by the Confederates the Federals established a blockade. The first battle with loss of life was when the Federals captured and burned the Confederate schooner Judah on September 14, 1861, afterwards withdrawing with a loss of three killed and thirteen wounded.

The most imposing military demonstration of the war in Florida was on November 22 and 23 of the same year, an artillery battle between Forts Pickens and McRee. The result was indecisive and losses small. Quiet then prevailed at Pensaeola till January 1, 1862, when a Confederate steamer burned a storehouse on shore. Following the disasters in Kentucky and Tennessee, the Florida forts were abandoned, the Confederates destroying supplies and dismantling as far as possible Forts McRee and Barrancas. Jacksonville capitulated to the enemy March 12, 1862. Troops were then organized throughout the State, the enemy concentrating in St. John's River. In the spring of 1863 the boilers of the gunboat Chattahoochee exploded above Apalaehicola, killing sixteen men. The boat was raised and repaired.



HOTEL ARAGON, OFFICIAL REUNION HEADQUARTERS.

The Olustee campaign was the most notable of the war in Florida. Admiral Dahlgren, with five gunboats and 7,000 men, landed at Jacksonville on February 7, 1864, and on the 8th Brigadier General Seymour, commanding the Federals, began advancing rapidly in three columns, capturing a number of towns. General Finegan, in command of the Florida troops, gathered reënforcements and on the 13th moved to the Olustee. Near Lake City were five thousand Confederate troops well fortified in their position, but the battle raged some distance east of the line selected by the defense. The enemy occupied the second crossing of the railroad.. Colonel Clinch attacked, but the larger force of the enemy compelled retirement in good order. The skirmishing continued down to the first railroad crossing, where Colonel McCormick drove back the enemy, taking one hundred and fifty prisoners. The ground was stubbornly eontested. The enemy were pressed back for three miles, when darkness stopped the battle. That night the enemy retreated to Sanderson, leaving their killed and wounded in Confederate hands. Four hundred were buried, four hundred and eighteen taken wounded from the field, and two hundred prisoners were captured by General Finegan. The enemy reported a total loss in the campaign of 1,816 in killed, wounded, and prisoners. They also lost five guns, one set of colors, 1,000 stands of arms, and 130,000 rounds of ammunition. The victory was complete, and the enemy retired, thereafter evacuating Barbers and Baldwin and falling back on Jacksonville. The Confederate Congress thanked General Finegan, his officers, and his men for their skill and gallantry.

But while the victory was complete, the enemy still had the advantage in that the Confederates had not sufficient force to pursue vigorously. The Federals fell back to their two thousand men in the rear and fortified so as to make their position impregnable to the force the Confederates could muster. The Federals had 12,000 or 15,000 men, backed by their gunboats. General Beauregard arrived about this time, and his presence infused new spirit into the army, which he reorganized and then returned to South Carolina. Colonel McCormick's men continued to skirmish, and in a sharp four-hour battle at Cedar Creek they put the enemy to flight.

The defensive campaign then became active. Maj. Gen. Patton Anderson had been assigned to the command of Middle and East Florida March 4, 1864, when the enemy held Jacksonville with 12,000 men. The Confederate forces numbered 8,300. General Finegan made an effort to eapture Palatka, but the enemy were in strong force and well fortified, and after six weeks of skirmishing remained in Palatka. Lieutenant McEaddy, with twenty-five men, captured the enemy's garrisons at Welaka and Fort Butler—eighty-eight men with their arms and equipment. In April both armies began sending men to South Carolina, and during the summer the Confederate problem was to cover the area between St. Mary's and St. John's Rivers with so small a force. The Federals still had a strong force at Jacksonville.

On May 23 Captain Dickinson, with Bate's Battery, after a sharp fight, captured the steamer Columbine, which had passed up the river. He found only sixty-six of the crew of one hundred and forty-eight men alive. The boat was burned to save her from recapture. Skirmishing continued, and finally the Federals were driven from Palatka with loss, the Confederates holding the place for several weeks. The enemy took Baldwin again and held it till they retired to Jacksonville after their defeat at Gainesville several weeks later. This Gainesville victory saved South and East Florida.

General Ashboth, in charge of a Federal expedition, started to capture Tallahassee in September, 1864, but was driven back at Marianna and retreated to Pensacola. The Federals were again defeated at Green Cove Springs October 23 in a sharp engagement. At the same time they began the invasion of the Gulf Coast towns, which had small means of resisting. By a brilliant victory at Braddock's farm seventy-five of the enemy and a wagon train were captured. On February 15, 1865, the Federals were defeated at Cedar Keys, but meantime they were landing men at the coast towns. In another effort to capture Tallahassee they landed troops from Cedar Keys, Punta Rassa, and Key West at St. Mark's and marched toward Newport. They were attacked at Natural Bridge and driven back. Among the papers captured was an order from the commanding general, John Newton, promising his negro troops that they should sack Tallahassee if the expedition succeeded. Between February 3 and March 6, 1865, from the report of Gen. Sam Jones, the Confederates had killed, wounded, and captured a number of the enemy equal to one-third the entire Confederate forces and had recaptured much stolen property.

Shortly thereafter, April 9, 1865, came the surrender of Lee's army and the end of the war.

FLORIDA HEROES IN THE WAR.

Florida not only furnished her quota of troops to the Confederacy, but furnished military leaders who aided in winning many of the great battles of the war. Signal skill and bravery were displayed by them, and particularly in the State a wonderful vigilance was necessary to guard the long coast line with the important defenses in the hands of the enemy. The expedition against Santa Rosa Island, planned by General Bragg in revenge for the enemy's annoyances and under command of Gen. R. H. Anderson, is graphically described in his report. Of the expedition as a whole, General Bragg said that it was a most daring and successful feat of arms, "an achievement well worthy of the gallant men who executed it."

Gen. William A. Owens, one of the largest planters in the State, organized the first Florida volunteer independent company in Marion County, which Gen. R. E. Lee, on a visit of inspection of the troops, pronounced the finest-looking and most superbly mounted company he had seen, not excepting the Black Horse Cavalry, of Virginia. Captain



REPRESENTING ARKANSAS AT JACKSONVILLE REUNION.

Maj. Gen. J. R. Gibbons, Commanding Arkansas Division, U. C. V.

Miss Edwina Parker Reid, of Little Rock, Maid of Honor. Miss Hazel Price Davis, of Stuttgart, Sponsor.

Mrs. Paul G. Matlock, of Fordyce, Matron of Honor.

Owens was forced by ill health to retire after the evacuation of Santa Rosa Island, but kept up till the end of the war his work for the Confederacy.

Maj. J. J. Dickison, fitted for cavalry service as a staff officer of General Hardee in South Carolina, organized a cavalry company which was made an artillery company later, Captain Martin in command. Captain Martin saw most active service near Chattanooga and in Kentucky. He served two terms in Congress and returned to the field. He was assigned to the command of six infantry companies in Florida, afterwards consolidated into the 9th Florida, and ordered to Virginia, where they passed through many sanguinary conflicts with distinction.

After organizing the company before referred to, Lieutenant Dickison withdrew, preferring cavalry service, and under orders from General Finegan organized a company to complete the 2d Florida Cavalry Regiment, which elected him captain. The company was at Gainesville and Jacksonville on duty and was ordered to Palatka, where it took part in much fighting and made many important captures of men and supplies. Later this company went to Yellow Bluff and afterwards to Camp Finegan. In 1864 Captain Dickison was given command of all the State troops called into service by general orders of July 30. After the fight at Palatka these men performed picket duty along the St. Johns; and when the Federals moved simultaneously from Jacksonville and Green Cove Springs toward Baldwin, Captain Dickison followed to Gainesville and directed the battle there, capturing three hundred men, two hundred and sixty horses, and many stores. His name was now held in terror by the enemy, who sent out at least one unsuccessful expedition for the purpose of capturing him. He defended Marianna and won a victory at Green Cove Springs in October. He drove back the enemy, which outnumbered his troops six to one, at Cedar Keys; and till the war closed he was always wherever fighting was most to be expected.



MAJ. J. J. DICKISON.

Brig. Gen. Joseph Finegan was a prominent lawyer and statesman in Florida before the war, and in 1861 he was placed by Gov. John Milton at the head of military affairs in the State. His commission as brigadier general was given him in April, 1862; and until the battle of Olustee he commanded the district of Middle and East Florida. Early in 1864 General Gilmore, commanding the Department of the South, decided to try to overrun Florida and annex it to the Union. An army under General Seymour and a fleet under Admiral Dahlgren attempted the task, and General Finegan was called upon for skillful generalship and courageous firmness. So well did he respond that a signal victory was obtained at Olustee and the Federal enterprise entirely defeated. He was sent to Virginia in May, participated with bravery in the battle of Cold Harbor, and won distinction on the memorable 3d of June. Grant's charging columns broke through a weak point in Breckinridge's line. Immediately Finegan rushed into the breach and in a desperate fight drove back the assailants with heavy loss to Hancock's troops. He served with the Army of Northern Virginia until March 2, 1865, when he was again assigned to duty in Florida. After the war he resumed his law practice and died at Sanford, Fla., in October, 1885.

Brig. Gen. Jesse Johnson Finley was born in Wilson County, Tenn., in 1812. He studied law, but raised a company and served as captain in the Seminole War. He moved to Florida in 1846, became prominent in politics, and was appointed judge of the west circuit in 1853. He was made judge of the Confederate court in 1861, but quit to enter active service as a private and was promoted to captain and then colonel of the 6th Florida. He served in East Tennessee, in the Kentucky campaign, and led his regiment in the battle of Chickamauga. He was commissioned brigadier general in November, 1863, commanded a brigade at Missionary Ridge, was in the battle of Resaca in the May campaign, and was there severely wounded. He was wounded again at Jonesboro, but refused to take the train till his wounded men were embarked, and barely escaped capture. During the subsequent campaigns of General Hood he was physically unfit for duty. He was with General Cobb at Columbus when Wilson's Federal troops entered, and escaped to Eufaula, soon after which hostilities ceased. He served afterwards in Congress and for a short term in the United States Senate.

Maj. Gen. William Wing Loring was a soldier from boyhood, fighting Indians in the swamps and Everglades of Florida when fourteen years of age. He was appointed second lieutenant in 1837, serving in the Seminole War, and he fought under General Scott in all the battles of the Mexican War from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. He crossed the continent to Oregon in 1849 with a train of six hundred mule teams and held command of the Department of Oregon until 1851. After he went to Europe and studied the mili-



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT ST. AUGUSTINE.

tary systems, he was placed in command of the Department of New Mexico. Then came the War of the States, and he joined the Confederacy. In 1861 he was commissioned brigadier general, succeeding Gen. Robert Garnett in West Virginia. During the war he was successively in command of the Army of Southwest Virginia and of the 1st Corps of the Army of Mississippi, where he for a time had charge of Fort Pemberton, at Vicksburg. Cut off from the rest of the army at Baker's Creek, he marched eastward and joined General Johnston at Jackson, thus escaping being shut up and captured in Vicksburg. During the Atlanta campaign he commanded a division in Polk's Corps, and after the death of Polk he commanded the corps itself until the appointment of Gen. A. P. Stewart. After the war he was inspector general in the Egyptian army, commandant of Alexandria, and in charge of the defenses of Egypt. He died in 1886.



GEN. PATTON ANDERSON.

Gen. Patton Anderson was born in Tennessee in 1820 and learned the art of war during the conflict with Mexico. He moved to Florida just before the Confederate war, went into it with heart and soul, and in 1861 was colonel of the 1st Florida Infantry Regiment. In October he was in the fight on Santa Rosa Island. Early in 1862 his regiment was transferred to Corinth, and it was among the foremost fighting at Shiloh. At Perryville he was in charge of the extreme right; and at Murfreesboro he commanded Walthall's Brigade, of Withers's Division, Polk's Corps. The part he played in that battle was inferior to none. It was his brigade which was ordered to take three batteries "at any cost," and it took them. He subsequently commanded Chalmers's Brigade, and then in the Chickamauga campaign he was in command of Hindman's Division. General Longstreet mentioned him as distinguished for conduct and ability at Missionary Ridge. In February, 1864, he was promoted to major general and assigned to the district of Florida; and after five months there, in July, 1864, he was ordered to report to General Hood at Atlanta, where he was given his old division. He was in the battle of Ezra Church and was wounded in the fighting at Jonesboro. He was absent from the army until March, 1865, when, against the advice of his physicians, he returned to the army and was with it till the surrender at Greensboro, N. C. He returned to Tennessee after the war and died in Memphis in 1873.

Brig. Gen. William Miller was in command of a battalion which was consolidated with McDowell's Battalion of the 1st Florida Regiment after the battle of Shiloh, and after that Colonel Miller commanded the 1st Regiment in the operations culminating in the battle of Perryville, Ky. When General Brown was wounded, Colonel Miller led the brigade through the rest of the fight. At Murfreesboro, in the magnificent but disastrous charge of Breckinridge's Division, Miller was wounded while bravely leading his regiment, retaining his command despite his wounds. He was commissioned brigadier general on August 2, 1864; then sent to Florida to complete the organization of the reserve forces, and afterwards placed in command of the district of Florida. This post he held until the end of the war.

Brig. Gen. Francis A. Shoup was an Indiana man, a graduate of West Point, and served in the Seminole War. He was practicing law when war was declared, and he espoused the cause of the South. Under the Governor's orders he erected a battery at Fernandina, and was successively lieutenant, major, and chief of artillery, in which latter capacity he served at Shiloh. It was he who massed the artillery against Prentiss's position on the memorable first day at Shiloh, thus becoming an important factor in the capture of that fine body of Union troops. He was in the battle of Prairie Grove, in Arkansas, with Hindman. He was promoted to brigadier general in September, 1862; and in April, 1863, was ordered to Mobile as chief of artillery for General Buckner. Commanding a Louisiana brigade, he was captured in Vicksburg, but was exchanged and afterwards served as chief of artillery to Gen. J. E. Johnston. Due to his management, not a gun was lost in the several retreats of the Army of the Tennessee from Dalton to Atlanta in 1864. Upon the removal of General Johnston, General Hood made Shoup his chief of staff. After the fall of Atlanta he was relieved at his own request. Following the war he was in the chair of mathematics in the University of Mississippi, where he studied for the ministry and took orders in the Episcopal Church, of which he had become a member while the army was in camp at Dalton. He was rector at Nashville and at New Orleans, filled the chair of metaphysics at the University of the South, and was noted as the author of a number of textbooks and as a man of literary attainments.



GEN. MARTIN L. SMITH.

Another man of Northern birth who fought for the South was Maj. Gen. Martin L. Smith, a New Yorker and graduate of West Point. He had served in the Mexican War, made surveys for the improvement of Savannah River and for a ship canal across Florida, and was commissioned captain for fourteen years' service. He resigned his commission April 1, 1861, offered his services

to the Confederacy, and was at once commissioned major in the corps of engineers. In this position his services were such that he was commissioned brigadier general in April, 1862, and assigned to the Army of Northern Virginia, but was soon after sent west. He performed important duties at New Orleans and planned and constructed the defenses of Vicksburg; was chief in command in December, 1862, and repulsed General Sherman's attack; commanded a division in the May (1863) campaign. More than any other Confederate general, he was identified with the romantic story of the famous stronghold on the great river, the loss of which doomed the cause for which he fought. He had been promoted to major general in November, 1862. After his exchange, following his capture at Vicksburg, he returned to the army, his last service being at Mobile. He did not long survive the war, dying at Savannah on July 29, 1866.

Brig. Gen. William S. Walker began his career as a midshipman in the United States navy, was lieutenant in the Mexican War, and was still in the United States service at the time of the threatened seizure of Fort Pickens, commanding the United States ship-of-war Brooklyn. After the secession of Florida he resigned and entered the Confederate service as captain of infantry. He was promoted to colonel in 1862, and after an important victory in South Carolina he was promoted to brigadier general and was in command of the third military district of South Carolina. His position required great diligence and watchfulness to protect the coast from invasion. While in command at Kinston, N. C., he was called to assist General Beauregard in the defense of Petersburg, and during a fight there he was so severely wounded as to render the amputation of a foot necessary. He was captured, exchanged in the fall, and placed in command at Weldon. He was commanding in North Carolina when the war ended. Soon after the war he moved to Georgia and afterwards became a citizen of Atlanta.

Brig. Gen. Edward Aylesworth Perry was a Massachusetts man who went to Alabama and was admitted to the bar. In 1857 he moved to Pensacola to practice law. He adopted the sentiments of the South, raised a company, and was elected captain. His company became a part of the 2d Florida, of which he was made colonel in May, 1862. The regiment was sent to Virginia, where it was in the battle of Seven Pines and in the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond. From the first this regiment was conspicuous for its bravery and efficiency. At Frasier's Farm Colonel Perry was severely wounded, and upon his recovery he was commissioned brigadier general and placed in command of the newly organized Florida brigade, which he led at Chancellorsville. At Gettysburg Perry's Brigade closed up to the Federal lines and once broke through, but for lack of support had to withdraw. No other brigade at Gettysburg suffered greater loss than Perry's. In the battle of the Wilderness Perry was again severely wounded. After the war he practiced law in Pensacola, took an active interest in politics, and was elected Governor in 1884. He died a year after the expiration of his term.

Brig. Gen. Theodore Brevard commanded a battalion in the brigade of General Finegan and participated in the battle of Olustee, for a time decisive of the fate of the State, thwarting the Federal scheme for conquest and reconstruction. He went with the brigade to Richmond in 1864, and was in the battle of Cold Harbor, leading his battalion. He was made colonel of the 11th Florida in August, 1864, and promoted to brigadier general March 22, 1865, a promotion richly deserved. When peace came he returned to Florida, and lived to the end of his days loved and esteemed by his people.

Brig. Gen. Robert Bullock had organized a company in Marion County; and when the 7th Florida was organized he was made lieutenant colonel. In 1862 the regiment served in East Tennessee, and on June 2 he was commissioned colonel. The 7th Florida was in the Chickamauga fighting and did valiant service there. They fought at Missionary Ridge and in the Atlanta campaign. During the campaign into Tennessee Colonel Bullock led Finley's Brigade with heroic courage, always executing orders with zeal and alacrity. Out of the Tennessee campaign he came with the rank of brigadier general.

Brig. Gen. W. G. M. Davis forsook his law practice and raised a regiment in 1861, being commissioned colonel of the 1st Florida Cavalry and put in command of the provisional forces of East Florida. The chief business of the regiment was to watch the movements of the enemy and to prevent raiding and penetration of the interior. In March, 1862, he was ordered to report to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, and his regiment was assigned to East Tennessee. In November of that year he was commissioned brigadier general and placed in command of the Department of East Tennessee. His scene of operations was a wild and difficult mountain region, where the people were opposed to the Confederacy. In May, 1863, he resigned from the service.



MISS KATHERINE TODHUNTER, OF LEXINGTON, MO.,

National Maid of Honor in 1913, representing her State as Sponsor for the Jacksonville Reunion, 1914.



GEN. B. H. YOUNG, COMMANDER IN CHIEF U. C. V.

Gen. Bennett H. Young, fifth Commander in Chief U. C. V., is a native of Kentucky and followed the gallant Morgan as a Confederate soldier. He has long been prominent in the organization, having passed through all the grades as Camp Commander, Adjutant General of Division, Division Commander, Department Commander, and Commander in Chief since the Reunion at Macon, Ga., in 1912. General Young is noted as an orator and a forceful writer.

GEN. A. D. WILLIAMS, U. C. V., OF FLORIDA.

Perhaps the youngest member of the Florida Division, U. C. V., who saw actual service in the Confederate army is Gen. A. D. Williams, of Jacksonville, who is Assistant Adjutant General on the staff of Commander in Chief Bennett H. Young. He enlisted as a private in Company I, 47th Georgia Infantry, in August, 1862, at the age of fifteen, and served continuously with this command, attaining the rank of first sergeant when only seventeen years of age.

In all the fighting, marching, and starving of the Army of the West his regiment was particularly prominent. Beginning at James Island, S. C., his command took part in the battles of Secessionville, Jackson, Miss., Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Dalton, Resaca, Oostanaula, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Atlanta, John's Island, Honey Hill, Tulafinny, Pocotaligo, Rivers' Bridges, S. C., Averysboro, and Bentonville, N. C., surrendering at Goldsboro, N. C., in April, 1865, with Johnston's army.

After the war he finished his education at South Carolina College, and in 1880 graduated from South Carolina Medical College at the head of his class. He located in Jacksonville in 1886 and practiced his profession successfully until the breaking out of the Spanish-American War, when he volunteered his professional services to the United States army and was in active duty in Cuba and Porto Rico until the close of that war. When the volunteers were mustered out, Dr. Williams was retained in the United States army and served in Porto Rico and the Philippines till 1904, retiring with the rank and commission of captain and assistant surgeon. Since then he has been prominently identified with the National Guard, taking an active part in its encampments, field maneuvers, and schools of instructions. He has always been interested in the organization of the U. C. V., and in the establishment of the Confederate Home at Jacksonville he was an active factor.

General Williams is a native of Georgia; and his father, Col. Gilbert W. Williams, who commanded the famous Georgia regiment known as the "Fighting 47th," was a member of the Congressional Convention which passed the ordinance of secession that enrolled Georgia as the fifth State of the Confederacy. At the time young Williams was not quite fourteen years of age, but he was a pronounced secessionist. In front of their plantation home, in Liberty County, Ga., he had erected a large flagpole from which floated a banner on which he had painted the picture of a coiled snake with the suggestive motto: "Don't tread on me." From that same pole probably floated the first Confederate flag hoisted after the formal adoption of the stars and bars as the flag of the Confederacy. Arrangements had been made with Colonel Thomson, then editor of the Savannah Morning News, to telegraph Mrs. Williams the design of the flag adopted; and when the message came, late on the night of the 4th of March, 1861, young Aaron Williams hurried home, and his mother helped him to fashion the flag, for which material had been provided, and with the coming of the dawn, March 5, his flag floated in the air of freedom.



GEN. A. D. WILLIAMS.

THE VETERANS.

BY GRACE O. GIDDINGS, ENOSBURG FALLS, VT.

The veterans are passing from the stage of life, we know;
They're keeping step to music that is solemn, faint, and slow.
The melody of angel bands from a land so far away
Doth summon all the veterans from the ranks of blue and gray.

The veterans are marching now so stately and sedate;
They're going on to victory beyond the pearly gate;
For they hear the martial music that doth summon them away
From earthly scenes and trials to the realms of perfect day.

The gray and blue are marching with hearts both true and brave;
Before them floats the banner that doth triumph o'er the grave.
Not one of them will e'er be left upon the battle plain,
For they're marching to the land where war no more shall reign.

The blue and gray are marching. Don't you see the thinning line,
The last of the brave army that was great in olden time?
Their aged forms and silver hair, their feeble step and slow
Remind us of the work they've wrought, the tribute that we owe.

The veterans are marching as one army tried and true,
While mingled are the uniforms of the gray and the blue.
We wish that they would linger here; but there is no delay,
For they're marching, marching right along the great highway.

Good angels line the byways to guard them with all care,
While for them many loyal hearts do breathe a fervent prayer
That He will lead them safely on to the home of the blest,
Where foemen cease from troubling and weary heroes rest.

ANOTHER S. A. CUNNINGHAM CAMP.—The organization of a new Camp, U. C. V., is reported from Kemp, Tex., and it has been named for the late editor of the VETERAN, S. A. Cunningham Camp, No. 1790.

COMMANDER FLORIDA DIVISION, U. C. V.

Gen. John L. Inglis, commanding the Florida Division, U. C. V., enlisted as a private in April, 1861, in the Wakulla Guards (Captain Frierson), State service; was made second sergeant in command of a ten-inch rifle at Fort Clinch, Fernandina Harbor, Confederate service, and elected lieutenant at Mount Pleasant, Fla., *en route* to Chattanooga with his regiment, the 3d Florida, to join Bragg for the Kentucky campaign. He was in the battle of Munfordville, where 6,000 prisoners were captured, reached Bardstown, racing with Buell, who beat Bragg into Louisville, and went back from Harrodsburg to battle and victory at Perryville, where he was twice wounded. While lying on a pile of Yankee blankets, receiving a drink from the canteen of his friend, Capt. Dan Byrd, of the Jefferson Rifles, the brave Captain fell by his side, a bullet through his heart. Then came the three days' battle of Murfreesboro, where Captain Inglis received his third wound. At Tullahoma he was promoted captain of his company. He went with Breckinridge to Jackson and Big Black, and was in the battle of Jackson. He commanded his company in the battle of Missionary Ridge, where he was wounded; was present in all the hundred days' fighting of Johnston's masterful retreat from Dalton to Atlanta; was in command of the two reorganized companies at Pine Mountain and witnessed the death of General Polk.

Back under Hood, his regiment volunteered among others (about two hundred men) and made a forced march to Dalton, capturing the 1st Tennessee Negro Regiment, nine hundred strong. Major General Bate managed this affair. Captain Inglis's experience in the closing days is given in his own words: "Marching around Columbia, crossing Duck River, pushing our ordnance wagons through the woods, we lay down early in the afternoon near Spring Hill, three hundred yards from the Franklin Pike, and saw the rabble of Schofield's Corps pass by in close range of our guns—wagons, carriages, buggies, guns, and caissons, all in mixed disorder—our men all the time clamoring and begging to begin the fight, and never a shot we fired. In all my experience with the Army of Tennessee I never saw the men as anxious, as eager for fight as all were at Spring Hill. And thus they passed us, trains and troops, nearly the whole long night. The next morning we went leisurely following them up the pike to attack them, comfortably settled behind their breastworks at Franklin. The horror of that day is ever present with me. Nearly all the men so dear to me in the long, suffering years lay around me stark and stiff in the cold. I saw no sign of doubt or fear among them; they all went cheerfully to the slaughter prepared for them. Then came Nashville and the loss of most of the Florida Brigade. I was sent to Johnson's Island."

General Inglis lives in Jacksonville, and will entertain the survivors of his old company at the Reunion.



GEN. JOHN H. INGLIS.

MUSIC IN CAMP.

BY JOHN R. THOMPSON, RICHMOND, VA.

Two armies covered hill and plain
  Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
  Of battle's recent slaughters.

The snow-white clouds lay pitched like tents
  In meads of heavenly azure,
And each dread gun of the elements
  Slept in his hid embrasure.

And now where circling hills looked down
  With cannon grimly planted
O'er listless camp and silent town
  The golden sunlight slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
  A strain, now rich, now tender,
The music seemed itself aflame
  With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band which, eve and morn,
  Played measures brave and nimble
Had just struck up with flute and horn
  And lively clash of cymbal.

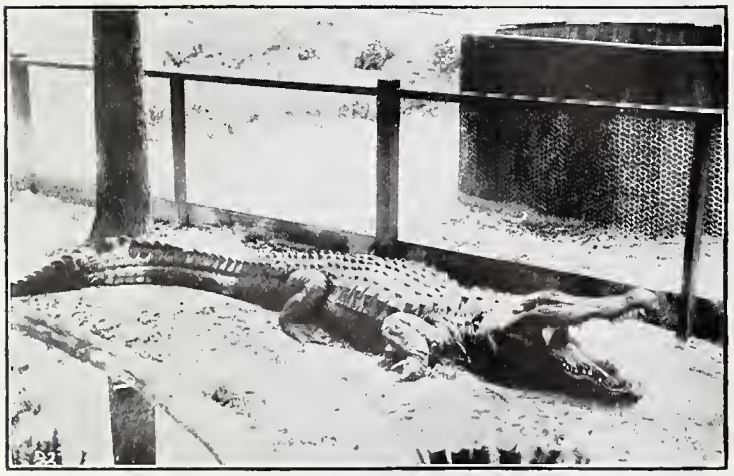
Down flocked the soldiers to the banks
  Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with Yanks
  And one was gray with Rebels.

There came a pause, and then again
  The trumpet rang sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
  To which the shore gave chorus

The laughing wavelets shoreward flew
  To kiss the shining pebbles;
Loud shrieked the swarming boys in blue
  Defiance to the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then the band,
  With movements light and tricksy,
Made hill and valley, stream and strand
  Reverberate with "Dixie."

The grand old stream with burnished glow
  Rolled o'er the golden pebbles,
But thrilled throughout her deepest flow
  With yelling of the Rebels.



THE OLDEST INHABITANT OF FLORIDA.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN HEMMING PARK, JACKSONVILLE.

Another pause; the trumpet sang
  Above the stormy riot;
No cheer upon the evening rang;
  There reigned a holy quiet.

The conscious stream in saddened mood
  Rolled slowly o'er the pebbles;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
  All silent stood the Rebels.

The evening breeze caught not a word,
  Their inward thoughts revealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
  The hidden depths of feeling.

Or blue or gray, the soldier sees
  As by the wand of fairy
The cottage 'neath the live oak trees,
  The cabin by the prairie.

Or blue or gray, his native skies
  Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear mists of his eyes,
  His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
  In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain
  And daylight died together.

But memory waked by music's art
  In sad and plaintive numbers
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
  Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of music shines,
  That bright, celestial creature,
That thus 'mid war's embattled lines
  Gave this one touch of nature.

BALLOON USED FOR SCOUT DUTY.

[From the Times-Dispatch, Richmond, Va.]

During the war between the North and the South many events of absorbing interest occurred, and the following account of Capt. John Randolph Bryan's trips in a war balloon while attached to Gen. J. B. Magruder's headquarters before Yorktown gives one of the most unique experiences, as it was doubtless the first time a balloon was used by the Confederates in order to ascertain the position and strength of the Union forces.

It will add to the interest of this narrative to know that at the time Captain Bryan was making his ascensions from the Confederate lines Gen. Fitz John Porter was performing the same service for the Union army which lay facing the Confederates. His experience was similar to Captain Bryan's, in that his balloon rope broke and his balloon also drifted aimlessly in the air.

General Porter's balloon was a much more expensive and better equipped affair than the one the Confederates could afford and was attached to the ground by a silken rope. Although General Porter escaped without injury in this adventure, the exploit is now recorded in bronze upon a monument to him.

Capt. Randolph Bryan was the eldest brother of the late Joseph Bryan, of Richmond, of St. George T. C. Bryan, and of Rev. Braxton Bryan, of Petersburg.

CAPTAIN BRYAN'S STORY.

"I was a young man at the time the events here mentioned transpired and was serving as clerk in the adjutant general's office and acting as aid-de-camp to Maj. Gen. J. B. Magruder, then commanding the Army of the Peninsula, near Yorktown, Va. In the spring of 1862, when General McClellan, of the Union army, decided to make his advance on Richmond by the Peninsula route, with his two flanks guarded by gunboats, he found General Magruder intrenched across the Peninsula at Yorktown from the York to the James River. Hardly had McClellan made his appearance when General Johnston, with the Army of Northern Virginia, came to the relief of Magruder, who, with but a few thousand men, was holding the Union army in check. The line across the Peninsula was an irregular one, being made to follow the contour of some streams and milldams, which greatly strengthened their positions. Magruder's headquarters were at Yorktown, while Joseph E. Johnston took up his headquarters at the Major Lee Hall, nearer the James River, some two miles farther along the line of fortifications from York River. General Johnston had brought down with him from Richmond what I believe to have been the first balloon used by the Confederates for military service during the war. It was nothing but a big cotton bag coated over so as to make it air-tight and intended to be inflated with hot air, as gas was a thing not to be had in those places.

"After being on the Peninsula for some days, General Johnston wrote to General Magruder requesting him to detail some one who was thoroughly acquainted with the country and who was capable of forming a correct opinion as to the number and character of the troops in front of him, in order that he might be assigned to do duty with General Johnston. This order, coming from General Johnston's headquarters, passed through my hands, as I was chief clerk in Magruder's adjutant general's office, and, being young and of a dare-devil spirit and supposing that an assignment to this duty would bring me prominently into notice and probably offer some opportunity for distinguishing myself (for since childhood I had been thoroughly familiar with all that section of the country and felt myself competent as to the other requirements), I therefore at once asked that I be detailed for this service.

"Maj. Henry Bryan, Magruder's adjutant general, strongly dissuaded me from the undertaking; but I was so bent on it that I went in person to General Magruder and asked for the detail, which, after some little persuasion on my part, was



BUSY WATER FRONT, ST. JOHN'S RIVER, JACKSONVILLE.

granted to me, although my friends told me that it was more than likely that I would get myself into hot water and very possibly (in case I should go into the enemy's lines) would get shot for my pains. Nevertheless, I joyfully received my orders and, mounting my horse, rode gayly over to Lee's Hall, where General Johnston was, to report myself for special service. I volunteered for this service supposing it was to be a scouting expedition. On arriving there I handed my orders in to the proper officer and reported for duty. Having a number of acquaintances around headquarters, I tried to find out for what purpose I was needed or to what duty I would probably be assigned, but could get no information. All I could learn was from Colonel Rhett, Johnston's adjutant general, that 'the General would be out presently' and would himself tell me what he wanted me to do.

"After a while I was called into General Johnston's tent, and the General, looking at me and seeming surprised that I was only a boy (for I was just twenty-one years old), began to question me quite closely as to what experience I had had in military affairs, how long I had been with the army, whether I could distinguish one branch of service from another, and the like.

"Having answered these questions to General Johnston's satisfaction, the latter laid a map of the Peninsula on the table before him and began questioning me about the different roads and creeks and fording places and other topographical matters on the Peninsula. Having shown myself sufficiently familiar with these matters, the General then turned to Colonel Rhett and remarked: 'I think Mr. Bryan will do very well. You will please assign him to the balloon service to make the reconnoissances and instruct him as to what information we want and the kind of report we desire from him.'

"On hearing this order I at once sprang to my feet, protesting that, while I could ride a horse or a mule or even a goat, I knew nothing whatever about a balloon, but would gladly do anything in my power; that I had never seen a balloon, that I knew absolutely nothing about the management of it, and that if the General simply wanted some information as to the position of the enemy and their numbers at any given point I would very cheerfully go into the lines and get this information and return as speedily as possible and report. My words had, however, small effect upon the General. He told me very curtly and positively that I had been assigned to him for duty and that he expected me to perform the duty to which I was assigned without any questions. He added that he had plenty of scouts already; that what he wanted was a man to go up in the balloon and that I could now go and prepare myself to be in readiness when wanted.

"This was pretty hard; but as there was no sort of question about it, I could only make my bow and walk out with as brave an appearance as possible. Shortly afterwards I was fully instructed as to all the details; that there was a crew of men already in charge of the balloon who understood the management of it, as to the inflating, letting it ascend, and drawing it down again by means of the rope which was attached to it (which passed around a windlass). I was also instructed in the signals that I should make when up in the balloon by means of a wigwag flag, to tell those below what was wanted, whether I wished to go fast or slow, up or down. I was also given such information as was at hand as to the supposed position of the enemy, and was instructed to carefully note where each different arm of the service (infantry, artillery, and cavalry) was located and my estimation of their number; and I was further told to make a memorandum or map of all that I saw while up in the balloon, so as to be able to give the best and most accurate account of all I saw when I returned, provided, of course, that I returned at all.

"The balloon party was located behind a large thicket of pine trees about half a mile back of the Confederate lines, with a view of allowing the balloon to reach a considerable elevation before it could be seen by the enemy, who would, of course, fire at it in the hope of destroying it. As I had seen some artillery service, I was quite well aware that after attaining a certain height the ordinary field cannon could not be trained to bear upon me, so that the danger zone was only between the time that I appeared above the tops of the trees and the time when I should have reached such an elevation that their guns could no longer be trained upon me. This was no small consolation to me, for my ardor to go on special service had been much cooled at the bare thought of being suspended in mid-air by what appeared to me as a mere thread under a hot-air balloon, with the chances pretty strong that the balloon would be burst by the shrapnel or shells of the enemy, when 'down would come baby, cradle, and all.'

"However, I determined to make the best of a bad bargain and went to the balloon camp to study the situation and my duties. I was not left in suspense, for the next day I received an order from General Johnston to make my first ascension. The balloon was anchored by a long rope, probably half a mile long, which was tied to a tree and then coiled in a great number of coils, sailor fashion, on the ground, then passed around a windlass, and was finally attached to a number of cords coming down from the balloon. From this cone of cords hung a good-sized hamper, or basket, in which I was to stand or kneel and make my observations. It did not take a very long time—in fact, it was accomplished much too quickly for my liking—to fill the balloon with hot air, for a plentiful supply of pine knots and turpentine had been made to create a great heat under a flue, the end of which opened into the balloon, so that very soon I was told that my 'aërial horse was ready for me to mount and ride away.' Therefore with notebook and pencil in my pocket and a heart beneath it beating very furiously, although, of course, I put on a brave front to those about me, I stepped into the basket and gave the signal to rise. At first the balloon was let off quite gradually and I began to ascend slowly. 'This is not so bad,' I thought; but the worst was yet to come.

"Hardly had I gotten above the tree tops and obtained a view of the enemy's line when I observed a great commotion among them, men running here and there, and in a very few minutes they had run out a battery. I saw the officer in charge elevate a gun and carefully sight it at me and give the signal to fire. 'Boom!' went the cannon, and the shell whistled by me in most unpleasant proximity. I at once gave the signal 'faster,' and the balloon went up more rapidly. The firing was repeated several times, until I had risen beyond where they could elevate their guns. For some minutes shells and bullets from the shrapnel whistled and sang around me with a most unpleasant music, but my balloon and I escaped. As you may readily imagine, I did not feel very happy or comfortable; on the contrary, I was scared nearly breathless and was exceedingly nervous.

"There was one very uncomfortable feature connected with this performance. The balloon was held by a new rope which untwisted itself as it was let out, giving a rotary motion to

the balloon, so that I was turned around and around in an effort to watch the Union army, nearly twisting my neck off (as is told of the traditional owl that the boys walked around until he twisted his own head off). Before long I reached an elevation above the line of fire, when I signaled them to stop, and, squatting down in the hamper, I tried to collect my thoughts and breathe more freely. I now began to recover my composure, when a most horrid thought intruded itself upon me. 'Whatever goes up is bound to come down' is a trite but a sad, true saying. I knew well that I could not remain in this security forever; in fact, every moment that passed the hot air in my balloon became cooler. I therefore set to work.

"From my elevated position I could see the whole country in every direction. A wonderful panorama spread out beneath me—Chesapeake Bay, the York and the James Rivers, Old Point Comfort and Hampton, the fleets lying in both the York and the James, and the two opposing armies lying facing each other. I at once took out my notebook, which contained a rough map or diagram showing the rivers, the roads, and the creeks, and marked upon this little map where the different bodies of the enemy's troops were, using the initial 'I' for infantry, 'C' for cavalry, 'A' for artillery, and 'W' for wagon trains; and I marked down the number of troops, cannons, etc., that I estimated at each point. Now, this was not such an easy thing to do as we may at first suppose, for the various currents of air made my balloon spin and revolve like a top, only very much more slowly, so that I must needs wait for a whole revolution to occur before I completed my sketch of any particular spot.

"Finally I gave the signal to lower the balloon; but hardly had I begun the descent when I saw that the enemy had prepared to give me a very warm reception as soon as I came within range, for they had run out another battery and stood by their guns prepared for firing at the spot I must pass on my way to *terra firma*. I therefore gave the signal 'faster, faster,' and the men at the windlass put forth their best efforts, working in relays and as fast as they could. It seemed all too slow for me, for I was soon again in the danger zone. The enemy's guns opened on me, firing this time by batteries, two and four at a time, and filling the air with shells and bullets. How I escaped I do not know, for some of their shells passed very close to me.

"After what seemed to me an age, the balloon was finally wound down, and I stepped out of my basket once more upon mother earth. Mounting my horse, I rode to General Johnston's headquarters to make my report. The General listened intently to what I told him. He asked very particularly as to the position of the different branches of the service and as to their number, and, spreading out his map on the table, he made me show him where the different bodies of troops, artillery, and so on, were posted. When I had finished my report, the General complimented me by saying that I had done very well indeed, but that I had greatly underestimated the number of troops. Feeling that my experience was a thing of the past, on leaving I requested the General to discharge me from the balloon service and allow me to return to my former service.

"'My dear sir,' replied the General, 'I fear you forget that you are the only experienced aëronaut I have with my army. You will please hold yourself in readiness, as we may wish you to make another ascension at any time.' I felt complimented, but I was not elated.

"That evening the whole balloon force was ordered to move to another point, somewhere nearer Yorktown, as the General did not think it safe that the balloon should go up from the same place again. Also an arrangement was made for increasing the speed in hauling down the balloon. A day or two later a second ascent was made, at the General's orders, which was much like the first one, but with somewhat less trepidation, by General Johnston's 'only experienced aëronaut,' who had already been nicknamed by his fellow soldiers 'Balloon Bryan' and who was suspected by them of having a screw loose somewhere on account of his mad trips in the air. General Johnston received the second report about as he did the first, but still refused to discharge me from the balloon service, ordering me to hold myself in readiness.

"A few nights later I made another and, I am glad to say, my last ascension, which came near being my last trip in anything; but I shall proceed to narrate that occurrence.

"One night just before the army fell back from Yorktown and fought the battle of Williamsburg, which was on the 5th of May, 1862, the balloon squad was waked up with orders from General Johnston to heat up the balloon and make a

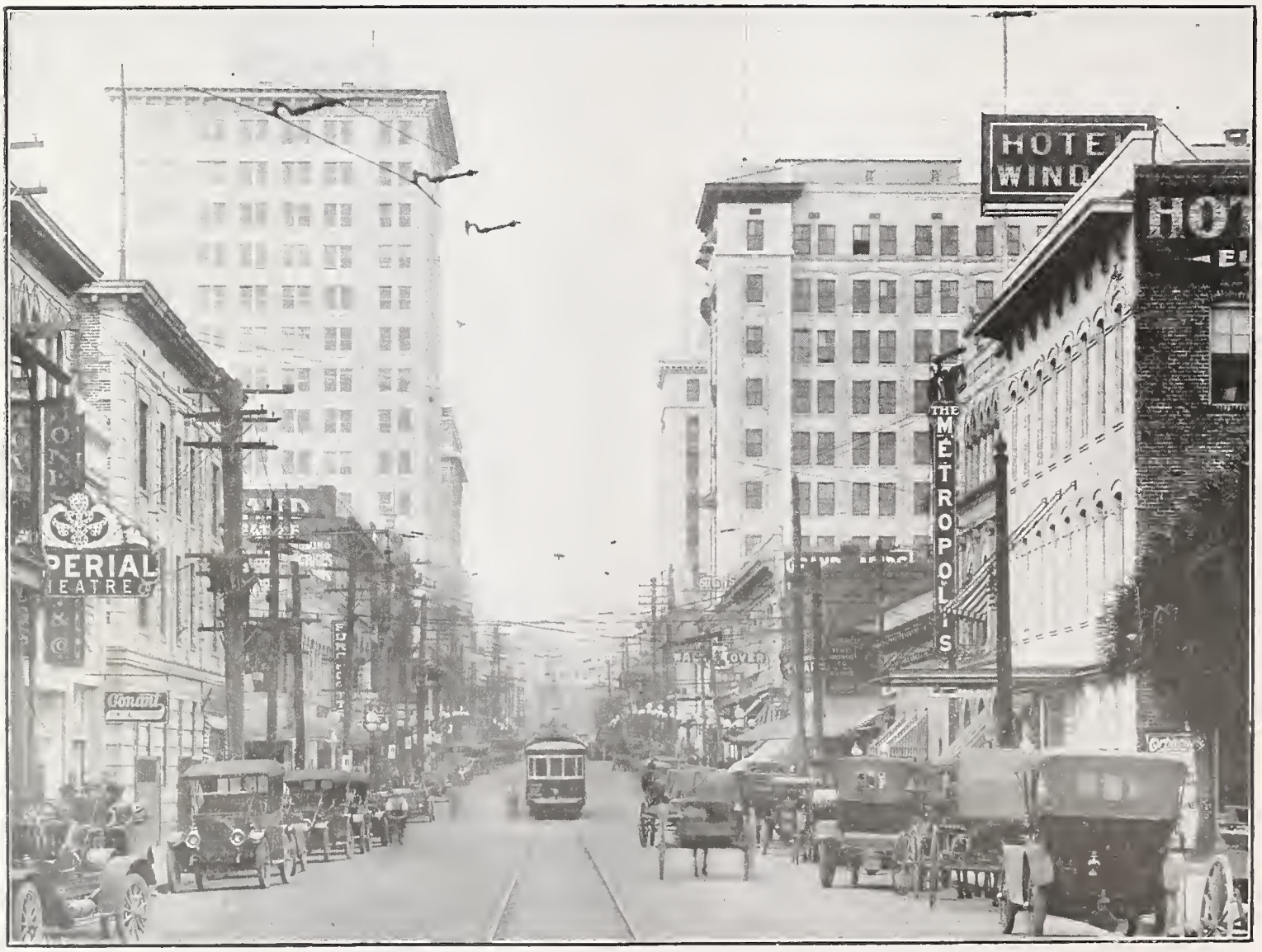


FISHING ON ST. JOHN'S RIVER.

reconnoissance as soon as possible. The courier who brought the order informed me privately that information had been received at headquarters from some of the scouts that the enemy was in motion, and that General Johnston was very anxious to ascertain in what direction the move was being made and whether their troops were advancing upon more than one point. It was at this time near the full moon, and the nights were as bright almost as day. As soon, therefore, as the balloon was inflated I jumped into my basket, feeling quite at ease, as I had already made two ascensions; and as this was to be a night trip, I had but little fear of discovery and of being fired on, especially as the enemy was now in motion and when marching could not so well arrange for this artillery service. But there was a still greater danger upon which I had never calculated.

"The Confederate troops, almost to a man, had never seen a balloon, and each time that I was sent up they crowded around the balloon squad to watch this novel performance, amusing themselves by making many and varied remarks, which were not very complimentary, upon the whole business and myself in particular. On this occasion the balloon, shining in the bright firelight, attracted a larger crowd than usual, and the crew in charge had great difficulty in keeping them back out of their way so they could properly perform their work. However, when the balloon was inflated, I stepped into the basket and gave the signal to rise, feeling, as I have said, unusually comfortable. I had ascended about four hundred feet when all at once without any warning the balloon was jerked upward as by some great force for about two miles, so it seemed to me. I was breathless and gasping and vomiting profusely, all the breath and wind having been sucked out of me by this long, sudden ascent, and trembling like a leaf from fear, without knowing what had happened beyond the surmise that the rope which held me to the earth had broken. What had actually occurred I afterwards found was this: One of the soldiers who was drawn by curiosity to see the balloon ascend had crowded, with the others, too near and had unwittingly stepped into one of the coils of the rope which held the balloon, and before he could step out again the rope tightened around his leg and began pulling him up to the windlass, whereupon he screamed loudly and one of his friends seized an ax and cut the rope, releasing him, but also releasing me.

"Now, there I was, feeling as if I were a couple of miles up in the air, absolutely helpless, with no idea of how to manage my runaway steed and with every prospect that I would eventually very reluctantly land in the enemy's lines, which meant a long term of imprisonment, or else that my balloon would come down in the Chesapeake Bay, with no means of my regaining the shore, which perhaps meant being drowned,



FORSYTHE STREET, IN THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT, JACKSONVILLE.

but which I much preferred to the former. These thoughts were not of a highly consoling nature. One thing I knew was that when the heat died out of the balloon I must make a graceful descent, but as to where I should land I could not even guess. To say that I was frightened but faintly expresses it, for the almost instantaneous ascent I had made had not only taken all the breath out of my body, but seemed also to have deprived me of all my nerve and courage for the time being. However, after a while I recovered my breath and found upon careful examination that my heart was beating much as usual. The balloon had now reached its equilibrium and was apparently standing quietly, for there was little air stirring, over the Confederate army, and I was looking down to where far below me lay the York River and the surrounding country which I knew so well.

"I was not long left to enjoy the beauties of this scene, for the wind freshened up and, to my utmost dismay, I found myself being drawn from the Confederate lines over into those of the enemy. It is impossible to describe my feelings. I felt that I was not only leaving home and friends forever, but was slowly drifting to certain capture. Imagine, therefore, my great delight when, after drifting along for some distance, the wind veered and I was blown back toward the Confederate lines near Yorktown. (This ascension had been made from a point back of Dam No. 2—*i. e.,* Wynn's Mill, on the Confederate lines.) It was evident that the balloon was cooling and settling, so that I was getting nearer and nearer to the earth. This was in many respects a great comfort, but it was not unalloyed, for there were new dangers. As I have said, the balloon having now drawn near the earth—in a few hundred feet above it, I suppose—I was blown from the enemy's lines over the Confederate army, but, alas! in a far different locality from that from which I had ascended. Therefore when my balloon passed over the spot where Colonel Ward's 2d Florida Regiment was encamped they turned *en masse,* and, believing me to be a Yankee spy, followed me on foot, firing at me as fast as they could. In vain I cried to them that I was a good Confederate. The only answer I received was from the whistling of their bullets. I was as a thing hunted and knew not which way to turn. However, the wind freshened again, and I was blown out over York River, which, although only half a mile back at Yorktown, is three or four miles wide where I was now suspended in the air. The balloon began now to settle quite rapidly, and it was evident that I would be dumped unceremoniously into this broad expanse of water.

"I began to undress preparatory to a long swim, but I regret to record that, being a young man, I was 'somewhat dressy.' I had on a pair of very tight-fitting boots, which I found it impossible to pull off; and after tugging and scuffling in every conceivable position that my cramped quarters in the basket would permit, and being still unable to rid myself of those accursed boots, which were not long since my joy and pride, fortunately remembering my pocketknife, I soon ripped them down the back and joyfully dropped them into the basket. The balloon was now so near the river that I could hear my rope splash in the water as it dragged along over the surface, and I was waiting to begin my swim at any moment, when the wind again changed and blew me toward the Williamsburg shore. This was indeed luck of the greatest kind. After traveling a short distance inland, my balloon by this time having settled nearly to the ground, I slipped over the side of the basket and, sliding down the rope safely, joyfully stood once more on my native heath. I had landed in an orchard; and running with my rope as the balloon passed over an apple tree, I twisted it quickly about the tree trunk, and after a few ineffectual flops my balloon sank exhausted to the ground. What remains to be told can be related in a few words.

"I dressed myself as quickly as possible and made my way to a near-by farmhouse, where, after quite a hot discussion with the astonished farmer, I succeeded in securing a horse and rode back to General Johnston's headquarters, a distance of about six or eight miles, and made my report as to my experiences and as to what I had seen. On this trip my balloon had, so far as I could judge, made a half-moon circuit of about fifteen miles, three or four miles of which were over York River. As to the height to which I attained, I cannot well compute it.

"The information which I was able to give General Johnston as to the roads upon which the enemy were now moving enabled him to prepare for an attack which was made by them the next morning just before day.

"I was among those who awaited the approach of the enemy, and it was no small satisfaction to see the fire poured into those who had so often taken a wing shot at me.

"This was my last ascension, for General Johnston allowed me to return to General Magruder's headquarters. In a few days the army fell back to Williamsburg, which was the first battle of any size in which I took part, and then we retired to the lines around Richmond.

"I was not again called upon to make ascensions, but I believe that the balloon was used at least once more about the time of the battle of Seven Pines. I have never been able to hear of any other balloon ascensions that were made by the Confederates, although the Union troops used balloons very frequently both on the Peninsula and around Richmond and opposite Fredericksburg, Va."

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

BY ARTHUR M. EASTER, BALTIMORE, MD.

O soldiers of a cause now lost, who bled and died,
Nor counted it too great a cost thus to provide,
If it might be, a freer land, a happier home—
To you, O sacrificial band, our hearts succumb.

For O the sorrowing you knew for love of right!
And O the suffering that grew into the night
Of black despair till, overcome by countless wealth,
You broke your ranks and sought your homes, but not by stealth!

To you, O heroes of the South, who now are dead,
Who fought through famine and through drought, by love being led,
Whose cause was just, whose hearts were brave—to God for you
We lift a prayer beside your grave, and flowers strew.

You did not live in vain, nor died without effect;
Great heroes have your ranks supplied, fame's own elect;
And your success was not the less because not found
Here upon earth: God still doth bless the brave uncrowned.

O Southern cross that was so hard for men to bear,
Again we render our regard for faith so rare,
For valor true as ever yet brave soldiers knew;
Your pain and sorrow we regret; we honor you.

GREAT CATTLE RAID OF 1864 IN VIRGINIA.

During September, 1864, the two great armies of Grant and Lee were resting after their colossal conflicts, the one along the banks of the James and the other in the environments of Richmond and Petersburg, preparatory to the final struggle. Three years of war, the like of which the world has never seen, had told terribly upon the army of Lee. The men were tired, hungry, ragged, and emaciated; their endurance had been most woefully tried and their ranks decimated. On the contrary, Grant's army was proud in its numbers, discipline, and equipment, with the world as an ally, and could renew the conflict on short notice.

At this time Grant had herded on the clover fields near Coggins Point, Va., a large number of fattest beeves brought down from the West for the supply of his army. This was about seven miles from his headquarters at City Point and some twenty miles in the rear of Petersburg, where Lee rested. These beeves were guarded well, and it never dawned upon Grant or his lieutenants that in a little while they would have no beefsteaks for breakfast. At this period Capt. George D. Shadburne, Confederate chief of scouts, was continually in Grant's lines and often in close proximity to his headquarters. Sometimes, in digsuise, he was in most intricate and dangerous places, and Grant never made a move that was not revealed to Lee by him. He would conceal himself by day in barns, in outhouses, or in treetops amongst clustering wild grapevines. And by night, even when the rain was pouring in torrents and the heavens were in wildest commotion, he would go in and out through Grant's army, and many a good citizen was his ally and assistant.

Thus it was that while prowling between Grant's headquarters at City Point and Coggins Point just previous to the 5th of September, 1864, on one dark, tempestuous night he discovered Grant's beef supply. And after several nights' careful reconnoissance and inquiry from some of those good citizens, he on September 5, in a long dispatch to Gen. Wade Hampton (see page 1235, Volume LXXXVIII., Archives at Washington), portrayed the situation and suggested the capture. Soon after sending this important dispatch he was called to Hampton's headquarters on the 13th, and after a brief interview between the chief of cavalry and the chief of scouts orders were sent out for 3,000 of the best mounts to be ready for the march on the morrow, with four days' rations and plenty of ammunition.

The Confederate cavalry, some ten thousand strong, were then encamped a few miles south of Petersburg, and from thence on the morning of September 14 marched the 3,000, with General Hampton at the front. Every one of the 3,000, when they saw the ubiquitous chief of scouts galloping along their lines, felt that some daring feat was in contemplation; but when they saw the intrepid Hampton leading them, they knew they were not in for a skirmish. To circumvent the enemy and cause no suspicion on his part, it was necessary to make a detour of some forty miles; hence it was not until the night of the 15th that our men reached the Blackwater at the site of Cooke's Bridge. Here the command halted to rest and feed, while the engineers constructed a new bridge. At midnight the bridge was crossed, and Rosser's Brigade, General Hampton in front, Shadburne at his side as guide, advanced over a long, deserted road that led directly to Sycamore Church, where was stationed a regiment of the enemy, the 1st District of Columbia Cavalry, armed with sixteen-repeating Winchester rifles (just invented and new to the army), and on whom depended the safety of the cattle. This regiment had been often tried and was never found wanting.

At about five o'clock on the morning of the 16th the abatis in front of the enemy and near his outposts was reached, and no alarm had been given; he slept quietly and no noise was in his camp. A halt was called and Hampton said to Shadburne: "How would you take them?" Eagerly he responded: "Give me two hundred dismounted men and I will proceed along that ravine to our left, surprise them, and take them in camp while they sleep." This pleased the General, and he was about to give the order to the two hundred when General Rosser, just behind General Hampton, exclaimed: "Shadburne will fail; the enemy will be awakened before he can reach them. Let me charge and I will take them in quickly." General Hampton yielded to Rosser's importunity, but said: "Let the blood and mistake, if such it be, be yours." Then, turning to Shadburne, he said: "Shadburne, you shall have other opportunities. Let the scouts go to the rear; I cannot allow them to be sacrificed." Shadburne gave to the scouts General Hampton's command, but said to them: "You will know where to find me."

Then the abatis with much noise and difficulty having been removed, General Rosser advanced. But by this time the enemy were alarmed, and they flew to arms, each man hiding behind a tree Indian fashion, and as the Confederates advanced through the heavy woods where the enemy were encamped they were shot down without being able even to see the enemy. A momentary panic ensued. Men and horses were in the wildest confusion. The combatants were not over fifty yards apart; but no power could long withstand the unerring aim of those sixteen-shooting rifles and those brave Virginians who led the onset were no exception. They wavered, and their horses, rearing and wildly plunging in the impenetrable gloom of the morning, were about to stampede, when Shadburne from the very front on his coal-black horse rushed into the vortex, yelling: "General Rosser, for God's sake dismount your men!" Instantly this was done, and those stalwart Virginians fairly waded into the Columbia Yankees. The slaughter for a few moments was terrific. The Virginians had tasted blood, and they went in with a wild yell. Trees and Yankees and sixteen-shooting rifles were but little to them. Presently the fusillade was over, and there was not a Yankee there to withstand them. In ten minutes from the time of dismounting the battle was won.

Among the fatally wounded of that day was the brave South Carolinian, Sergeant McCaula, of Shadburne's Scouts. Just before he breathed his last General Hampton rode up to where he lay, dismuonted, took him in his arms, and, weeping over him, said: "McCaula, I will tell your people how you fought this day." And the poor fellow, much comforted, smiled and died in peace.

Then springing into his saddle, General Hampton directed the advance and soon came upon the cattle. The vast clover fields were alive with them, and Captain Gregg, of the North, with his men and dozens of shepherd dogs, was trying to stampede them toward Grant's headquarters, and right well he was succeeding; but those wild Virginians and Shadburne and his scouts, led on by General Hampton, thundered down upon those intoxicated bovines, and soon there was not a Yankee there to tell the tale. The Virginians held the cattle. The stampede was over, the poor dogs were shot, and slowly, with a thousand troopers in their rear, that vast bellowing herd was driven southward toward Lee's army. They were a goodly

sight to hungry men—fat, sleek, well fed, and huge in size. They numbered 2,486 head. Apparently not one had escaped. By 8 A.M. there was not a Yankee in sight. They were killed, captured, or missing.

For several hours, back over the same road they had come, marched the victors, driving the Confederate beef supply, laden with much booty, and holding many prisoners. The column was four miles in length, and at a distance presented a formidable appearance as if a great army were marching there.



REPRESENTING THEIR STATES AT THE REUNION.

Miss Regina Elizabeth Rambo, of Marietta, Ga., Sponsor Georgia Division, U. C. V.; Miss Katherine Ryland Todhunter, Lexington, Mo., Sponsor Missouri Division, U. C. V.; Mrs. N. W. Muir, Bardstown, Ky., Sponsor Kentucky Division, U. C. V.; Miss Hortense Herrman, Eastman, Ga., Maid of Honor Georgia Division, U. C. V.; Miss Wyatt McKinnon, Red Springs, N. C., Sponsor North Carolina Division, U. C. V.

On this expedition there were parts of the commands of General Rosser, Gen. W. H. F. Lee, and General Dearing. Generals Lee and Dearing had been respectively dispatched to the left and right of Rosser at Sycamore Church during the conflict to prevent any surprise to Rosser and to attack any force found in those directions. It had seemed wise to watch the enemy. General Gregg, with a large force of cavalry, was only a few miles distant, and somewhere on the backward march General Hampton expected to meet him. As was usual with him, he used every effort to thwart the enemy. The different columns were united before they crossed the Blackwater. General Lee brought up the rear. Thereafter they moved toward the Jerusalem Plank Road, but before reaching it Shadburne, who had been scouting far off to the right, came galloping up to General Hampton and advised him that Gregg, with a large force, was approaching. He was seen about one mile distant coming on the trot ready for action. General Hampton directed Shadburne to report to Rosser and stay with him in the fight.

General Rosser dismounted about one thousand men and hastily constructed breastworks of fence rails and threw them across the road at a swamp near Ebenezer Church. The enemy halted for a few minutes on seeing the mounted Confederates beyond the swamp, then advanced, firing as they came. General Rosser, his staff, and Shadburne and his men were on a knoll overlooking the scene, and bullets were whistling quite lively. Presently the enemy came on in great numbers and sent their bullets whizzing still closer in General Rosser's proximity; then he and his staff moved off behind the hill. Seeing this and thinking they were retreating, the enemy came charging madly forward, yelling and firing as they came, when suddenly as from the very earth rose up that one thousand men, and at a distance of not over one hundred yards poured volley after volley into their ranks. Men and horses fell in the wildest confusion. The Rebel yell was sounded, and then another volley went crashing into them. Those left of them fled incontinently. Then, bellowing like bulls, our men mounted their horses, fell into line, and the march was resumed. In this fight the enemy lost one hundred killed and two hundred wounded. Before the battle the cattle had been diverted eastward by Hawkinsville, crossing the plank road two miles in the rear of the scene of action.

The enemy then gave over the pursuit, and that night the Confederates, man and beast, slept in peace on the banks of the Rowanty. The next day the command returned to their old quarters after an absence of three days, during which they had marched upward of one hundred miles, defeating the enemy in two fights and killing over two hundred of their men, capturing over three hundred prisoners, a large amount of property, and 2,486 magnificent cattle. The Confederates killed and wounded numbered about one hundred.

SUBMARINES AND TORPEDO BOATS, C. S. N.

[The following paper was prepared by James H. Tomb, Chief Engineer Confederate States Navy, and read before a meeting of the Association of Survivors of the Confederate States Navy held at the naval headquarters during the Reunion at Louisville, Ky., in 1905. He gives the origin of the term "David" as applied to the submarine and other torpedo boats constructed by the Confederates during the war and used against the blockading fleet off Charleston, S. C., and other Southern ports.]

The first torpedo boat to be called the "David" was built at Charleston, S. C., in 1863 by Capt. Tho. Stony Ravennel and other merchants of that city, but was not a submarine boat in any way. At the time this boat was being constructed Lieut. W. T. Glassel, C. S. N., Maj. Francis M. Lee, Engineer Corps, C. S. A., and I, Chief Engineer C. S. N., had been experimenting with the first and second cutters of the Chicora with a torpedo attached to a spar projecting some ten feet from the bow and held in position seven feet below the surface by perpendicular rods at the bow and stern of the cutter. While the attachment was not just what we wanted, it did very well. The torpedo was made of copper and contained sixty-five pounds of rifle powder.

Lieutenant Glassel made three attempts with the first cutter to reach the monitors at anchor off Morris Island, and I made two in the second cutter; but in each case we had the same trouble and made the same report to Flag Officer Tucker —viz.: "We could not depend upon the crew pulling with any force when within sight of the enemy; and as each trip was made on the last of the ebb tide, so as to strike on the first of flood, we made no headway when we struck it, and so we had to return without accomplishing anything."

At this time the David was not quite ready. Captain Stony and others made application to Flag Officer Tucker for Lieutenant Glassel and myself to take charge of the boat and after attaching the torpedo make an attack on the United States steamship New Ironsides, the most powerful ship of the enemy lying off Charleston. Captain Stony named her the David from the great disparity between her and the duty she had to perform in the effort to destroy the Ironsides.

The David was built of wood in the shape of a cigar, fifty feet long by six feet beam midships. The boiler was forward and the engine aft. Between them was a cuddyhole for the officers and what other crew the boat might carry, which was entered by a hatchway. The hull was about half above water.

The torpedo was attached to a spar made of a three-inch boiler tube and was fixed in position before leaving the dock in Charleston, and it could be neither raised nor lowered after starting on the expedition. A two-bladed propeller drove the David about seven knots. The torpedo was of copper, having three tubes which contained a glass tube filled with sulphuric acid and fulminate, etc., between; the outside tube was of lead.

When ready for action the boat was so well submerged that nothing was visible except her smokestack, the hatch coamings, and frame holding the torpedo spar. Lieut. W. T. Glassel was in command. Under him were Engineer James H. Tomb, Fireman J. Sullivan, and Pilot W. Canners.

The Confederates desired very much to destroy the frigate New Ironsides. The night selected was October 5, 1863, about one year previous to the destruction of the Albemarle by Lieutenant Cushing, of the United States navy. There was a mist over the harbor when the David started. Running down the harbor well to the east, we passed through the fleet and guard boats, reaching the Ironsides shortly before 9 P.M. As the flood tide had not yet set in, we laid off and on till 9 P.M., when it was thought best to run for the Ironsides before we were discovered. When within a short distance of her, and steaming about seven knots, they hailed us; but the only reply was a shot from a double-barreled gun in the hands of Lieutenant Glassel. The next moment we struck her some fifteen feet forward of the counter. The torpedo exploded, and the big frigate was shaken from stem to stern, but the explosion produced a bad effect on the David. The volume of water thrown up, passing down the smokestack, put out the fires and filled the body of the boat, as well as disabled the engine. Lieutenant Glassel then gave orders for each man to look out for himself, and we all went overboard. Lieutenant Glassel was picked up by a transport schooner, Sullivan by the Ironsides, and Canners, who could not swim, stuck to the David. I swam some distance down the harbor; but finding that my clothing was impeding my progress, and looking back and seeing that the David was still afloat, I



OLD TORPEDO BOAT AT NEW ORLEANS.

concluded to return and try to save her. After getting aboard I adjusted the machinery, started up the fires once more, and, helping the pilot aboard, proceeded up the harbor, turning between the Ironsides and a Monitor to prevent them from using their heavy guns on us in passing. The Ironsides fired three shots from her heavy guns, which passed over us.

All this time there was a heavy fire directed on the David from small arms from the deck of the Ironsides, riddling every part of the David above water. As we returned up the harbor we passed through the fleet and by the guard boats without further damage to us; and rounding under the stern of the flagship, I made my report to Flag Officer Tucker with nothing on but my undershirt.

The damage to the Ironsides was not as serious as it would have been had the torpedo been eight feet below the surface in place of six and a half, as was intended; but finding a flaw in the tube we had for a spar, it was necessary to bring it up that much. There was some serious damage done to her hull, however, as she did not fire another shot on Charleston and was sent North later for repairs.

I was put in comand of the David and had one-quarter inch of steel placed over the hull above the water line, a cap put over the stack to prevent water from passing down, and arranged the spar so that we could lower it to any depth from the inside or keep the torpedo above the surface.

When the David was ready for service, I was sent to North Edisto to make an attack on the United States steamship Memphis, Engineer Tomb in charge, with Pilots Canners and Acosta and Fireman Lawless. A section of artillery under Captain Stony was sent ahead to assist the David. On the night of March 4, 1864, we reached a point just above the anchorage of the Memphis, whose light was plainly seen; but the feed pipe gave out, and we decided to return up the river. The next night about 11:30 P.M., when in about the same position, the pump again gave out; but making fast to the marsh, we repaired the pump and proceeded on down in the direction of the Memphis. About 12:30 A.M. of the 6th we came within hailing distance, but paid no attention to the hail, and they began firing upon us with small arms; but the shot, striking the steel shield, passed off without doing any injury to the boat or crew. The next moment the David struck her on the port quarter under the counter, the engine of the David backing at the time. The blow was a fine one, but the torpedo failed to explode. We then made a turn to port and came back at her on the starboard side; but as the Memphis had been working ahead, we passed under her counter, carrying away a portion of the David's stack, made a glancing blow, and again failed to explode the torpedo. Failing in our last attack, we decided to return to Church Flats and examine the torpedo, etc. As we steamed back up the river the Memphis made use of her heavy guns, but all the shot passed well over us and did no damage.

Reaching Church Flats and making an examination of the torpedo, we found that the first blow was a good one, as the tube containing the acid was mashed flat, but, being defective, had failed to explode. The other one was not a good blow, as the lead tube on the outside was bent the least bit, but the tube containing the acid was not broken. The torpedo contained ninety-five pounds of rifle powder, thirty pounds more than we used on the Ironsides; and had the tube been perfect, we would have blown the whole stern from the Memphis.

The David returned to Charleston, and while on duty, passing out beyond Fort Sumter at night, did not make another attack on the blockading ships, except on one night in April, when we ran out of Charleston, intending to strike the United States steamship Wabash; but there was such a heavy swell that in heading for the Wabash the sea would roll on board the David, and she came so near sinking that we were compelled to return to Charleston. We headed for the Wabash three times.

The David had orders to tow the submarine torpedo boat commanded by Lieutenant Dixon past Fort Sumter whenever he wished to run out to make an attack on the blockaders, and in towing him out we came near being blown up by his torpedo getting adrift. I advised Lieutenant Dixon to use the torpedo just as it was used by the David, as I did not think his boat had sufficient power to back out if it was submerged, and the suction from the sinking ship would be apt to keep him under the water. Lieutenant Dixon gave me to understand that he would remain on the surface. I requested Flag Officer Tucker to relieve the David from the duty of towing his boat on account of the danger. That same month Lieutenant Dixon ran out of Charleston and, striking the United States steamship Housatonic, sank her, and he was lost, with all on board the torpedo boat, as she went to the bottom with the Housatonic.

When we think of the number of brave men who lost their lives on this ill-fated craft, it brings out the fine qualities of Lieutenant Dixon, who in all this never lost confidence either in the boat or himself. There were in all thirty-three lost in her from her first appearance at Mobile to the sinking of the Housatonic. The army or the navy had no more gallant officer than Lieutenant Dixon, of the C. S. A.

The following is the official report as to the condition of the Ironsides, showing how serious was the damage caused by the David:

"U. S. S. New Ironsides, off Morris Island, S. C.,
November 24, 1863.

"Rear Admiral John A. Dahlgren, U. S. N.—Sir: In obedience to your orders, I have examined the injuries discovered in the coal bunkers resulting from the attack made on the ship by the Rebel torpedo boat David on the night of the 5th ult., and found them to be as follows: One hanging knee abreast the engine room started off ten inches from clamp and ceiling, two-stroke clamps and five-stroke carlings broken in two in a perpendicular line. The hanking knee is started entirely from the beam and the beam badly smashed. The fore and aft piece that forms the engine room is split for a space of about four feet and likewise started from the ends of the spur beams from three to four inches; six of the lap knees are also started. The stanchions that support the fore and aft pieces of the engine room, and likewise form the coal bunkers, are entirely gone at the heads; the ceiling is started off from the frame of the ship for a space of ten feet both forward and aft of the hanging knee; forward of the knee where the ceiling forms a butt it has started ten inches from the ship frame, and the side of the ship is sprung in from four to five inches for a space of forty feet.

"When the ship was examined by the divers outside, they reported that the planking abreast the engine room was shattered for a space of six feet in depth to ten or twelve feet in length and about one and a half inches in the face of the planking. The oakum is also started in the seams. In examining the gun and berth decks I find the spaketing and waterways on both decks started in three inches for a space of twenty feet. The bulkheads and shelving of the storerooms abreast the engine room were entirely knocked down. The stanchions that support the fore and aft pieces that form the engine room on gun deck were carried away at the heels, carrying the joiner work with them. The stanchions that support the spar deck around the engine room were jumped out of the iron sockets by the shock.

"The waterway on the gun deck abreast of the engine room is started from the deck three-quarters of an inch for a space of thirty feet, causing the deck to leak badly. The above injuries were all caused by the explosion of the torpedo.

"In my opinion, this ship ought to be docked as soon as she can possibly be spared from this harbor.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. H. Bishop, *Carpenter, U. S. N.*"

The illustration given with this article is of the old torpedo boat now on the grounds of Camp Nicholls Confederate Home, New Orleans. It is said to have been the first ever made by Captain Hunley, and in a test made just before the Federals took Spanish Fort it sank at the mouth of Bayou St. John, three sailors losing their lives in trying the boat. In 1878 the boat was excavated from the mud and was left under the trees by the bayou for twenty years, then taken to New Orleans. It is a prototype of the torpedo boat Hunley, which sank the Federal battleship Housatanic in Charleston Harbor in 1864.

THE HEROIC DEATH OF MARCUS BAUM.

BY DR. SIMON BARUCH, NEW YORK CITY.

In General Longstreet's book, "From Manassas to Appomattox," page 564, the following is given: "As the 12th (Virginia) Regiment marched back to find its place on the other side of the plank road, it was mistaken in the wood for an advance of the enemy, and fire was opened on it from the other regiments of the brigade. The men threw themselves on the ground to let the fire pass. Just then our party of officers (Generals Longstreet, Jenkins, Kershaw, and staff) came up and rode under fire. General Jenkins had not finished the expressions of joyful congratulation which I have quoted when he fell mortally wounded. Captain Doby and Orderly Bowen, of Kershaw's staff, were killed. General Kershaw turned to quiet the troops when Jenkins's Brigade with leveled guns were in the act of returning the fire of the supposed enemy concealed in the wood; but as Kershaw's clear voice called out 'F-r-i-e-n-d-s!' the arms were recovered without a shot in return, and the men threw themselves upon their faces. At the moment that Jenkins fell I received a severe shock from a Minie ball passing through my right shoulder and throat."

Now as to what happened behind the scenes. The morning was well advanced, and the roar of artillery and rattle of musketry, emphasized by an occasional stray shell flying over our heads, were distinctly heard at the field hospital which had just been established. I remember the scene distinctly. As I was about to operate on a severely wounded man, Marcus Baum, a handsome fellow of about twenty-five, attached to the staff of General Kershaw, who was very fond of him, dashed into the camp on a white horse covered with foam and with anxious voice begged to know where General Kershaw could be found. "Do you hear that volley, Marcus?" said I. "The General is always in the front." "I must go to him at once," cried he. "The General sent me off with a message." Digging the spurs into the flanks of his panting horse, he disappeared from view, while I was vainly trying to explain the impossibility of reaching General Kershaw. The above statement by General Longstreet tells how he fell at the side of his chief, together with the gallant Alfred Doby. All three were from Camden, S. C.

Two hours later the body of Major General Wadsworth, of the Union army, was brought to our hospital and reverently placed upon the sod to await transportation through the lines by order of General Lee. A moment later the white horse of Marcus Baum came trotting into camp, his neck sprinkled with the lifeblood of the gallant rider who had galloped him to the front to joint his commander. In the confusion of the fight his body was never recovered. He lies in an unmarked grave on the blood-stained soil of the Wilderness.

It is but just to chronicle this historic fact and correct the name given by Longstreet as Bowen, which sounds like Bowm, as the name was always pronounced. He was a German and a Hebrew. Though exempt from military duty as a foreigner, he enlisted early. No braver man, none truer to the cause, no soldier more loyal to his chief ever breathed than Marcus Baum, of Camden, S. C., special aid to Gen. Joseph B. Kershaw, his friend.

It is a singular fact that the man lying on the ground near his escaping horse, on the right of the picture, is a true likeness of Marcus Baum as I knew him.

[Dr. Baruch is a member of the Confederate Camp of New York, formerly assistant surgeon 3d South Carolina Battalion, Longstreet's Corps, surgeon 13th Mississippi Regiment, and at the close surgeon in charge of hospitals at Thomasville, N. C.]



THE WOUNDING OF GENERAL LONGSTREET AT THE WILDERNESS, MAY 6, 1864.

Illustration from General Longstreet's book, "From Manassas to Appomattox." J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

MAJ. GEN. JOHN S. BOWEN, C. S. A.

BY HON. PAT HENRY, BRANDON, MISS.

Having served under this gallant officer, I have often wondered why so little has been written of him and his brilliant service to the Confederacy. Of his antecedents I know very little, but have always understood that he was a graduate of West Point and an officer in the old army. Certain it is that he was a superb soldier, devotedly attached to the cause; and, as the military records attest, he had the confidence of his superior officers, rising from colonel of the 1st Missouri Regiment of Infantry to brigadier and then to major general. He was essentially a military man, a thorough disciplinarian and tactician. By some he was considered a martinet. He was exacting and tireless in drilling and disciplining his troops, the beneficial effect of which was evinced on many battle fields. In camp and on field he handled his troops with great skill and ability.

The records show that in May, 1861, he was chief of staff to Gen. D. M. Frost at Camp Jackson, Mo., and in August he was at New Madrid with his regiment. In October Colonel Bowen was assigned to the command of the 4th Division by order of Gen. Leonidas Polk (being in command of the 6th Brigade) and placed in important positions in advance of the army under General Pillow. In December General Polk ordered General Bowen, with 5,000 men, to report at Bowling Green, Ky., to Gen. A. S. Johnston. There he performed most arduous service, being generally kept on the outposts, and he always "made good." He participated in the retreat from Bowling Green in the winter of 1861-62. He commanded his brigade at Shiloh in the division of General Breckinridge, who commanded the reserve corps. In a short while Breckinridge was hotly engaged and was vigorously supported by Bowen's Brigade. General Johnson was wounded while with this brigade. Later General Bowen was himself wounded. General Beauregard in his report states: "Gens. B. R. Johnson and J. S. Bowen, most meritorious officers, were severely wounded in the first combat."

After the battle of Shiloh my regiment, the 6th Mississippi (Col. R. Lowry), was assigned to General Bowen's brigade and participated in the campaign around Vicksburg under Van Dorn. We were located at Milldale, north of the city, when the ram Arkansas went down the Mississippi River, greatly damaging the Federal fleet. General Bowen was then sent to reënforce Breckinridge in his assault on Baton Rouge, but got only as far as the Coamite River, where he was left by Breckinridge, on his withdrawal from Baton Rouge, to observe Baton Rouge from that quarter, to protect our hospitals, and to cover the line of communications between Clinton, La., and Camp Moore. He was later ordered to the latter place, it being threatened by the Federals.

When Van Dorn commenced his campaign on Corinth in the latter part of September, 1862, my recollection is that the order from the War Department brigading troops according to States was promulgated, and a Mississippi brigade was formed composed of the 6th Mississippi (Col. R. Lowry), 15th Mississippi (Col. M. Farrell), 22d Mississippi (Captain Lester commanding), the Mississippi Battalion of Sharpshooters (Major Caruthers commanding), and Watson's Battery (Captain Bursley commanding). Many of these troops, having served under General Bowen and admiring him greatly, asked that he be assigned to the command of the brigade. The request being granted, he brought with him his grand old regiment, the 1st Missouri, Colonel Riley commanding.

Later at Corinth, during the 3d, 4th, and 5th of October, 1862, Bowen's Brigade, which, with those of Villepigue and Rust, formed Lovell's Division, bore a conspicuous part in the positions assigned to it with the right wing of the Confederate lines. On the 3d this brigade aided in driving the enemy out of their works and in capturing the "Lady Richardson," a twenty-pound Parrott. General Rust in his report says: "It is due to the right wing of General Bowen's admirable brigade, the 22d Mississippi (Captain Lester commanding), to acknowledge that their advance upon our left and the right of the enemy's battery, attracting a portion of its fire, was in concert with our advance, greatly facilitated its capture, and entitled them to a full share of the honor."

On the 4th Bowen, being on the extreme right, occupied the encampment of General Stanley's division, its tents being left by them standing when they retired into the breastworks. There was very little infantry firing in his front here; but when he attempted to develop the enemy with Watson's Battery, it was answered by a terrific cannonade from the enemy's right, left, and front, when Bursley was ordered to retire his battery. General Price, after the most desperate fighting on the left, was forced to draw off his troops, the enemy having been heavily reënforced. The evacuation was successfully made, and the army retired from the front of Corinth on its retreat, Bowen's brigade camping at Chewalla that night.

Bowen was detailed to cover the retreat as the rear guard of the army. He retired about ten o'clock on the morning of the 5th and slowly followed the retreating columns. With the aid of two companies of Jackson's Caavlry and the very effective fire of Lieutenant Barlow's section of Watson's Battery, he repulsed an assault made on his line about noon. Resuming his march, he was not again molested till just before sunset, when, drawing near to the Tuscumbia bridge, he halted his troops to allow the wagon trains to cross and get over the hills. While the skirmishers were engaged, Bowen took position on a hill just north of the bridge, placing the 15th Mississippi on the left of the road, Toledano's section of Watson's Battery and five companies of the 6th Mississippi on the right of said road, while to prevent a flank attack on his left he placed the other five companies of the 6th Mississippi perpendicularly to the left and rear of the 15th Mississippi, ordering them all to lie down where they were concealed by the scrub oak undergrowth, the battery being masked after being double-shotted with grape and canister for close quarters.

The enemy, deploying, endeavored to cut Bowen off from the bridge, at the same time advancing on his front in considerable numbers, largely in excess of Bowen's, which could not have exceeded four hundred all told. But his position was admirably chosen, the hill gradually sloping for about half a mile toward the enemy, who, driving in our skirmishers, came on in fine style, evidently expecting an easy accomplishment of their purpose. They were permitted to come so close to our line that the commands of their officers could be plainly heard by the Confederates lying under the watchful eye of the alert Bowen. When he gave the command, "Attention! Ready! Aim! Fire!" a deliberate, well-aimed, simultaneous volley was poured into the very faces of the advancing Federals, handsomely seconded by several rounds of canister from Toledano's section, the whole followed by rapid and continuous file fire from the infantry, which must have proved very destructive, as the advance was not only thus checked, but their whole force fled from the field.

Bowen then crossed the Tuscumbia, tore up and burned the bridge, and leisurely joined the division, about three miles beyond. Here we were happy to find a field of late corn and pumpkins, from which we gathered corn and roasted it, thus breaking a long and weary fast. When the brigade was preparing to continue its march the next morning, an Irish soldier approached General Bowen, saying to him: "Gineral, faith, sir, I am hungry." The General, looking surprised that one of his men could be hungry after the night's "feast," said to him: "Why, my man, did you not get plenty of corn and pumpkin last night?" The Irishman with ill humor replied: "Sure, Gineral, do you think I am a horse?" "Well," said Bowen as he turned off in disgust, "you are as much a horse as I am, and I ate and enjoyed it."

On October 16, 1862, General Bowen was transferred to the army corps of General Price and later was under General Pemberton at and around Vicksburg. When General Grant threatened to pass his army south of Vicksburg on the Louisiana side, Bowen was sent to Grand Gulf, which he fortified, and later met the advanced forces of Grant, which had landed at Bruinsburg on May 1, 1863, in the battle of Port Gibson. With detached troops from Arkansas, the 6th Mississippi, a section of Hudson's Battery under Gen. M. E. Green (about five hundred strong), and the brigade of General Tracy, he held the enemy in check; when he fell back to the line established by him under General Baldwin and others. Bowen's entire force was about 5,500 of all arms, while the enemy had about 20,000.

After desperate fighting all that day, in which Bowen's generalship was demonstrated, he drew off across the Bayou Pierre in good order. On May 2 he made his report to General Pemberton, who on May 4 indorsed the report to the War Department in these words: "Respectfully forwarded with high commendation upon the gallantry of Brig. Gen. J. S. Bowen and command and respectfully urging that he be promoted to the rank of major general." This was done shortly thereafter.

The records of the Union and Confederate armies are replete with meritorious mention of this gallant and skillful officer. At the battle of Baker's Creek he handled his brigade with marked ability, driving back the Federals till his flanks became threatened, when he retired in fine order, groups dressed and guns at "right shoulder shift."

During the siege of Vicksburg the commanding general relied always on General Bowen's judgment and skill not only on the field, but in consultation, and finally on July 3, 1863, he was selected to convey to General Grant the communication of General Pemberton proposing an armistice with a view to arranging terms for the capitulation of Vicksburg. Afterwards General Bowen, Capt. L. M. Montgomery, and two Federal officers, Major Generals McPherson and Smith, were selected to suggest such terms as they might think proper for further consideration of Generals Pemberton and Grant, which resulted in the terms agreed upon.

On the march of Pemberton's troops from Vicksburg after the surrender General Bowen was taken sick and died, being interred in the garden of a Mr. Carnes, in Hinds County. Later his body was removed to Vicksburg, where it now rests in peace, I suppose in the city cemetery. Thus passed away one of the truest and most gallant of the South's defenders. I quote from the report of General Pemberton in Volume XXIV., Series I., page 295, of the "War Records," these words, which are more appropriate than any I can use: "I cannot close this report without a brief tribute to the memory of two of the best soldiers in the Confederate army. I refer to Maj. Gen. John S. Bowen and Brig. Gen. Martin E. Green [the latter was of Bowen's Division]. Always faithful, zealous, and brave, they fell as became them in the discharge of their duty. General Green died with a bullet in his brain upon the lines he had so long and so gallantly defended. General Bowen, having passed scatheless through the bloody scenes of Shiloh, Iuka, Corinth, Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, Baker's Creek, and Vicksburg, perished by disease on the march from Vicksburg to Jackson after the capitulation. I can utter no higher eulogium upon him than to say he always performed his duty and never avoided danger."

CAPT. WILLIAM L. RITTER, OF MARYLAND.

Capt. William L. Ritter left his home, in Carroll County, Md., on October 12, 1861, and proceeded to Baltimore, where he took passage on the steamer Mary Washington for Patuxent River, crossed the Potomac, and went to Richmond, Va., where he joined the 3d Battery of Maryland Artillery October



CAPT. WILLIAM L. RITTER.

24. He then assisted Henry B. Latrobe, Ferd O. Claiborne, John B. Rowan, and William T. Patten in recruiting and organizing the battery, which was mustered into the service of the Confederate States at Richmond January 14, 1862, at which time Ritter was appointed orderly sergeant. On February 4 the battery was ordered to Knoxville, Tenn., arriving on the 11th. During the summer of 1862 the battery rendered service as required between Morristown and Chattanooga, and in August it was ordered to cross Cumberland Mountain at Rogers Gap and join Gen. E. Kirby Smith's army at Richmond, Ky.

The 3d Maryland Artillery was the first Confederate organization to enter Lexington, Ky., and then, with Reynolds's Brigade of Infantry, marched to within four miles of Cincinnati, Ohio. The battery was held in reserve at the battle of Perryville, Ky., and returned to Knoxville, Tenn., by way of Cumberland Gap on October 27. In December it was ordered to Vicksburg, Miss., reaching there January 3, 1863, and on February 2 the battery fired at the Queen of the West

as she passed the batteries at Vicksburg. On March 17 Sergeant Ritter was elected junior second lieutenant of the battery, and was soon afterwards promoted to senior second lieutenant. Early in April he was ordered to proceed to Deer Creek, Miss., to take command of a section of the battery then operating with General Ferguson's brigade of cavalry on the Mississippi River, and on May 3 he captured the steamer Minnesota, heavily laden with sutlers' stores for Grant's army at Vicksburg. Lieutenant Ritter left Deer Creek the last week in May and joined Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army on the 1st of June at Yazoo City, Miss. On June 30 he was promoted to first lieutenant and was in the Seven Days' Battles at Jackson, Miss., and slightly wounded by a piece of shell.

Rejoining the 3d Maryland Artillery at Decatur, Ga., on October 24, Lieutenant Ritter was ordered to Lookout Mountain, Tenn., and was in the battle of Missionary Ridge. On November 27 the command went into winter quarters near Dalton, Ga. He was with General Johnston in all the battles his army fought between Tunnel Hill and Atlanta, Ga., and was wounded at Resaca and Noonday Valley. He was with General Hood in his Tennessee campaign and was promoted to captain on December 16, 1864. In February, 1865, he was ordered to Mobile, Ala., and put in command of Battery D, a redoubt of seven guns—heavy artillery. After the evacuation of Mobile he was ordered to Meridian, Miss., and paroled May 10, 1865. In February, 1866, he was again at home, after an absence of four years and four months.

Captain Ritter has been Recording Secretary of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States since 1876, except a short time, and has had large correspondence with Confederates all over this country who will be glad to see a picture of him. He has been a double subscriber (paying for two copies) to the VETERAN for over eighteen years and has distributed many copies at his own expense.



SUBURBAN HOME OF CAPTAIN RITTER.

A picture is here given of Captain Ritter's home at Reisterstown, Md., some miles out from Baltimore, in which city he continues his active business life despite his seventy-eight years, making the two trips daily as regularly as the younger men. He writes of his enjoyment of the ride through the country in the early mornings.

A PHANTOM REGIMENT AND OTHER STORIES.

BY THE LATE GEN. J. MADISON DRAKE, HISTORIAN ARMY AND NAVY MEDAL OF HONOR LEGION, U. S. A.

The men of the 134th New York Regiment, a command that took an active part in the campaign before Richmond in 1862, had some exciting and strange experiences during McClellan's "masterly retreat" to Harrison's Landing. It was in August, and the narrow roads, owing to the long absence of rain, were ankle-deep in dust, which rendered marching unspeakably disagreeable. The brazen skies reflected a blistering, almost suffocating heat, causing intense suffering among the disheartened men, wearing winter uniforms, who staggered along on the disastrous retreat, burdened with their heavy loads.

It was in the twilight of one of these stifling days that the 134th halted by the wayside for a temporary rest, when the members were thrown into a state of excitement by the almost noiseless passage of a regiment of horsemen, who, with the jaded animals they rode, could not be distinguished either as Union or Confederate soldiers, although they resembled the latter, owing to their dull-gray appearance, horses and riders being all of one color—the ghostly pallor of the dead—completely covered with Virginia dust.

The face of each horseman was covered with a handkerchief, which was once white, as a protection against the clouds of dust kicked up by the horses, so much fatigued that they were barely able to keep their feet. The silent processionists, resembling the sheeted dead, appeared as if they were riding to doomsday as well as to judgment; and it was only after the ghostly omen had passed from view that the New Yorkers, greatly impressed with the spectral show, breathed freely.

That there were superstitious men in the Union army, as well as out of it, goes without saying, and to bear me out in this statement I shall relate a very strange incident that occurred on the night General Pope's defeated army fell back to Fairfax Courthouse. A portion of the Union force, greatly exhausted by a long and tiresome march, having made a brief halt at midnight, officers and men, high and low in rank, yielding to the pleading voice of tired nature, threw themthemselves upon the parched ground for a little sleep.

The bivouac was in a dense wood, with not a breath of air stirring; and although the silvery moonlight filtered through the dense foliage, unfolding a beautiful picture, the spot was considered ghostly. The bewitching hour had scarcely come ere the men, who had been soundly sleeping, some dreaming of loved ones at home, others of the time when the "cruel war" would end, were instantly aroused as if by some supernatural influence. All sprang to their feet, excitedly exclaiming, "What is it?"

As nobody knew the actual cause of the alarm, nobody could explain the mystery. The first impulse of the half-asleep and bewildered soldiers was that the Confederate cavalry were charging through the sleeping host; but an investigation disproved this theory, and never has the mystery of that intuitive awakening of our army been cleared up.

One of these many strange incidents was at the battle of Antietam, which, by the way, was the bloodiest one-day fight of the entire war. Milford N. Bullock, a mere boy, belonging to Company D, 134th New York Volunteers, found dead after the conflict by burial parties, was discovered lying on his back, showing the painful circumstances of his death. At his side was his rifle, which had been discharged, the

muzzle directly pointed at his chin, blown almost entirely away. In his right hand was tightly clasped the ramrod of his gun, the lower end against the trigger. This revealed the terrible manner in which death had relieved him of untold suffering, for it appeared that the wound from an enemy's bullet had not been sufficient to cause instant death, and, being in mortal agony, he had recourse to the above means to save him from intense suffering by taking his own life. This young patriot, like thousands of others, tranquilly sleeps in the beautiful national cemetery at Antietam, far away from his kindred.

When a portion of the Army of the Potomac, after the battle of Antietam, found itself in the early part of November in bivouac at Snicker's Gap, it got a touch of real winter which a far more northern clime could not beat. After a long and fatiguing march the command halted, arms were stacked, and the almost exhausted men dropped in the places where they stood and, enveloped in their blankets, sank quickly to sleep. When daylight came the men were found lying under a white coverlet of snow so deep that the sleeping forms resembled so many mounds, the spectacle having the appearance of a cemetery with the graves in rows. It was a weird sight. And when the sleepers began to arise from these mounds, a real illustration was given of the resurrection.

While the lonesome pickets along the Rappahannock River that winter had stringent orders against having converse or traffic with the Confederates on the opposite side of the stream, many of them conveniently forgot the rules and daily swapped coffee with the Southerners, who in return supplied tobacco, considered by most soldiers as a great solace. Many means were adopted by the pickets of both armies in carrying out what they considered a delicious diversion of their routine duties. The stern orders were violated as opportunity presented itself, and a number of officers who winked at the illicit commerce between the enlisted men lost their shoulder straps and went home in disgrace. It is hard to realize that men who had gathered along that river to shoot each other could day after day clasp hands in friendship, so to speak, across the river every time they had a chance.

THE BATTLE OF JOHNSONVILLE.

BY E. G. COWEN, M'EWEN, TENN.

The destruction of Johnsonville, with the events immediately preceding, form a chapter unique and unparalleled in the annals of war. Late in the fall of 1864 Gen. N. B. Forrest was ordered to destroy Johnsonville, which had become a great Federal depot. Supplies drawn from St. Louis, Cincinnati, and the surrounding country were brought up the river by boat and stored here, awaiting shipment by rail to Nashville and East Tennessee.

The Confederate force assembled at Jackson, and on the 20th of October General Buford, who had moved forward to Lexington, was ordered to lead the advance by way of Huntingdon and Paris to the mouth of the Big Sandy River. By the 28th the entire force, not over twenty-four hundred available men, had reached and fortified Paris Landing, on Tennessee River, and another point five miles lower down, opposite old Fort Heiman. The positions were carefully chosen and the batteries well masked and supported with infantry.

About nine o'clock on the morning of the 29th the Federal transport Mazeppa passed the lower batteries and was soon driven ashore on the opposite bank, where all the officers and men, with the exception of the captain, escaped to the woods. A Confederate paddled across the river on a log, received the surrender of the gallant captain, and together they rowed back across the stream to the fort. The Mazeppa was soon pulled across to the western bank, where she was relieved of a rich cargo of stores and immediately burned. Meanwhile three gunboats appearing from below were repulsed.

Next day, after several sharp encounters with different boats, the gunboat Undine and the transport Venus were captured and found to be very little the worse for the encounter. General Forrest at once conceived the idea of placing detachments of his cavalry on board the boats and using them in the advance against Johnsonville. The captured pilots were pressed into service. Trial trips were successfully made amid a great display of enthusiasm by the troops on the shore. Upon the return two twenty-pound Parrott guns were placed upon the Undine. And now, manned by the cavalry since become famous as the "Horse Marine," this little Confederate flotilla began a brief but brilliant career that stands unique and unrivaled in the history of naval warfare.

On the morning of the 1st of November, 1864, the expedition was set in motion toward Johnsonville. Captain Gracey, who had fought with Forrest at Chickamauga, commanded the gunboat Undine, which became the commodore's flagship; but Lieut. Col. W. A. Dawson was placed in immediate command of the transport Venus. Chalmer's Division led the advance, and Buford moved in the rear to guard against gunboats from below. Morton's and the other batteries moved southward along the western bank of the river, prepared to render immediate assistance to the boats.

The roads were in the very worst condition, while the rain poured steadily; but the troops, inspired with the novelty of the undertaking and the prospect of an early engagement, moved forward in good order and the best of spirits.

On the afternoon of the 2d, with the Venus leading, the little flotilla ventured incautiously ahead of the land supports and were suddenly attacked by gunboats 29 and 32, led by Lieutenant Commander King, U. S. N. The Undine escaped down the river to Davidson's Ferry, where she came under the protection of the guns in Chalmers's Battery. The Venus, however, was soon badly damaged, run ashore, and captured. Colonel Dawson and all the other officers escaped to the shore. The gunboats soon retired up the river with the Venus in tow, loaded with the two Parrott guns, two hundred rounds



RIBS OF BURNED GUNBOAT SHOWING IN TENNESSEE RIVER.

of ammunition, five hundred and seventy-six boxes of hard bread, and much other valuable freight taken from the Mazeppa. The guns and ammunition were afterwards used against the Confederates at Johnsonville.

On the 3d the Undine and the land forces proceeded cautiously up the river, but Federal gunboats closed in from above and below and drove the Undine ashore on the eastern bank. Captain Gracey and his men succeeded in firing the vessel and escaped to the canebrakes and there remained till nightfall, when they crossed the river on logs and rafts and rejoined their command. Thus ended the career of the only fleet ever manned by cavalrymen.

By the evening of the 3d the forces had reached a point near Reynoldsburg Island, about three miles below Johnsonville, and there encamped. Halfway between Johnsonville and Reynoldsburg, opposite the old Waverly Landing, Cypress Creek flows into the Tennessee River from the west. This creek is a very sluggish stream, surrounded by sloughs and treacherous swamps, and, as the Federals thought, rendered entirely impassable by the heavy rains.

Late in the afternoon Forrest, accompanied by his chief of artillery, Morton, started out to make a reconnoissance of Johnsonville. After a lengthy search along the banks of Cypress Creek, they found a crossing used by cattle wintering in the canebrakes. They crossed the stream and gained a view of the town from the opposite shore. The town, a mere hamlet, lay at the mouth of a creek along the side of a ridge of hills rising abruptly from the river to a height of a hundred feet. On two of the highest points of this ridge were strong redoubts protected by unusually heavy earthworks and armed with heavy ordnance, with rifle pits running down west and south. Scattered along the river bank stood the railway depot and storage warehouses, filled to the top with every conceivable kind of military stores. Along the landing lay immense piles of supplies not liable to damage by exposure. At the water's edge, interspersed with gunboats, floated a large fleet of transports and barges heaped with war merchandise.

On the western side the bank rises twenty feet above the water and drops back abruptly to a bottom, thus forming a natural earthwork, at that time heavily timbered and overgrown with cane. As soon as it was dark General Forrest moved up to this position. Thrall's Battery of twelve-pound howitzers was placed in the heavy timber some distance back from the bank. Meanwhile General Lyon, who had been an artillery officer in the regular army before the war, arrived with four hundred Kentucky troops. Under his direction the guns were pushed forward to within a few feet of the river and sunk below the surface of the ground in pits, with embrasures cut through the bank. The batteries were well supported by Buford's and Chalmers's Brigades concealed in the heavy timber. By noon next day preparations were complete.

To the hidden watchers the opposite shore presented an inspiring panorama. The Federals thought that Forrest had been turned back by the loss of his boats and was by this time far away in retreat. The day was dreary and misty; but the men had been very busy for the past few days preparing for the expected attack, and now, thinking that all danger was past, took this occasion for rest and a general holiday. The ladies came down the hill to stroll along the streets of the town. Along the path from the boats to the redoubts lounged soldiers, both white and black. At the dock lay the gunboats Key West, Elphin, and Tawah with steam up and ready for action, while the heavily loaded barges bustled with the activities of numerous deck hands.

Two o'clock was the hour set for the attack, and the timepieces of the officers had been set together; but the signal was not given till three. Exactly at three o'clock ten guns were fired as one. The scene on the opposite bank changed from quiet security to consternation and confusion. Two of the gunboats were completely disabled by the first round, while the third made only a feeble reply. The heavy guns in the redoubts opened and soon fired with great accuracy, but with little effect upon the sunken batteries. The crews of the boats jumped into the water and swam for the safety of the shore. Soon the vessels burst into flames that spread quickly to the barges and transports, till the river was filled with the burning craft. A stiff wind upstream held the boats against the bank and scattered the flames to the neighboring piles of stores. Kindled by red-hot balls and fanned by the high wind, the long line of storehouses burst into roaring flames. Thousands of bushels of grain, tons of hay, barrel upon barrel of spirits and oil, hundreds of thousands of pounds of meats, and numerous other stores fed the fury of the flames. The whole river front became a veritable wall of fire, and in one hour the great depot was destroyed.

The main object of the expedition accomplished, General Forrest moved his command six miles to the rear by the light of the conflagration. Rucker's Brigade and one section of the artillery were left to cover the retreat. The only loss sustained by the Confederates was one man killed by a falling limb shot from a great cypress tree.

In the morning the redoubts guarded only charred hulks and blackened ruins. General Forrest returned in person to view the ruins. A detachment of infantry made a demonstration from one of the forts and was promptly fired upon and forced to retire. The artillery and troops under Colonel Rucker were now withdrawn. The Federal forces were hurriedly removed to Nashville. The ruins were looted and the destruction completed by guerrillas.

An assistant inspector general of the United States army estimated the total money value of property destroyed in the Johnsonville raid, including barges and steamboats, at about two million two hundred thousand dollars; but other estimates were much greater. The military and naval forces at Johnsonville on November 4 were as follows: 43d Wisconsin Volunteers, seven hundred men; 13th Tennessee Colored Infantry, twelve hundred men; quartermaster's employees, eight hundred men; six ten-pound Parrott guns, four twelve-pound Napoleon guns, and two twenty-pound Parrott guns captured on the Venus; and the gunboats Key West, Elphin, and Tawah.

General Forrest in his report says: "Having completed the work designed for the expedition, I moved my command six miles during the night by the light of the enemy's burning property. We reached Corinth on November 10, after an absence of two weeks, during which time I captured and destroyed four gunboats, fourteen transports, twenty barges, twenty-six pieces of artillery, and six million seven hundred thousand dollars' worth of property. My loss during the entire trip was two killed and nine wounded."

After the battle of Nashville the 13th Tennessee Colored Infantry returned to Johnsonville, where they remained till the close of the war. The depots were never rebuilt, and to-day all that remains to recall the fierce conflict waged there are the unusually well-preserved earthworks of the redoubts and the puny war toys of half a century past, lifting their charred ribs and iron-shod prows above the rippling waters of the Tennessee.

GEN. JOSEPH EGGLESTON JOHNSTON, C. S. A.

BY JOHN WITHERSPOON DU BOSE, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

General Jesup, U. S. A., who, by the way, was one of the seconds in the Clay-Randolph duel, had been for years assigned to the duties of quartermaster-general. The quartermaster's department had no separate organization, however, until his death. Congress passed an act in 1860 organizing the department and creating the office of quartermaser-general, with the rank of brigadier general and with the pay of this latter office. The act required that the quartermaster-general should not be assigned to command troops in the field except by special order of the President. If so assigned, he must retain the rank of brigadier general.

Upon the passage of this act President Buchanan requested Secretary of War John B. Floyd, a Virginian, to name a suitable officer from the army to be nominated to the Senate for confirmation to the newly created office. The Secretary extended the request of the President to Lieut. Gen. Winfield Scott, the ranking officer of the army. General Scott submitted four names without preference of any one—to wit: Col. Albert Sidney Johnston, of Texas; Lieut. Col. Robert E. Lee, of Virginia; Lieut. Col. Joseph E. Johnston, of Virginia; and Maj. Charles F. Smith, of Pennsylvania. The Secretary of War chose Lieut. Col. Joseph E. Johnston, the President accepted the choice of the Secretary, and the Senate confirmed the nomination. Senator Jefferson Davis had been active in urging the appointment of his personal friend, Col. A. S. Johnston, from this list; but when Lieut. Col. J. E. Johnston's name came before the Senate, he spoke for confirmation.

The quartermaster-general had been several times wounded in the battles with the Indians in Florida and in the war with Mexico, and had been promoted and brevetted several times for distinguished service in action. He went with Col. A. S. Johnston in 1858 on the expedition to Utah to quell Brigham Young's Mormon insurrection.

A gentleman of Washington City who often met General Scott in private intercourse told me he heard that great soldier say: "There is but one objection to Joseph Johnston as a soldier; he catches too many bullets."

At the time of his promotion Johnston was lieutenant colonel of the 1st Cavalry, of which Sumner was colonel and Hardee and George H. Thomas majors. A. S. Johnston was then colonel of the 2d Cavalry; R. E. Lee, lieutenant colonel; Van Dorn, major. It was the ambition of all the Southern officers to be of one or the other of these two "crack" regiments. Stuart, Fitzhugh Lee, Hood, and Kirby Smith were lieutenants in one or the other.

In less than a year after the quartermaster-general of the United States army received his commission he wrote the resignation here given:

"WASHINGTON, April 22, 1861.

"*Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War—Sir:* With feelings of deep regret I respectfully tender the resignation of my commission in the army of the United States. The feelings which impel me to this act are, I believe, understood by the Honorable Secretary of War. I hope that long labor, hardship, danger, and loss of blood may give me some claim to ask the early consideration of this communication.

"Most respectfully your obedient servant,

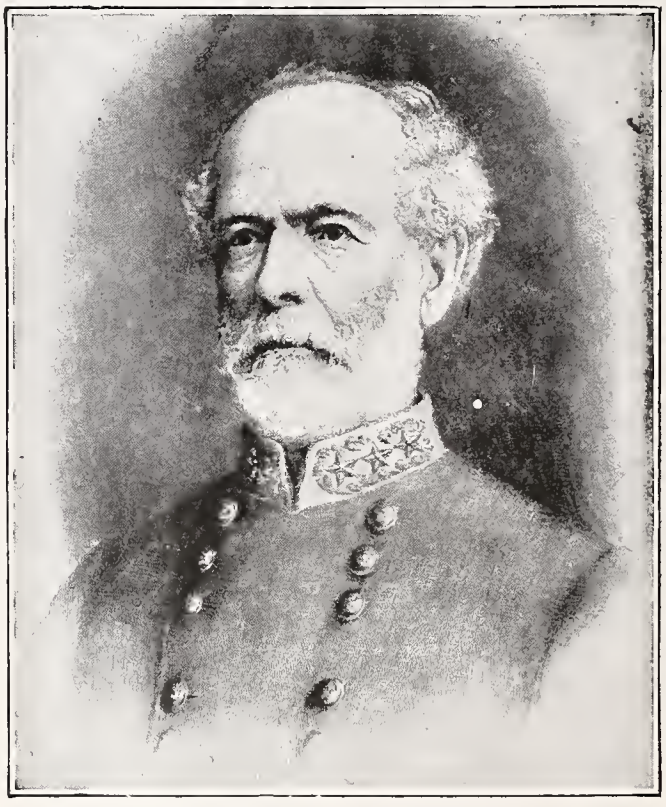
J. E. JOHNSTON, *Quartermaster-General.*"

The VETERAN for June, 1913, contains a pleasing report of the ceremonies at the unveiling of the statue of Gen. J. E. Johnston at Dalton and some extracts from the dedicatory oration of Judge Moses Wright, of Rome, on that occasion, in which he says: "Johnston's idea of warfare differed from that of his fellow generals; he wanted the South to pursue a defensive rather than an offensive policy."

Possibly your reporter confused the average "history" with the event of the day at Dalton and thus came to misinterpret the orator. Be that as it may, we shall see something of the real Johnston from the record.

I have before me the manuscript narrative, signed "John Otey, Colonel and Assistant Adjutant General," here quoted. This valuable data is in the Alabama Department of Archives and History. It is some fifty years old.

About six weeks after First Manassas, when the army had recovered sufficiently to resume operations, General Johnston wrote to the President suggesting that the Secretary of War should come to the army to determine upon a course of



GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

action. The President came in person. On the evening of his arrival Johnston, in command, Beauregard, second in command, and Gustavus W. Smith, the ranking major general, waited on the President. Smith was the spokesman. In conference Smith opened the subject matter thus: "Mr. President, is it not possible to put this army on the active offensive? That question seems of such vital importance that the success or failure of our cause may depend on it."

The three generals, parties to the conference, spoke as one through the voice of Smith. The plan they proposed was to concentrate the troops from all over the South—New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, etc.—form a grand army, invade the United States, and thus compel the evacuation of the Confederacy by the invader. Nothing of the policy of war advised thus by General Johnston was then adopted. It was actively offensive, and it received the indorsement of Beauregard and Smith.

Next in order we present the following correspondence. Johnston was now in command of the Army of Northern Virginia, engaged in the historic Peninsular Campaign. Gen-

eral Lee was held in the President's office at Richmond as "military adviser," a position which, he wrote to his wife, was "of no pleasure to me or advantage to the country." (R. E. Lee, Jr.'s, "Recollection of My Father.") The Lee's House, from which Johnston wrote, is the house on the Pamunkey, inherited by Mrs. Lee from her father, George Washington Parke Custis, grandson of Mrs. George Washington, an early owner of the property:

"LEE'S HOUSE, April 30, 1862.

"*Gen. R. E. Lee—General:* We are engaged in a species of warfare at which we can never win. It is plain that General McClellan will adhere to the system of warfare adopted by him last summer and depend for success upon artillery and engineering. We can compete with him in neither. We must, therefore, change our course, take the offensive, collect all the troops we have in the East, and cross the Potomac with them, while Beauregard, with all we have in the West, invades Ohio. Our troops have always wished for the offensive, and so does the country. Please submit this suggestion to the President. We can have no success while McClellan is allowed, as he is by our defensive, to choose his mode of warfare.

"Most respectfully your obedient servant.

J. E. JOHNSTON, *General.*"

Beauregard was then in command of the army at Corinth, Miss., that had fought three weeks before at Shiloh.

So earnest was General Johnston that when he received General Lee's reply, indicating, as he considered, the inappreciation of the government, he mounted his horse at his camp and, galloping all night, reached the President's office next morning just as he opened the door to enter. The President declared his profound interest in the views expressed by the general of the army, but insisted upon the importance of a full discussion of them in the presence of the cabinet. So General Johnston was invited to meet the cabinet at eleven o'clock the same morning.

At this meeting the President, the Secretary of War, and General Lee, representing the executive, and Generals Johnston, Longstreet, and Gustavus W. Smith, representing the army, it may be said, met and deliberated until past midnight. All the generals from the army present were of the same opinion expressed by Johnston. (Johnston's "Narrative.") Nothing was done.

General Johnston was unhorsed by a fragment of shell late in the afternoon of the battle of Seven Pines, May 31, and desperately wounded. Late in November following, before he was able to take his seat in the saddle, he reported for duty. He was then assigned to a new military department, with Chattanooga as headquarters. In December the President visited him. Johnston explained that Rosecrans had a much larger army at Nashville than Bragg's, then at Murfreesboro, twenty-five miles east of Nashville, and was preparing to attack Bragg as the initial of an invasion intended to reach Atlanta. He also explained that General Grant was setting out with a large force from Memphis, to march entirely through the State of Mississippi from north to south, with the purpose of capturing Mobile. Grant could be opposed only by Pemberton's inferior force, then in the vicinity of Vicksburg.

Johnston urged that, as Mississippi and Tennessee both could not be held by the Confederate forces then present, General Holmes, with 40,000 men idle in Arkansas and Missouri, should be brought over to Tennessee, as was then feasible, and that Pemberton and his army be brought to Tennessee. These reenforcements would increase Bragg's army to 100,000 men. Thus reënforced, the Army of Tennessee could put Rosecrans to flight and, following him, cross into Ohio.

Johnston in this plan merely repeated the advice he had twice offered in Virginia as to the offensive policy of war. He contended that if the concentration proposed should be permitted the driving of Rosecrans from Tennessee across the Ohio would necessarily compel Grant to evacuate Mississippi.

When Johnston's original plan of war looking to concentration and the offensive failed of adoption, he was reduced to the strategy made memorable by the Dalton-Atlanta Campaign.

General Johnston had high hopes of the success of the Confederacy until his removal from command at Atlanta. When he found at Dalton, and later at Resaca, that Sherman could not defeat him in the open, and that Grant could not defeat Lee in the open, his spirits rose to great heights. On the evening of May 17, standing at his bivouac fire near Drainsville, after three days' hard fighting at Resaca, where both armies fought their full strength, the Confederates losing more than 300 and the invader more than 3,000, Johnston exclaimed to his officers near by: "The Confederacy is as safe an institution as Germany or France."

That was the military situation as he saw it. That faith sustained him in the labor of facing Sherman for two months while there was one incessant battle. He had issued the orders to his corps commanders to bring on the battle of July 18, that he expected to put Sherman to rout equal to Napoleon's retreat from Russia, when at ten o'clock on the night of the 17th he received the telegram removing him from command.

As to the policy of war advised by the general officers of the Confederate army, Bragg at Pensacola in the fall of 1861 wrote to the Secretary of War urging concentration and the offensive. A. S. Johnston, Lee, Beauregard, and Forrest urged the same policy. Every general officer under J. E. Johnston (with the possible exception of Hood after Johnston's removal) enthusiastically supported him in all his military views and conduct. Pemberton was only nominally under him.

IN MEMORY OF GENERAL GORDON.

BY H. HAL RONDEAU, DETROIT, TEX.

Each year as they gather some one whom we loved is missed
when the roll call is read;
Some name from the roster is blotted with tears and numbered with those of the dead.

Each call of the bugle that sounds on our ears as the ages
roll swiftly by
Tolls death to some comrade who fought by our side who's
answered the roll call on high.

Their ranks have grown thinner, their roster is small, their
step has grown feeble and slow;
But none have deserted the cause that we love; they died
with their face toward the foe.

Soon only to memory's records we'll go for the tales that
we all love to hear,
For many who stopped by the roadside to rest are sleeping
so peacefully there.

GEN. EDMUND KIRBY SMITH.

Just twenty-one years ago, in this same month of April, the picture of Gen. Edmund Kirby Smith appeared on the title-page of the VETERAN, and in that number was chronicled the passing of the last full general of the Confederate army, on March 28, 1893. His picture has again the chief page of the VETERAN as one of the great men of Florida. He was born in that State and graduated from West Point in 1845, and he was a major in the United States army when he resigned to go with his own people in 1861. His achievements in the war are an interesting part of its history. President Davis is said to have told him in assigning him to the Trans-Mississippi Department in 1863 that he gave him more authority than he dared to put in writing. That this confidence was not misplaced was shown by his conduct of that department, in which he was absolutely faithful to the interests of his country and spurned the chance for personal profit. Nor in after life was he ever tempted by any stress of financial embarrassment to forget the personal honor that, like his unfailing courtesy, was a supreme characteristic of his nature.

Gen. Edmund Kirby Smith was born at St. Augustine, Fla., in 1824. His father, Col. J. L. Smith, was a native of Connecticut, and then held the office of United States judge for the district of Florida. Kirby Smith saw service in Mexico, was wounded in fighting the Indians in Texas, was thanked by the State Legislature for his service in the protection of the State, and was promoted to captain. After joining the Confederate forces he was promoted to colonel of cavalry in March, 1861, promoted to brigadier general in June and to major general in October. A year later he was made lieutenant general, and a full general in February, 1864. After being promoted to major general he assumed command at Knoxville, in March, 1862, of the district of East Tennessee, afterwards the Department of East Tennessee, Kentucky, North Georgia, and Western North Carolina. In July General Smith advanced into Kentucky with about 6,000 men and defeated a superior force under the Federal General Nelson at Richmond. After being joined by General Heth with a force of 4,000 men, General Smith designated his command as the "Army of Kentucky" and made vigorous efforts to gather supplies and recruits for the Confederate cause and occupied Lexington, the capital of the State. When Bragg retired after the battle of Perryville, General Smith skillfully withdrew his army from Kentucky. Having been promoted to lieutenant general, he was ordered in February, 1863, to the command of the Trans-Mississippi Department, where he held the general command until the close of the war of the districts of Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, and the Indian Territory. He established headquarters at Shreveport, organized government, shipped large quantities of cotton to Europe, imported machinery, and did much to develop mining and manufacture. He concentrated his forces in defense of Red River; and when his department was invaded by Banks and Steele, his measures of defense resulted in the decisive victory at Mansfield. His army was the last of the Confederate troops to lay down their arms, surrendering on May 26 at Baton Rouge.

Gen. Kirby Smith had $5,000 in gold with him when he went to Galveston, Tex., with a member of his staff whom he was to send to intercept Mr. Davis, who was to go to Cuba and then return to Texas to arrange for a final capitulation at Houston; and on learning that his troops had surrendered at Shreveport he wrote an order directing the staff officer, Capt. Ernest Cucullu, to take the money to New Orleans and turn it over to General Canby, commanding the United States forces. There was such an earnest plea from some of the Confederate officers that $1,700 of this money was paid them on salary account, but the General refused to take any part of it and borrowed money from a friend with which to get home. Canby was surprised that the money was taken to him, but was quick to express the regard that he felt for his college mate at West Point and said: "It is just like Kirby—the soul of honor."

After the war Gen. Kirby Smith held the presidency of the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company, was Chancellor of the University of Nashville 1870-1875, and subsequently was professor of mathematics in the University of the South at Sewanee, Tenn., until his death. Following the example of his illustrious commander in chief, Robert E. Lee, he devoted himself assiduously to the education of the youth of the South. Like General Lee, he refused numerous offers of employment which would have made him a rich man, preferring to give his time and talents to building at Sewanee an institution of learning to which the young men of the South could turn.

The State of Florida will be most fittingly represented in Statuary Hall, at Washington, D. C., by a statue of her most distinguished son, Gen. E. Kirby Smith, an appropriation of $10,000 having been made by the State Legislature for a life-sized statue which will soon be put in place.

MAJ. GEN. EVANDER M'IVER LAW, C. S. A.

Although General Law is not a native of Florida, he is, and has been for some years, a resident of the State, being at the head of the military school at Bartow, Fla. He was born at Darlington, S. C., in 1836, graduated from Charleston Mili-



GEN. E. M. LAW, TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS OLD.

tary Academy in 1856, removed to Macon County, Ala., in 1860, and from that State enlisted for the Confederacy. He entered the service as captain, and was elected lieutenant colonel of the 4th Alabama Regiment, which command distinguished itself in the first battle of Manassas, where Law was severely wounded. He was elected colonel of the regiment in October, 1861, and led the command at Seven Pines. In the battle of Gaines's Mill he commanded Whiting's old brigade, and had the same command throughout the rest of the Seven Days' battles, and also at Second Manassas and Sharpsburg. He received his commission as brigadier general in October, 1862. His service was distinguished for gallantry on many hotly contested fields—Gettysburg, Chickamauga, the Wilderness, Second Cold Harbor, where he was again severely wounded. He did not return to his brigade afterwards, but was relieved at his own request and entered the cavalry, taking command of Butler's Brigade. He was promoted to major general just before the surrender.



GEN. E. M. LAW, SEVENTY-TWO YEARS "YOUNG."

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

On February 12, 1914, Mr. Swanson introduced the following bill, which was read twice and referred to the Committee on Claims:

A Bill

For the adjustment of damages and legislative enactment repudiating the treatment of certain Confederate officers to which they were subjected by the military authorities of the United States government while being held as prisoners of war during the War between the States.

Whereas, upon the 18th of June, 1864, upon the demand of Maj. Gen. J. G. Foster, commanding the Union forces of the Department of the South, fifty Confederate officers were sent to him by the order of Major General Halleck, United States army, for the purpose of retaliation, the said Major General Foster, assuming from certain correspondence between him and Maj. Gen. Samuel Jones, of the Confederate army, that certain Union officers held as prisoners of war in the city of Charleston, S. C., were so located in said city that they were in danger of being injured from the explosion of shells fired from Batteries Wagner, Cregg, and other land batteries, and from the United States fleet shelling the city; and

Whereas, after mutual explanation between the aforesaid United States and Confederate generals, the said misunderstanding resulted in the exchange of the fifty Confederate officers sent to Major General Foster, as aforesaid, for an equal number of United States officers confined in Charleston, S. C.; and

Whereas, notwithstanding after said explanation and mutual exchange, together with evidence that the facts charged were unfounded, the said General Foster again called for six hundred other Confederate officers of different ranks who were being held as prisoners of war at Fort Delaware to be sent to Morris Island as subjects for special retaliation, notwithstanding no charges were made against them other than prisoners of war captured in battle. By order of Major General Halleck, United States army, on the 20th of August, 1864, the said six hundred Confederate officers were placed aboard the steamer Crescent at Fort Delaware to be transported to Morris Island, S. C. The capacity of the steamer was inadequate for such a number; and all being required to remain below deck, there was great suffering from heat, filth, and thirst; and the voyage, which should have been made in three days, was lengthened out to eighteen days, so that upon arriving at Morris Island they were in a famished condition. Here they were confined from the 9th of September, 1864, to the 20th of November in a stockade built between Batteries Gregg and Wagner, of the Union forces, on Morris Island, with no protection from the burning rays of the sun save small fly tents and within immediate range of the fire of the guns from the Confederate batteries replying to the bombarding of the city of Charleston, while also endangered by the premature bursting of shells fired from the Union batteries immediately over their heads. Here they endured great hardships from insufficient food and impure water; and

Whereas also on the 20th of November, 1864, the said six hundred Confederate officers were removed from the stockade and transported to Fort Pulaski, Ga., where they were assigned to quarters in the cold, damp casements, without fire or blankets to protect them from the cold blasts of winter. After some weeks intervened, two hundred of the number were sent to Hilton Head, S. C., to relieve the crowded condition of the fort, which was telling upon their constitutions. Here again they were subjected to great hardships; and

Whereas this treatment of said Confederate officers, against whom no charges were made other than recognized prisoners of war, was unjustifiable and contrary to the acknowledged rights of belligerency and the established principle in civilized warfare; therefore

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Treasurer of the United States is hereby ordered and directed to pay to each survivor of the six hundred aforesaid officers the sum of $5,000 as damages, and thus by an act of Congress such reparation shall be made for this illegal and unjustifiable violation of the laws of humanity and cartel of civilized warfare.

[The passage of this bill will mean the rendering of just reparation to those who suffered so cruelly this needless torture. Perhaps it will mark an era of justice in other directions too—the return of the cotton tax to the South, for instance, which should be pushed by our Representatives in Congress without abatement of zeal.]

THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL.

"When one puts his heart, his whole heart, into a great cause and at the end surrenders his dreams to unbroken, perpetual sleep, those who admired him in life, who loved his cause and sympathized with his hope ought to lay some tribute on his new-made grave and seek to hand some token of his memory to those who knew him not."

A friend writes thus—a friend who appreciated the great work that was done by Mr. Cunningham for the truth of Southern history. A man's real monument is in the hearts of his people; he builds it himself by service to others. Yet when he has passed beyond the sphere of earthly usefulness, there is a duty left to others to keep alive the memory of his service.

S. A. Cunningham did not live in vain. His work will live after him. The memorial by which his friends seek to honor him will be a shrine for offerings from every State in the Union, for his friends were everywhere.



Contributions to this memorial are freewill offerings, and come with words of commendation and good wishes for the success of the movement, and success comes with coöperation. Every patron of the Veteran is asked to contribute, however small the amount, and every friend should have a share in it.

At the assembly of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York on January 22, 1914, the following resolution was unanimously passed:

"*Resolved,* That, while Comrade S. A. Cunningham reared his own monument and wrote his own epitaph in the files of the Confederate Veteran, this Confederate Veteran Camp subscribe $5 (the limit) to the proposed monument to be erected to his memory by voluntary contributions, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to the Veteran with the Camp's subscription and sympathy.

Clarence R. Hatton, *Adjutant.*"

Additional Contributions to the Monument Fund.

Previously reported	$ 929 22
D. G. Somerville, Mitchell, Va	2 50
V. C. Lewis, Cockrum, Miss	1 00
Capt. R. H. Cooper, Cockrum, Miss	1 00
E. E. Eason, Cockrum, Miss	1 00
W. L. Kerr, Cockrum, Miss	1 00
J. C. Langston, Cockrum, Miss	25
W. H. Sanders, Montgomery, Ala	2 50
Dr. A. L. Philippi, Wytheville, Va	1 00
John Parr, Demopolis, Va	1 00
John Carpenter, Germantown, Ky	1 00
B. Eldridge, Branham, Tex	1 00
W. W. Searcy, Brenham, Tex	1 00
H. M. McAfee, Salvisa, Ky	1 00
T. H. Baldy, Gatesville, Tex	$ 1 00
R. P. Paddison, Pender County, S. C	1 00
Mrs. J. F. Griffin, Brunswick, Tenn	1 00
Mrs. J. B. Hunter, Durant, Okla	1 00
A. S. Jackson, Dickens, Tex	1 00
J. W. Bowles, Waynesville, N. C	2 00
S. T. Eales, Burrton, Kans	2 00
C. Washington, Galveston, Tex	1 00
B. F. Mackey, Mackey, Ala	1 00
J. J. Wirsing, Greensburg, Pa	2 00
J. Howard Patton, Greensburg, Pa	2 00
Stars and Bars Chapter, U. D. C., Greenwood, Fla	2 50
R. E. Borden, Strasburg, Va	2 00
C. W. Gillilan, Spring Creek, W. Va	1 00
Mrs. C. W. Gillilan, Spring Creek, W. Va	1 00
Mrs. W. O. Temple, Denver, Colo	2 00
D. A. McLane, Cameron, Tex	1 00
J. P. McLane, Cameron, Tex	1 00
F. Vogelsong, Cameron, Tex	1 00
J. A. Huffman, Cameron, Tex	1 00
D. M. Brougher, J. J. Irwin, R. A. Nabours, S. S. McLane, M. Cox, W. G. Gillis, Sam Hearell, R. Johnson, Pinkney Lester, Henry Hefley, W. T. Hefley, D. Wilson, Oxsher Smith, Oscar Kidd, Cameron, Tex., 50 cents each	7 00
Ben McCulloch Camp, U. C. V., Decatur, Tex	5 00
A. S. Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., Austin, Tex	2 00
Gen. J. M. Ray, Asheville, N. C	1 00
Thomas Vigis, Hawlin, Va	2 00
W. F. Miller, Gainesville, Tex	1 00
E. H. Campbell, Gainesville, Tex	1 00
E. B. Gaston, Gainesville, Tex	1 00
S. J. Kennerly, Gainesville, Tex	1 00
Dr. W. C. Brown, Gainesville, Tex	1 00
Mrs. W. C. Brown, Gainesville, Tex	1 00
Miss Euphy Choice, Gainesville, Tex	1 00
J. M. Maupin, Gainesville, Tex	1 00
Miss M. W. Atkinson, Gainesville, Tex	1 00
J. M. Lindsay, Gainesville, Tex	1 00
J. R. O'Brien, Gainesville, Tex	1 00
W. K. Gordon, Thurber, Tex	1 00
Thomas R. Hall, Thurber, Tex	1 00
H. M. Brown, Thurber, Tex	1 00
J. E. Marrs, Thurber, Tex	1 00
Samuel B. Ready, Thurber, Tex	1 00
J. W. Aynes, Thurber, Tex	1 00
W. L. Oxford, Thurber, Tex	1 00
W. E. Sawyer, Thurber, Tex	1 00
Mrs. L. V. Sawyer, Thurber, Tex	1 00
S. Mims, Thurber, Tex	1 00
Mrs. Ella M. Barrow, Dallas, Tex	1 00
Miss Mary Lou Barrow, Dallas, Tex	1 00
Miss Elizabeth Barrow, Dallas, Tex	1 00
Master David M. Barrow, Dallas, Tex	1 00
B. Y. Sawyer, Fort Worth, Tex	1 00
Mrs. Iva Sawyer, Fort Worth, Tex	1 00
D. C. Thompson, Slaughter, La	1 00
G. W. Gordon, Columbia, Tenn	1 00
W. B. Beeson, Meridian, Miss	1 00
J. T. Alexander, Red Lawn, La	1 00
Lamar Chapter, U. D. C., Paris, Tex	1 00
S. G. Logan, Pewee Valley, Ky	10
H. J. Livingston, Brownsville, Tenn	1 00

J. A. Mann, Brownsville, Tenn.....$ 1 00
Elijah Basye, Louisville, Ky..... 5 00
Mrs. O. P. Eldred, Princeton, Ky..... 2 00
W. P. Burns, Ashwood, La..... 1 00
W. H. Burns, Ashwood, La..... 1 00
Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, New York City..... 3 00
Mrs. Helen A. Lau, New York City..... 2 00
Butler Guard Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, Greenville, S. C..... 1 00
Tom Barrett Chapter, U. D. C., Ghent, Ky..... 2 50
Rev. George R. Ratchford, Madison, Fla..... 1 00
F. G. Winston, Minneapolis, Minn..... 5 00
W. McDonald, Chattanooga, Tenn..... 1 00
J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, U. D. C., Staunton, Va..... 1 00
Walter A. Clark Chapter, U. D. C., Hephzibah, Ga.. 1 00
D. Bryant, A. B. Stroud, Lakeland, Fla..... 1 00
D. N. Prewitt, Danville, Ky..... 1 00
Mrs. D. N. Prewitt, Danville, Ky..... 1 00
Miss E. I. Moore, Buda, Tex..... 1 00
J. K. P. Hutton, Alvarado, Tex..... 1 00
Terry's Texas Rangers Chapter, U. D. C., Rockdale, Tex. 1 00
J. S. Murphy, Otter Pond, Ky..... 1 00
Mrs. Robert Neill, Batesville, Ark..... 1 00
U. D. C. Chapter, Huntington, W. Va..... 5 00
Mrs. Media Matthews, Houston, Tex..... 5 00
Conrad Friesch, Fort Smith, Ark..... 1 00
W. A. Russell, Mexia, Tex..... 1 00
Andy J. Harris, Gainesville, Tex..... 1 00
John Mahon, Gainesville, Tex..... 1 00
C. W. Sirmans, Arlington, Ga..... 1 00
W. J. Horsley, Arlington, Ga..... 1 00
U. D. C. Chapter, Abbeville, Ga..... 1 00
Atlanta Chapter, U. D. C., Atlanta, Ga..... 5 00
Robert Q. Hullihen, Staunton, Va..... 1 00
O. C. Connor, Paris, Tex..... 5 00
W. A. Connor, Paris, Tex..... 5 00
E. S. Connor, Paris, Tex..... 5 00
O. C. Connor, Jr., Paris, Tex..... 5 00
Mrs. J. T. Dickson, Paris, Tex..... 5 00
Mrs. P. J. Pierce, Paris, Tex..... 5 00
Mrs. E. F. Bray, Dallas, Tex..... 5 00
Luke Purser, McMinnville, Tenn..... 1 00
L. S. Ross Chapter, U. D. C., Vernon, Tex..... 2 00
Bill Dawson Camp, U. C. V., Dyersburg, Tenn..... 5 00
Mrs. Emma Williamson, Cynthiana, Ky..... 1 00
R. C. Hutchenson, Reidsville, N. C..... 1 00
Earle McIlvain, Dr. Paul B. Lail, Robert Lee Kimbrough, Cynthiana, Ky., 50 cents each..... 1 50
Mrs. N. J. Wofford, Memphis, Tenn..... 1 00
W. G. Sadler, Monterey, Tenn..... 1 00
U. C. V. Camp, Hattiesburg, Miss..... 2 50
E. N. Robeson, Tarheel, N. C..... 1 00
Mrs. S. O. Laughlin, Wheeling, W. Va..... 2 00
H. D. Lipscomb, Grapevine, Tex..... 5 00
I. N. Snell, New Willard, Tex..... 1 00
J. F. Parks, Bryan, Tex..... 1 00
E. L. Tschiffely, Rockville, Md..... 5 00
G. Gerdes, Ranger, Tex..... 1 00
U. D. C. Chapter, Covington, Tenn..... 5 00
Mrs. C. L. Hamill, Longview, Tex..... 1 00
L. G. Sims, Temple, Tex..... 1 00
J. N. Russell, Seabreeze, Fla..... 25

Mrs. E. M. McCulloch, Marietta, Ga.....$ 0 25
Russell McCulloch, Marietta, Ga..... 25
Miss Margaret McCulloch, Marietta, Ga..... 25
Miss S. E. Russell, Monteagle, Tenn..... 25
Mrs. Frank Myers, Atlanta, Ga..... 25
J. T. Cobb, Angleton, Tex..... 1 00
G. M. Williams, Spurr, Tex..... 1 00
J. T. Murphy, Royse City, Tex..... 1 00
C. S. Harris, Mebane, N. C..... 1 00
Miss Emma Harris, Mebane, N. C..... 1 00
W. C. Pryor, La Grange, Ky..... 2 00
W. H. Fox, Glenarm, Ky..... 1 00
C. Thomas Freeman, Midway, Ky..... 1 00
W. D. Sumner, Blanket, Tex..... 1 00
E. W. Clark, Belhaven, N. C..... 1 00
Dick Dowling Camp, U. C. V., Houston, Tex..... 5 00
Mrs. E. H. O'Brien, Alexandria, Va..... 2 00
A. N. Akin, Columbia, Tenn..... 2 00
John B. Pirtle, Louisville, Ky..... 5 00
Confederate Historical Association, Memphis, Tenn.. 5 00
Mrs. John W. Bennett, Mart, Tex..... 1 00
John W. Clark, Augusta, Ga..... 5 00
Mrs. Eva D. Buck, Chattanooga, Tenn..... 5 00
H. D. Watts, Americus, Ga..... 25
J. R. Hargis, Tyler, Tex..... 1 00
Fitzgerald Camp, U. C. V., Paris, Tenn..... 5 00
A. R. Thompson, Collinsburg, La..... 1 00
Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, Pensacola, Fla. 2 00
E. M. Dickinson, Washington, D. C..... 1 00
S. B. Anderson, Mineola, Tex..... 5 00
M. B. Morton, Nashville, Tenn..... 1 00
Mrs. M. B. Morton, Nashville, Tenn..... 1 00
Robert Morton, Nashville, Tenn..... 1 00
J. W. Bowie, Dalton, Ga..... 1 00
J. T. Saunders, Murfreesboro, Tenn..... 1 00
Mrs. W. P. Meyers, Lakeland, Fla..... 25
Edward Croft Chapter, U. D. C., Aiken, S. C..... 5 00
H. J. Drain, Lakeland, Fla..... 1 00
J. W. Lynch, Union, Va..... 1 00
William Hist, Lakeland, Fla..... 50
W. P. Bryant, Newport, Tenn..... 50
S. H. Bennett, Jasper, Tenn..... 1 00
R. O. Hannah, J. C. Hollabaugh, G. W. Nixon, Mrs. Marlow, Prairie Grove, Ark..... 1 00
U. D. C. Chapter, Johnson City, Tenn..... 5 00
R. R. Hawkins, Vaiden, Miss..... 2 50
Confederate Veteran Camp, New York City..... 5 00
B. C. Lee, Coushatta, La..... 1 00
J. M. Price, Valley Head, Ala..... 1 00
Dr. B. H. Teague, Aiken, S. C..... 1 00
Rev. John R. Deering, Lexington, Ky..... 1 00
James A. Zell, Burlington, W. Va..... 2 00
R. E. Lee Chapter, Marshall, Mo..... 5 00
H. L. Tompkinson, Ardmore, Okla..... 1 00
Mrs. W. J. Behan, New Orleans, La..... 5 00
J. B. Pierce, Little Rock, Ark..... 1 00
Alice Dudley Lumpkin Glenn, Asheville, N. C..... 50
P. M. Griffin, Nashville, Tenn..... 1 00
W. N. Raymond, Nashville, Tenn..... 1 00
Charles H. Brandon, Nashville, Tenn..... 5 00
Mrs. M. D. Goodwin, San Diego, Cal..... 1 00
F. C. Smith, Saddle Mountain, Okla..... 1 00
Mrs. S. A. A. McCausland, Lexington, Mo..... 1 00

Mrs. Livie Alexander, Houston Alexander, Selma, Ala.	$ 0 50
S. F. Houston, Jr., Selma, Ala	50
Josiah W. Jordan, Carrollton, Va	1 00
Joe Sayers Camp, U. C. V., Stamford, Tex	5 00
Kate K. Salmon Chapter, U. D. C., Clinton, Mo	5 00
Tal Milwee, McAlester, Okla	1 00
Joseph LeConte Chapter, U. D. C., Berkeley, Cal	5 00
Mrs. R. H. Baker, Lexington, Miss	1 00
W. H. Clark, Columbia, S. C	1 00
W. J. Ervin, Hamilton, Mo	1 00
Joe Shelby Camp, U. C. V., Melrose, N. Mex	1 50
Capt. William L. Ritter, Reisterstown, Md	1 00
Ro Boyd, Drake's Branch, Va	1 00
John Lauderdale Chapter, U. D. C., Dyersburg, Tenn.	5 00
Capt. John H. Lester, Deming, N. Mex	5 00
Stonewall Jackson Camp, U. C. V., Atlanta, Tex	5 00
John H. McFerrin, Collierville, Tenn	1 00
Dr. R. H. Henderson, Collierville, Tenn	1 00
S. A. Pepper, Memphis, Tenn	1 00
Col. J. M. Dockery, Memphis, Tenn	1 00
Dr. R. E. Bullington, Memphis, Tenn	1 00
R. H. Vance, Memphis, Tenn	1 00
A. W. Jager, Charleston, S. C	5 00
John H. Morgan Camp, U. C. V., Commerce, Ga	7 25
J. M. Peery, Brunswick, Mo	1 00
Rev. I. R. M. Beeson, Morrillton, Ark	1 00
A. H. Givham, Gastonburg, Ala	1 00
Robert C. Crouch, Morristown, Tenn	1 00
J. J. Hail, Streetman, Tex	1 00
A. L. Burleson, Streetman, Tex	1 00
W. K. Beard, Philadelphia, Pa	1 00
Mrs. W. K. Beard, Philadelphia, Pa	1 00
Gen. J. F. Shipp, Chattanooga, Tenn	4 00
Ben McCulloch Camp, U. C. V., Mt. Vernon, Tex	5 00
H. H. Weaver, Mt. Vernon, Tex	1 00
H. G. Haynes, Mt. Vernon, Tex	50
W. W. Smith, Mt. Vernon, Tex	50
Dr. and Mrs. C. G. Croft, Aiken, S. C	5 00
Dr. R. C. Smith, White Stone, Va	1 00
B. N. Price, Valley Head, Ala	1 00
U. D. C. Chapter, Mayfield, Ky	5 00
John Gregg Camp, U. C. V., Longview, Tex	5 00
Col. R. B. Levy Chapter, U. D. C., Longview, Tex	5 00
Capt. J. K. Bivins, Longview, Tex	5 00
Thomas Ruffin Chapter, U. D. C., Goldsboro, N. C.	5 00
Martha Reid Chapter, U. D. C., Jacksonville, Fla	5 00
John H. K. Shannahan, Newcomb, Md	3 00
Granbury Camp, U. C. V., Temple, Tex	2 50
William Bevens Chapter, U. D. C., Elgin, Tex	2 50
Capt. John C. West, Waco, Tex	5 00
Camp No. 135, U. C. V., Gatesville, Tex	5 00
Miss Elizabeth Price, Nashville, Tenn	5 00
P. M. B. Young Camp, U. C. V., Cartersville, Ga	5 00
Thomas Lyles, Strother, S. C	2 00
A. Hamilton Bayly, Cambridge, Md	5 00
Total	$1,415 32

Errors noted in previous list were in crediting Capt. George M. Brewer, M. M. Reynolds, and A. W. Humphries at Montgomery instead of Notasulga, Ala. Malcolm MacNeill's subscription should be: Malcolm MacNeill, Mathis, Ga., $3; Mrs. Malcolm MacNeill, Mathis, Ga., $2. The name of Cassie R. Smith should have been Jessica R. Smith, Daytona, Fla.

ONE OF THE UNRECORDED BATTLES.

BY W. P. CHAMBERS, HATTIESBURG, MISS.

There was one fight during the War of the States of which I have never seen any record. Perhaps it was deemed too insignificant in results, in the numbers engaged, or in the casualties incident thereto to merit any notice; but inasmuch as it practically closed the career of a Mississippi regiment—obliterated it, in fact—I have thought that a short account of it might not be devoid of interest.

The last days of March, 1865, found Gen. F. M. Cockrell, of Missouri, in command of the remnant of French's Division of the Army of Tennessee and some other troops besides on the eastern shore of Mobile Bay, guarding the approaches of the Gulf City. Ector's Texas and North Carolina, Gibson's Louisiana, and one regiment of Sears's Mississippi Brigade were besieged in Spanish Fort. Cockrell's Missourians and the other regiments of Sears's Mississippians were at Blakely, a few miles north, where some breastworks had been hastily thrown up.

My own regiment, the 46th Mississippi, numbering about one hundred effective men, under the command of Capt. J. B. Hart, of Yazoo County, Miss., was about four miles east of Blakely on the Stockton road, doing picket duty. During the forenoon of Saturday, April 1, the scouts brought us word that the enemy was approaching. Using the rails of a little field around a deserted cabin, we hastily constructed a flimsy breastwork, behind which we awaited the attack. It was nearly noon when the head of the column came in sight



GEN. J. O. WADDELL, OF GEORGIA.

(Sketch appeared in February VETERAN, page 85.)

over the brow of a little hill, and before it was near enough to suffer greatly our firing began. A few riderless horses in the hastily retreating column showed that somebody had been hit or badly scared. Before a second volley could be fired there was not a Yankee in sight.

For an hour or more we waited for the enemy to make a second advance. While thus waiting two men came to us from the swamp in our rear, stating that they were from a small picket detail of Missourians posted on another road; that they had heard the firing and had come to see what it meant and to ascertain what troops were engaged. I suspected at the time, and have often thought since, that they were spies.

It was during this lull in the fighting that the following is said to have occurred: A courier came from General Coekrell directing Captain Hart to bring in the regiment. Elated at the success already achieved, and perhaps overrating his own ability and resources, the Captain begged to be allowed to remain where he was, assuring the General that he could hold the enemy in check for an indefinite period. The courier promised to deliver the message and rode away.

Now, be it understood that we were in the open pine woods, where, on three sides at least, there was little or nothing to impede the movements of a body of cavalry, and when we next saw the enemy they were far more numerous than at first; and instead of being simply the head of a column on a single road, there were long lines on our front and left flanks. Judged by the number of flags in sight, there were three or four regiments bearing down on our little handful of men. Then began a running fight.

We formed two sides of a square. On the east and north were the lines of blue-coated horsemen, westward was the road to Blakely, while on the south, our left as we retreated, was a creek or a series of branches with undergrowth along the hillsides. We loaded our guns as we "double-quicked," stopped, aimed hastily and fired, and scampered off again. We kept this up for about two miles, when the enemy, having gained the road ahead of us, advanced at a gallop.

In a moment more they were among us, slashing with their sabers and with oaths and opprobrious epithets were calling on us to "halt" and to "surrender." A number of us refused to halt. Instead we dashed from among the rearing horses and shouting men and made for the cover of the friendly thicket close at hand. A storm of bullets was sent after us; but we were not pursued, and I, who purposely kept in the rear, did not see a single man who was struck.

In a minute, perhaps, the firing ceased, and after going about one hundred yards farther some of us stopped to get our breath. After resting for a time, four of us, Sergt. Robert Leachman, of Company F, a good soldier, but afterwards a prominent Republican and postmaster at Meridian, Miss., Sergt. Willis Pickering and Private W. C. Robertson, of my own company, and I, started to make our way into the lines at Blakely.

We were in a gall berry thicket, and we followed it toward the declining sun till the waters of the bay were in sight. Then we emerged from the friendly cover to find ourselves in the rear of a Federal line of battle, distant about seventy-five yards, occupying the ridge between us and the ditches we sought. Making no effort whatever to dislodge the enemy or even to apprise them of our proximity, we again sought the cover and sadly retraced our steps. Arriving at the point where we first stopped to breathe, we sat down among the trees. Sergeant Pickering, going in quest of water, soon returned with Captains Barwick and Pace and two or three lieutenants. They had come to hold a "council of war."

I explained the impracticability of reaching the rest of the brigade by a direct route, and after some discussion they all agreed that the plan I suggested was the most feasible. It was this: to remain quiet till nightfall and then pass to the rear of the advancing Federal army. The word was passed to the hidden boys, some of whom were said to be in water to their necks, and at deep dusk we came together, a forlorn-looking set. There were forty-seven all told, eleven of whom were commissioned officers and about the same number noncommissioned. J. A. Barwick, of Company D, was the senior captain. Hart, being mounted, as we afterwards learned, escaped to the lines at Blakely, and Captain Heslip, of Company G, the next in seniority, was among the "missing." Lieut. R. N. Rea, acting adjutant, was known to have been wounded, but it was hoped that he had reached the Confederate lines. Only one of my company failed to show up. This was John W. Keyes, who, being detailed to carry ammunition, made his escape.

The order of march was quickly made. The men were to march in single file about five feet apart and were to move in perfect silence. A command was to be passed from man to man in a whisper, and at certain signals all were to fall flat to the ground. I was unanimously chosen to bring up the rear.

Taking our course from a star which shone in the eastern sky, we started on the most unique march I ever made. The moon was at our backs and gave but a feeble light. On the ridges in the open woods the dogwood trees were clad in ghostly white, and in the brakes and bays millions of frogs piped forth their endless songs. Among it all nearly half a hundred men silently strode along with eyes and ears alert to every sight and sound.

The depressions between the hills had branches in them, with tangles of bamboo briers, shaky tussocks, rotten roots, and sullen pools. And to this good day I think we crossed some of these branches lengthwise. Sometimes when a comrade would fall in the water and mud almost to his waist, it was hard to keep from laughing, especially if he indulged in any grunts or groans or smothered imprecations.

Once when a timid deer started up in our path we fell as dead men and scarcely breathed till the danger was passed. The cry of a night bird thrilled us with a nameless sensation; it might have been fear. But there was real danger on the march, for soon after starting we passed within a short distance of the Federals as they tore out the floor of a mill house to cover a bridge that had been partly destroyed a day or two before.

Before daylight on Sunday, April 2, we halted in a swamp to rest and reconnoiter. In the early morning I was seized with a chill which soon developed into a burning fever, and I was delirious all day. I can but dimly recall the fact that the whole command, except one man left with me, came and bade me good-by in the late afternoon and left us, so far as we could tell, miles away from any human habitation, for we had seen no sign of house or farm the night before.

I suppose it was thought unlikely that I would leave the spot where I lay; for when, nearly twelve months later, as I rode horseback through Rankin County and stopped one night with a Mr. Dent and the family learned after supper that I was the sick man left in the swamp to die, they all crowded

around me to congratulate me on my recovery. The son and brother, who happened not to be at home, had often spoken of the sick man they had left.

Thus ended the career of the 46th Mississippi Regiment. When I and my companion ultimately reached Meridian, where the remnant of the Mobile garrison had gone, we found only one of Company B besides ourselves and about twenty-five of the regiment. All had gone home, for the end of the Confederacy was already at hand. And thus it came about that Privates John R. Powers, W. C. Robertson, and I were all of Company B at the final surrender.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1913.

Confederate Seals Committee, U. D. C., $468.42.

Mrs. J. W. Tench, Director for Florida, $7. Contributed by Stars and Bars Chapter, No. 1354, U. D. C., Greenwood, Fla., $2; New Smyrna Chapter, No. 825, U. D. C., New Smyrna, Fla., $5.

George E. Pickett Chapter, No. 1316, U. D. C., Kansas City, Mo., $10.

Frank M. Bird Chapter, No. 635, U. D. C., Windsor, N. C., $2.50.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, $58.50. Contributed by Mary Ann Buie Chapter, No. 6, U. D. C., Johnston, S. C., $2; M. C. Butler Chapter, No. 1256, U. D. C., Columbia, S. C., $25; Mercer Chapter, No. 1351, U. D. C., Timmonsville, S. C., $3; Batesburg Chapter, No. 1085, U. D. C., Batesburg, S. C., $2; miscellaneous checks, $27.50.

Lamar Chapter, No. 258, U. D. C., Paris, Tex., $5.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, $20. Contributed by Southern Cross Chapter, No. 746, U. D. C., Salem, Va., $5; Sally Tompkins Chapter, No. 1170, U. D. C., Mathews, Va., $15.

Total for month, $572.42.

Balance on hand December 1, 1913, $18,676.14.

To be accounted for, $19,248.56.

Sir Moses Ezekiel, eighth payment on account, $5,000.

Balance on hand January 1, 1914, $14,248.56.

FOR MONTH ENDING JANUARY 31, 1914.

R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 718, U. D. C., Conway, Ark., $5.

Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 20, U. D. C., Washington, D. C., $13.20.

Mrs. J. W. Tench, Director for Florida, $8. Contributed by Confederate Gray Chapter, No. 641, U. D. C., Leesburg, Fla., $5; Apalachicola Chapter, No. 826, U. D. C., Apalachicola, Fla., $3.

Oconee Chapter, No. 58, U. D. C., Dublin, Ga., $10.

A. Baum Chapter, C. of C., Dublin, Ga., $3.

Mrs. Charles B. Goldsborough, Director for New York, $150. Contributed by New York Chapter, No. 103, U. D. C., New York, $100; Mrs. J. H. Parker, New York, N. Y., $50.

Mrs. W. R. Clements, Director for Oklahoma, $30. Collections from sources not stated.

Mrs. Turner Ashby Blythe, Director for Pennsylvania, $27.38. Contributed by Philadelphia Chapter, No. 972, U. D. C., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, $27.50. Contributed by Armistead Goode Chapter, No. 154, U. D. C., Chase City, Va., $2.50; Lee-Jackson Camp, U. C. V., Lexington, Va., $25.

Interest credited on deposits January 1, 1914, $197.45.

Total for month, $471.53.

Balance on hand January 1, 1914, $14,248.56.

To be accounted for, $14,720.09.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, freight on bronze work from Germany to Washington, $1,175.95.

Littlefield, Alvord & Co., hauling from Baltimore and Ohio Depot, Washington, to Fort Myer, Va., $46.75.

Sir Moses Ezekiel, ninth payment on account, $5,000.

Sir Moses Ezekiel, for packing, cartage, etc. (Germany), of bronze work, $428.

American Surety Company of New York, premium on Treasurer's bond, $62.50.

Balance on hand February 1, 1914, $8,006.89.

FOR MONTH ENDING FEBRUARY 28, 1914.

Mrs. Clementine W. Boles, Director for Arkansas, $12.60. Contributed by C. E. Royston Chapter, No. 1358, U. D. C., Fulton, Ark., $1; D. C. Govan Chapter, No. 781, U. D. C., Marianna, Ark., $5; Churchill Chapter, No. 1373, U. D. C., Little Rock, Ark., $5; Margaret Clark Chapter, U. D. C., Marianna, Ark., $1.60.

Mrs. J. W. Tench, Director for Florida, $15. Contributed by Patton Anderson Chapter, No. 76, U. D. C., Palatka, Fla., $10; W. H. Milton Chapter, No. 1039, U. D. C., Marianna, Fla., $5.

Mrs. Lillie F. Worthington, Director for Mississippi, $50. Contributed by Belzoni Chapter, No. 1384, U. D. C., Belzoni, Miss., $5; Mildred M. Humphrey Chapter, No. 1198, U. D. C., Ittabena, Miss., $5; L. M. Rose Chapter, No. 1425, U. D. C., West Point, Miss., $5; Seals sold, $33.82; personal contribution by Director, $1.18.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, $89.75. Contributed by Mary A. Buie Chapter, No. 61, U. D. C., Johnston, S. C., $2; Drayton Rutherford Chapter, No. 152, U. D. C., Newberry, S. C., $3; Charleston Chapter, No. 4, U. D. C., Charleston, S. C., $10; Dick Anderson Chapter, No. 75, U. D. C., Sumter, S. C., $3; Spartanburg Chapter, No. 54, U. D. C., Spartanburg, S. C., $3; John Hamer Chapter, No. 493, U. D. C., Jonesville, S. C., $3.75; Ridge Spring Chapter, No. 115, U. D. C., Ridge Spring, S. C., $3; John Bratton Chapter, No. 929, U. D. C., Winnsboro, S. C., $3; Pickens Chapter, No. 656, U. D. C., Pickens, S. C., $25; M. C. Butler Chapter, No. 1256, U. D. C., Columbia, S. C., $3; Black Oak Chapter, No. 734, U. D. C., Pinopolis, S. C., $5; Mrs. C. E. Graham, $25; loyal Carolinians, $1.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, $11.50. Contributed by Gen. D. H. Maury Chapter, No. 177, U. D. C., Philadelphia, Pa., $5; Shenandoah Chapter, No. 32, U. D. C., Woodstock, Va., $6.50.

Total for month, $178.85.

Balance on hand February 1, 1914, $8,006.89.

To be accounted for, $8,185.74.

Mrs. D. C. Ludlow, Recording Secretary, postage for preliminary work in connection with unveiling exercises, $10.

Balance on hand March 1, 1914, $8,175.74.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer.*

Jacob Myers, of the National Military Home, Ohio, wants to hear from survivors of Forrest's command who were in the battle of Eastport, Tenn. He says they got three guns of his battery there; the 4th he hitched to the ring bolt of the Kenton, and the boat drifted down the river, pulling the gun into the water, where it may be still, some six hundred feet below the landing.

THE FLAGS OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

BY MISS KATE M. HUNT, BRISTOL, VA.

The bonnie blue flag that bore a single star was the first distinctively Southern flag. It was raised by South Carolina, the mother State in the federation, Confederate States of America. It was eight feet long by six feet broad. The body of it was blue and the immense star and crescent in the upper left-hand corner were of white. It was made by the ladies of Charleston, S. C., on the eve of that State's declaration of independence in December, 1860, and it was hoisted over the Charleston customhouse. Before the young Confederacy had adopted an official banner, this same flag was used on the Dixie, a small privateer and blockade runner.

The Stars and Bars was the flag first adopted by the Confederate Congress, on March 4, 1861. It differed very little from the United States flag. The blue corner was the same; but instead of thirteen stripes, it had three bars, red, white, and red. On the blue field there were seven stars, representing the seven States first forming the Confederacy. Other stars were added as other States joined. This was known as the first national flag.

In 1861, after the battle of Manassas, a battle flag was adopted which could be more readily distinguished from the United States flag. This was designed by General Beauregard, and as adopted was square, not rectangular. This flag was the St. Andrew's Cross, and the first three of the design, with red ground, blue cross, gold stars, and gold fringe, were made by Misses Hettie and Constance Carey and presented to Generals Johnston, Van Dorn, and Beauregard. The Washington Artillery, New Orleans, has the latter now; the other two were lost. Later the cross was edged with white and the stars were white.

The national flag (second) was the St. Andrew's Cross in the corner of a white field; but when drooping this looked like the white flag of surrender, so a red bar was soon added. This flag with the red bar is sometimes spoken of as the third national flag, but only three flags are usually shown.

RECKLESS EXPOSURE OF COL. JOHN LOGAN.

Capt. J. H. Collett, of Austin, Tex., wrote to Col. W. L. Moody, of the 7th Texas Regiment:

"You no doubt remember that at the battle of Fort Donelson, after the enemy was driven off the field out of sight over a ridge, a mounted Federal officer suddenly appeared near the top of the ridge about three hundred yards in front of us, not apparently caring for our presence, waving his sword over his head and giving commands, etc. Our men appeared spellbound at his bravado. At last George Bradley raised his gun and aimed at him, saying, 'Watch me unhorse that daredevil' (the balance of the sentence would not sound well at a prayer meeting), and sure enough off he tumbled.

"The next day Maj. George A. Bacon, of the 11th Illinois, took dinner with me, and upon inquiry as to what mounted officer was unhorsed at that particular place he said it was Col. John A. Logan, of the 31st Illinois; that his left arm was broken, etc. I delivered my six-shooter to Major Bacon. Several letters passed between Bacon and the writer (he lived at Carlisle, Ill.), the last one a few years ago, in which he said he still had the six-shooter and intended to keep it as long as he lived. Not long ago I had a letter from a daughter of his telling me that her father had passed away."

[Gen. K. M. VanZandt, of Fort Worth, who sends this letter, states that part of the incident he witnessed.]

HONORARY DIPLOMAS BY UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA.

Acting upon the request of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the trustees of the University of Alabama recently voted to award honorary diplomas to those students now living who were soldiers in the War between the States and who on account of that service were denied the opportunity of completing their college course, provided that in each and every case the individual has subsequently lived a worthy and honorable life.

These diplomas will be awarded to the veterans during the annual session of the United Daughters of the Confederacy on the occasion of the unveiling of the bowlder in honor of the University's Confederate Sons on May 13, 1914.

All Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and all Camps of the United Confederate Veterans are urged to interest themselves in this matter and to notify all veterans within their knowledge who are entitled to this high honor. All applications for these diplomas should be made to Dr. Denny, President of the University of Alabama.

The university, in awarding these diplomas, is to be congratulated upon its wisdom in thus honoring the veterans of the South, and the Daughters of the Confederacy should be commended for their interest in securing this recognition.

The following letter from Dr. Denny to Mrs. Bashinsky explains fully the spirit and content of this laudable movement:

"MARCH 17, 1914.

"Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, President Alabama Division, U. D. C., Troy, Ala.

"*My Dear Mrs. Bashinsky:* I am happy to say that the trustees have voted 'to award an honorary diploma to those students of the University of Alabama now living who were soldiers in the War between the States and who on account of that service were denied the opportunity of completing their college course, provided that in each and every case the individual concerned has subsequently lived a worthy and honorable life.'

"These diplomas will be delivered upon the occasion of the unveiling of the bowlder in May to those veterans who are present. To those who cannot be present at that time this recognition will be subsequently accorded.

"I am requesting that you publish this letter as a part of the statement which you are preparing, with a view to notifying each Chapter of the U. D. C. of the plan proposed. My understanding is that you will, through the proper channels, likewise transmit the information to the officials of the various Camps of the United Confederate Veterans, with the request that the widest possible publicity shall be given to it.

"I wish you the utmost success and happiness in the great undertaking.

"Yours very sincerely, GEORGE H. DENNY, *President.*"

C. W. Keeley, of San Benito, Tex., writes: "I was one of the wounded from the battle of Stones River who were captured by Confederate cavalry at Harpeth Shoals, Tenn., on January 12, 1863, when three boats were burned. From General Duke's book on Morgan's Cavalry I learn that Morgan's command at that time belonged to General Wheeler, and I would like to know what command made the capture. The Federal wounded were treated well. They were captured early in the day and kept until evening, then put back on the Hastings and allowed to proceed. All that were able to travel were taken away."

SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM FEBRUARY 10 TO MARCH 20, 1914.

Arkansas: J. T. Churchill Chapter, Little Rock, $5; D. C. Govan Chapter, Marianna, $5.
Georgia: Lucy Garnet Chapter, C. of C., Sylvania, $1.
Kentucky: Capt. Gus Dedman Chapter, Lawrenceburg, $3.
Maryland: Baltimore Chapter, $50.
Missouri: Emmett McDonald Chapter, Sedalia, $15.
Interest, $46.49.
Total collection since last report, $125.49.
Expenses, $8.19.
Collections since last report in hands of Treasurer, $117.30.
Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, $27,329.86.
Total in hands of Treasurer to date, $27,447.16.

NOTICE TO MEDICAL OFFICERS, ARMY AND NAVY, C. S. A.

The annual meeting of the medical officers, army and navy, of the Confederacy will be held at Jacksonville, Fla., May 6-8, 1914, on the same dates as the U. C. V. Reunion. All Sons of Veterans who are physicians and surgeons are eligible to membership, as well as all veterans who since the war have been engaged in the practice of medicine.

A good program is being arranged, and the local physicians of Jacksonville will look after our comfort while their guests. A meeting place will be selected by them, and due notice will be given of its location.

The annual dues are $1 per year. Come and join us and help make this a great meeting.

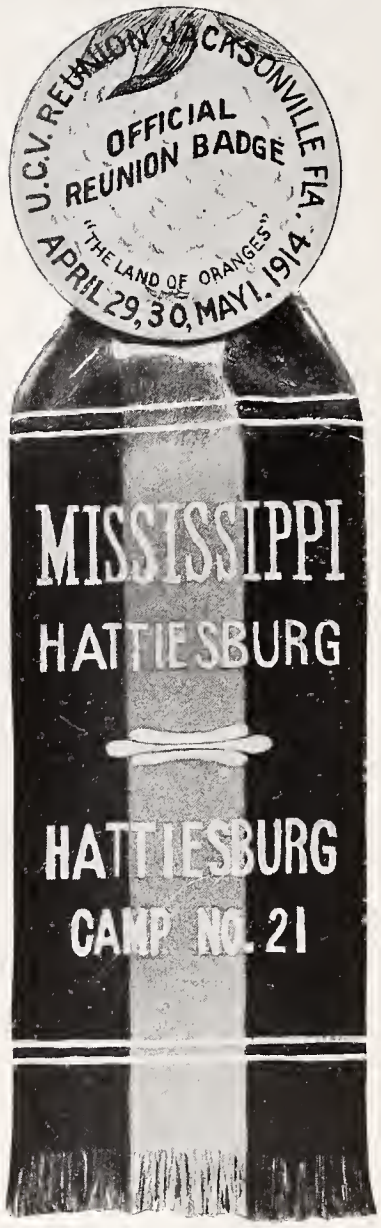
A. A. LYON, M.D., *President, Nashville, Tenn.;*
STEPHEN H. REGAN, M.D., *Secretary and Treasurer, 621 E. Thirty-First Street, Kansas City, Mo.*

Judge J. P. Leslie, of Sherman, Tex., reports that the following has been given him as the "three-minute" speech made by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston when in command north of Winchester, Va., in July, 1861, when the soldiers were complaining of inactivity. General Johnston had them form a circle about an old oak tree and addressed them in substance as follows: "Soldiers, I have been charged with cowardice; and if I thought that any man knew my plans or that this coat on my back knew them, I would take it off and burn it up. The loss of one Confederate soldier can never be replaced or restored, and his life is just as dear to me as my own life. But I promise you one thing: I will make one more move and give you all the fighting you want." The first battle of Manassas was fought the next day, and the General satisfied them all. Any soldier who was present at the time and heard this speech is asked to write the VETERAN.

Frank Marion Wellker, who enlisted in Henderson County, Ky., at the beginning of the Civil War and was sworn into service at Camp Boon under Capt. Will Shepard, Hanson's Regiment, Buckner's Brigade, and later transferred to the Virginia Army in Artillery, and who at the time of surrender was in Camp Chase Prison, having been wounded and captured at Bristol, Va., wants some of his old comrades to communicate with him at his home, in Dyersburg, Tenn. He was taken from Camp Chase Prison to Baltimore, Md., and from there to West Point, Va., when the war was over. He will appreciate hearing from any one who may remember him.

THE OFFICIAL BADGE.

The need for an official Reunion badge that would locate the wearer by Division, Camp, and place of residence has been keenly felt by veterans attending the reunions of the United Confederate Veterans. Such a badge the Adjutant General has prepared for the veterans and Camps at a nominal price.



The badge for the Jacksonville Reunion consists of a medallion representing a ripe orange, as the meeting takes place in the "land of oranges." On the margin of the medallion is printed: "U. C. V. Reunion, Jacksonville, Fla., May 6, 7, 8, 1914. Official Reunion Badge." On the red-white-red ribbon pendant are printed in clear letters the name of the Division, name and number of the Camp, and where located. The illustration gives a fair idea of it. (Unfortunately the illustration shows the date first set for the Reunion.)

These badges will be supplied at the following prices: For less than five, 30 cents each; in lots of six to fifty, 25 cents each; from fifty-one to a hundred, 22 cents each; one hundred and upward, 15 cents each.

As the official badge can be procured at general headquarters only, address Gen. William E. Mickle, Adjutant General U. C. V., New Orleans, La.

Nathan W. Phillips, of Weatherford, Tex., is anxious to correspond with relatives of Nathan Phillips, a member of Company N, 58th North Carolina Regiment, who died and was buried in Indiana, his name appearing in the list published in the VETERAN for February. Nathan W. Phillips, father of Rev. Nathan G. Phillips, was a native of Cabarrus County, N. C., and went to Alabama in 1839. He was the first chaplain of the 43d Alabama Regiment. He died at Cumberland Gap, Tenn., November 2, 1862. He had several sisters and one brother, whose name was Leroy. Nathan W. Phillips was a Confederate soldier and is now in his seventy-fourth year. He will appreciate hearing from the relatives mentioned. His address is 55 W. Keeley, San Benito, Tex.

The VETERAN Index for 1913 will be sent to subscribers upon request. Send two-cent stamp to cover expense of mailing.

THE LIBERTY INDEPENDENT TROOP.

Col. Raymond Cay, of Jacksonville, Fla., who was "one of them," writes interestingly of his old command:

"The Liberty Independent Troop was organized in the year 1786 by men who had served in the Revolution under Col. John Baker in the 'Liberty Light Horse.' This command served in the War of 1812, and as the 5th Georgia Cavalry, Anderson-Robertson Brigade, Wheeler's Corps, volunteered early in the war for Southern rights and served to the end, surrendering at Company Shops, N. C., April 26, 1865. It is to-day an active troop in the National Guard of the great State of Georgia. It was without doubt the oldest cavalry organization that fought for Southern independence and possibly the oldest of any arm of service.

"This old troop entered the service armed with Sharp's breech-loading carbines and English army revolvers. At that time Sharp's was considered the best army gun in the world, and remained so until 1863, when the Federal army began to use Spencer and Winchester magazine guns with brass cartridges, which was a hard blow to the Southern soldier. I wish I could make the world realize the difference between the quality of the tools the two armies had to work with. Ours, with cloth and paper cartridges, wet with rain and dew, worn, broken, and leaky; inferior powder, caking the guns and lacking in explosive force; inferior caps, which would not fire when damp, and often lacking enough of these. The Federals —not all, but many—with Spencers, fine guns, shooting seven times by only a motion of the hand; Winchesters, shooting up to sixteen times just by opening and shutting; brass cartridges, no capping; guns and cartridges could lie in water all night and fire clear at dawn. But woe to the poor, naked, and hungry Confederate who had not sat up in the rain all night long trying to keep his powder dry! Maybe his gun would shoot in the morning, but most likely not.

"The survivors of this old troop will be entertained by me at my home, 1249 Riverside Avenue, during the Reunion, and their friends and comrades of war days are invited to call to see them. They will feel at home here, for they were in the investment of Jacksonville after Olustee and fought over the ground on which I now live."

INVITATION TO CHATTANOOGA.

Much interest is being manifested by the people of Chattanooga in the approaching Reunion at Jacksonville. It seems assured that the Dynamo City will be represented there by a large number of veterans and their relatives and friends. Folks in the shadow of old Lookout and Missionary Ridge were kept pretty busy in 1913 with their endeavors to show U. C. V. visitors a pleasant time. This year they feel richly entitled to enjoy a Reunion as guests instead of hosts.

That the interest in Chattanooga is very real is evidenced by the fact that arrangements for participation in the Reunion next month are being made through a committee, of which Emil Wassman, County Tax Assessor and one of the active workers for the Reunion last year, is chairman. Chattanooga's delegation will travel by special train—or trains, if the crowd is large enough—and some of the passengers will live aboard their Pullmans while in Jacksonville. If Jacksonville has anything like the crowd Chattanooga had, the hotels there will be glad of this sort of relief from unendurable congestion.

Chattanooga will be very much on the Jacksonville Reunion map, as some of the liveliest boosters of the Dynamo City plan going and plan also to let everybody in the Florida city know they are there. A Chattanooga band will probably be in attendance, and it would not be surprising if an informal Chattanooga reception was held at some suitable time and place, provided, of course, that such a thing could be done without interfering with the program of the Confederate organizations or the Jacksonville committee.

Aware that many Reunion visitors, especially from north and west of Chattanooga, may want to stop here on the way to or return from Jacksonville, the Chamber of Commerce has issued a general invitation to all who go to Florida. There is never any doubt about Chattanooga's hospitality at all times—veterans and their friends who attended the 1913 Reunion know this—but the formal invitation for an incidental visit is a recognition of the circumstance that many people last year could not do all the sight-seeing they wanted to do on account of crowded conditions. Chattanooga cordially invites these to return this year and finish their enjoyment of Chickamauga, Lookout, Missionary Ridge, Orchard Knob, and other places of scenic or historic interest. In addition, two notable places of interest have been completed and made accessible since last May: Signal Mountain resort and the power plant at Hale's Bar, on the Tennessee River.

Signal Mountain is a beautiful and healthful all-year-round resort within half an hour of the city by electric car. The ride itself is a scenic treat. The power plant, costing $10,000,000, is reached by an enchanting boat trip of thirty miles on the river. The big power house, where electricity equal in power to sixty-five thousand horses is developed, the high dam with water roaring over it all the time, and the government lock, where steamers are raised and lowered, are exceedingly interesting and educational.

The Chamber of Commerce of Chattanooga, again recognizing the value of the VETERAN as a medium in the South, and more especially among those of the U. C. V. and allied bodies, has secured space in this issue and invites all who can do so to visit Chattanooga as a feature of the Reunion trip next month.

SEEKS COMRADES OF THE 9TH MISSOURI.

J. Ad Smith, of Memphis, Tex., wants to get in correspondence with some of his comrades of Company D, 9th Missouri Infantry, which was commanded by Capt. W. W. Stone. He was also in Von Phul's Battery; was wounded at Kirksville, taken prisoner and sent to St. Louis, then to Alton and on to Johnson's Island; was exchanged and surrendered at Shreveport, La. He was known in the army as "Pap," though quite young then, and was considered a model soldier. Perhaps some comrade will remember him by this picture.



J. AD SMITH.

W. H. Polhams, Cleveland, Ohio, wonders if Lieut. Charles Smith, of the 6th Virginia Confederate Cavalry, is living. If so, he would like to hear from him. Smith became well acquainted with Maj. Richard Turner while in Libby Prison. He spent three months there, and would have left sooner, but lacked transportation. He belonged to the 2d Ohio Cavalry.

"CONFEDERATE WIZARDS OF THE SADDLE."

The Chapple Publishing Company, of Boston, Mass., has in press and will soon issue one of the most attractive war books yet published. It was written by Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief of the Confederate Veterans, and is entitled "Confederate Wizards of the Saddle." It will contain about six hundred pages and deals with twenty-five of the most important campaigns of Generals Forrest, Stuart, Morgan, Wheeler, Shelby, Magruder, Tom Green, and Hampton.

General Young has the instincts and experience of a soldier and always writes charmingly. Col. S. A. Cunningham said to him that it was the most delightful description of Southern achievements he had ever read. He had intended to publish it in the VETERAN.

Governor McCreary, of Kentucky, says: "To me it is the most attractive story of the Southern soldier." Col. Thomas D. Osborne writes: "It designates General Young anew as Kentucky's Macaulay." Gen. John H. Leathers: "Every Confederate soldier ought to read it." Gen. W. B. Haldeman, Commander Kentucky Division: "Your comrades will owe you a great debt of gratitude for this charming book." Dr. R. A. Webb, of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, writes: "It will be a household treasure for the next fifty years in the homes of the South." Jessamine Journal: "War literature has nothing like it; * * * will make General Young famous." A distinguished Federal officer says: "I hope every Union veteran will read this wonderful book. Its spirit is generosity itself."

Orders may be sent to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Price, $2.50, postpaid.

QUERIES AS TO THE ACTION AT RIVERS CAUSEWAY, S. C., July 2, 1864.—"I wish to repeat my request for addresses of surviving participants in an affair which, although the numbers engaged were not large, was one of the best illustrations of the valor of Confederate soldiers when attacked by an overwhelming force. Although they had to retreat, Lieutenant DeLorme and his fellow members of Blake's Battery forestalled the intended surprise of Fort Lamar and inflicted such losses upon the assailing troops that General Taliaferro is said to have declared that the Confederacy could well afford to lose two guns with such results. I believe that I have all published accounts of the action and many letters; but there are still some important points to be determined, and soon it will be too late to gain further information from actual witnesses. The account printed in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of May, 1906, page 209, is erroneous in some respects, and its author has informed me that it was written wholly from memory. I hope to publish a full and accurate statement that shall do justice to the brave combatants upon both sides. I was surgeon of the 55th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry and present at the action." (Burt G. Wilder, 60 Park Street, Brooklyn, Mass.)

Visitors to the Jacksonville Reunion, upon leaving the trains, should go at once to registration headquarters, where they will be assigned to lodgings at suitable prices. Should the accommodations not be satisfactory, change will be made in the assignment. Meals can be procured at restaurants that have the official sanction on promise not to increase their prices to Reunion visitors.

The memorial booklet giving accounts of the Richard Owen Memorial and the Sam Davis Monument is now ready, and orders for it will be filled at 25 cents.

THE REUNION NUMBER.

The April number of the VETERAN is presented as a special Reunion issue, and in it will be found some interesting information of the "Land of Sunshine and Flowers." For courtesies in furnishing data and illustrations grateful acknowledgment is made to Mr. J. G. Rice, Superintendent of Publicity, Jacksonville Reunion. As to the part taken by the State in the wars of the country and her brave leaders, important facts were secured from historic records.

ADVERTISEMENTS IN THIS NUMBER.

Some attractive advertising is given in this number. If you are thinking of locating in Florida or are desirous of becoming informed further about the country, write to the real estate dealers who advertise with us, and they will take pleasure in posting you thoroughly. They can locate you at any price.

If you expect to attend the Reunion at Jacksonville, you will find it well to arrange for accommodations in advance. The hotels advertising in this number will give reasonable rates.

Railroads are ever ready to give information as to rates for Reunion visitors, and they also have some side trips that will attract you.

Chattanooga wants you to stop over there and take time to enjoy the beauties of the scenery and to see the advantages of that city.

A special offering of this number is "The Musical Julep Company," which wants to help you make money for anything in which you are interested. The U. D. C. are asked to consider this musical entertainment in their work of raising funds, as it was written by a Daughter of the Confederacy and has merit of high order.

"MESSAGES AND PAPERS OF THE CONFEDERACY."

This valuable historical work, compiled and edited by Hon. James D. Richardson, of Tennessee, by permission of Congress, is now being offered at less than half the original price. It is in two large volumes of fourteen hundred pages, handsomely illustrated with steel plates, each volume fully indexed.

Volume I. contains the addresses and messages of the President of the Confederacy, other official papers, and the Acts of the Congresses, and some biographical sketches.

Volume II. contains the diplomatic correspondence of the Confederacy never before published and also biographical sketches of some of the leading men of the Confederacy.

This is a valuable work, handsomely bound in three-fourths morocco, and offered at the low price of $4, prepaid. Take advantage of this opportunity to add this splendid work to your library. Send orders to the VETERAN.

STANDARD WORKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

"The Confederate Military History," 12 vols.; cloth, $24; half leather, $30.

"Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," cloth, $7.50.

"Johnston's Narrative," sheep, $2.75; half leather, $3.75.

"Recollections and Letters of R. E. Lee" (Lee), $2.50.

"Life of Stonewall Jackson" (Henderson), 2 vols.; cloth, $4.

"Reminiscences of the Civil War" (Gordon), cloth, $1.50.

"Two Wars: An Autobiography" (French), $2.

"Life of Forrest" (Wyeth), $4.

"Morgan's Cavalry" (Duke), $2.

"Pickett and His Men" (Mrs. Pickett), $2.50.

"Service Afloat" (Semmes), $4.

All prepaid at prices given.

NEW Travelers Hotel
BEST-KNOWN HOUSE IN FLORIDA
GEO. BROWN, Prop.
European and American
ROOMS, 75 CENTS AND UP
AMERICAN PLAN, $1.50, $1.75 PER DAY
Special Weekly Rates
All Modern Conveniences
Telephone 1379 Bay and Cedar Sts.
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.
All street cars pass the door. 5 minutes' walk to depot.

NOW, BOYS, while in Jacksonville we all want to spruce up a bit and look our best, and, in order to do so, we want our clothes looking spick and span. So, when you want a new suit made to fit you right, or you want your clothes cleaned or pressed or repaired, see the old reliable, **The Metropolitan Tailoring & Cleaning Co.** We set the pace; others try to follow. Prices lowest. See me at 334 W. Forsyth St., or phone 2964.

MEDALS
FOR
PRIZES AND ESSAYS
Trophies Cups
Complete catalog of new designs sent on request.
Meyer's Military Shop
1231 Pennsylvania Ave., N. W.
Washington, D. C.
"Visit our Show Shop when in Washington"

Wanted--War Relics
I want to purchase Confederate War Relics—Books, Letters, Curios, etc. I want Buttons and Belt Buckles. Will exchange Naval for Army Buttons. Give description and price of what you have to sell. Address **DR. GEORGE BROWN, Austell Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.**

For Over Sixty Years
An Old and Well-Tried Remedy
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world.

WAIT FOR THE WAGON.

The following is a true copy of one of the songs of the Confederacy that was sung with much spirit in the earlier days of the War between the States:

"Come, all you sons of freedom, and join our Southern band;
We are going to fight the enemy and drive them from our land.
Justice is our motto and Providence our guide;
So jump into the wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

Chorus.

Wait for the wagon,
The rissolution wagon;
The South is our wagon,
And we'll all take a ride.

Secession is our password, and our rights we'll all demand;
And to defend our firesides we pledge our hearts and hands.
Jeff Davis our President, with Stephens by his side;
Brave Beauregard, our general, will join us in the ride.

Our wagon's plenty large enough; our running gears are good—
It's stuffed with cotton around the sides and made of Southern wood.
South Carolina is the driver, with Georgia by her side;
Virginia will hold our flag up, and we'll all take a ride.

There's Tennessee and Texas also in the ring;
They wouldn't have a government where cotton isn't king.
Alabama too and Florida have long ago replied;
Mississippi is in the wagon, anxious for the ride.

Kentucky and Maryland are slow;
They must join erelong, or where will they go?
The Missouri boys are ready to join our noble tide;
So come along, brave Jackson, and join us in the ride.

Our cause is just and holy; our men are brave and true.
To whip the Lincoln invaders is all we have to do.
God bless our noble army; in him we all confide.
So jump into the wagon, and we'll all take a ride."

Kraus Studio
35 W. FORSYTH STREET
Jacksonville, Florida
Special prices to Confederate soldiers.
Post cards, 75c per dozen.
Ping Pong photos, 15 for 25c.
All are welcome to call, if only to look around.
Amateur Finishing
Films developed one day; prints delivered the next.

ALGONQUIN
222 West Adams St., near Post Office
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.
Rooms with or without board
Mrs. A. G. Hester, Prop.

Masonic Brethren
Masonic Brethren who were in the Civil War knowing instances wherein one Brother favored or saved another Brother, kindly give me your name and address, that I may write you that which I believe you will consider of interest and valuable.
J. Jewell, Central Block, Pueblo, Colo.

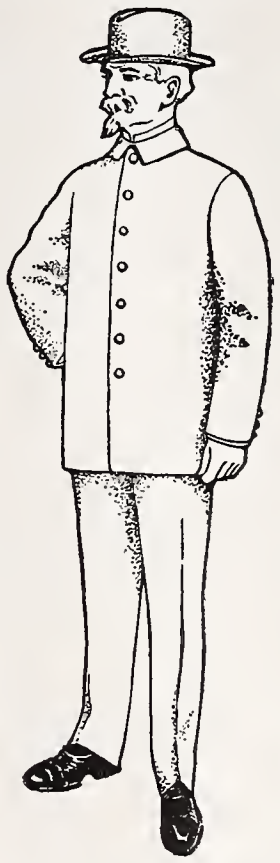
MRS. H. J. SANDLIN, Prop.
The Colonial
FURNISHED ROOMS
Hot and Cold Running Water
Centrally located—half block of post office.
Write for rooms.
P. O. Box 614 Telephone 1574-J
211 West Adams Street, Jacksonville, Fla.

The Photographer
IN JACKSONVILLE
High-Class Work
MISS NEAL'S STUDIO
27 East Bay Street

CONFEDERATE

UNIFORMS

LEVY'S SPECIAL **$8.50**



Made of our new "Dixie Gray" cloth, which is woven to our order for these special uniforms. Thoroughly tailored; perfect-fitting. Coat and trousers, with regulation U. C. V. buttons. "Levy's Special" at $8.50. the price made possible only by the large number of these uniforms which we make up for Veterans all over the country every year.

Finer uniforms at moderate prices. Made to order and guaranteed to fit.

Hats, caps, wreaths, cords, buttons, stars, leggins, and insignia of rank of all kinds.

Write for catalog and samples, mentioning the VETERAN.

We make special terms for outfitting whole camps.

LEVY'S Third and Market

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Bronze Memorial Tablets

cast in The Gorham foundries—the finest in world—possess a distinctive charm, dignity and unequaled artistic excellence.

Correspondence invited

The Gorham Company

Fifth Avenue & Thirty-Sixth St.

New York



THE BEST PLACE to purchase all-wool

Bunting or Silk Flags

of all kinds

Silk Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps

and all kinds of Military Equipment and Society Goods is at

Veteran J. A. JOEL & CO., 63 Nassau St.

Send for Price List New York City



Bronze Memorial Tablets

Designs and estimates free.

Jno. Williams Inc., Bronze Foundry
554 W. 27th St., New York

Cast Bronze Medallion, 6 1-2 inches high, Gen. Robert E. Lee, 75 cents each (postage extra) to readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

"The medallion of Lee is a beauty and much valued."—*Murfreesboro Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy.*

The South in History and Literature

By Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford

ATHENS, GA.

850 pages. Price, $1 net; postage, 21 cents.

(Writers since 1906 will be found in supplement being prepared.)

Ku Klux Klan Booklet

Interesting and fascinating, giving absolutely correct history of the origin and objects of this famous and mysterious Klan. Published by the Mississippi Division U. D. C., all proceeds go to erect a monument at Beauvoir, Miss. (home of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy), to the memory of Confederate Veterans. Price, 30 cents, postpaid Address

Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, Custodian K. K. K. Booklet

WEST POINT, MISS.

Gartside's Iron Rust Soap Co.

4054 LANCASTER AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Gartside's Iron Rust Soap (U. S. registered patent No. 3477) removes iron rust, ink, and all unwashable stains from clothing, marble, etc., with magical effect. Good seller, big margins. House-to-house agents and store salesmen wanted. The original, 25c a tube. Beware of infringements and the penalty for making, selling, and using an infringed article.

Heirs of West Point Graduates

Who entered the Confederate service, or of those officers who resigned between 1838 and 1860 but did not enter the service, will please address the undersigned. Those who have already employed counsel in the matter of Longevity Pay need not do so. Am associated with lawyers of high standing.

PERRY M. DE LEON

Formerly an Officer of the C. S. Navy

1122 Vermont Ave. Washington, D. C.



I Am the Custodian of the Official U. C. V. Society Button

which only Confederate Veterans who are members of U. C. V. Camps and their wives and daughters are entitled to wear; same may be had by writing me and inclosing the price of same. Gold, $1; plated, 50 cents each.

J. F. SHIPP, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Quartermaster-General, United Confederate Veterans

"The Babe of the Company"

By HAMP B. WATTS

Dedicated to the ladies of Fayette Richmond Grays Chapter No. 148, U. D. C., who will erect a monument to the memory of the brave and fallen Guerrillas in the Fayette battle, Sept. 20, 1864, and to the Confederate soldiers of Howard County, Mo. Price, 25 cents. Address Mrs. J. H. Finks, Fayette, Mo.

The first three copies of the VETERAN for 1893 are especially desired, and patrons having these numbers or any others in that volume or the whole volume for sale are requested to write the VETERAN office at once. State condition and price asked.

WANTED.—Information as to Solomon Smith, private in Company F, 63d Virginia Infantry, C. S. A. He enlisted August 6, 1862, at Glade Spring or Saltville, Va. He had a brother named Jacob Smith. Address Barnett & Bugg, Monroeville, Ala.

Mrs. E. C. King, 226 E. Capitol Street, Jackson, Miss., inquires for one Chester M. Bisbee, who was an inmate of the Confederate Home at Austin, Tex., up to April, 1913, and when last heard from was in New Orleans on his way to the Chattanooga Reunion.

M. W. Peacock, Route No. 2, Omaha, Tex., enlisted in the Confederate army at Macon, Ga., in 1863; and served to the surrender in Company C, 27th Georgia Regiment, Wheeler's Division of cavalry. He is now old and needs the Texas pension and would like to hear from any surviving comrades of the old command who can testify to his service.

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!



Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.



What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. **Write today** for our **FREE** 168 page **Book on Deafness**—giving you full particulars.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
999 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.

The Direct Route to

Washington Baltimore
Philadelphia New York

and all Eastern Cities from the South and Southwest is via Bristol and the

NORFOLK & WESTERN RY.

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

The Direct Line

to Antietam, Md., Gettysburg, Pa., Manassas, Va. (Bull Run), and other famous battle fields in the Shenandoah Valley and other sections of Virginia.

Best Route to

Richmond Norfolk
and all Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, General Agent Passenger Department, Chattanooga, Tenn.
W. C. SAUNDERS, General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.
W. B. BEVILL, Passenger Traffic Manager, Roanoke, Va.

WANTED—Harper, Miles, and Dunn data; also knowledge of Dunn's landing on the Mississippi River in 1863. Address B. O. Hanby, Mt. Vernon, Ind.

F. G. Mills, 51 Tufts Street, Somerville, Mass., inquires about an old friend of the 14th Louisiana Regiment, Company K, Lafayette Cadets, whose name was Christian Nicholas Slicer or Slighting. He wants to hear from or of him.

W. R. Hodges, of LaHarpe, Kans., would like to learn something of his father, J. W. Hodges, who served in the Confederate army, going from Tennessee. The son wishes to locate his father if living. He has not seen him for sixteen years.

James Callicott, Sr., wishes to hear from any comrades who were in the 2d Texas at Galveston, quartered in the old Tremont Hotel the last year of the war, and the letter of the company. He also inquires for Mr. Billings and Mr. Poe or Pope, who were with him in the company.

H. A. Compton, of Union City, Tenn., asks that Judge D. H. Lane, of Cooper, Delta County, Tex., or any one who knows will write him of the record of William H. Lisenbey, of Company G, 32d Texas Cavalry, after the battle of Franklin, Tenn., to the close of the war and where and how paroled or discharged. His widow needs this evidence to get a pension. He was a blacksmith on detached service with Ector's Brigade when last heard from.

C. A. Truscott, of Los Angeles, Cal., has in his possession a sword that was captured by Capt. John Phillips, of Pittsburgh, Pa., at Gettysburg. The inscription on the sword, as near as can be determined, shows that it belonged to a Maj. Shlingenthal Adams, supposedly a German-French soldier wearing the uniform of the Confederate army. Mr. Truscott would like to locate the family of this soldier. Address him at 900 Santa Fe Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. J. F. F. Cassell, of Staunton, Va., desires to hear from surviving comrades of any of her six uncles, Samuel, Adam, John, William, Levi, and David Plecker. She would like to know the companies in which they served during the war. They were reared near Centerville (now Milnesville), Augusta County, Va., and some of them later lived in Rockingham County. She inquires also for the company in which Isaac Smoot, M.D., of Madison County, Va., was enlisted.



Speak Softly!

"Not so loud, dearie. Speak Softly—I can hear now as well as you."

"Why, mumsie! You have been deaf ever since I was a baby."

"True, but my hearing has been entirely restored as if by magic. I am using a wonderful new scientific invention for the deaf. I can hear every kind of sound—even conversation in an ordinary tone with my

NEW 8-TONE
Mears Ear Phone

—the final triumph of the inventor of the first successful multi-tone ear phone. **Eight Tones!** Eight different adjustments to suit every condition of the ear. Sufferers from deafness everywhere welcomed the Mears **Four-Tone** as the first **perfected** hearing device. It was a scientific marvel. But all its wonderful powers have been **Doubled** in the amazing new ***Eight-Tone*** Mears—**just out!** The new Eight-Tone ear phone makes every kind and "shade" of sound as distinct to the deaf as shades of color are distinct to the perfect eyes.

THE OFFER

In order to give our patrons the *personal service* that is possible only when we know them and deal with them **direct,** we have discontinued all our American agencies. Our New 8-Tone model ear phone can be had only direct from our New York office. To advertise our new direct selling plan and to introduce the perfected Mears 8-Tone, we are making a **Special Limited Offer** for a short time only. *Mail the free coupon at once for full particulars.*



In The Hollow of Your Hand

FREE TRIAL In Your Own Home

Booklet on Request

This coupon is printed for your convenience. Fill it out and mail it to us. We will send you promptly the Mears Ear Phone Book. This book explains the causes of deafness, tells how to check the progress of the malady and how to treat it. Mail the coupon today for this book and special introductory offer. Do it now.

Mears Ear Phone Co.
Dept. 2944
45 W. 34th St.
NEW YORK N. Y.

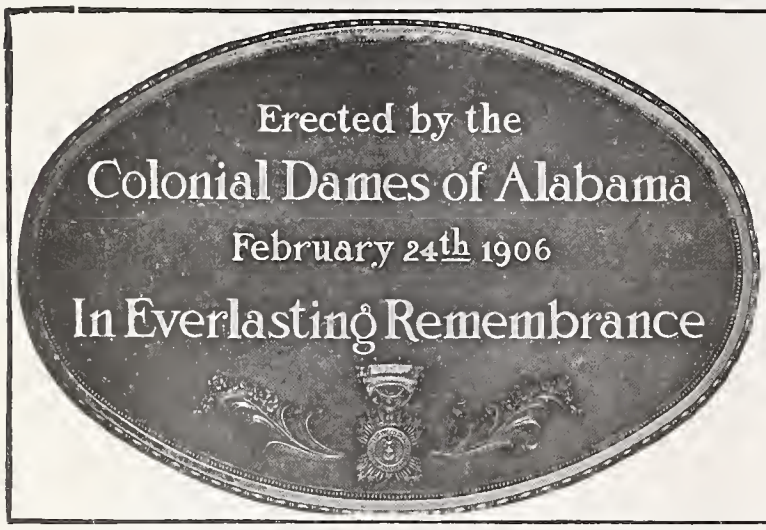
COUPON

MEARS EAR PHONE CO.
Dept. 2944
45 W. 34th Street
New York. N. Y.

Gentlemen—Please mail me free and postpaid, your Mears Ear Phone Booklet and particulars of your Special Introductory Offer on your new model Eight-Tone Mears Ear Phone and Free Trial Offer.

Name .....

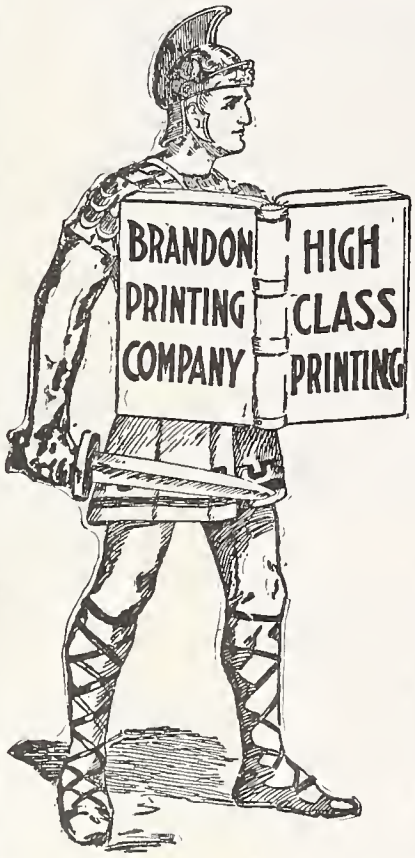
Address .....



MEMORIAL TABLETS
IN THE HIGHEST GRADE OF
STANDARD COPPER BRONZE
HAND-TOOLED THROUGHOUT

SPECIALISTS FOR 25 YEARS IN
ART MEMORIAL TABLETS

PAUL E. CABARET & CO.
BRONZE WORKERS
OFFICE AND STUDIO
120-126 ELEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY
CORRESPONDENCE INVITED ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET ON REQUEST



Facts about PRINTING

¶ To obtain efficiency in the result, whether it be in the **Stationery,** the **Catalogue,** the **Lithographing,** the **Blank Books,** or whatever task the printer may be called upon to perform, you must demand the best—**HIGH-CLASS PRINTING.** This we are prepared to produce by virtue of experience, artisans employed, and equipment. ¶ We give thought to our productions. Write to us. We will be able to carry out your ideas or possibly to suggest something new.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.
Nashville, - - Tenn.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN
UNIFORMS

Highest Quality Lowest Prices

Tailor-Made to Your Measure

Send for Catalogue No. 341 and cloth samples.

The Pettibone Bros. Mfg. Co.
CINCINNATI



ORDER Your C. S. A. Grave Markers Now

So you will have them on Decoration Day. Price, 25 cents each, in lots of 50 or more.

William H. Birge
FRANKLIN, PA.

Woodland Bronze Works
DEPARTMENT OF
ALBERT RUSSELL & SONS COMPANY
Bronze Memorial and Inscription
TABLETS
ESTIMATES AND DESIGNS FURNISHED UPON REQUEST
105 Merrimac St.
Newburyport, Mass.

A Chance to Make Money

I have had such good luck lately that I write you my experience, hoping your readers may be benefited. I am selling Dish Washers, and doing fine. I do not canvass—people come or send for them. They are lovely to sell. The machine washes and dries the dishes perfectly in four minutes. You don't have to put your hands in the water. Every lady who sees the Dish Washer wants one, as they cost only $5. I think any person can do as well as I. Write to the Hydraulic Dish Washer Company, E 324 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. They will start you in business. BETTIE C. FRANCIS.

Philo B. Shepard, of Selma, Ala., would be pleased to correspond with any member of the 6th Georgia Cavalry Regiment, Colonel Hart. Shepard was first lieutenant of Company K, this regiment.

SIDE TRIPS

From Jacksonville, Florida

Tickets on sale May 6th to 10th inclusive, limited to June 2d, 1914

To Savannah, Ga., $5.40; Charleston, S. C., $8.85; Tampa, Fla., $6.60; St. Petersburg, Fla., $6.60; St. Cloud, Fla., $5.45; Orlando, Fla., $4.50; Fort Meyers, Fla., $9.35; Sebring, Fla., $7.20; Kissimmee, Fla., $5.05: Montgomery, Ala., $10.65; Wilmington, N. C., $15.95; Havana, Cuba, $32.90; corresponding rates to all points in Florida, Georgia, Alabama, South and North Carolina.

SEE FLORIDA

Seven Pullman trains South, four Pullman trains East, five Pullman trains West.

THE ATLANTIC COAST LINE R. R. CO.

The Standard Railroad of the South

INFORMATION BUREAU AND TICKET OFFICE 138 WEST BAY STREET, JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

CLEAN ROOMS CLEAN BEDS CLEAN HOUSE

PALACE HOTEL

MRS. J. B. DAVIS, Prop.

European. 75c per Day and Up

329 West Forsyth Street Jacksonville, Fla.

Phone 1935 Public Phone 9112

TAKE CAR TO CEDAR STREET, THEN BLOCK FROM BAY

Modernly Equipped Phone 2140 Rates Reasonable

EUROPEAN PLAN

HOTEL WAVERLY

MRS. LUCK WILSON, Prop.

Most Centrally Located. Bus Meets All Trains

Cor. Main and Adams Sts. JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

NICE, CLEAN ROOMS AND BEDS

$4 Per Week

To let by Confederate Veteran's wife.

Fifteen minutes from depot.

MRS. R. J. RALEY

621 West Adams Street

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

L. A. Fitzpatrick, Sr., of Helena, Ark., who was a member of the 31st Mississippi, Featherston's Brigade, says if there is a member of this brigade who is not a subscriber to the VETERAN he wants to hear from him; that the VETERAN will be sent to him for a year. Address him at Box 333.

George A. Webster, of Atlanta, Ga., Route No. 71, wants to get the first fifteen numbers of the VETERAN, and will appreciate hearing from any one who has them for sale.

We Link YOU, MR. INVESTOR

And YOU, MR. SELLER

Together in such a manner as to insure the most advantageous arrangement, financially, for both of you. EVERY kind and branch of business, including real estate, etc., bought or sold by us. If you have a business of genuine merit, bring it to us. We will HANDLE it and SELL it.

If you have money to put to good advantage, we will connect you with the very proposition you want. Don't be blissfully contented with the measly bank rate of interest. We can get you propositions unequaled anywhere for income and safety. For particulars, write

BUSINESS EXCHANGE

Rooms 1109, 1110 Heard National Bank Bldg. **Jacksonville, Fla.**

The word **UP** not used at the Hotel Flagler Units

HOTEL FLAGLER

CORNER ADAMS AND DAVIS STREETS

Hotel Flagler Second

ADAMS, NEAR DAVIS, STREET

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

Rooms, 75 cents per day; with private bath, $1 a person

ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES AND PROMPT SERVICE

H. R. FINN, Proprietor

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXII. MAY, 1914 NO. 5



973.705
C748

Memorial Day

A LAND without ruins is a land without memories; a land without memories is a land without history; a land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see; but twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and, be that land barren, beautiless, and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow, and it wins the sympathy of the heart and of history. Crowns of roses fade; crowns of thorns endure. Calvaries and crucifixions take deepest hold of humanity. The triumphs of might are transient; they pass and are forgotten; the sufferings of right are graven deepest on the chronicle of nations.

—*Father Ryan.*

The Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company

Has endeavored during its service of fifty-eight years in the United States to exemplify the definition of the words "to insure"—viz., "to make certain or secure." Every loss claimant insured in this Company and affected by the serious conflagrations in this and other countries will, we believe, testify to the sense of security they experience in possessing our policies and of satisfaction at our settlements.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN
UNIFORMS

Highest Quality Lowest Prices

Tailor-Made to Your Measure

Send for Catalogue No. 341 and cloth samples.

The Pettibone Bros. Mfg. Co.
CINCINNATI

Bronze Memorial Tablets of the Highest Standard

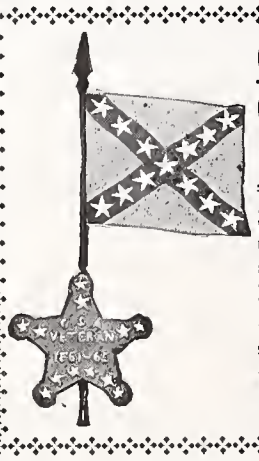
Our experience of 27 years is our guarantee of results.

Paul E. Cabaret & Co.
120-126 Eleventh Avenue
New York
Illustrated booklet sent on request.

MEDALS
FOR
PRIZES AND ESSAYS
Trophies Cups

Complete catalog of new designs sent on request.

Meyer's Military Shop
1231 Pennsylvania Ave., N. W.
Washington, D. C.
"Visit our Show Shop when in Washington"



ORDER Your C. S. A. Grave Markers Now

So you will have them on Decoration Day. Price, 25 cents each, in lots of 50 or more.

William H. Birge
FRANKLIN, PA.

Mrs. A. L. Hackman, of Fort Crockett, Tex., wants information of Thomas F. Alexander, who served in a Georgia regiment from Bryan County, Ga., and is thought to have been a colonel.

Mrs. M. P. Fretwell, of Glen Rose, Tex., wishes to hear from any surviving members of the 16th Alabama Regiment who remember her husband, Erwin Fretwell, and can testify to his service, so she may obtain a pension.

Rev. John A. Wright, of Greensburg, Ind., makes inquiry for a knapsack he lost in the battle of Chancellorsville in which was a small Bible with his name in it. He left it at the Chancellor house on Sunday morning, May 3. Address him at Route 6.

Mrs. J. B. Thrower, of Bearden, Ark., writes that her husband, John B. Thrower, helped to build fortifications on the Red River near Washington, Ark., subject to the orders of Captain Mackey. She would like to hear from any comrades who can give information that will establish his record.

Mrs. N. A. Poag, 308 N. Columbus Street, Marshall, Tex., wishes to hear from comrades of her husband, William Rudolph Poag, who know of his military record. Comrade Poag joined DeBerry's company at Carthage, but did not serve throughout the war, being discharged on account of illness.

Otto P. Stallings, Box 737, Tampa, Fla., wishes to ascertain the company and regiment in which his father, Simeon Newton Stallings, served as a Confederate soldier. He lived in Covington, Newton County, Ga., and it is thought that he was a member of the 4th Georgia Regiment or of Cobb's Legion. Any information will be appreciated.

Frank M. Hagan, of New Haven, Ky., writes that Mrs. Paul C. Harlow wishes to apply for a pension as the widow of a Confederate soldier, but does not know the command with which her husband served. He was living at Wartburg, Morgan County, Tenn., when the war began, and she thinks he enlisted at Indian Tavern, in that county. She remembers Joe Bird, Dave McPeters, and —— Mullens as joining with him. He was employed part of the time as a blacksmith for his company.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Date given to subscription is the month of expiration.
All remittances should be made to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and all communications so addressed.
Published by the Confederate Veteran Company, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XXII. | NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1914. | No. 5. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, FOUNDER.

OUR MEMORIAL DAY.

No other country but ours has the beautiful custom of annually decorating the graves of those who laid their lives on the altar of patriotism. Since the War between the States there has been a day dedicated to placing the garlands of memory on the graves of those whose unselfish sacrifice of life aroused the admiration of the world.

It was fitting that this custom should have originated in the South. The South was the battle ground; and when the sounds of strife had died out of the land, in the silence of desolation there was time for memory and tears. Few were the homes without the vacant chair; the new-made graves were raw wounds in the bosom of the Southland; there was mourning for those who came not back from war. What wonder, then, that the sorely stricken mothers, wives, daughters, sisters turned to the graves of their warrior dead and took comfort in keeping their memory green?

And it was the memory of a little child that brought the idea of a general Memorial Day to a sad mother's heart. The wife of Maj. Charles W. Williams, who died in 1862, and her little girl visited his grave every day and often comforted themselves with wreathing it in flowers; then while the mother sat abstractedly thinking of the loved and lost one the child would decorate other graves near by and call them her soldiers' graves. After a while the dear little girl was summoned to join her father, and the bereaved mother took charge of these graves of the unknown for the child's sake. As she cared for them she thought of the thousands of patriot graves throughout the South far away from home and kindred, and in this way the plan was suggested to her of setting apart one day in each year "that love might pay tribute to valor throughout the Southern States." So in March, 1866, she published an appeal for the people of the South to join in setting apart a certain day "to be handed down through time as a religious custom of the South to wreathe the graves of our martyred dead with flowers," and she proposed the 26th of April as the day. Ready response was given, and Mrs. Williams lived to see her plan adopted all over the South and in 1868 throughout the United States. She died in 1874, and on each recurring Memorial Day the Columbus (Ga.) military march around her grave, and each man deposits a floral offering.

The beauty and pathos of this custom so impressed Mrs. John A. Logan while on a visit to the South that through her influence it was adopted by the North. It was long known there as Decoration Day, but of late years it has been generally called Memorial Day, and it is observed by that section everywhere on May 30.

While the South has credit for originating this beautiful custom, no special day has ever been adopted generally by the different States of the South, different dates being observed as seem most appropriate for these States. In Georgia, where the custom originated, the legislature in 1866 set apart the 26th of April as a legal holiday, and that day has since been observed in that State as Memorial Day. The same date is observed in Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, and Texas, and, except in Texas, has been made a State holiday in these States. In North Carolina the 10th of May was established in 1866 as Memorial Day for that State in honor of Stonewall Jackson, and it was made a legal holiday in 1881; South Carolina also observes the same date by legal enactment. The Sunday nearest the 10th of May, June 3, and other dates, optional with the Chapters U. D. C., are observed in Arkansas. Virginia observes different dates in May, as does West Virginia, as most appropriate for the different communities. June 3, the birthday of President Davis, has been adopted by the other States—Kentucky, Oklahoma, Louisiana, and Tennessee, and in the last two made a legal holiday. Missouri has no Memorial Day for the South.

If these States could decide upon one special day for general observance throughout the South as Memorial Day, it would make it of stronger effect. Some day in the early part of May is suggested as perhaps most suited for the South generally. To know that all over our Southern country the same day was being observed in honor of our soldier dead would make the day of greater significance to the generations coming on.

"And the graves of the dead with the grass overgrown
May yet form the footstool of liberty's throne."

OUR FALLEN BRAVES.

We come with reverent hearts to lay,
O fallen braves, our fallen braves,
Our wreaths of myrtle, rose, and bay
Above thy heads, our fallen braves.
Not thine the victor's crown to wear
And in the conqueror's glory share,
But in our hearts ye proudly bear
The hero's palm, O fallen braves.

Chorus.

Sleep on, true hearts, beneath the sod;
O'er thy fair fame a royal guard
Of loyal souls keeps watch and ward
And hymn thy glory, fallen braves.

With tender care we twine for thee
As tribute meet these wreaths of bloom,
That thus thy resting place may be
Embalmed in beauty and perfume;
As in our heart its memory lies
Enshrined in sad, sweet dreams that rise
Like incense of a sacrifice,
O fallen braves, our fallen braves.

We question not of right or wrong,
But glory in our warrior sires;
We only know their true hearts strong
Were filled with patriotic fires.
They well obeyed their country's call!
'Twas duty stern to stand or fall
For native land; they ventured all;
Nor was it lost, O fallen braves.

Their valiant deeds, while time remains,
From mind of men will not depart.
Their brave blood bounds in strong young veins;
The same fire thrills the youthful heart.
They for the blood-dyed Stars and Bars
Endured till death the fire of wars;
So for our glorious Stripes and Stars
Their sons would die as fallen braves.

MEMORIAL DAY IN WEST VIRGINIA.

BY MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE.

Many people in large cities have been thrilled by the impassioned oratory of Gen. Bennett H. Young as he extolled the valor of the Southern soldier; but he never had a greater inspiration than was given by a little country church in West Virginia around which lie buried a number of Confederate soldiers. The church and graveyard are in Monroe County, near Red Sulphur Springs, and the soldiers buried there were possibly from Colonel Heth's regiment, the 45th Virginia, as he was engaged near Lewisburg, in Greenbrier County.

The high knoll is a beautiful spot to rest, having for a background the distant blue mountains which General Lee so much admired and described in letters to his wife during the West Virginia campaign, and winding at its base is little Indian River, whose name commemorates the pioneer history of that section.

When General Young was at the springs a number of years ago he found the graves uncared for, and upon succeeding visits he began to decorate them with small Confederate flags which he brought from Louisville. The interest grew, and neighbors and visitors made wreaths from the native ferns and mountain laurel, and large crowds came for Memorial Day in midsummer, and General Young was requested to make the address.

Many of the graves were sunken and the slabs had fallen, but on two of them faint inscriptions were still legible, and these we copied that the names might be enrolled in the list of those who loved their country. One was: "In memory of M. P. Walls, of Company C, 45th Virginia Regiment, who died April 20, 1863, aged twenty-nine years."

The other grave was that of a lad, and cut in the rough sandstone was the rude drawing of a gun with bayonet in position to charge. It is marked: "In memory of Jesse Bass; died December 6, 186-, aged twenty years, seven months, and two days." Perhaps he, knowing that he was dying in the flush of youth, begged for the months and days to be carved on the headstone. He was almost a man.

After the graves were decorated we gathered in the little church to hear the oration. General Young stirred his audience with his description of the "Banzai" cry of the Japanese soldier; he recounted the brave deeds of the men who were at Manassas, Spottsylvania, and Cold Habor; he spoke of Shiloh, of Vicksburg, and Chickamauga; and as he pronounced the eulogium upon "the Confederate soldiery around whose memory a just and imperial fate has woven an unfading wreath of glory," the song of a mocking bird in the hawthorn tree caught my ear; and looking through the open window, I could see the grave of the soldier who had not reached his majority. I thought how little he anticipated the laurel wreaths of the future when he fastened his bayonet to his gun. He fought for only what he thought was right, and fame has cleared the way for the gray-clad army to march down the ages.



MRS. CHAS. R. HYDE, OF CHATTANOOGA, HONORARY MATRON OF HONOR ON STAFF OF COMMANDER IN CHIEF B. H. YOUNG.



MRS. C. E. BUCK, OF CHATTANOOGA, TENN., MATRON OF HONOR FORREST'S CAVALRY CORPS, JACKSONVILLE, 1914.

HOW WAS THE CONFEDERACY MAINTAINED?

A suggestion from Col. St. George Tucker Bryan, of Richmond, Va., induces the request for articles on the maintenance department of the Confederacy. Not enough attention has been given to recording the means by which the Confederacy was supported through the four long years of war, the country so torn and preyed upon by both armies that desperate efforts had to be made to obtain the necessities for supplying the means to carry on the warfare and feed the soldiers and citizens. He suggests, first, that the condition of whites and blacks at home during various periods of the war be written of and the struggles they made to sustain our armies, with special reference to the middle class and very poor farmers and citizens, both countryside and towns. Little has been told of their sacrifices and suffering. Who ever heard of a poor soldier from Fluvanna County, Va., with his feet bare of shoes and his pants worn off nearly to his ragged knees as the first man in Armistead's Brigade who stepped to the front when their colonel called for sharpshooters to lead in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg?

"Next to those at home place the Southern horse," writes Colonel Bryan, "lean and enduring. Tell of what our horses bore under starvation. (I can still hear their wild cries in response to the bugle stable call.) They dragged our cannon and bore our troopers all over the South. It was Gen. Jubal Early who said: 'When I see a Confederate horse, I always feel like lifting my hat to him.' When Early said that, he pinned the cordon of honor over his own heart. And don't forget the mule. He did and endured and bore more than the horse could endure in drawing wagons."

Colonel Bryan suggests as third the Quartermaster's Department and its very numerous divisions and branches.

"4. Commissary—subsistence and its methods at home and abroad. Who knows about the clandestine sales of cotton made all during the war by the Confederate government to get beef and pork and bacon and less things for the great departments? Show me a Yankee general who was not a cotton broker. Cotton was king. The Confederate States government should have sold cotton earlier and oftener.

"5. The Secret Service Department, that touched with one hand the war, navy, treasury, ordnance, and every grand division.

"6. Medical, pharmacy, and field and hospital divisions—all over the South they were.

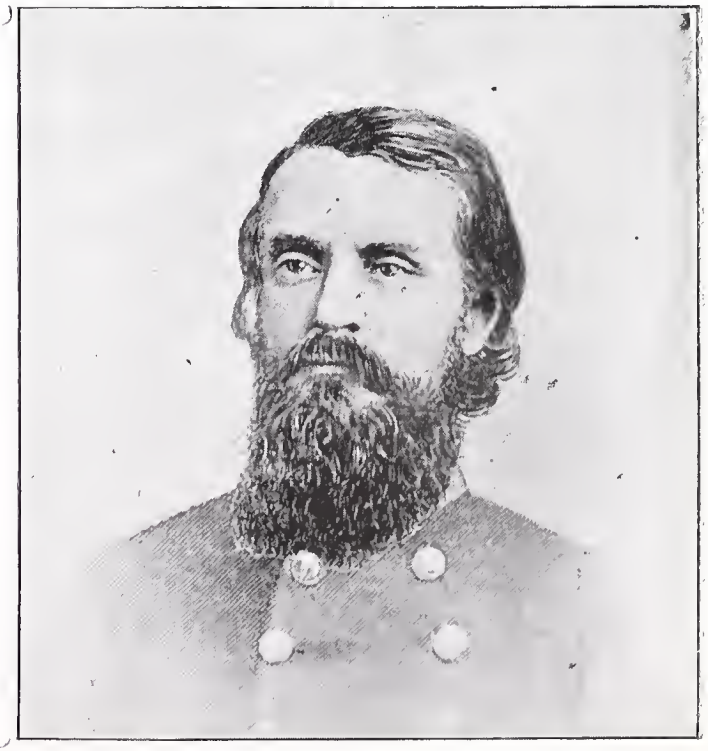
"7. Who had hookworm and pellagra (unknown to the North)? Out of the hookworm sprang the poor white trash, 'clay eaters,' who in battle were more than a match for the Northern hosts.

"8. Ordnance Department—the many expedients to secure niter; the big old copper cents all bought up to make musket caps; the alcohol, whisky, applejack stills cut up also to make caps, fulminates. Only lately I was talking to a man who was in the Mining Bureau under St. John who told how they made and classed iron for big and small cannon, for army camp skillets, church bells made into pealing cannon.

"9. I knew a little man who imported quinine through the lines. He wore a silk vestment from foot to shoulders under his clothes, and that he filled with the white, bitter drug. Fancy him in his double armor, not on the high seas, but plunging through the pathless woods carrying quinine South.

"10. The Confederate States mailman, always lurking in the army and in its rear and in the North too.

"11. The Treasury Department. In the February number of the VETERAN is an article about the lithographic stones now



MAJ. GEN. BAXTER SMITH, COMMANDING FORREST'S CAVALRY CORPS.

used as doorsteps that once bore the 'promise to pay.' We are destroying through ignorance and wanton neglect precious history. If the Confederacy be dead, its duties are ended, its story written, if it carry no moral instruction. Has the North no part in the obligation to preserve its history? The Confederate cause and struggle made it possible for the North to have a war history. How hard did the North fight, and what did it endure and sacrifice? Only the Southern story does and can tell that, just as the Southern soil carries the graves of the Northern dead in its bosom.

"We must formulate a well-directed and well-conducted method for rescuing the fragments in every county of the South that tell of how our soldiers and sailors were mustered, armed, clothed, fed, transported, treated for wounds and sickness, and how they physically managed to carry on the war for four years against the North and the world. We needed not a Battle Abbey. We need history written. We needed no State, county, and cause monuments. Abbeys and monuments are sure to multiply long years hence when the history of the barefooted men in gray is forever irreparably lost to future generations. National cemeteries are monuments dreadful in their silence. They teach no moral lesson; they tell no story of why the South went to war, why it endured beyond the enlistment term of seventy-five days set by President Lincoln. Why these seventy-five days' men? these one hundred days' men? A fearful misjudging somewhere.

"The South was heir to the Post Office Department, organized before 1861, heir to coin and notes current North and South, heir to the wide-apart railroads (a great division unwritten up), heir to dependence on the North (that hive of industry) that made and sold to the South all it needed and consumed. If I see it aright, and as Napoleon tersely put it (not his exact language), 'Every soldier must have always at hand two pairs of shoes,' and as Frederick the Great is credited with saying, 'An army moves upon its belly.' It was the Confederate and the North American Indian and our Southern horses that moved on empty bellies. The Yankee sutlers and the mess kettles and pie counters crippled more men in blue than did Lee's soldiers.

"I believe that had the women and children of the poor been adequately fed and clothed and properly treated medically, and could our military trains have sustained our troops so as to take advantage of a success in battle or skirmish, we would have whipped the Yankees to a finish in one hundred days' fighting. Every successful battle in the South was nullified in great part because we could give no counterstroke nor overtake a defeated army in retreat. Lee was forced in 1862 and again in 1863 to cross the Potomac for lack of maintenance in Virginia. I could write a thousand pages on cause and effect and all have their theme in lack of supplies and transportation that wrecked the South."

THE FIRST SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEER REGIMENT.

BY REV. J. M. HOOD, ATLANTA, GA.

My State, South Carolina, had seceded from the Union. Torchlight processions were the order of the night. Minutemen were seen with the rosette on their hats. All was excitement. Major Anderson had left Fort Moultrie and had taken possession of Fort Sumter.

At this time, January, 1861, the Governor of the State made a call for volunteers for six months. Capt. Whitfield Walker, of Newberry, S. C., was forming a company, and I volunteered



MISS ELIZABETH C. RAYL, MAID OF HONOR OF TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. C. V., JACKSONVILLE REUNION, 1914.

under him on the 9th of January, 1861. The company landed in Charleston, S. C., January 11, 1861, and united with the 1st Regiment, Under Col. Maxey Gregg, on Sullivan's Island. About the 14th of January, 1861, the regiment was mustered into service for six months. The companies were drilled by the cadets from Charleston. Our duties were sentinel duty and building batteries and breastworks on Sullivan's, Morris, and James Islands. Eighteen of our company were detailed to take charge of two brass pieces on board the steamer Planter to guard the Lighthouse Inlet to keep the Yankees from coming around in small boats to reënforce Anderson in Fort Sumter.

Everything was now in readiness to attack Fort Sumter. General Beauregard had demanded the surrender, which had been refused. On the morning of April 12 I was on duty on the deck of the Planter at about four in the morning when I was surprised to see the flash and hear the boom of the first gun in the bombardment of Fort Sumter. The bombardment continued all the day and night and lasted until about one o'clock in the afternoon of the 13th. The magazines of the fort had been blown up, and the barracks were all on fire. Then Major Anderson surrendered the fort, with seventy-two men, who were paroled and sent north.

Not long after this the regiment was called on to volunteer to go to Virginia. We landed in Richmond and remained there about one month. We were then ordered to Centerville, Va. We remained there a short time and then went to Fairfax Courthouse, and there remained until our six months expired, doing picket duty at Manassas, the first great battle of the war. At this time the only troops there were the 1st Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, Kemper's Battery, from Alexandria, Va., and the Black Horse Cavalry.

Some time in June Colonel Gregg received news that an Ohio regiment was coming out from Alexandria on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad to build breastworks, and he hastened to meet them and gave them a hearty welcome. We were there in time to cut down the water tank and throw it over in the roadbed and thus stop the train of cars that they were coming on; but when the train came in sight an old Union man gave the engineer a signal, and he stopped the train about six hundred yards from us.

The train had six flat cars in front of the engine and a number of box cars in the rear of the engine. The flat cars were loaded with picks, shovels, axes, and all kinds of tools for building, and the soldiers were standing up on the flat cars.

When Colonel Gregg saw the train coming to a stop he ordered Captain Kemper to open fire on them. The first shot plowed through the soldiers, scattering them right and left. Leaving about seven dead on the field, they gathered up a great number, put them in the box cars, and hastened back to Alexandria, leaving the flat cars, with all the tools, in our hands. The Richland Rifle Company had been deployed as skirmishes on the right of the road, but never got a shot at them.

A man came over from Alexandria a few days later, who told us that he was at the depot when the Federals got back, and he counted two hundred dead. I can't tell whether he told the truth or not, but this I know: When we went to push the cars up to the station the blood and brains were dripping from the cars. I think the way the flat cars came to fall into our hands was that a solid shot struck the coupling, or bumpers, and thus cut them loose from the engine.

After this we returned to camp, taking up our duties as before, remaining there until about the 2d of July, when we were sent home to reorganize the regiment, as the companies were not full.

We landed back in Richmond about the 12th of August with full companies and one company over, making eleven companies. The eleventh company was McIntosh's Battery. Then the regiment was mustered into Confederate service for three years of the war.



MISS MINNA ETHEL LOMBARD, OF MEMPHIS, TENN., SPONSOR FOR TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. C. V., JACKSONVILLE REUNION, 1914.

CONTRASTING CHARACTERS.

T. A. Hamilton, a member of Camp Hardee, U. C. V., at Birmingham, Ala., writes of the recent visit of Hon. Washington Gardner, Commander G. A. R., to that city in making his annual round of the G. A. R. Posts. Confederate veterans of the city were invited to attend a "camp fire," and a very pleasant evening was spent in "burying the hatchet." Mr. Gardner made a most favorable impression by his personality and by what he said. Some veterans of the gray called on him the next morning at his hotel and had a pleasant chat with him, and later the veterans in blue arrived and joined in the kindly approval of his speech and the courtesies of the day. Comrade Hamilton says of Mr. Gardner:

"He is a big man who can cheerfully concede a fair field and a square deal to his opponent. We desire nothing more, nor should any one be satisfied with less. The war by us was not aggressive, but a defensive war for the rights of the colonies and American freedom as bequeathed to us by a gallant ancestry.

"In striking contrast to the wise and kindly course of the Commander in Chief G. A. R. is the attitude of one Jasper T. Darling, Post Commander G. A. R., who still seems to confound patriotism with politics for a pension and office, and thinks he must crucify the South in order to get either. I understand that his speeches are distributed in certain sections with a view to training the children against the truths that are now recognized by all Northern people who study the history of our government. He even lays impious hands on our great Lee, regarded by all the world as the greatest soldier, the truest man, and the finest gentleman that the world has ever produced.

"On the devoted heads of Southern women, the Daughters of the Confederacy, he pours out the vials of his wrath because of their loyalty to the land of their birth and because they are the guardians of our history. They build our monuments, they bind up our wounds, and in a thousand ways they brush the tears from the cheeks of suffering and disconsolate humanity. They lead in every good and perfect work. They educate our boys and girls. They see to it that no soldier goes to the poorhouse or is buried in the paupers' field. They are the life and the light of this Southland, whose patriotism is from ocean to ocean and from gulf to lake.

"At the Reunion at Charleston, S. C., I learned that a Spanish War veteran from a Michigan home while sick was taken to the home of a Daughter of the Confederacy as a guest for weeks, and from letters received from Michigan I know that in that Northern home they do not hate the South. Recently a stranger stopped at Dothan, Ala., stranded, without health or means. The Daughters learned of his condition and ministered to his wants. When the end came he received a burial by them in keeping with that which would have been accorded any Confederate veteran. This man was a G. A. R., and gentle hands placed flowers on his grave. Jasper T. Darling should take notice and shut up."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE IDEAL.

Full oft the unseen is the real,
While that which to the eye appears
A thing of worth doth yet conceal
A void to snare men's souls. The ideal
Gathers semblance in song of bird,
The lily's bloom, the zephyr's breath;
But clarion clear adown the years
The bugle note of time is heard,
Proclaiming God the unseen Word,
Ideal divine in martyr death.

In the heart of a beautiful Southern novel which appeared three years ago there is a chapter whose foreword tells how the hero and heroine sit on the steps of a dignified Southern mansion and "see some old soldiers go marching by."

Never has the story of the Confederate veteran parade been more simply told, and yet the writer has put on record a prose epic that is so sweetly limpid with the tears of a steadfast people that the reader is convinced far beyond the doubting point of the sentimental necessity in a material generation of Confederate reunions as long as there are survivors of the Confederate war to reunite in annual comradeship.

The loving participants in a Confederate reunion, be their place in life high or low, are all paying tribute again to that something which is out of sight,

"That thread of all-sustaining beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite."

The great, invisible army that fell asleep upon the field of battle, the tired old boys who have followed their comrades into eternity one by one, and the aged watchers who await the dawn of God's to-morrow are all present at a Confederate reunion. And Robert Lee! Is not the beloved commander of a now almost phantom army gladder in the green pastures of eternal peace that his people keep vigil still before the ideal that was great enough to die for?

The men of the Confederate war were not fighting for the material brick and mortar that make the habitation called "home," but for the inalienable privilege as God's children of maintaining a principle. So wholesome, so recognizable is this principle when the beclouding dust of controversy is blown by time from across the mental vision of men that we think of the dead who fought for that principle as gathered to the saints in glory and of their aged survivors as future sharers of that same reward.

It is true in a Confederate veteran parade. "When these old men go marching by, everybody is thinking: 'Hundreds of them won't be here next year and hundreds the next year, and soon there will come a year when there won't be any parade at all.'" But will there ever come a year when "there won't be any parade at all"?

Though we recognize the larger household of the Union and are loyal to-day to the flag she flies, there is a family still called "the South," and the descendants of this family will surely be glad as the years march by to gather annually at some central place to pay tribute to the ancestors who made the Union stronger through their progeny because of the strength of their own royal manhood.

There will be sons and daughters gathered in Jacksonville in this year of grace 1914 whose sons and daughters after them will wish to preserve a complete succession of traditions and facts, and only an unworthy generation would create a missing link in the records. The essentials for preservation are all intact at present—the stainless history of a cause that was good enough to call the flower of knighthood to arms; the living remnant of that knighthood and their children and grandchlidren; the vital sentiment manifest in the present reunion; the vast pages of Confederate history yet unpublished and an official organ to perpetuate this knowledge as long as the elements that make it possible are loyal to their heritage.

Throughout the centuries men have been inspired to tell old stories ever new of King Arthur and his knights, and we who had our flesh-and-blood Lee and his brave knights in gray can make a Southern literature through the pages of the Confederate Veteran that will live to inspire men when the noiseless foot of time is marching on the great high road that leads to eternity. Every age that has had the material for its epic has found its poet, bard, minstrel, chronicler, and out of our own came a man so sweetly simple, so broadly humble that he was inspired to create our epic out of the mosaic of other men's testimony. God has called him this year to a greater reunion, but his spirit offers you this message through the hands of his friends, and with the childlike faith that was his sweet grace upon earth he believes in the glad court of heaven that you will accept it in love.

MEMORIAL SERVICES AT CAMP CHASE CEMETERY.

Memorial services and decoration of graves of Confederate dead who sleep in Camp Chase Cemetery, 2,260 in number, will be held on June 6, 1914, at Columbus, Ohio. Col. W. H. Knauss, who has for many years given personal attention to the cemetery and these services, will preside. General Green, of Arkansas, and Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief, U. C. V., are expected to deliver addresses, and the President General of the U. D. C. has been invited to be present.

Colonel Knauss hopes that this year, as in years past, the people of the South will send flowers to be used for decorating the graves of the boys in gray who sleep so far away from home and kindred.

Please send flowers, express prepaid, to James Worrell or Col. W. H. Knauss, 17 N. Front Street, Columbus, Ohio, so they will arrive on June 5 if possible.

Corporal James Tanner, of Washington, D. C., writes: "If ever a man deserved it for his work in behalf of complete peace, Cunningham surely did. So I desire to come in with my little contribution and desire always to be remembered as one of those who did not forget him when he passed from among us, but as one who has a great heartache because he has gone."

The Veteran will appreciate being informed of any monuments or other memorial work that is in progress in any communities or any that is being contemplated, with mention of the committee having the work in charge.

RANK AND FILE OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMIES.

BY MISS HORTENSE HERMAN, BALTIMORE, MD.

[This essay by Miss Herman won the hundred dollars offered by the U. D. C. to a student of Teachers' College, Columbia University, in 1913. She received her Bachelor's degree last spring.]

In the vast amount of literature concerning the War of the States there has been a heavy balance on the side of works relating to leaders, while the rank and file has been dealt with chiefly in the form of reminiscences and personal experiences. This has led to a more or less restricted point of view: a garnering of material about separate corps, brigades, and similar groups, but not applied to the rank and file as a whole.

It is my purpose in the following to unify this kind of material offered in behalf of the rank and file of the Confederate armies and to present as far as possible those things characteristic of the entire body. Frequent reference for this purpose will be made to the Army of Northern Virginia, partly because material relating to that army is more abundant, and partly because it contained such a large and representative number of the Southern rank and file. The latter term in this essay is taken to mean the whole body of soldiers, conceived not as units considered *en masse* (the general idea), but as individuals composing the army of the South.

Considering these individuals as soldiers, the rank and file of the Confederate armies present a varying aspect. A corps of fifty scouts under Captain Henderson possessed such excellent qualities as individual bravery, a natural aptitude for firearms, a strong and determined patriotism, sobriety (true lack of liquor), and sufficient good sense to know that some amount of discipline was necessary. With men of talent and education as leaders, it is not surprising therefore that this corps had few cases of insubordination. Yet even in such a small group weakness was present. Some during the early part of the war tended to forget their obligations as soldiers and became so disorganized after a victory as to walk coolly home, if it were accessible, feeling that each had done his share. Indeed, a special peculiarity of the Southern soldier was his unreadiness to submit to routine duty and discipline of camp or march, however ready to fight.

The good qualities of the Southern soldier were not confined to scouts, however. Later in the war the discipline and praiseworthy behavior of the men, their cheerfulness and good nature, their indifference to financial loss, and their eagerness for fighting attracted the favorable attention of commentators. Yet to gain such commendation there was often much for the members of the Southern rank and file to learn. Many who volunteered were wholly unaccustomed to obeying anything but their own wishes and motives. A companion of Captain Wise, son of Governor Wise, of Virginia, said: "Our army lacks the element of unity and efficiency. * * * Our men are complaining, proud, restive under restraint. They have never been accustomed to brook control. They are willing to govern, but not to be governed."

Though of excellent physical material to make an army, due to outdoor life and environment, the Southerners were not used to control and not disposed to obey any order simply because it was an order; good and sufficient reason for that order must be first given. Their officers they regarded as personal friends. They obeyed commands on the drill fields because they wished to share in a pretty piece of performance in which they were interested, but off drill held themselves as gentlemen and as such bound to consult their own wills. According to current opinion, officers were creatures of the men, elected by them and subject to command only during good behavior. Hence a feeling of very democratic equality prevailed.

All this in the early part of the war tended toward disorganization, another source of which was soon found in short-term enlistments. In 1862 it was extremely difficult to furnish an accurate statement of the Southern armies because many soldiers while reënlisting found it necessary to go home to make arrangements for prolonged absence. This led to weakness and disorganization for some months, but was bettered with the beginning of longer enlistments.

It must not be inferred from the above, however, that the entire rank and file of the Southern armies was composed of gentlemen only. In the single army of Missouri there was represented every condition of Western life—young and old, rich and poor, planter, laborer, clerk, hunter, merchant, and woodman—and such variety was by no means infrequent. But this grouping of a heterogeneous mass is evidently true for all large bodies of men that join in a common purpose.

With such material from which to make an army there naturally must have been something in the men themselves which could counteract the lack of military discipline in a battle in order to bring even a small amount of success, and this something was found in the nature of the Southern men. The majority considered the war as an individual affair; it was each man's own fight, and hence each fought to win it of his own accord and not because commanded to do so. It was this same spirit of personal responsibility which insured good conduct on the field of battle and later led to the cheerful acceptance of hardships the war entailed. This high note of individuality and his intelligence were the chief elements of strength in the Southern soldier. The Northerners felt and appreciated this spirit, for Admiral Porter credits the Confederates with being a wide-awake set of adversaries, full of energy and courage, not lacking in resources, and working with all their souls to attain their object.

A further instance of this spirit is given later in the war by the manner in which medals offered for reward and incentive were received. The offer produced no competition, no enthusiasm. The medals were most commonly conferred by the choice of the soldiers upon the men killed in battle, partly because of difficulty in deciding who most deserved them, and partly as a comfort to the dead man's relatives. As a result the system failed entirely, which may be attributed to a culpable indifference to reputation on the part of the Southern soldier or to a high, stern patriotism which felt that the "cause" was far above such baubles. Perhaps it would be best to say that both causes combined to produce the result, and therefore were evidence of great earnestness on the part of the soldiers and of a certain exhaustion too at that period of the war.

However, it was at once realized that, no matter what the qualities of the men were, efficiency would be greatly hampered if they lacked proper means to clothe, equip, and move an army. This, then, became a serious problem from the beginning. Men alone were insufficient; money to purchase materials was the pressing need. Many men had only the common rifle and shotgun. One army (that of Missouri) had no cartridges or canteens, eight pieces of cannon but no shells, and few solid shot or rounds of grape and canister. In May, 1861, there were no infantry accouterments, no cavalry arms or equipments, no artillery, and no ammunition to furnish 150,000 men. Add to this the fact that there were no worked lead mines except in Virginia, that no efficient cannon foundry

or rolling mill for bar iron existed south of Richmond, that there was no powder or saltpeter stored in the South—add this, and we have an idea of some of the difficulties the South had to face. It is true that the arms stored in Southern arsenals were seized by the respective States at the opening of hostilities, but the number of rifles thus obtained was by no means sufficient to supply the whole body of soldiery with even this one necessity.

The same lack of materials was found in the matter of medicine. The South had no adequate supply or assured means of obtaining such necessities as quinine, opium, and similar articles, with the result that the Southern rank and file were forced to fight pain, disease, and the lack of surgical and medicinal aid as well as the Northern armies. Scarcity of lint and surgical plaster was felt seriously very early by the surgeons in the hospitals. Wounds of Federal prisoners taken at Bull Run were for a time left undressed. "Tell your master Lincoln to raise the blockade, and then we will attend to you," the doctors frequently said. "We have not lint enough for our own wounded, and they must be served first."

Owing to the governmental inefficiency to obtain these needed materials, it was necessary to restrict the acceptance of volunteers at first to those having proper equipment. Individual Southerners had been accustomed to use the rifle from their earliest youth, and had thus acquired a remarkable skill in handling the weapon; but this skill would be manifestly valueless if there were no rifles to use. Volunteers for six months or a year's time were rejected, even in the second year of the war, unless they furnished their own weapons. In 1863, one writer says, there were from five to ten thousand volunteers offered daily, but not two thousand accepted, because some had no arms and others proposed to serve only six or twelve months. At this time also no cavalry volunteers were accepted on account of the expense of transportation, care of horses, etc., which the South could ill afford. This was a serious drawback, for the Southerners, even down to small boys, were good riders and would have been able to use such troops advantageously for quick marches, surprises, and captures. It was once more the question of lack of funds so persistently present in the South.

The peculiar nature of the Southern cavalry was also probably owing to the financial inefficiency of the Confederate government. This peculiarity was that the cavalry of the South was really mounted infantry. Each man's horse was his own property, and if lost and his rider unable to obtain another the cavalryman had then to join the infantry. Also because they were more familiar with the rifle than the saber, "the true arm of real cavalry," they preferred to fight on foot, where the rifle could be handled more efficiently. Their horses were generally good, some exceedingly so, very enduring and willing to go through any amount of rough work—all reasons why cavalrymen were loath to lose them.

Volunteer infantrymen forced to furnish their own outfits in many cases had them grotesquely complete, ranging from toilet articles of lightest weight to heavy knapsack, blankets and clothing. Weapons of all kinds accompanied these belongings—Bowie knives, revolvers, pistols, sabers, long or short rifles, one man sometimes having two or three of the list. At first dress varied as much as the personal outfit, and it was not until the short, serviceable gray jacket came into regular use that the Confederate rank and file could be said to have a uniform.

But it was not long before accessories were discarded both through necessity and choice, and the Confederate soldier reduced his equipment to something like the following minimum: one hat, one set of underwear, one pair of shoes (generally "brogans" with low heels), one pair of socks, one rubber or oilcloth and one woolen or "carpet" blanket, and one haversack, containing probably tobacco and pipe, a small piece of soap, and temporary additions of food.

The clothing issued by the government was often poor in quality if sometimes abundant in quantity. The men wore out jackets in two or three months, pantaloons in one. They were coarse, stiff, and flimsy, the cut being worst of all—anybody could put them on, but nobody would they fit. In winter, when scarcely a particle of flannel was to be had, cotton pants were offered the soldiers. Shoes were scarce, blankets were curiosities, and overcoats (except those stolen from the enemy) a positive phenomenon. Tents were rarely seen, two men ordinarily sleeping together under blanket and oilcloth. Occasionally blankets were made of old carpets with gay colors, having a hole in the middle through which the soldier inserted his head when the weather was cool or rainy.

Later during the war, when the pressure of the Northern blockade became very heavy, the Southern soldier endured numerous privations with a cheerfulness that constantly characterized him. When the conscription acts had brought into the army many whom the Confederate government had to equip as best it could from its scanty resources, it was upon the rank and file that the burden fell heaviest. In 1862 the Confederate government issued an appeal to private contributions for help, declaring itself unable to furnish supplies because they were not to be had in this country. The fact soon stared the entire South in the face that nearly all of the luxuries of life had been furnished by the North. Such things as hardware, schoolbooks, stationery, dry goods, medicines, implements of agriculture, some groceries, carpets, hats, shoes, pins, needles, almanacs, matches now became "foreign goods" to the Confederacy.

The things needed principally by the soldiers and found hardest to supply were shoes, socks, and blankets, though underwear, shirts, and pants were gladly accepted. The contributions were often coarse clothes made of a yellowish-brown homespun. One method of obtaining supplies when the authorities lacked money is exemplified in the following order to the Secretary of the Treasury at Richmond:

"Montgomery, Ala., December 1, 1864.

"As chief quartermaster of this military division, I respectfully request that five thousand bales of cotton be turned over to Maj. L. Mims. There is now the most pressing need for blankets, shoes, axes, stationery, medicines, hardware, leather, horses and mules, bacon and salt to meet the immediate wants of the army. I have ascertained that prompt payment in cotton will readily secure adequate supplies, and in this manner a considerable quantity of cotton may be utilized before it becomes worthless.

E. Willis, *Chief Quartermaster.*"

Similarly the following orders show the demands of the army:

"Montgomery, Ala., February 1, 1865.

"Captain Peyton, Assistant Quartermaster, Columbus, Ga.: Major Milles telegraphs that Cheatham's Corps quartermaster should get clothing, shoes, and blankets from you. He cannot be communicated with. You had better issue the clothing, etc., to the different quartermasters pushing through with troops, as they must be furnished and there are none at Augusta. J. B. Eustis, *Ass't Adjt. Gen.*"

"KNOXVILLE, June 20, 1862.

"*Capt. J. M. Galt, Commandant Post, Lynchburg, Va.:* Arms are very much needed in this department. Maj. Gen. E. Kirby Smith directs me to ask if you cannot furnish five hundred stands, which are required for the immediate use of his command. Maj. T. W. Adrian has been ordered to proceed to Lynchburg with authority to receive from you such quantity as can be supplied there. A large portion of our cavalry is unarmed. Carbines and shotguns, or arms suitable for mounted men, are greatly wanted, and a supply at this time will add materially to our defense.

J. F. BENTON, *Commandant.*"

It was almost always the conscripts who were thus poorly equipped and armed, and for this reason (so one writer declares in 1863) were placed in the front ranks on the field of battle, so as to draw the first fire of the enemy, that the better equipped and trained volunteers could be reserved for the fiercest and most important contests. This same writer also contributes information concerning lack of supplies: "I don't think the Rebel soldiers had any genuine coffee. We heard that they had not, and I saw in the haversacks on a number of their dead bodies at Prairie Grove nothing but a kind of meal made of parched corn, a piece of bacon, and a piece of black-looking bread, which we could not eat unless we felt the pinch of hunger more keenly than we have at any time in the past."

This brings us to the question of food supplies in general. These were, alternately, superabundant and altogether wanting, depending upon the relative positions of the troops and wagon trains, conditions of transportation, the activity of the enemy, and other accidents and mishaps of the campaigns. The Confederate soldier had to grow accustomed to getting much bread and no meat, meat and no flour or meal, much sugar and no coffee, then coffee and no sugar, for months nothing but flour, then again nothing but meal, fresh meat till it was nauseating, then salt pork without intermission. More than this, he had to learn that to be one day without anything to eat was common, that two days' fasting, marching, and fighting was not uncommon, and that even at times there would be no rations issued for three or four days. In short, he was forced to depend upon other things than governmental help, to fight without pay, and find subsistence as best he could; and the thing that bore him through it all uncomplainingly was his indomitable spirit and his firm belief in the righteousness of his cause.

The South had been essentially an agricultural country, and for that reason was early in the war hampered by the exclusion of supplies which the Northern blockade kept out. Producing very little corn, pork, wheat, and the like, in comparison with the great Northwestern States or with the need created by the enlistment of all able-bodied white men of the South, it was the members of the Southern rank and file who felt most severely the superior advantages of the North in this respect. But the task of the Northerners to wear out the resisting power of 5,000,000 of an indomitable race was not an easy one, and the North soon found that it badly needed those advantages to secure its end.

By November of 1862 the Confederate Secretary of War had issued the conscription act for all the able-bodied white men between eighteen and forty-five, resulting in a serious drain upon industrial pursuits. Men fighting cannot also be engaged in peaceful occupations, and consequently conscription lessened the possibilities of the South providing supplies for her own use. Once more it was the rank and file who suffered—no opportunity for them to make or buy necessities which their government was equally powerless to provide. A total force of 350,000 in 1862 was thus forced to undergo deprivations which became more and more severe as the war progressed.

At the end of that year the conditions in the Army of Northern Virginia, for example, were pitiable in the extreme. One-fifth of the men were barefooted, one-half of them in rags, and all of them half famished. During a month's time they had rested but four days, had fought valiantly though unavailingly, had seen the country through which they marched swept by the fire and sword of their enemies, so that they depended constantly on the irregular transportation of food from a distant base of supplies. So as not to impede their movements, cooking utensils were often discarded. The result was the not uncommon situation where a company of straying men had a barrel of flour distributed to them which it was utterly impossible to make into bread with the means and time allowed. If given the opportunity, sometimes three days' rations were cooked and eaten at once to save the trouble of carrying them. The soldier was indeed fortunate who had flour, meat, sugar, and coffee at the same time and in proper quantity. At one time rations were reduced to worm-eaten peas, sour or rancid mess pork, and unbolted corn meal.

These details of the Army of Northern Virginia can very readily be applied to other portions of the Confederate armies, for at one time or other during the war similar conditions prevailed elsewhere. The stringency of the Northern blockade compelled the Southerners to manufacture practically all materials for the war, and with the conscription act in full force, only women and children left to sustain the government and feed the armies, the rank and file were forced to accept whatever offered in the way of necessities and complained as little as possible. It was under such trying conditions that the true spirit of the Southern soldier showed itself—a spirit of self-sacrificing, cheerful, uncomplaining loyalty to a cause in which he believed with all his heart and soul.

Even when the Southern soldier did have food he had by no means all the comforts going with it. Often with rations distributed in these quantities, three-quarters of a pound of bacon or one pound of beef, one and an eighth of a pound of flour, with salt and occasionally molasses, and even beans at long intervals; often with supplies of this kind and amount, only trouble to the soldier followed. For the bacon was invariably fried and the bread half cooked, so that disease was frequent. "Slosh" or "coosh" (a mixture of bacon grease, flour, and water) and the well-known "slapjack" were outcomes of ingenious attempts to vary the monotonous fare and make the meager rations "go around." There was great reliance on the food the enemy brought; hence a double purpose in fighting: "lick the enemy and get a square meal."

Eating on the march was precarious at practically all times. The inability of the government to furnish supplies forced the men to depend largely upon their own energy and ingenuity to obtain them. Officers, knowing this, frequently relaxed discipline on the march to an enormous extent. It was therefore not uncommon to see a marching brigade stop and scatter over an immense field, hunting for blackberries, then quickly reform and pass on. Or perhaps a well-laden tree by the roadside would soon be bare of fruit. Sometimes sad havoc was made in the great cornfields of a Southern valley, where the men subsisted almost entirely on roasting ears. The sutler's wagon loaded with luxuries was unknown to the Southern army for two reasons: the men had no money to buy sutlers'

stores, and the country had no men to spare for sutlers. The nearest approach to this service was the "cider cart" or a basket of pies and cake displayed for sale on the roadside. More likely the men subsisted on half-cooked dough, often raw bacon as well as raw beef, green corn, and green apples, with the little added variety obtained on a rapid march. On one occasion when application was made it was found that the last morsel of rations had been issued, after which the men subsisted on corn on the cob intended for horses, each man getting two ears.

The food question was not the only hard part of marching. Suffering from bruised and inflamed feet, due often to lack of comfortable shoes and socks, led to discarding shoes, which were then swung from the shoulder. Halts to rest were generally unprofitable because limbs grew stiff and sore. In rainy weather discomforts were increased, for it meant muddy roads into which the feet sank ankle-deep, swollen creeks to ford, muddy springs, wet clothes, arms, and ammunition, wet ground to sleep on, and even wet food to eat. A participant thus describes a brigade on the march during the invasion of Maryland: "We were in wretched plight. Many of the men were barefooted, many more without a decent garment to their backs, more still were ill, and all were half-famished. I paid an old woman twenty-five cents for a moldy, half-done hoecake that lay in the corner on the floor of her house, and was envied by my companions." Whenever by any chance the Federals abandoned stores these were distributed among the Confederate soldiers, giving a few comforts doubly appreciated for their rarity.

Yet these trials and tribulations did not materially dampen the spirit of the soldiers. "The grand instinct of patriotism and thirst for glory, which I believe is stronger in the South than anywhere else in the world, remained to us, however, and these were sufficient for all difficulties," is the way one writer of those times expresses it. While crossing the Potomac at White's Ford the soldiers cheered lustily, wading into the water waist-deep. Although many of them presented a wretched spectacle, they kept closed up in four ranks, marching on an average three miles an hour, cheerfully executing all orders and observing the most perfect order and discipline.

After marching it was sometimes extremely difficult to describe the condition of the troops, so various was their wretchedness. One instance is that after the capture of Harper's Ferry, where the ragged and forlorn appearance of the Confederates excited the combined merriment and admiration of their prisoners. The former were sunburnt, gaunt, ragged, scarcely shod at all, specters and caricatures of their former selves. For two months they had been almost constantly on the march, scorched by the sultriest sun of the year, drenched with rain and heavy dews, had lost much night rest, had worn out clothing and shoes, had thrown away knapsacks and blankets, and received nothing but what they could pick up on the battle field. There remained an emaciated, limping, ragged, filthy mass, whom no stranger to their gallant actions could have believed capable of anything the least worthy. Ragged, barefooted, and bareheaded men were so common that they did not excite notice or comment and did not expect or seem to feel the want of sympathy. Yet there was scarcely a complaint or murmur of dissatisfaction and not the slightest indication of fear or doubt. The spirit of the men was as good as ever.

In connection with marching occurs the question of depredations and straggling. In the winter of 1862 we find this reference: "Straggling from the army as the winter approached was without a parallel." "It was declared that more than half the men who went into service from the northeastern counties of the State of Georgia were at home without leave, and most of them were skulking in the mountains to avoid being arrested." And these were volunteers, not conscripts.

But complaints about these stragglers were often unjust. The weary soldier, dusty and hot, with feet covered with stone bruises, half-fed, perhaps yet weak from recent illness, could hardly be expected to keep constantly on the march and never turn aside for food or rest.

Yet straggling in conjunction with desertion and absenteeism was undoubtedly a source of weakness to the army. At one time so large was the number of those thus absent that it was estimated that adding one-half or three-fourths of them to the forces in the field would have been sufficient to give success at all points. The following illustrates the feeling of the officers in this matter:

"General Order No. 6, Headquarters Military Division of West, Montogomery, Ala., December 7, 1864.

"General Beauregard has seen with pain and mortification that large numbers of the Confederate cavalry are absent from their colors without leave, avoiding all duty, shirking from contact with the enemy, roaming over the country engaged in the pillage and robbery of defenseless women and loyal citizens, and devastating a fair and fruitful country on the productions of which our country depends.

George W. Brent, *Colonel and Assistant Adjt. Gen.*"

And again:

"Headquarters Army of Tennessee, Tupelo, Miss., January 14, 1865.

"*Lieutenant General Stewart:* General Hood directs that you will keep all commanding officers on the lookout for deserters, and should men desert have them promptly reported to these headquarters, and at the same time take every measure to find out the route taken and endeavor to capture them. If the first few parties who desert can be caught and promptly punished, it will perhaps deter others. Depredations of all kinds are daily increasing in the vicinity of the army, and commanding officers should use every means to keep their men constantly employed in camp, and patrols under good officers should be sent out to arrest and bring to punishment men who are caught depredating. A. P. Mason,

Lieutenant Colonel and Assistant Adjutant General."

A circular issued at this time is as follows:

"The general commanding desires to call attention to depredations daily committed in the vicinity of the army by soldiers with arms in their hands. To endeavor in some measure to prevent this, arms will be kept constantly stacked in the color lines and company rolls called frequently during the day to ascertain absentees from camp.

"By command of General Hood. A. P. Mason."

We have a few statements to prove, however, that depredations were not universally prevalent throughout the entire Southern army.

Major General Wheeler to General Bragg, January 11, 1865: "Major General Wheeler denies all reports of foraging and depredations by his soldiers, and has proof in his possession that same is not true. He has made two applications to the commanding general to investigate the matter, but a board has not been appointed."

As a general rule there was a wonderful absence of depredations among the volunteer corps, and when present it was

rightly attributed to terrible necessity rather than wanton disregard of property.

In camp the Southern soldier experienced most of his comfort, conveniences, and consolations as well as hardships. In good times (in other words, when rations were plentiful) no happier or more contented man could be found than the Confederate private after a meal. Smoking (when tobacco could be had), talking, story-telling, recitations, and songs beguiled the time till bed claimed all. Even if the latter consisted of an old rubber or oilcloth blanket with a heavy woolen one on top and a second for cover (often the latter were marked "U. S."), it contained sweet rest and comfort for the weary soldier.

More permanent quarters allowed far greater comfort in the erection of rude cabins built for and by a whole mess ordinarily or, lacking those, straw pens made of logs several high with a fly tent pitched over them. A favorite arrangement for two men consisted of a bed of clean straw between the halves of a large oak, covered during bad weather with a rubber blanket. Winter quarters were sometimes a whole town with stables, guard house, chapel, and streets complete. Again, a field would be dotted with "Yankee flies" captured from the enemy.

The occupations in camps were necessarily various, ranging from mending clothes and writing letters to picket duty and drills. If there seemed to be any possibility of excessive idleness, fatigue duty was assigned. This was ordinarily of such a nature as cutting or hauling logs if near some woods, or hauling, breaking, or laying stones. Quite often going into camp meant the proper opportunity for recovery of health that many a soldier lacked while in active service.

One of the most favorable pictures of Confederate camp life is concerned with that of a brigade immediately before the battle of Gettysburg. We were veterans, thoroughly experienced in all that related to the march or the battle field, sufficiently drilled to perform any maneuver at all likely to be demanded, sufficiently disciplined to obey orders promptly and with energy, yet preserving enough of the proud individuality of Southern men to feel the cause our own, and therefore to be willing to encounter the greatest amount of personal danger and moral responsibility. The world probably never saw all the advantages of the volunteer and the regular systems so admirably combined.

In addition to this, we were in excellent health and more properly equipped than at any period prior or subsequent. It is undoubtedly the moral force which enables a man to engage or to endure peril, but it is equally true that the physical condition has an incalculable influence on the spiritual system.

A last and vastly important element in the army was the confidence of the troops in the valor of their comrades and the skill of their officers.

As a contrast to this camp scene is one soon after the fight around Richmond, where diseases were prevailing, clothing scanty, and occupations so scarce as to allow men to waste in idleness. This was at the time when the Confederate government paid $25 to each man instead of supplying clothes; but as prices were commonly treble those in times of peace, the result can readily be imagined. Tents were equally scarce, and crowds of men huddled together, sweltering with heat and ravaged by disease and vermin.

Almost innumerable incidents can be given showing the general spirit of the Southern soldier in the trials and successes, his misery and comfort in camp and on the field or march. The following are but a very few of the tales and stories told by participants and observers illustrating this same spirit:

On the march from Petersburg to Appomattox some infantrymen made a stand against the enemy on a bit of high ground. They noticed a tall, lean fellow leaning on a faded flagstaff, apparently oblivious of his surroundings. Thinking him skulking, the men told him to rejoin his regiment, to which the answer came that his regiment had run away and he was merely waiting a chance to be useful. Suddenly, his face illumined with a childish smile, he walked up to a group and said: "Any of you boys want to charge?" "Yes." "Well," said the imperturbable, "I'm the man to carry this here old flag for you. Just follow me." Whereupon he led the squad full into the face of the advancing enemy until urged to retire, and he came back smiling.

In a severe fight at Brooks's Church, a few miles from Richmond, a parson searching for his son led the Confederate charge in person, his beaver hat in one hand, a big stick in the other. His one thought was that his son was in the fight, and so the father could brave the danger too. The son inherited his father's spirit.

One of Henderson's scouts brought in a prisoner and apologized for it, saying: "I found him in a negro quarter, and he surrendered so quick I couldn't kill him." There was little disposition on the part of these wild Mississippians to take prisoners at any time.

A private, his arm torn away by a solid shot, walked away, holding up the bleeding stump and saying: "Never mind, boys; I'll come back soon and try 'em with this other one." But his indomitable spirit did not suffice to save his life.

An artilleryman, fighting with a musket at Sailor's Creek, was surrounded by the enemy, who demanded surrender. He refused; said they must take him; and laid about him with the butt of his musket till he had damaged some of the party considerably. He was, however, overpowered and made a prisoner.

In just these brief glimpses of the Southern soldier can be seen that prevailing individual spirit which I have endeavored to show as permeating the entire rank and file of the Confederacy. At all times and places the Southern private carried with him unanimity of feeling and a pervasive sympathy that linked the rank and file together into a firm, strong union of itself that offered such stanch resistance to inevitable defeat. Through it all the Southern soldier had with him the unchanging love of the people for whom he fought, the respect and confidence of his officers, and an unshaken faith in the valor of his comrades and the justice of his cause.

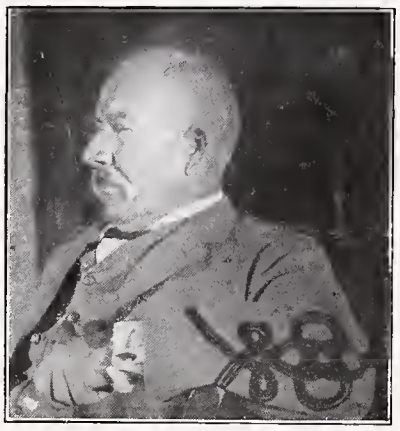


MEMBERS OF SAM LIVINGSTON CAMP, VERSAILLES, MO.

A REMINISCENCE OF CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

BY W. WILLIAMS, M.D., CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Fort Donelson had surrendered; the great guns on the river front, to which we had listened for three long days, had been silenced. General Floyd and General Pillow, with all others who could secure a footing on the little transport (the last to leave the fort), had gone scurrying by. Clarksville, the dear old town of my boyhood, overlooking the Cumberland, was in consternation and awe. The mills, the foundries, and the machine shops had all been abandoned, and business of all kinds had ceased. All railroad rolling stock had been sent South, and the wharf boat, Capt. O. M. Davis, had been towed up the river beyond danger. The great warehouse, which had been converted into a storehouse for the army, had been thrown open to the people with its thousands upon thousands of pounds of salted pork, and the rabble, white and black, from all parts of the town were not slow in availing themselves of its contents.



DR. W. WILLIAMS.

General Grant, who had been victorious at Fort Donelson, was momentarily expected. General Forrest, with his cavalry, had passed on the opposite shore. He had done valiant service in defense of the fort and had crowned himself with glory. He declined to be considered in the surrender, and by fording and swimming the backwaters of the Cumberland he had succeeded in making his escape. General Buckner, a veteran of two wars, declined leaving his men under any circumstances, and was left by General Floyd and General Pillow to make terms of surrender with General Grant. The fort with its forces, the sad spectacle of the battle field with its dead and dying, covered with sleet and snow, was the trophy of the victorious Grant and his army.

Viewed from a distance, the little city built upon the hills reminded one of a cameo, as each home was distinctly outlined. Up to this time no city of the South had borne more heroically the brunt of war, giving as it did its youth and young manhood to all the armies of the South, and its dead heroes upon every battle field from the first attest to the glory and patriotism of its people. The 14th Tennessee, the 49th, the 50th, and many of the 10th Tennessee and Irish Regiment, were made up from this section. The ladies, headed by Mrs. Tompkins, of blessed memory, had been untiring in their efforts to provide for the men in gray. Sewing societies had been organized, where garments of all kinds were made, bandages rolled, lint scraped, and many a soldier had been decorated with the silk cockade made and placed upon his breast by some fair hand. The Female Academy had been converted into a hospital, where the sick and wounded were cared for with all the devotion of loyal hearts. The young ladies, in their eagerness to encourage enlistment, had a habit of sending articles of female attire to the young men who were tardy in going to war, and some young men who otherwise might not have enlisted were thus decided.

Clarksville, being a border town and almost depleted of supplies, depended largely upon the adjacent Kentucky towns for many of its necessities, more particularly its medical supplies, which were stealthily brought through the lines by running the gantlet. I recall a Jew, loyal to the cause of the South, who made frequent and mysterious disappearances, to return with gun caps, quinine, and many other much-needed supplies. The secret service men even ventured into the midst of Grant's army, gathering such information as would aid the Southern cause. There were two Kentuckians of note who mingled with Grant's army and a little later became conspicuous as cavalry officers under Gen. John H. Morgan. I served under one as my colonel and the other as my lieutenant colonel.

On a dreary February morning, as the lowering clouds hung above the city, one might have looked far down the river and seen a long, dark volume of smoke hanging just above the tree tops like a broad, black ribbon, foretelling the approach of the gunboats and Grant's army. I believe some of the citizens of the town would have preferred to see the town swallowed by an earthquake rather than fall into the hands of any enemy whose very tread through the streets would be regarded as a desecration. Every Confederate soldier except those in the hospitals had vanished, and many of the citizens had sought safety by going South. The negroes were all excited by the near approach of the men in blue. They were gathered on the water front, watching eagerly for the fleet to turn the bend, a mile below the city; and of all the population, they alone were to welcome the invaders.

The fleet came on, headed by a gunboat and followed closely by the transports. The gunboat (the Condolent, as I recall) steamed midway of the levee and dropped anchor far out in the swollen stream. The portholes were thrown open and a broadside of cannon was thrust threateningly forward, the transports carefully feeling their way along the levee and landing, one behind the other, being made secure by their bowlines. Gangplanks were pushed ashore, and regiment after regiment were disembarked and, forming columns of fours, rapidly wheeled into line with their guns at right shoulder shift. Headed by their officers, General Grant, General Wright, and others of his corps, they marched with a precision of tread that showed the trained soldier. They marched through the Square and out Franklin Street to the college campus. To the credit of General Grant and his men, there was not the slightest demonstration of rejoicing, not even the playing of a band nor any other evidence of victory. These were Western men, many of them with Southern blood flowing in their veins, and, as the Confederates learned later in the war, there was no denying their valor. Little did the world at that time think that this sedate Westerner was to be at the head of one of the greatest armies ever assembled on this continent or to be called upon to cross swords with the matchless Gen. R. E. Lee.

General Grant established his headquarters in one of the elegant homes on Second Cross Street, whose owner had fled South. His troops encamped upon the college grounds. The city was picketed, the provost guard patrolled the streets, a freedman's bureau was established, and negroes from all quarters—the young, the old, the decrepit, in all conditions of life—began to pour into the little city. They took possession of the warehouses upon the water front, and they were literally alive with black humanity, feeling that freedom had at last come to them.

General Grant and his troops did not remain at Clarksville

a great while, being apparently content to leave Colonel Mason with but a single regiment of infantry in command. There being no considerable number of Confederates anywhere within a radius of many miles, Colonel Mason, occupying one of the bank buildings on the Public Square, felt himself quite secure, while his regiment camped on the Stewart College grounds, and all seemed quiet.

Business was beginning to be resumed by a very few of the older merchants, with an influx of alien merchants, both Jew and Gentile, such as follow in the wake of the army. Soon the packets began to ply the water, and commerce in a small way was restored.

It was intimated that one or two of the fair maidens of this exclusive little city, tiring of the strenuousness of war, were even willing to bestow their smiles upon some of the more eligible young officers of this regiment, several of whom were considered quite handsome, and with their soldierly bearing and courteous manners made friends of some of these people, who but a few months before would have spurned all overtures toward an acquaintaneeship.

It had been rumored that Col. Adam R. Johnson was organizing a regiment of Confederate cavalry in Union, Henderson, and Hopkins Counties, and it had also been said that Colonel Woodward, with his regiment, was in the vieinity of Hopkinsville, Ky.; but if Colonel Mason knew of these reports, it made slight, if any, change in his plans. The genial clime and a Southern summer's sun doubtless invited an indolent ease as the breeze, laden with the fragrance of flowers, was wafted through the windows of his headquarters, while he dreamed doubtless of future greatness on the battle field. The Colonel's reverie was rudely interrupted by the announcement that the Rebels were upon them. Colonel Johnson and Colonel Woodward, with their little cavalry force, had made a rapid march and suceeeded in surrounding the college and the forces there encamped before they were aware of the movements of the Confederates. Colonel Mason's regiment surrendered without the firing of a gun. He and a few of his officers were trying to reach the college campus, but were intereepted by a band of Confederate eavalry before they eould cross the Square. The Confederates were jubilant with their suceess and the prospect of meeting friends and loved ones they had not seen for many months. It was said that after being paroled by the Confederates Colonel Mason asked Colonel Woodward if he would favor him with his photograph. Colonel Woodward did not weigh more than one hundred and ten pounds and had long curly hair flowing over his shoulders; his very small legs were stuck in high cavalry boots reaehing above his knees and on which was an enormous pair of Mexican spurs. He had a cavalry saber that was much too long for him and an army pistol attached to his belt which, contrasted with his size, looked like a small cannon. His gray pantaloons were stuffed in his boots, while a dark-gray hunting shirt, with a narrow-brim corduroy slouch hat, completed his apparel. All this, with an extremely dust-begrimed face, made a picture ridiculously amusing. On being asked why he desired the photo, Colonel Mason replied that he wished to show his friends in the North what a little, insignifieant cuss he had been foreed to surrender to.

It was at this time that a younger set of boys enlisted. Some joined Capt. Will Elliott's company of Woodward's Regiment; some joined Capt. John B. Dortch's eompany; and others, myself among them, enlisted in Capt. William Marr's company, the first cavalry company that had been organized in Clarksville.

AN HONORED VETERAN OF TWO WARS.

A sketch of the life of Col. W. D. Pickett appearing in E. Polk Johnston's "Histcry of Kentucky and Kentuckians," and recently republished in pamphlet form, gives an interesting aceount of one of the notable and pieturesque eharacters of our Southern life.

Colonel Pickett was born near Huntsville, Ala., of an old Virginia family, in Oetober, 1827, and after ten years of age was reared and educated in and around Lexington, Ky., ending at Transylvania University.

During the Mexican War, while a chainman of a land surveying party in Peter's Colony, Tex. (now Denton and Collin Counties), he answered a call for volunteers when it was supposed that General Taylor was surrounded just before the battle of Buena Vista, and volunteered for one year in a company of mounted rangers from February 2, 1847. It soon having developed that Taylor required no help by the sueeessful battle of Buena Vista, his company was assigned to the protection of that part of the Texas frontier between a point on the south fork of the Trinity River, near the present site of Fort Worth, Tex., and a point (Preston) on Red River (a distance of about one hundred miles) from the depredations of the Comanche Indians and other unfriendly tribes. For this service of twelve months he is now receiving a pension of $30 per month from the government, a reward of valor withheld until 1887, unhappily, until most of those who might have been benefited were dead.

On his return to his home in Kentucky in 1848 he entered the profession of eivil engineering, and was continuously so employed in the surveys and construction of railroads in Keatueky, Arkansas, and Tennessee until the beginning of the War between the States.

In 1856, after a short service on the Memphis and Ohio Railroad, on the retirement of its chief engineer, Julius W. Adams, he became his suceessor, and as sueh he finished its construction to Brownsville, Tenn., and loeated and constructed the balance of this railroad to Paris, Tenn., one hundred and thirty-one miles.

Tennessee deelined to secede on the first vote, but proceeded to form an army of its own with General Pillow as commander. Colonel Pickett raised a company of engineer troops, and was afterwards appointed by Gov. I. G. Harris as senior captain of engineers. As such he loeated and constructed batteries at all eommanding points on the Mississippi River, Fort Harris, Randolph, and Columbus, Ky. On the completion of the works at Columbus, where batteries had been erected for nearly a mile front, he aecepted an appointment from Richmond as captain and assistant adjutant and inspeetor general, with orders to report to Gen. W. I. Hardee at Bowling Green, Ky. He remained as an officer of his staff until the final surrender of the army of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston on April 26, 1865, by successive promotions being paroled as colonel and inspector general of Hardee's Corps. During that time he actively participated in the battles of Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Missionary Ridge, all the battles (except Resaca) of the famous Dalton and Atlanta Campaign, ending with the battle of Jonesboro, then all the movements resulting in the evacuation of Savannah and of Charleston. He has honorable mention in the battle reports of all important battles.

As evidence of Colonel Pickett's splendid military career, he is on record in thirteen volumes of the official "War Records."

A sketch of "The Military Career of Lieutenant General Hardee," written in 1910 at the request of the Tennessee Historical Society, gives an accurate and brilliant account of the campaigns and engagements of that gallant officer, which is considered one of that society's most valuable papers.

At the termination of that war Colonel Pickett returned to his profession of civil engineer, and followed it closely until 1873, when, his personal affairs justifying, he began to hanker after the free life passed by him in 1847 on the Texas frontier. This caused him to gradually drift to the Northwest, until in the fall of 1876 he found himself at the head of navigation on the great Missouri at Fort Benton.

At this date all the immense territory west of Dakota, and between the Missouri River and the Continental Divide as far south as the Union Pacific Railroad, was virtually in the control of the Indians, mostly the great Sioux Indian tribe. For seven years, from the fall of 1876, six months of each year were spent in a wild life of exploration and adventure on the headwaters of the several branches of the Missouri, the Wind, the Snake, and the Yellowstone Rivers.

At that time those regions were in their original state of nature—the home of the grizzly bear, wolves, brown and skunk bear, elk, mountain sheep, deer, and occasionally the red man. In addition to such attractions, he daily came in contact with some of the finest mountain and canyon scenery on the continent. In some respects those seven years were the red-letter years of his life. His wandering life ended in 1883, when he settled down on a cattle ranch on the head of Gray Bull River, Wyoming (now Big Horn County), which, with the land taken up under the United States land laws and land rented from the State of Wyoming, contained about three thousand acres, devoted to the raising of high-grade cattle.

Here he remained for twenty-one years (until 1904) and witnessed the development of the country (such as has been described, with a few white settlers around) into a prosperous land now penetrated by telegraph, telephone, and railroad lines. He was soon attracted to the whole-souled, broad-minded character of these hardy settlers of the mountains. A man was valued for what he was, not for his ancestry or the amount of his possessions. On immigrating to the State they appear to have left behind the prejudices and animosities that so often befogged the minds of the far Eastern people. This was specially in evidence in regard to the prejudices and bickerings that originated from the War between the States. When a veteran of either side turned up, the question was not which side he took, but did he do his duty for his side whilst the fight was on. Both were equally honored.

Colonel Pickett relates the following incident bearing on this trait of character. Circumstances caused him to be elected a member of the Lower House of the Eleventh Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Wyoming, that was to convene at the capital, Cheyenne, about January 1, 1890. Previous to that date the editor (E. A. Slack) of the leading Republican paper of the State, sent a circular to each member-elect requesting a sketch of their lives, as also their views on certain measures to be acted upon during the session. In accordance with the request he sent a sketch of leading events of his life, giving prominence to his services in the Confederate army, adding: "Now this is my record in life. If you publish anything, publish everything." He was not ashamed of any part of it.

The Lower House of the Eleventh Legislative Assembly consisted of five Democrats besides himself and seventeen Republicans. The Republicans on the proper date proceeded to organize the House by the election of officers of their own faith. By its rules it then became necessary to elect a Speaker *pro tem* to preside in the absence of the Speaker. To his surprise, and against his protest, the leader of that party arose and nominated Colonel Pickett for that office. He was unanimously elected. Colonel Pickett has often stated that that was the highest personal compliment ever paid him, for until a few days previous he had been an entire stranger to every member of that body. Out in his county he had more reputation as the hunter of that arch enemy of his race, the grizzly bear, than as one of statesmanlike proclivities.

Colonel Pickett states: "It is a matter of record that the Territory and State of Wyoming is the first country in the world that has accorded equal political rights and privileges to the motherhood of the race as to the fatherhood of the race. This right was embodied into a law by the first legislative assembly elected after the organization of the Territory by Congress in 1868. There appears to have been very little solicitation in behalf of women. It was passed unanimously in a Democratic assembly, and on its reaching Governor Campbell, a Republican appointed by President Grant, it was promptly approved. Wyoming was admitted as a State into the American Union in 1890. In preparing its constitution the woman's rights clause was at once inserted, twenty years of experience proving its justification. At this date, after forty-five years' experience, there is practically a unanimous opinion as to its efficacy in that State. The only theory upon which to base this action of the first legislative assembly is the one heretofore alluded to: that in crossing the Missouri River and ascending the eastern slope of the Rockies, breathing its pure, clear mountain air, and looking eastward, these sturdy pioneers were astonished at the density of the cloud of prejudice and old fogyism that was in sight. The father eastward, the denser the clouds. So these pioneers determined to correct one of the results of these prejudices by giving 'equal rights to women.' Yet there has not been seen a word of praise from those blatant suffragettes of the Northeast in honor of these sturdy pioneers of the West for starting a movement that will spread through every land where true civilization has led the way."

Wyoming was also the first State of the American Union to adopt the now universally approved Australian ballot system.

Colonel Pickett in 1904 left Wyoming and is now passing his declining years among the friends of his earlier years in Kentucky and other Southern States.

In 1870 W. D. Pickett married Miss Theodosia Curd, of Lexington, Ky., who lived but a short twelve months, and whose son survived her only four years.

James Fall, Portland, Oregon (568 R. Thirty-Seventh Street, N.), asks who captured the flag of the 1st Battery, Minnesota Light Infantry (Munches), at the battle of Shiloh. It was a silk battle flag with gilt crossed cannon, and it was captured in their camp, near General Prentiss's headquarters The battery was of Prentiss's Division, Army of the Tennessee, and it was in the "hornet's nest" from 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. He says that before nine in the morning they were probably first engaged in front of General Gladden's Division and very near where he was killed. He thinks the captors of the flag were probably Arkansas troops and of Stevens's, Gibson's, Shaver's, Anderson's, or Woods's Brigade.

WHY GEN. SHERMAN DID NOT COME TO AUGUSTA.

BY B. H. TEAGUE, AIKEN, S. C.

One of the foremost questions that has been in the minds of Georgians since the days of the Reconstruction period is, Why was it that General Sherman in his famous march to the sea failed to visit Augusta? A glance at the map will show that to have gone there was not only easy, but practicable to a degree, as the route of march was via Macon Besides, without greatly weakening his army, General Sherman could have easily detached sufficient forces on each flank to have taken the latter city and the important town of Athens, where was located a cotton mill. In that case Washington, likewise a place of wealth, would have been in the line of march.

It has been said that the Federal commander did not take this route because on a previous occasion he had been stationed in Augusta and had made some strong friendships there, many of which included persons of Northern birth. Again it was pointed out that he had a child buried in the city's cemetery. Both of these suppositions have been shown to be incorrect.

There is no doubt that Augusta, with its arsenal, powder mill, factories, shops, and wealth, was a most tempting prize and certainly but a little out of the route he did take. The question why is therefore a pertinent one and its solution a matter of national interest.

Mr. Charles Estes, a pioneer of Augusta, one of her foremost business men, ex-Mayor, and former cotton mill president, is the authority from which the following facts have come, and it is believed that the narrative may shed the proper light on the much-mooted question—a question that has puzzled generations and been the topic of conversation since the time that the red blood of real heroes dampened and stained many battle fields from Chattanooga to Bentonville. During the war Mr. Estes was a member of the firm of Estes & Clark, who received from another house in the city (Smith & Shellcross), a member of which was then in Richmond, Va., an order for 7,500 bales of cotton, 2,500 barrels of turpentine, 5,000 barrels of rosin, and 2,000 boxes of tobacco. The order specified that these goods were to be marked "J. W. S.," and "B" (presumably Bruce) was to be notified of the location. The order for this transaction was given along about January 17 or 18, 1865, and confirmed February 1 following. It was learned that the purchase was to be consummated in the interest of Gen. J. W. Singleton, of Chicago, Reuben Raglan, of Richmond, and Mrs. Helm, a sister of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. Estes & Clark declined to fill the order because it did not specify what interest the firm would have if it proved a success.

Mr. Singleton, who held the title of "general," was a warm personal friend of President Lincoln, and in the executive's own handwriting he held a permit to pass the Union lines and enter the capital of the Confederacy, ostensibly as a peace commissioner to confer with prominent men of the South, according to newspaper accounts printed at the time. E. M. Bruce was a Confederate Congressman from Kentucky and Reuben Raglan a wealthy tradesman of Petersburg and Richmond. Mrs. Helm was the widow of a deceased Confederate general and, as has been stated, a sister of Mrs. Lincoln.

Whether or not the goods were bought and stored by any other firm in Augusta, Mr. Estes does not know and does not believe they were; but he is firm in his belief that General Sherman was informed that a large amount of such goods were stored somewhere in the city and held for the parties mentioned. He believes further that the Federal commander had orders from Washington not to go to Augusta. The reason for this is self-evident, and he points to it as the real reason why the city escaped the fire and pillage of Sherman's famous march to the sea.

Shortly after the cessation of hostilities and while Augusta was garrisoned by Federal soldiers a Mr. Topp, of Memphis, Tenn., went there as the attorney of Mrs. Helm. He had previously met Mr. Estes at the St. Nicholas Hotel, in New York City, at which time Mr. Estes told him that the order had never been executed. At that time Mr. Bruce was at the same hostelry. Mr. Estes conducted the former to his room, introduced the two men, and left them there together to talk the matter over. It was during the latter part of July, 1865, that Mr. Topp went to Augusta and presented to Mr. Estes an order from his client, Mrs. Helm, for 1,100 bales of cotton as her share of the cotton bought after the order was given to Mr. Bruce by General Singleton. He was informed by Mr. Estes that his firm had never attempted to fill the order and for the reason before mentioned. Mr. Topp, however, was incredulous and refused to believe the statement, and accordingly secured an order from General Steadman, commandant of the garrison, to have the Federal authorities seize the cotton stored in the warehouse of Estes & Clark, as well as all other cotton at other points in which Mr. Bruce was supposed to be interested. The cotton was later released, however, as Mr. Bruce compromised the claim of Mr. Topp by paying him $10,000 to cover the claim of Mrs. Helm.

Mr. Estes, though he in his ninety-fifth year, is in good health, possesses all of his mental faculties, and is admitted to be an authority on matters of the past that are beyond the recollection of many others.

MONUMENT AT CLINTON, LA.

The Confederate monument at Clinton, La., was dedicated on the 16th of April, 1910. Addresses were made by Judge T. C. W. Ellis, of New Orleans, and Mrs. P. J. Fredericks, President of the State U. D. C. The dedicatory services were followed by a banquet.



The monument is located on the Courthouse Square and is twenty-one feet high from the base to the top of the statue. The cost was $1,600, of which $500 was contributed by the police of Clinton. To Justice John A. White and his wife, Mrs. Julia A. White, is due much credit for the erection of this monument. She was President of Clinton Chapter, U. D. C., until her death, in 1911.

The following inscription appears on the reverse side of the monument: "Gloria Victis. Deo Judice."

TENNESSEEANS IN THE MOUNTAIN CAMPAIGN, 1861.

BY BRIG. GEN. WILLIAM M'COMB, GORDONSVILLE, VA.

About June 1, 1861, Governor I. G. Harris ordered the 1st Regiment (Colonel Maney commanding), the 7th Regiment (Colonel Hatton commanding), and the 14th Regiment (Colonel Forbes commanding) to report to Brig. Gen. S. R. Anderson at Nashville, Tenn. As soon as tents, arms, etc., could be supplied, which took several weeks, they were ordered to go by rail to Knoxville, Tenn. The government at Richmond requested Governor Harris to protect the railroad from Knoxville to Bristol until all organized troops in the South could pass through to Manassas, Va.

After arriving at Knoxville General Anderson placed the regiments at different places. The 14th was ordered to Hainsville. We arrived there in the night with about one thousand men. Some citizen reported to Colonel Carter, who was organizing a regiment for the Federal army and had about five hundred men in camp at Elizabethton, some six miles from our camp. So Colonel Carter ordered his men to return to their homes until a more convenient time to organize, which was after July 20.

About the 15th of July all organized troops in the South had passed on to Virginia, and as soon as General Anderson could get transportation we were taken on to Lynchburg. But before we could get transportation to Manassas the battle on the 21st of July had been fought and won by the Confederates. Then in a few days we were ordered to report to Gen. R. E. Lee, at Staunton, Va., then to Millboro by rail. Then, as soon as transportation for camp equipage could be obtained, we started on the march for Valley Mountain.

Soon after reaching Valley Mountain Governor Harris sent a paymaster and paid us with Tennessee money for the time from our enlistment until we were transferred to the regular Confederate service. I mention this incident because many of the present day do not know that the State of Tennessee took care of the boys for several months after we enlisted to protect our rights.

About this time General Loring reported to General Lee for duty. Loring's Division was composed of Anderson's and Donelson's Tennessee brigades, Gilham's Virginia Brigade of Infantry, Capt. W. H. F. Lee's cavalry company of Virginia, and Captain Alexander's cavalry company of Tennessee.

We were sixty miles from Millboro, where we had to get our supplies. It rained almost every day during the month of August, and the roads got in a terrible condition. There was a great deal of sickness in the camp. Many men had to be sent to the hospital. The hospitals at Warm Springs, Hot Springs, Healing Springs, and Rockbridge Alum were all pretty well filled. On the 9th of September we had orders to cook five days' rations and be ready to march by sunrise the next morning. After the first day the command separated. Our brigade crossed Cheat Mountain by a stock trail, most of the time single file. We arrived at the turnpike west of Cheat Mountain fortifications about sunrise on the morning of September 12. General Loring arrived at the rear of Crantz's fortifications about the same time and had the remainder of his command in position for action. Our instructions were that, when our troops on the east side of Cheat Mountain commenced firing, we were to charge the fortifications in the rear from the west. General Loring was to charge Crantz when he heard our firing. The plan was an admirable one. General Reynolds had no intimation that we were in his rear. The sun was about an hour high when we captured a civil engineer from Federal headquarters, and he was very much surprised.

The command on the east side of the mountain never fired a shot. It was impossible to communicate with them. So the expedition was a complete failure, although well planned and, up to this point, a complete success. I never heard why the attack was not made on the east side of the mountain. We never heard any more of the general in command; so we all returned to Valley Mountain. In a few days General Lee took Generals Loring, Donelson, and Gilham, with Alexander's company of cavalry, to support Generals Floyd and Wise at Sewell Mountain, near Lewisburg.

General Rosecrans was coming up the Kanawha River with reënforcements for General Cox, the Federal commander in front of General Floyd. But as soon as General Rosecrans heard that Gen. R. E. Lee had arrived with reënforcements and took in the situation he withdrew without making any fight and went back down the Kanawha to the Ohio River. This ended the campaign in West Virginia.

General Donelson and his command and Captain Alexander's cavalry company went back to the Army of Tennessee. Gen. R. E. Lee returned to Richmond the latter part of October. Anderson's Brigade went into winter quarters near Huntersville, and the boys had a fine living on venison until December.

About the 12th of December General Loring was ordered to Winchester, Va., with Anderson's and Gilham's brigades of infantry and Maj. W. H. F. Lee's cavalry. We marched *via* Warm Springs, Bath Alum Springs, Bridgewater, Harrisonburg, New Market, Mt. Jackson, and Woodstock to Stras-



Seated: Gen. William McComb. Left: Capt. John Allen, adjutant general on McComb's staff. (Died in 1913.) Right: Capt. F. S. Harris, with sharpshooters of Archer's Brigade, later commanded by General McComb. (Died in 1905.)

burg and rested until December 25. The boys had made some preparation for celebrating Christmas, but we received orders to move on to Winchester. Then we rested a few days again. On December 31 we received orders to cook two days' rations and be ready to move by sunrise. So we were disappointed, some of us, in eating our New Year's dinner with friends. The first day the roads were pretty good, but on the second day we struck mud; and, although we had orders to go to Ungoe's store that night, it was so very dark and the teams were so tired that General Loring ordered us in bivouac and to cook rations. Then he reported to Gen. T. J. Jackson what he had done. General Jackson said that he must come to Ungoe's store at once, as he wanted to start to Bath Springs early the next morning. That made General Loring furiously mad, and he dashed through the camp, ordering everything back in the wagons at once. Part of the bread was half cooked and the rest in the dough. Consequently the boys got no supper, and the teams ate very little. But we obeyed orders and prized and shoved wagons from that time until after day the next morning and did not advance three hundred yards. Then, after General Jackson took in the situation the next morning, he ordered us in bivouac and to cook two days' rations. This was our first acquaintance with General Jackson, and, unnecessary to say, we were not very favorably impressed.

There was quite a change in the weather now, the mercury dropping to the neighborhood of zero. The Federal troops made very little resistance at Bath Springs (now Berkley Springs). The infantry and artillery, retreating, crossed Capon River, and the cavalry went to Hancock, Md. Anderson's Tennessee Brigade followed the cavalry, and when we arrived in sight of Hancock we were ordered to halt. It was now dark and so cold (some snow on the ground) that the boys had to form circles and keep moving to prevent their feet from freezing. In about half an hour Generals Loring and Jackson came to the front, and General Jackson inquired how far our skirmish line was in front. The 14th Regiment was in front (of which I was adjutant). Colonel Forbes said: "Adjutant, ride down and find out." I found the skirmish line at the river bank. The soldiers said that they saw no troops but cavalry ford the Potomac river, and they were certain all had crossed over. I returned and reported to General Jackson what the boys on the skirmish line said, and General Jackson turned to General Loring and said, "Move your command forward," and we moved at once. Generals Loring and Anderson remained in consultation with General Jackson. We were within about three-fourths of a mile of the river. After marching about halfway to the river an order came down the line to halt, and again the boys had to form rings and keep moving for about thirty minutes. Then an order came down the line to countermarch. Then we went back to a suitable place to bivouac. I understood afterwards that Generals Loring and Anderson remonstrated with General Jackson against the soldiers fording the Potomac that cold night.

The next day General Jackson ordered General Anderson to direct as many men as he could supply with axes to go to a cliff just west of Hancock, on the south side of the Potomac, cut logs, roll them into the river, and form a raft or pontoon bridge on which they could cross. Now, our men never had been accustomed to much chopping. The snow was six or eight inches deep and the weather very cold. In a little while many of the boys' hands became so sore that they could scarcely clasp the ax handles. So we had to keep on sending in fresh details. During the second day General Jackson sent an order to call in all the soldiers, cook two days' rations, and be ready to march by sunrise the next morning. So we marched back to Bath Springs and there had the horses' shoes made rough, so they could stand on their feet. The roads were very smooth and the weather very cold, but we started on to Romney, forty miles away. When we arrived at Romney the Federal troops had left. Our brigade marched through Romney to a bridge over the south branch of the Potomac, about a mile from Romney, and we were placed in an ivy cliff to guard this passageway.

The snow was about twelve inches deep, and it was pretty cold. That night we left a strong picket at the bridge, and the main part of the command went back over the hill so we could make fires. We remained here several days. General Jackson went back to Winchester and left General Loring to hold this part of the country. General Loring sent a written communication by his adjutant general, Stevenson, to the Secretary of War at Richmond, stating the circumstances. The Secretary of War ordered General Loring, with his command, back to Winchester, Va. The correspondence did not pass through General Jackson's office either way; so General Jackson sent in his resignation to the Secretary of War. But Governor Letcher, of Virginia, went to the War Department, and through his influence they did not accept Jackson's resignation.

General Loring was ordered to the Mississippi department of the army. General Anderson went to Richmond and resigned and went home. He said he was too old for such campaigning. Colonel Maney was ordered, with his regiment, to the Tennessee army. Colonel Hatton, with the 7th Tennessee, was ordered to report to General Holmes at Fredericksburg. Colonel Forbes, with the 14th Tennessee, received the same order; so the 7th and 14th Tennessee marched from Winchester to Manassas the latter part of February and went from Manassas by rail through Gordonsville and Hanover Junction to Fredericksburg. Then the Secretary of War appointed Colonel Hatton, of the 7th Tennessee, as brigadier general. Col. Pete Turney had left Tennessee with the Rebel 1st Tennessee, as it was called, before the State seceded and organized in Richmond. Then General Hatton's brigade was organized, composed of the 1st, 7th, and 14th Tennessee Regiments and Captain Braxton's company of artillery from Fredericksburg.

About the 1st of April we were ordered to Yorktown. We reported to General Joseph E. Johnston and went into camp for a short time near Yorktown. As the 14th Tennessee Regiment was enlisted for twelve months it was necessary for our regiment to reorganize, and the following field officers were elected: Colonel, W. A. Forbes; lieutenant colonel, Y. A. Harrell; major, William McComb. The company officers were about the same as before. General McClellan had sent several gunboats and transports up York River, and General Hood's Texas Brigade and our Tennessee Brigade were ordered to keep the road open to Richmond.

The Federal forces landed at Red House, on Pamunkey River. We made a forced march to that point and had a tolerably lively skirmish with said command near the Richmond road, but we drove the enemy back to the cover of their gunboats. Then our Tennessee brigade protected General Johnston's rear to the Chickahominy. We had several lively skirmishes, but no general battle until the battle of Seven Pines, May 31. We were held in reserve on that day and were ordered in just before night. Our brigade made a grand

charge, which was very highly complimented by Gen. G. W. Smith, our division commander, but General Hatton was killed, and the loss was very heavy. We expected heavy fighting the next day by General McClellan, but he withdrew to the north side of the Chickahominy. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was severely wounded about the time General Hatton was killed.

I wish some member of the 7th Tennessee Regiment would write something of General Hatton's history. He was a gallant officer and would have made his mark if his life had been spared. I would especially like to have a sketch of his life to file with recollections of the War between the States written by Capt. June Kimble and Capt. R. T. Mockbee, now on file in a fireproof chest in the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va. I have written more of this campaign in the mountains of Virginia in 1861 because it was never understood by many people, especially the press of that day and time. The Romney Campaign was the most severe and trying on the boys of any campaign during the war. I felt that it was due the memory of this gallant old command, which was ordered to Virginia in 1861 and took an important part in almost every battle fought by the Army of Northern Virginia, surrendering with General Lee at Appomattox Courthouse, Va., April 9, 1865.

SERVICE AND IMPRISONMENT.

Maj. J. E. Paddison was born in Prince William County, Va., in 1846, of English parentage. In 1856 he went to North Carolina with his father, who settled in New Hanover County, now Pender County, where he attended school until April, 1861. When not fifteen years of age he enlisted with his older brother, Capt. R. P. Paddison, in the Sampson Rangers, the first company from Sampson County, which was organized in Clinton under command of Capt. Frank J. Faison on April 20, 1861. In a few weeks the company was armed and equipped and ordered to report for duty at Southport, N. C. They were assigned to the 20th North Carolina Regiment. At the election of field officers Captain Faison was promoted to lieutenant colonel, which caused a split in the company, and Major Paddison went with the part that elected Capt. W. S. Devane. The company was recruited to the full number and remained at Southport some months, when it was placed as Company A in the 61st North Carolina Regiment, remaining there until the breaking out of yellow fever in the fall of 1862. Then it was ordered into camp a few miles above Wilmington, on the North East River. Later, while at Greenville, he received an honorable discharge as being under eighteen years of age, his father having made application for the discharge. Returning to his home in New Hanover County, he attended school several months, then went to Olin, in Iredell County, and worked in a store until eighteen years of age. He then returned to Fort Caswell and enlisted in Mosby's Battery of Light Artillery, Captain Mosby being a former member of the original company from Sampson County. After serving a few months with this battery, he found that it was too heavy for him and made application for transfer to the Confederate States signal corps, and he served in this capacity at Fort Caswell, Southport, Fort Anderson, and Battery Buchanan, just below Fort Fisher, which fell on January 15, 1865. The troops from Battery Buchanan had been ordered on board boats by Captain Champman, so that in the event Fort Fisher fell his troops might cross the river and escape. About nine o'clock at night a dispatch was received from Fort Fisher by courier calling for a volunteer signalman (there were four signalmen in the boat) to return and send off the message. Young Paddison, who was only nineteen years old, volunteered his services, and while he was sending the message Fort Fisher surrendered. The troops in the boats rushed across the river and left him. He was captured with about six hundred others, who were taken to Point Lookout, Md. The winter was cold and bleak; and the prisoners, being thinly clad, suffered much from exposure. The transport was a very filthy old cattle boat, and the prisoners were made to stay down in its hold.



MAJ. J. E. PADDISON.

After passing the Capes, the vessel encountered a severe storm. The prisoners were seasick, and quite a number died. Young Paddison, faint and weak, asked permission to go up on deck, where he could breathe fresh air. The guards, realizing the situation, allowed all the prisoners who were able to go on deck. The waves dashed over the decks, and the poor prisoners were so cold that it seemed they could not live through it. They were three days on the trip, arriving at Point Lookout in the morning. It required all day to register them, search them (all their possessions were taken from them), and arrange for their quarters.

All this time the prisoners had to stand in mud and water over their shoes, cold and shivering, with nothing to eat, until they were almost frozen. Sixteen or eighteen were put in small tents filled with smoke. In spite of the cold, they just had to go outside occasionally to breathe freely. A cup of bean soup, with one or two beans floating in it, was their breakfast. Their next meal was of decayed codfish with stale light bread, and they were furnished only two meals a day. Major Paddison secured better quarters when some prisoners were released. They had huts made out of cracker boxes, with comfortable bunks.

Young Paddison met with success again, as he fell in with a squad of men who dug ditches, and they divided their rations with him and treated him kindly. A large number died of scurvy and other diseases. It was a common occurrence to see dead prisoners carried out for burial. Young Paddison was a prisoner for five months, and during the time he never received letters or papers. For diversion the prisoners played cards, and this comrade says he never wanted to see another card and has never played since.

"June 16, 1865, was the happiest day of my life," says the Major. He was released from prison on taking the oath of allegiance and turned his face homeward. He landed at City Point, stayed all night, and next morning took the train for Danville. Riding all night on top of a box car, he reached Greensboro the next morning, then went on to Statesville, whence he walked to his home, fourteen miles distant. His family had never heard from him after his capture and did not know that he was alive.

In 1886 he moved to Mount Airy, N. C., where he has lived ever since. He has been an active member of Surry County Camp, No. 797, U. C. V., since 1896. He has been Commander of the Camp for several years, and is also Inspector General with the rank of Major on the staff of Gen. P. C. Carlton, commanding the First Brigade of the North Carolina Division of Confederate Veterans.

LAST DAYS AS A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

BY E. E. M'GEE, HEDLEY, TEX.

Referring to the article by G. L. Tonnoffski, of Company I, 17th North Carolina Regiment, in the VETERAN for February, I have something to say. First, so that I may be the better understood, I will tell of my service during the war. I was a member of Company B, 42d North Carolina Regiment, Martin's (later Kirkland's) Brigade. In February, 1863, Gen. J. G. Martin selected me while I was in the ranks as his courier. The examination for that place was not difficult, as it was only a test of writing and reading of writing; so I passed the examination all right and filled the requirements of a courier for General Martin.

In the summer of 1864 Col. W. W. Kirkland was promoted to brigadier general. He was assigned to Martin's Brigade, and I as courier and also all of Martin's staff officers were retained by General Kirkland. With this report of my Confederate service, I will say that I was chief courier for both of these generals. What I mean by "chief" is that I was the only courier General Kirkland had from his beginning as general to the final surrender, in April, 1865. Frequently during heavy duty for me in engagements and otherwise different men were chosen from the different regiments of the brigade to assist me in the courier service at intervals. I will name them: Bob Snow, Hering, Ethridge, G. L. Tonnoffski, George Daniels, John Long. These men were all sent back to their commands except Tonnoffski, Long, and myself. John Long was killed while doing courier service. I remained with Kirkland to the last and got an honorable discharge while doing duty for him as a courier. The paroles were the last official papers that I carried to the different regimental commanders of Kirkland's North Carolina Brigade after the surrender. My home was in Western North Carolina at that time. General Kirkland went to Savannah, Ga., after the surrender. On our homeward trip we traveled together overland to Salisbury, N. C., where we parted, and I had only about forty miles to go northwest to my home.



E. E. M'GEE.

Now, as to Mr. Tonnoffski's report of himself in "My Last Days as a Confederate Soldier," I will omit some of his reports, as the differences between us would be too great. Beginning with the dates he gives of that noted battle, March 8, 9, 10, 1865, at that time General Hoke's division, with Kirkland's Brigade, was several hundred miles from that place. That grand uniform with the high boots that Tonnoffski wore I never saw, and I was with Kirkland all the time.

About the finding of the Yankee knapsack, where is the Confederate soldier, one who made a record of true service for his country, who will believe his story? Do you suppose the knapsack contained what he claims it did? "The contents," he says, "were as follows: An old underskirt, a much-worn cap, an old pair of shoes, and a large number of rifle and small cannon balls, with several pieces of shell." He didn't say what kind of shells, but we suppose they were egg shells. The idea of his carrying that immense knapsack on his shoulders all afternoon during a battle! That grand exhibition I never saw, and I was with Kirkland all the time. I suppose if he had had a little more time when he made the selection of the knapsack he might have found one that contained a cannon. As it was, he got only the ammunition and the canon's underskirt.

Now, while he was with the Yanks and worked all that shrewdness in escaping, I will not contradict any part of it, for I was not with him. But when he returned to General Kirkland and made the report that he claims to have made, I never heard of it, and I was with General Kirkland all the time.

This is only replying in part to his "important" self-made history that failed to be published anywhere after forty-eight years have passed—according to his dates, forty-nine years. No doubt in my mind all of his write-up is merely supposition, as he says on the wind-up of his article about the five-cent shinplaster, "which is supposed to be the first piece of money spent in Raleigh on that memorable day."

I have been a close reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for fifteen years and enjoy it very much.

[The VETERAN again appeals to its contributors to be accurate in all statements and to verify them before submitting for publication.]

MARKING THE GRAVE OF CAPT. MARION DANIELS.

Henry Levingston, Commander of Ratcliff Camp, U. C. V., of Falmouth, Ky., formerly of Company G, 3d Texas Cavalry, now living at Bratton, Robertson County, Ky., has had placed around the grave of Capt. Marion Daniels a concrete wall with a suitable inscription thereon. The fund for this was secured by popular subscription by Commander Levingston. He writes:

"Captain Daniels was killed in a skirmish near Bridgeville, Bracken County, Ky., on the morning of April 10, 1863. He was buried near where he fell, and for half a century not even a rude stone marked his lone resting place.

"The fight was between a squad of some twenty Confederates and forty Ohio soldiers and home guards. He and his men had just eaten breakfast at a farmhouse and had barely time to prepare for an engagement when the opposing party began firing. The ammunition of the Confederates gave out, and their leader had given orders to retreat after his pistol had been emptied, when a ball struck him squarely in the forehead.

"The farmer, watching the engagement from a crack in his cabin door, said Captain Daniels was coolly smoking his pipe when he met his death."

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C.

June is fast approaching, bringing with it two dates of marked importance and great interest to us: June 3, the birthday of the President of the Confederacy, which is fittingly observed in our order by the bestowal of crosses of honor, and June 4, on which day will be presented to the nation at Arlington our Confederate monument. There is in the State of Kentucky the Jefferson Davis Home Association, which has purchased the birthplace of Jefferson Davis and has for its object the erection of a suitable memorial thereon. The Kentucky Division, U. D. C., is coöperating in this work with other Confederate organizations, and I ask you each one to give liberally a June 3 birthday offering and have your part in quickly building this memorial. Money should be sent to Mrs. Rush Watkins, 1239 Brook Street, Louisville, Ky. This is no ordinary cause, my dear Daughters, and surely must appeal to each of you.

Your President is hoping that many of you will be present at the unveiling of the Arlington Confederate monument, June 4. I shall later in a circular letter give you rates, headquarters, etc.

With the exception of ten days or two weeks, I shall be absent from my desk from May 1 until June 15 attending the Reunion, State conventions, unveiling at Washington, D. C., and another monument unveiling and reunion in North Carolina. I call your attention to this that you may understand if your letters do not receive prompt response during that time.

With an abiding affection, faithfully,

DAISY MCLAURIN STEVENS, *President General U. D. C.*

VIRGINIA DIVISION NOTES.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, WYTHEVILLE, VA.

The Virginia Division congratulates itself upon the increased appropriation for the relief of destitute Confederate women secured by Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Chairman of the Relief Committee, from the recent legislature. This means a continuance of the aid given to aged women who are in most instances not eligible for admission to charitable institutions by reason of blindness or incurable disease. The Virginia Division Relief Fund, contributed by the Chapters, is also applied to needy cases not reached by the State appropriation.

An encouraging indication of the development of historical work is the number of historical evenings given by Chapters all over the State. Farmville, Hanover, Albemarle, Isle of Wight, Manassas, Bowling Green, Capt. B. F. Jarratt, Washington and Lee of Westmoreland are among those reporting these pleasant occasions, and many of the addresses have been printed in the papers and so made available for future reference. Many Chapters have a scrapbook in which they preserve the items of permanent value clipped from the Confederate column of the Times-Dispatch and other sources.

The State Historian, Miss Nelly Cummings Preston, is a descendant of Gen. William Campbell, of King's Mountain, and Elizabeth Henry, the sister of Patrick Henry; and the old Preston home on the Holston River, near Seven Mile Ford, abounds in unique mementoes of the Revolutionary era. Miss Preston is gifted with wonderful energy, executive ability, and zeal for educational and historical work, and is infusing her own charming personality and broad culture into the work. A Chapter faithfully following the programs she has arranged for each month could compete successfully for a diploma in Southern belles-lettres.

William Watts Chapter was the hostess at a *thé dansant*, which appears to have enticed many elusive dollars into the Chapter coffers. This Chapter has recently obtained a most attractive room for its meetings in the Elmwood Park building, and in this lovely environment will continue to flourish in the magic city of Roanoke, where the motto "Acorn to oak" seems to inspire growth in every direction.

J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, of Staunton, is exultant over a Grandchildren's Chapter of two hundred members organized by Mrs. Cassell. This is the largest junior Chapter reported this year and shows what can be done in the department of the Fourth Vice President under Mrs. Cabell Smith's enthusiastic efforts.

Several other junior Chapters are in process of formation, and it is confidently hoped that Chapter Presidents will respond to Mrs. Smith's appeals to utilize the young girls for this work and train them to be efficient Daughters when transferred to the parent Chapter.

District meetings will be held in Salem, Martinsville, Ashland, Warrenton, and Surry during April and May. The annual convention will meet in Bristol September 23.

The observance of May 1 as Stonewall Jackson Day is urged by Mrs. Riddick, President of the Virginia Division, and it is expected that there will be a great and generous offering for the equestrian monument of Jackson to be erected in Richmond, which shall fittingly commemorate our undying love for Lee's great lieutenant, to whose military genius the entire world renders homage.

EDUCATIONAL WORK OF THE U. D. C.

[The U. D. C. Committee on Education for 1913-14 has sent out the following information as to this important work.]

The plan for education for 1914 will be divided into two parts: Part I., General U. D. C. Scholarships. Part II., Educational Work in the State Divisions.

PART I. GENERAL U. D. C. SCHOLARSHIPS.

The Committee on Education reports sixteen scholarships in its possession for award to the U. D. C. These are:

A scholarship in full at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., $500.

A scholarship in full at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., $350.

A scholarship of free tuition at Sophie Newcomb College, Tulane University, New Orleans, La., $100.

A scholarship in part at the Lucy Cobb Institute Athens, Ga. (No. 1), $190.

A scholarship in part at the Lucy Cobb Institute, Athens, Ga. (No. 2), $190.

A scholarship in part at Washington Seminary, Washington, D. C., $150.

A scholarship of free tuition at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C., $60.

A scholarship of free tuition at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala., $50.

A scholarship of free tuition at the University of Alabama, University, Ala., $60.

A scholarship of free tuition at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute (No. 2), $50.

"The Alice Bristol Scholarship" (a scholarship in full) at the Bristol School, Washington, D. C., $1,000.

A scholarship in part at the Higbee School, Memphis, Tenn., $100.

A scholarship of free tuition at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa., $200.

A scholarship in full at the Loretta Mother House, Nexine, Ky., $250.

A scholarship in full at "The Castle," Miss Mason's school, at Tarrytown on the Hudson, N. Y., $1,000.

A scholarship of free tuition in Washington Seminary, Washington, D. C., for residents of the District of Columbia only, $150.

The following are filled in 1913-14:

The Washington and Lee scholarship, filled by J. Crawford Rivers, Mississippi.

The Sophie Newcomb College scholarship, filled by Miss Lillian Fortier, Louisiana.

The Lucy Cobb Institute, No. 1, filled by Miss Ethel Richardson, Louisiana.

The Lucy Cobb Institute, No. 2, filled by Miss Louise Gentry, Mississippi.

The Washington Seminary scholarship, filled by Miss Christine Butts, District of Columbia.

The Alabama Polytechnic, No. 1, filled by Augustus Graydon, South Carolina.

The Alabama Polytechnic, No. 2, filled by Gayle McFadden, Florida.

"The Castle" scholarship, Miss Mason's School, filled by Miss Sudie Powers, Alabama.

The Alice Bristol Scholarship, filled by Miss Thelma Dargan, Florida.

The University of Pennsylvania, filled by Emmett Kilpatrick, Alabama.

The Loretta Mother House, filled by Miss Margaret Saunders, Tennessee.

The following scholarships are open for competition September 1, 1914:

The Vassar scholarship, value $500.

The University of North Carolina, value $60.

The Alabama Polytechnic No. 1, value $50.

The Alabama Polytechnic No. 2, value $50.

The University of Alabama, value $60.

The Higbee High School, value $100.

The "Alice Bristol" scholarship, value $1,000.

The Washington Seminary, value $150.

By a ruling of the New Orleans Convention all scholarships offered by the General U. D. C., except when especially limited by the donors, shall be available for four years, or until the successful student graduates or fails to make a proper grade. Therefore this year all scholarships open are good for four years except the Alice Bristol, which scholarship is available for one year only, and the States of Oklahoma and Florida are barred from the competition because of their having already enjoyed its benefits. Candidates for this scholarship must be graduates of a high school or a private school of equal rank.

In States where a Division exists the Division Committee on Education is allowed to enter three candidates for any one of the scholarshps. In States where no Division exists the Chapters must consult, and that State shall enter only one candidate.

Four of the fourteen general scholarships are scholarships in full, paying board and tuition: Vassar, $500; Washington and Lee, $350; Alice Bristol Scholarship, $1,000; the Loretta Mother House, $250. The other ten are scholarships of free tuition or partial scholarships.

PART II. EDUCATIONAL WORK IN THE STATE DIVISIONS.

Each State Division is requested to take steps to secure if possible a donation of one scholarship of free tuition in its State institutions for its own State Division's use. Failing in this, each State Division should endeavor to establish and maintain scholarships in these State institutions, said scholarships to be open to lineal descendants of Confederate veterans.

Chapters in Northern and Western States that cannot secure or maintain scholarships in local or State institutions are advised to send donations of some amount to the chairman of the General Committee, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, Charleston, S. C., who will receive and receipt for the same and who can arrange to have such donations put to the expense account of any of the ten general scholarships which do not carry a living fund and which may be designated by the donor. It is the desire of the Committee on Education to raise each year $100 from such contributions and to offer it as a prize open for competition to the junior class at Washington and Lee University each year.

State Committees on Education are urged to support and indorse all movements for industrial and compulsory education in their own State and to support any local efforts for these causes. Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, Vice Chairman, Troy, Ala., will answer all inquiries as to methods for establishing scholarships and promoting the causes of industrial and compulsory education.

The summary of the U. D. C. work for education in 1913 shows fifteen general U. D. C. scholarships awarded by the General Committee and valued at $4,200 annually and 302 scholarships awarded by twenty States, valued at $31,066, annually, making a total of 317 scholarships, valued at $35,266, 109 scholarships, valued at $12,684.

Illinois has offered a prize of $100 for the best doctor's thesis written by a student taking the doctor's degree in the Department of Southern History at the University of Chicago; also free tuition for the entire time required for completion of the graduate work to all competing for this prize.

The Presidents of State Divisions and of those Chapters where no Division exists are urged to give this careful consideration.

The Educational Committee is composed of the following: Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, Chairman, Charleston, S. C.; Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, Vice Chairman, Troy, Ala.; Mrs. H. Greer, Laredo, Tex.; Mrs. James H. Parker, New York City.

HEIRS OF CONFEDERATE OFFICERS.

The heirs of the following officers are requested to communicate with Capt. Perry M. De Leon, 910 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.: Col. James A. J. Bradford, North Carolina; John A. Brown and Edward Murray, Maryland; Edmund B. Holloway, Edward Johnson, Bushrod Johnson, and Gustavus W. Smith, Kentucky; Claudius W. Sears and Walter H. Stevens, New York; Caleb Huse, Massachusetts, Henry C. McNeil, Texas; John T. Mercer, Arthur Shaaff, and William D. Smith, Georgia; Moses J. Wright, Mississippi; John Mullins, Tennessee; Robert C. Cole and Robert Johnson, Virginia; James Deshler and William H. Echols, Alabama; Bushrod Johnson, Ohio and Kentucky; William G. Gill, Pennsylvania; Charles H. Rundell, New York. The heirs of the above officers are entitled to longevity pay, ranging from $20 to nearly $1,900. Southern papers so inclined will please copy.

HISTORIC AUBURN.

Few little cities of the South equal in historic incident and interest the famous home of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, one of the great schools of the republic. Auburn, Ala., has become a byword educationally in thousands of homes by reason of its splendid body of cadets over eight hundred strong, its great polytechnic State school, and the fine culture and citizenship that have so long distinguished it. But in striking ante-bellum history and in the crucial part it played during the War between the States Auburn has won a unique place in the South, especially among the old Confederate soldiers and their wives and mothers.



TABLET UNVEILED BY LITTLE BETTIE DOWDELL, MARKING THE PLACE WHERE A CONFEDERATE FLAG WAS RAISED SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THE FIRST FLAG AT MONTGOMERY, MARCH 4, 1861.

On Saturday, April 29, this history was memorialized and made the occasion of a great celebration of the past. The First Vice President General of the U. D. C., Mrs. B. B. Ross, the gracious and accomplished wife of Professor Ross, of the Polytechnic, herself the daughter of one of the famous families of the South, was the mistress of ceremonies, assisted by the Admiral Semmes Chapter, U. D. C., of Auburn, an aggressive body unsurpassed in the ranks of that great organization. Coöperating with these patriotic women were the college men, their families, and the magnificent cadet corps in gray and black, the pride of Alabama.

There had been brought in from the hills great bowlders to be used as markers for certain especially famous sites, and these were set in place here and there on the original historic spots they were designed to commemorate. Into the face of each bowlder the ladies of the Chapter had caused to be fixed a beautiful bronze tablet on which in raised letters was told the story of the site.

Beginning the day's exercises, in Langdon Hall, of the Polytechnic, in the presence of a great audience of the college and town and several distinguished visitors, a program was enacted under the direction of Mrs. Ross as Chairman which delighted the audience, especially the group of old Confederate veterans seated on the platform, for an hour or more. There were two speeches, the first by Madame Bashinsky, Alabama's U. D. C. President, on "Jefferson Davis," a noble tribute to the only President of the Confederacy. She was followed by Dr. H. M. Hamill, of Nashville, Tenn., Chaplain General of the United Confederate Veterans, who, as an old Auburn boy before and during the war and an alumnus of the Polytechnic, was assigned to speak upon "Historic Auburn."

Under the beautiful bronze shield on the chapel wall, dedicated "to the students who fought under the Stars and Bars," another unique tablet had been placed which recorded the most remarkable political event of ante-bellum days in Auburn's history in the fact that in that same chapel had spoken in debate on the same day Clopton and Judge and Yancy, of Alabama, and Toombs and Hill and Stephens, of Georgia, and Brownlow, of Tennessee. With music and eloquent words of presentation and acceptance by Mrs. Ross and President Thach, of the college, this tablet was unveiled. Elsewhere on the campus was a tablet reciting that here was a building of the old college converted into a Confederate hospital.

Moving toward the heart of the city, the procession formed about a great bowlder whereon a tablet recited how on this site Miss Bettie Dowdell, simultaneously with the raising of the first Confederate flag at Montgomery, then the capital of the Confederacy, raised a second flag. It was a lovely incident of the unveiling that this was by another Bettie Dowdell, a descendant of the first.

The last of the five or six tablets unveiled was near the Atlanta and West Point Railroad station, where Jefferson Davis, then *en route* to Montgomery to be inaugurated, reviewed and addressed the Auburn Guards, perhaps the most famous of Alabama's Confederate companies.

In honor of the noble work of the ladies of the Semmes Chapter, the VETERAN has secured the leading facts of this great day of patriotism, with illustrations from photographs of a few of the more notable unveilings.

PROGRAM OF EXERCISES.

Col. B. S. Patrick, Marshal of the day.
Mrs. B. B. Ross, Chairman.
Unveiling tablets at Landon Hall.
Music by college band.
Invocation by Rev. John Frazer.
Address by Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky.
Quartet, "The Southern Marsellaise," Messrs. Starkey, Davidson, Bidez, and Martin.
Address, "Historic Old Auburn," by Dr. Hamill.
Quartet, "Our Flag."
Presentation of tablets to the Alabama Polytechnic Institute by Mrs. B. B. Ross.
Unveiling tablets by Miss Mary Samford.



WHERE PRESIDENT DAVIS STOOD TO REVIEW THE AUBURN GUARDS.



TABLETS IN CHAPEL OF LANGDON HALL.

Accepting tablets by Dr. C. C. Thach.

Music by college band.

Exercises continued on Kappa Sigma lawn.

Presentation of bowlder to the city of Auburn by Mrs. A. H. Buchanan.

Unveiling bowlder by little Miss Elizabeth Chester.

Accepting bowlder on behalf of the town by Prof. B. B. Ross.

Song, "Bonnie Blue Flag," by thirteen young ladies, representing the Confederate States.

Exercises concluded at railroad station.

Presentation of bowlder to the city of Auburn by Mrs. C. C. Thach.

Unveiling of bowlder by Mrs. William Kendrick.

Accepting bowlder for the town by Prof. B. B. Ross.

Song, "Dixie," by the Children of the Confederacy.

Placing wreaths around the bowlder in memory of the Auburn Guard by the Children of the Confederacy.

Quartet, "Tenting To-Night."

Benediction by Rev. M. P. Edwards.

A. F. Tandy, of Concord, N. H., has something to say of the VETERAN: "Sometimes the 'Johnnies' don't like to spoil a good story by not stretching it a little, and I think the Yanks would do the same thing; in fact, I have heard them. Don't let the VETERAN go down until the blue and the gray have all gone over the river 'to rest under the shade of the trees.'"

THE FIRST CHEROKEE CAVALRY, C. S. A.

BY R. B. COLEMAN, ADJT. GEN. OKLA. DIV., U. C. V., M'ALESTER, OKLA.

The 1st Cherokee Cavalry, C. S. A., was organized at Fort Wayne, in Delaware District, Cherokee Nation, Ind. T., July 27, 1861. This famous regiment was the basis for the organization of the Cherokee Brigade, C. S. A., commanded by brevet Brig. Gen. Stand Waitie, its first and only colonel, together with the 1st and 2d Creek Cavalry and John Jumper's battalion of Seminoles, and was assigned to the division of Sam Bell Maxie, Texas troops. There were many white soldiers that belonged to this brigade, mixed with the Indians, of whom were Capt. R. W. Lindsay, who was at one time adjutant of the regiment, and Rev. Mr. Buckner.

The line officers of this regiment were as follows: Stand Waitie, colonel; Thomas F. Taylor, lieutenant colonel; Elias F. Boudinot, major; Charles E. Waitie, adjutant; Rev. N. J. Slover, chaplain; George W. Adair, quartermaster; Joseph M. Starr, Sr., commissary; W. T. Adair, M.D., surgeon; W. D. Polson, assistant surgeon; George W. West, sergeant major.

The captains of companies were as follows: Company A, Captain Buzzard; Company B, Robert C. Parks; Company C, Daniel H. Coody; Company D, James M. Bell; Company E, Joseph F. Thompson; Company F, Joseph F. Smallwood; Company G, George H. Starr; Company H, John Thompson; Company I, Bluford West Alberty; Company J, J. Porum Davis; Company K, Jack Spears; Company L, James Thompson.

This famous Cherokee Indian regiment took part in the following battles: Wilson Creek, Mo., Newtonia, Mo., Short Creek, Mo., Neosho, Mo. (twice), Fort Wayne, Grove, Cabin Creek (twice), Bird Creek, Fort Gibson, Bayou Manard, Camp Creek, Webbers Falls, Honey Springs, and Nigger Creek, Ind. T., Barren Fork, Pea Ridge, Prairie Grove, Mazzard Prairie, Poison Springs, and Marks Mills, Ark., together with many skirmishes in Missouri, Arkansas, and Indian Territory.

It is eminently fitting that there be a monument erected at Tahlequah, Okla., once the capital of the Cherokee Nation, to the memory of Gen. Stand Waitie and the brave and patriotic Cherokees for their service to the Confederacy.

CAPTURED WITH THE FLAGS.

BY J. R. BROWN, GATESVILLE, TEX.

In looking over the list of captured flags returned to the 2d Louisiana Infantry, taken May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania C. H., Va., I find that it is correct as to time and place. I was present and saw the flag go down in the hands of Color Bearer Crawford Cox, of Company A, 2d Louisiana Infantry. Cox and I, with Seth Cox, of Company A, Lieut. R. M. Fletcher, of Company F, Sergeant McCord, Captain Elliott, Sergt. Jim Windon, of Company F, and many others, were captured and taken to Point Lookout, Md., thence to Elmira, N. Y., where we remained until March, 1865. We were then sent to Richmond, Va., and paroled. Lieutenant Fletcher, Gen. Ed Johnson, Capt. John Elliott, and many other commissioned officers were separated from us at Fredericksburg, and we did not see them any more. The officers mentioned were with the Immortal Six Hundred, who were sent to Charleston, S. C., and there put under fire of the Federal batteries. All this can be verified by living witnesses, one of whom is R. M. Fletcher, now living at Osceola, Ark. I was a member of Company F, 2d Louisiana Infantry.

THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE U. D. C.

To one who was the best friend to the Daughters of the Confederacy, who by his encouragement helped us to attempt and achieve great things for our beloved cause, who cheered us by his presence at conventions, who gave us the right hand of fellowship and appreciation, who gave us the privilege through the VETERAN of publishing our work and urging co-operation, who gave his all to us and our cause, this memorial is a fitting tribute. His name I need not mention. Since he has passed from us and is now enjoying his exceeding great reward, what more loyal and loving tribute can we pay him than to offer something in return for all his goodness to us? We can build a monument to his memory which will tell to the world that the United Daughters of the Confederacy know how to appreciate and value a true and tried friend.

As Treasurer of the Cunningham Monument Association, U. D. C., by the request of our President General, I make this appeal to each individual Daughter and every Chapter to send a contribution for this fund. Is it too much to ask every Chapter to send $5 before we adjourn for the summer vacation? I shall expect great things of the United Daughters of the Confederacy for this man who was our friend; and knowing that I shall not be disappointed in you, I am happy to subscribe myself yours faithfully,

JEFFERSON CITY, MO. MRS. JAMES BRITTON GANTT.

Mrs. John P. Hickman, Director for the U. D. C. and Chairman for the Tennessee Division of the U. D. C. to raise funds for this memorial, reports the following contributions:

Kate Litton Chapter, Nashville, Tenn	$ 5 00
Nashville Chapter, Nashville, Tenn	5 00
Mary Frances Hughes, Nashville, Tenn	5 00
Caroline M. Goodlett Chapter, Clarksville, Tenn	5 00
N. B. Forrest Chapter, Humboldt, Tenn	5 00
Old Hickory Chapter, Dickson, Tenn	5 00
Winnie Davis Chapter, Columbia, Tenn	5 00
Harvey Mathis Chapter, Memphis, Tenn	5 00
Clarke Chapter, Gallatin, Tenn	5 00
Shelbyville Chapter, Shelbyville, Tenn	5 00
Lebanon Chapter, Lebanon, Tenn	5 00
Shiloh Chapter, Savannah, Tenn	5 00
South Pittsburg Chapter, South Pittsburg, Tenn	5 00
Giles County Chapter, Pulaski, Tenn	5 00
Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter, Fayetteville, Tenn	5 00
John W. Morton Chapter, Camden, Tenn	5 00
Forrest Chapter, Brownsville, Tenn	5 00
Julian S. Carr Chapter, Durham, N. C.	5 00
Shreveport Chapter, Shreveport, La	5 00
Mrs. Peter Youree, Shreveport, La	5 00
Mrs. W. A. Carter, Paris, Tenn	5 00
R. B. Gardner, Texas	5 00
	$110 00

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

Previously reported	$1,415 32
Mrs. Pauline Kent, Shelbyville, Ky	1 00
L. P. Lane, Apopka, Fla	1 00
J. F. Beall and wife, Rusk, Tex	1 00
Henrietta Hunt Morgan Chapter, U. D. C., Newport, Ky.	2 00
John Dupee, Chicago, Ill	$ 5 00
Stonewall Jackson Camp, U. C. V., Mineral Wells, Tex.	5 00
J. P. May, Quitman, Miss	50
Mrs. H. M. Bell, Sr., Staunton, Va	5 00
Mrs. K. C. Lucas, Staunton, Va	1 00
Mrs. J. W. Reiley, Staunton, Va	1 00
Miss M. M. Crane, Staunton, Va	1 00
Miss Jennie B. Crane, Staunton, Va	1 00
J. A. Templeton, Jacksonville, Tex	1 00
Mrs. C. Helen Plane, Atlanta, Ga	1 00
Dr. R. H. Roux, Savannah, Ga	1 00
E. T. Roux, Jr., Plant City, Fla	1 00
C. A. Roux, Brooksville, Fla	1 00
Dr. R. H. Roux, Savannah, Ga	2 00
D. B. Pugh, Denison, Tex	1 00
L. F. Smith, Rockwall, Tex	1 75
Mrs. A. D. Andrews, Roswell, N. Mex	1 00
A Friend, Wytheville, Va	1 00
Col. A. C. L. Gatewood, Linwood, W. Va	1 00
U. D. C. Chapter, Independence, Mo	5 00
Julia Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., Durant, Okla	5 00
M. O. Kopperl, Galveston, Tex	5 00
E. V. White Chapter, U. D. C., Rockville, Md	2 00
Sul Ross Camp, U. C. V., Henrietta, Tex	5 00
Miss Mary Willis, Henrietta, Tex	50
M. J. Carter, Lampasas, Tex	1 00
J. H. Chisholm, H. M. Wade, Rockwall, Tex	50
M. H. Green, Allen, Tex	25
Charles Green, McKinney, Tex	25
W. B. Duncans, Estelline, Tex	1 00
Dr. W. B. Burroughs, Brunswick, Ga	1 00
B. O. Austin, Carrollton, Mo	1 00
G. N. Gardner, Nashville, Tenn	1 00
Mrs. E. R. Jones, Coldwater, Miss	1 00
A. G. Atkins, Coldwater, Miss	50
George W. Cox, Downing, Mo	1 00
Mrs. L. H. W. Jones, Shreveport, La	1 00
Bryan Norrell, Ada, Okla	1 00
W. W. Charles, Persia, Tenn	1 00
Lee Howell, Evansville, Ind	5 00
M. B. Hampton, Leighton, Ala	1 00
Dr. W. C. Harrison, Los Angeles, Cal	1 00
F. H. Steel, Los Angeles, Cal	50
P. J. O'Reagan, Los Angeles, Cal	50
Albert Diem, Cincinnati, Ohio	5 00
Mary Ann Bowie Chapter, U. D. C., Johnston, S. C.	1 00
Ladies' Memorial Association, Augusta, Ga	5 00
Portsmouth Chapter, U. D. C., Portsmouth, Va	1 00
H. A. Russell, Atlanta, Ga	1 00
A. W. Moise, St. Louis, Mo	1 00
Greenville Chapter, U. D. C., Greenville, S. C	2 50
Mrs. E. P. Long, Greenville, S. C	1 00
Miss Vance Long, Greenville, S. C	1 00
Miss Lavinia Rowley, Greenville, S. C	50
Danville Chapter, U. D. C., Danville, Va	2 50
Mrs. Wallace King, Mt. Washington, Md	5 00
Camp R. C. Pulliam, U. C. V., Greenville, S. C	5 00
Camp Sumter, U. C. V., Americus, Ga	5 00
H. T. Davenport, Americus, Ga	1 00
A. J. Hutchison, Americus, Ga	10
Baltimore Chapter, U. D. C., Baltimore, Md	5 00
Lamar Fontaine Chapter, U. D. C., Alvin, Tex	5 00
Jacob Litteral, Cartersville, Mo	1 00

Mrs. M. Livingston, Lockney, Tex	$ 2 00
Maj. G. N. Saussy, Jacksonville, Fla	2 00
T. N. Waul Chapter, U. D. C., Hearne, Tex	1 00
A. I. McKenney, McKenneysburg, Ky	2 00
H. Levingston, Mt. Olivet, Ky	1 00
W. M. Abner, Morgan, Ky	1 00
J. L. Hall, Falmouth, Ky	1 00
G. W. Hendricks, Falmouth, Ky	1 00
J. E. Mains, Falmouth, Ky	1 00
N. D. C. Mains, Falmouth, Ky	1 00
R. Y. Beckham, Zebulon, Ga	2 00
Winnie Davis Camp, U. C. V., Waxahachie, Tex	5 00
Friends in Winnie Davis Camp, Waxahachie, Tex	5 00
Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C., Cleveland, Tenn.	5 00
O. J. Daniel, Parkersburg, W. Va	1 00
J. W. Rutland, Alexandria, Tenn	1 00
L. E. Simpson, Alexandria, Tenn	1 00
Mrs. E. C. Legare, Charleston, S. C	1 00
J. M. Rainey, Columbia, Tenn	2 00
E. S. Barton, J. P. Bradley, Linneus, Mo	1 00
Fincastle Chapter, U. D. C., Fincastle, Va	5 00
R. A. Pitts, Newborn, Ga	1 00
G. D. Langston and Charlotte Leland Langston, Haines City, Fla	5 00
Gen. LeRoy Stafford Camp, U. C. V., Shreveport, La.	5 00
Mrs. C. B. Stone, Galveston, Tex. (additional)	1 00
I. S. Lee, Mayersville, Miss	2 00
T. S. Foster, St. Louis, Mo	2 00
G. A. White, Columbia, S. C	1 00
Mrs F. M. Bamberg, Bamberg, S. C	1 00
Hancock Taylor, Louisville, Ky	2 00
John R. Turner, Warrenton, Va	1 00
W. A. Redd, Dover, Mo	1 00
Caldwell Camp, U. C. V., Russellville, Ky	5 00
R. B. Chastain, Russellville, Ky	1 00
J. C. Steele, Statesville, N. C	1 00
N. C. Rogers, Pewee Valley, Ky	50
John R. Hoge, Carrollton, Miss	50
Mrs. H. P. Dawson, Littleton, N. C	1 00
Dr. A. F. Templeton, Brighton, Colo	1 00
S. V. Osborne, Normandy, Tenn	1 00
A. J. Tyner, Tazewell, Va	2 00
W. L. DeWoody and wife, Pine Bluff, Ark	2 00
Mrs. V. X. Baldwin, Hansonville, Va	50
M. W. Yates, Luray, Va	1 00
E. D. Withers, Hudsonville, Miss	1 00
A friend, Grand Isle, La	1 00
Rev. and Mrs. A. M. Buchanan, Moberly, Mo	5 00
Hampden Osborne, Columbus, Miss	1 00
J. J. Murphy, Palestine, Tex	1 00
L. J. McDougald, Kemp, Tex	1 00
Mrs. D. J. McDougald, Kemp, Tex	1 00
J. A. Lutz, St. Petersburg, Fla	1 00
J. T. Yonee, St. Petersburg, Fla	1 00
W. W. Booth, St. Petersburg, Fla	50
J. C. Gans, St. Petersburg, Fla	25
T. B. Vaughan, St. Petersburg, Fla	50
B. M. Robinson, Orlando, Fla	2 50
M. M. Parsons Camp, U. C. V., Warrensburg, Mo	5 00
Mrs. V. C. Clopton, Gurley, Ala	5 00
Baldwin Harle and wife, White Pine, Tenn	2 00
A. S. Jolley, Tyler, Mo	50
Ira R. Fuller, Say, Va	1 00
J. F. Pollock, Blaker Mills, W. Va	1 00
I. S. Lester, Dyer, Ark	$ 0 50
A. C. Swinburn, Vernon, Tex	1 00
Gen. A. R. Taylor, Memphis, Tenn	1 00
Col. R. P. Lake, Memphis, Tenn	1 00
Maj. G. W. Macrae, Memphis, Tenn	1 00
R. A. Parker, Memphis, Tenn	1 00
J. R. Pepper, Memphis, Tenn	1 00
J. P. Peeples, Paris, Tenn	1 00
V. C. Allen Chapter, U. D. C., Dayton, Tenn	5 00
Col. W. A. Montgomery, Edwards, Miss	5 00
Robert L. Burch, Nashville, Tenn	5 00
H. C. Clegg, Moncure, N. C	50
J. A. Carpenter, Batesville, Miss	1 00
Mrs. Tom Logan, Fayetteville, Ark	25
Raphael Semmes Camp, U. C. V., Mobile, Ala	5 00
Sid Griffin Camp, U. C. V., Farmersville, La	1 50
George Phillips, Selma, Ala	1 00
M. W. Norfleet, Winston-Salem, N. C	1 00
Dr. James A. Blum, Winston-Salem, N. C	1 00
Col. W. D. Pickett, Lexington, Ky	5 00
Maj. R. H. Dudley, Nashville, Tenn	5 00
Mrs. H. C. Rogers, Muskogee, Okla	1 00
Gen. William R. Cox, Richmond, Va	5 00
Members of J. B. Robertson Camp, U. C. V., Bryan, Tex., contributed as follows: James Cooper, $5; W. E. Saunders, $2; C. L. Jones, $2.50; Ed Wicks, $1; I. C. Davis, 25 cents; W. W. Smith, 50 cents; C. Bell, 25 cents. Total	11 50
Total	$1,715 67

Some Corrections.—The contributions credited to the William Bevers Chapter, Elgin, Tex., should have been William Owens Chapter, U. D. C., Elgin, Tex. The name of G. T. Colvin, Henry, Tenn., should have been G. T. Caton, Henry, Tenn. Graham Brown, writing from De Land, Fla., was credited at that place instead of Shelbyville, Ky., his proper address. T. H. Stevenson, of Portland, Oregon, should have been Tillman H. Stevens, Portland, Oregon.

BOTH SURPRISED.

BY S. N. BOSWORTH, BEVERLY, W. VA.

In 1864 Gen. William L. Jackson's brigade was in Pocahontas County, while the Yankees were in Randolph. No troops from either side occupied a considerable territory on the borders of each county except scouting parties. An Irishman by the name of John Baker, belonging to one of Jackson's cavalry regiments, was rather fond of liquor, and one day he went to a stillhouse in this neutral territory and got his canteen filled. When he came out, to his surprise there was a Yank with his gun ready to fire, and he told Johnny to surrender. "Certainly," says Johnny, and handed over his gun. They started off together, each on his own horse, but had not gone far before Baker discovered that his captor was an Irishman also; so he said to him: "What the divil is the use of us quarreling over this thing? We are both from the same country. Won't you have a drink?" The Yankee says: "Certainly." Johnny handed him his canteen, which he turned up and had a drink. When he took it down, behold, a pistol was pointing at his breast. With the remark, "Maybe you'll surrender to me now," the Yankee was taken a prisoner to Jackson's Brigade.

THE LAST ROLL

CAPT. JAMES WILLIAM IRWIN.

Capt. James W. Irwin, Confederate veteran with a splendid record, zealous Freemason, ardent Methodist by faith and practice, Christian gentleman, lover of his fellow men, friend and sympathetic helper of the poor and needy, ready comforter of those in trouble or distress, upright, intelligent, active man, patriotic and public-spirited citizen, died at his home, in Savannah, Tenn., on February 12, 1914.

He was born at Savannah April 13, 1835, of pioneer and patriotic stock. His father, James Irwin, and his grandfather, John Irwin, emigrated from Pennsylvania to Tennessee in the first half of the nineteenth century, and both finally settled in Hardin County. His mother was a daughter of John and Susannah Conway Sevier, of Greene County, Tenn., and a granddaughter of Col. Valentine Sevier, brother of Gov. John Sevier. James W. Irwin lived a life that brought no discredit on his ancestry. He married Miss Cornelia Elizabeth Broyles, of Hardin County, Tenn., on February 23, 1868. She and four of their six children, two sons and two daughters, survive him and cherish his memory with abiding love.

In the summer of 1861, at Savannah, he enlisted as a private in Capt. Charles S. Robertson's company of cavalry, which became Company G of the 1st Regiment of Confederate Cavalry. At the organization of that company he was elected second lieutenant and later was detailed in command of ten men of his company to report to General Beauregard at Corinth, Miss., in March, 1862, to act as guides and scouts. He was so employed up to and during the battle of Shiloh, in which he participated, and remained with General Beauregard in Corinth until the army fell back to Tupelo, Miss. When the army started on the march by way of Chattanooga to Kentucky, he and his men returned to the regiment, and in Kentucky the regiment was reorganized. Captain Robertson was elected lieutenant colonel of the regiment, and James W. Irwin was elected captain of the company. He participated in the battle of Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862, and was in active service on all cavalry duties during the retreat through and out of Kentucky by way of Cumberland Gap and on to Middle Tennessee. Captain Irwin's company was the last Confederate organization to leave Kentucky, it having been sent back with a number of prisoners to meet the Federal army and make exchange. Captain Irwin, with his company, went as far as London, Ky.; but meeting no enemy with whom to exchange prisoners, he paroled those he had and returned to the command at Cumberland Gap.

Captain Irwin participated in the battle of Chickamauga, in the march and retreat from Missionary Ridge and the hundred days' battles from Dalton to Atlanta, in the march under Hood back into Tennessee, to Columbia, Franklin, and Nashville, and in the retreat south to Alabama. After the battle of Nashville the regiment was transferred to General Forrest and remained with him until his surrender at Gainesville, Ala., May 11, 1865. Captain Irwin then took his company in a body to Savannah, Tenn., where they disbanded. He was in active service nearly four years, participating in all of General Wheeler's raids and in long, fatiguing marches, including the raid into Middle Tennessee while the Federal army was at Chattanooga and when the capture was made in Sequatchie Valley of a train of six hundred wagons loaded with supplies for the Federal army, together with a large number of mules.

After the surrender and his return to his home at Savannah, Tenn., Captain Irwin resumed for several years the business of merchandising, which he, his father, and brother had followed for a time before the war. In the meantime he read law, was admitted to the bar, practiced at Savannah and later, in 1884, at Sparta, at which place he was a partner of the late Col. Columbus Marchbanks and William T. Murray under the firm name of Marchbanks, Irwin & Murray.

In 1885 he was appointed Deputy United States Revenue Collector, moved to McMinnville, Tenn., and served in that office during the first Cleveland administration. In 1895, during the second Cleveland administration, he was appointed by the Secretary of War as Purchasing Agent on the Shiloh National Military Park Commission, moved from McMinnville to his old home at Savannah, near the battle field, and served on this Commission for eleven years. At the time of his death he had been for many years Commander of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, U. C. V., which meets semiannually on the battle field of Shiloh.



CAPT. J. W. IRWIN.

Captain Irwin was a zealous Freemason. He was made a Master Mason at Savannah, Tenn., in 1862, and after the war he became a Royal Arch and Council Mason and in 1888 a Knight Templar. He was a member of the Ways and Means Committee of the Grand Lodge F. and A. M. of Tennessee from 1892 to 1902, being chairman of that committee for the last five years of his service thereon. He was elected

Junior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge in 1902, Senior Grand Warden in 1903, Deputy Grand Master in 1904, and Grand Master in 1905. He was a charter member of the Masonic Veterans' Association of Tennessee, of which he was President in 1909. He was also an honorary member of the Masonic Veterans' Association of Philadelphia, Pa. He attended the meeting of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee in Nashville January 26-30, 1914, and took an active part as a member of the important Committee on Masonic Jurisprudence. He was cheerful, active, friendly, enjoying the friendship of his brother Masons and performing well his full part in committee and Grand Lodge business. He was often actively engaged in helping poor and worthy Confederate soldiers to get pensions from the State. On his way home he was taken ill and died twelve days later, February 12, 1914, in the faith of his religion, surrounded by those he loved and who loved him.

Captain Irwin was an ardent Methodist both in faith and practice. He had the confidence of his fellow Churchmen. He was a member of the Methodist Church, South, for forty-three years, and had been Sunday school superintendent and chairman of the board of stewards for twenty-seven years. He was President of the Sunday School Board of the Tennessee Conference for twelve consecutive years. Twice he was elected by the Tennessee Conference as a delegate to the General Conference of the M. E. Church, South.

And thus we recite the record and pay the last sad and friendly tribute to the memory of our gallant and departed comrade, soldier, Freemason, Churchman, citizen, philanthropist, friend, and follow him with the confident hope that he has found favor and abiding service with the Great Commander.

"They're passing away, those dear old friends,
Like a leaf on the current cast;
With never a break in the rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past."

[Tribute by Henry A. Chambers, Chattanooga, Tenn.]

Capt. F. P. Bronaugh.

Many hearts were saddened by the death of Capt. F. P. Bronaugh at his home, in St. Louis, Mo., on February 20, 1914. He was born in Virginia, but his parents removed to Missouri when he was but three years of age; so nearly his whole life was spent in that State, in which he was so widely known and highly esteemed.

Reaching manhood just when the war cloud of '61 darkened over the land, he entered the army of the Confederacy and rendered such service, first as a private and later as the captain of a large company, as few have equaled and none excelled. His strong personality, devotion to the comfort and safety of his men, and undaunted courage and endurance in the face of hardships and perils gave him a popularity and prestige which never waned. Fighting to the end, he surrendered his arms in honor and as a loyal citizen entered at once into the arts of peace. As an honest toiler he exhibited the same high qualities which had distinguished him as a soldier, but to the end of his life his love for the South was one of the strongest elements in his character.

He was successful as a farmer and stock dealer. Later in life he was appointed Coal Oil Inspector by Governor William J. Stone, which position he occupied for four years. Afterwards he was connected with the Wabash Railroad in a responsible position; and after resigning this he become connected with the Street Department of St. Louis, which position he held through varying political conditions to the end of his life. His high character was efficient to overcome any prejudice against the party to which he belonged and to whose fortunes he was devoted.

In 1866 he was married to Miss Helen Myers, of Booneville, Mo., and with her he walked happily along life's way until the half century was almost complete, the day well-nigh done, and the golden evening at hand. Then suddenly he was called away, leaving her to walk on alone. Although the summons was sudden, he was well prepared and declared unhesitatingly that all was well. The call came to him on February 20, and he was laid to rest in the cemetery at Booneville among the loved ones gone before. Besides the sorrowing wife, he leaves six sons to lament him—Frederick L., William H., Charles C., Henry P., Frank W., and Thomas E. Bronaugh.

Deaths in the New York Camp.

Clarence R. Hatton, Adjutant Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, sends the following list of members who have died within the past year:

Henry H. Knowles, Alabama, Alabama Cadets, February 23, 1913.

Camile D. Polignac, France, major general, 1913.

John S. Wise, Virginia, Virginia Military cadet, adjutant artillery company, May 12, 1913.

Philip Tobias, Texas, Cook's 1st Texas Artillery, November 27, 1913.

S. A. Cunningham, Tennessee, 41st Tennessee Infantry, December 20, 1913.

Dr. J. Harvie Dew, Virginia, 9th Virginia Cavalry, January 25, 1914.

Franklin C. Morehead, Kentucky, lieutenant Confederate States navy, January 30, 1914.

Associate members Sons of Veterans:

J. Shepherd Clark, Virginia, April 26, 1913.

Charles A. Hough, Virginia, July 1, 1913.

E. Lowndes Rhett, Maryland, December 12, 1913.

Tribute to Capt. William W. Leake.

Capt. William W. Leake commanded Company C, 1st Louisiana Cavalry, from August, 1861, to November, 1862, participating in the battles and skirmishes engaged in by that famous command. On May 1, 1862, Col. J. S. Scott made the following report after the battle of Athens, Ala.: "I cannot close, however, without particular mention of Captain Leake, commanding Company C, and Lieutenant Holmes, commanding Howitzer Battery."

Captain Leake resigned the captaincy of Company C, and in January, 1863, served on the staff of Gen. Frank Gardner at Port Hudson; was captured in May, 1863, by the command of Major General Wheeler, U. S. A., and paroled to the limits of his premises in St. Francisville, La., until the surrender at Port Hudson. In July, 1863, Captains Cheatham and Leake organized a cavalry company, serving under Col. Fred Ogden. In December, 1864, Captain Leake rode a mule from Bayou Sara, La., to Shreveport, carrying dispatches to and from Governor Allen and General Buckner.

During the four years of reconstruction Captain Leake commanded a company of home guards in the parish of West Feliciana, La. He practiced law about fifty years, serving eight years on the circuit bench. At the time of his death, January 20, 1912, he was President of the People's Bank at St. Francisville, La.

Thomas A. Harris.

Thomas A. Harris, who died at Spottsylvania C. H., Va., on January 25, 1913, was born in Spottsylvania County, Va., in 1844. In May, 1861, he volunteered in the Confederate army, joining Company D, 30th Virginia Infantry, and served with that command until after the seven days' fighting around Richmond in 1862. After that he returned to his home, in Spottsylvania County, and in a few days enlisted in Company E, 9th Virginia Cavalry, and was with General Stuart in his raids into Pennsylvania, Maryland, and West Virginia. In 1864, during the battles around Spottsylvania Courthouse, he was detailed as a guide for Stuart's scouts and afterwards was permanently detailed as a scout and remained in that branch of the service until the close of the war. His life as a scout was attended by many hairbreadth escapes. At the battle of Five Forks Gen. W. H. F. Lee asked for volunteers to rescue three ladies at the Gilham house, which was between the lines of battle. Comrade Harris was one of five who volunteered to rescue them, which was done at great risk both to the ladies and scouts. He received several wounds and was severely wounded in the battle of Five Forks, a few days before General Lee's surrender.

From 1870 Comrade Harris had held many important positions in his county and was filling his second term as Clerk of the Circuit Court at the time of his death. In addition to these official positions, he was a farmer. He was prompt and efficient in performing his duties, courteous, accommodating, and popular. He was twice married, first to Miss Mary E. Poole, and their six children survive him. His second wife, who was Miss Lizzie Eastburn, survived him only a few months.

Judge Charles Coffin.

Charles Coffin was born in Rogersville, Tenn., April 23, 1842, the third son of Charles H. and Eliza Park Coffin. The family removed to Knoxville in October, 1846, and in the schools of that city his preparatory education was obtained. In September, 1860, he entered the junior class in the College of New Jersey, now Princeton University; but in May, 1861, he severed his connection with that institution and returned home to cast his lot with the people of his native South, enlisting in August, 1861, as a private in Company E, 3d Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry. This became Company I of the 2d Regiment Tennessee Cavalry when that regiment was organized in May, 1862, and of which Henry M. Ashby was elected colonel. He at once appointed Charles Coffin as sergeant major, and he surrendered as such with the Army of Tennessee under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston April 26, 1865, receiving his parole at Charlotte, N. C., May 3, 1865. He was twice captured, first at Somerset, Ky., March 31, 1863, being exchanged at City Point, Va., April 22 following, and again at Lancaster, Ky., August 31, 1863. He was in prison at Camp Chase, Ohio, seven months and at Fort Delaware eight months, and was exchanged at Savannah, Ga., November 15, 1864. Besides the engagements in which he was captured, he was in many encounters with the enemy, among which were Fishing Creek, Ky., Murfreesboro, Tenn., Aiken, S. C., and Bentonville, N. C.

After the surrender Mr. Coffin returned to his home at Knoxville, but conditions there forced his removal, and in the autumn of 1865 he located in Memphis, where he resided until 1869, going then with his two brothers, mother, and sister to Arkansas and locating at Clover Bend, in Lawrence County. Business reverses forced him out of mercantile pursuits, and in 1873 he removed to Pocahontas, Randolph County, where he taught school, edited the Observer, and read law. He was licensed to practice in September, 1874, and located at Walnut Ridge, where he continued to reside (broken only by a residence in Little Rock during the year 1876, when he was coeditor of the Arkansas Gazette) until the summer of 1907, when he removed to Batesville. He represented Randolph County in the legislature at its extraordinary session in 1874 and Lawrence County in the regular session of 1891. In 1878 and again in 1880 he was elected prosecuting attorney for the third judicial circuit of Arkansas, serving the two terms faithfully and efficiently. In 1908 he was elected judge of the third judicial circuit, serving a little over two years. In October, 1911, he was made Commander of the Arkansas Division of the United Confederate Veterans. He was elected Mayor of Batesville in 1912, and was serving as such at the time of his death, which occurred while on a visit to his brother-in-law, Dr. Z. Orto, at Pine Bluff, Ark., January 11, 1914, in the seventy-second year of his age.



JUDGE CHARLES COFFIN.

Though at all times leading an exemplary life, Judge Coffin did not formally unite with the Church until February, 1912, when he was received into the Presbyterian Church at Batesville. He was a constant attendant upon the ordinances of the Church and for more than a year had been a faithful teacher in the Sabbath school.

Mrs. Letitia Ashmore Nutt.

At her home, in Sanibel, Fla., on the night of January 28, 1914, the soul of Mrs. Letitia Ashmore Nutt passed into the higher life. She was born in Woodford County, Ky., seventy-eight years ago and comprised in her personality the rich experience of the luxurious ante-bellum days, the harrowing period of the Civil War, together with the noble development of the later South. Possessed of a rare type of beauty, her deep intellectuality and strong personality, combined with wealth and position, rendered her a social power. After a brilliant girlhood she became the wife of LeRoy Moncure Nutt, of Virginia. The marriage was solemnized in New Orleans by Bishop Polk, afterwards the "warrior bishop." When her gallant husband responded to the first call of war, Mrs. Nutt followed him with enthusiasm. As captain of the Shreveport Rangers he served in the Trans-Mississippi Department until made a prisoner at the fall of Arkansas Post, and his devoted wife followed him to prison. Upon his exchange he served gallantly in the Army of Tennessee, where again she shared his dangers. Later, when he became captain of the Independent Scouts, reporting only to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, her devotion to the cause was even more pronounced. Adored by men and officers alike, she hovered ever near the army and rendered valuable assistance to the Confederacy. Her war record was remarkable, for in spirit she was coequal with her husband, of whom his brigade commander once said: "Nutt would be willing to fight the Yankee army with his company and give them the first fire."

Some twenty-five years ago Mrs. Nutt, then a widow, with her three daughters and her brother, Capt. James K. Ashmore, removed to Sanibel, Fla., where they created a home and became identified with the development of that section. She gallantly endured the hardships of pioneer life in Lee County and gave many years to teaching the youth of that community and brought the light of hospitality into many lives. Her wonderful intellect and strong personality left an impress upon all who knew her. The U. D. C. Chapter of Fort Myers, Fla., was named for her and will perpetuate her loyalty to the South. She is survived by three daughters, Cordie and Lettie Nutt and Mrs. Nannie Nutt Holt.

By the side of the soldier brother, near the home both helped to build, lie the mortal remains of this noble woman. There, soothed by the grand symphony of old ocean, may they rest till the angel's trumpet bid our Dixie heroes rise and in that undefined hereafter obtain glorious victory.

R. N. McKinley.

On the 30th of December, 1913, R. N. McKinley, of Birmingham, Ala., after a brief illness, answered to the great roll call. Comrade McKinley volunteered in November, 1862, and was enrolled at Fredericksburg, Va., in Company E, 18th Mississippi Regiment, Barksdale's Brigade. He fought through to the end of the war, then he returned to Sumter County, Ala., where he was born November 3, 1846. In September, 1890, he moved to East Lake Station, Birmingham, Ala. He was Mayor of his adopted city for one term and was postmaster at the time of his death, having held the position for many years.

It would be difficult to imagine how a man could be better than R. N. McKinley. If war experiences tend to make men rough, then he was a notable exception. If a man ever lived and died without bitterness, this man did. Not his family alone, but the community in which he lived, was enriched by the beauty of his character.

Charles Franklin Hoke.

Charles F. Hoke, born in Lincolnton, N. C., January 4, 1839, was a son of Col. Franklin A. and Mary Zimmerman Hoke. His parents moved to Charleston, S. C., while he was very young, and later to Williamston, S. C., where he grew up. In December, 1860, he was married to Miss Maria Louise Austin, a daughter of Dr. W. L. M. Austin, of Greenville County, S. C. That night South Carolina passed its ordinance of secession from the Union, and in a few weeks he enlisted in the Confederate army, joining the Gist Rifles in the Hampton Legion, under Capt. Julius Smith. However, he was soon transferred to the Davis Guards, also a part of the Hampton Legion, organized by Dr. Austin, who was made captain, but soon resigned on account of ill health, and was succeeded by his son, James S. Austin. Charles Hoke was in the first battle of Manassas, was wounded in the battle of Seven Pines, was in the battle of Chickamauga and Lookout Mountain, and was at Appomattox when Lee surrendered. After being mustered out he secured a horse and with a comrade rode through the country to his home, in Greenville County, S. C.

In 1868, with his wife and two small children, he removed to Atlanta, Ga., where he soon became identified in business.



CHARLES F. HOKE.

Later, for business convenience, he transferred his residence to Seneca, S. C., where he lived for ten years. He was connected with the Kennesaw Flour Mills, of Marietta, Ga., for over twenty years. After the failure of these mills, in 1892, he returned to Atlanta and became associated with the Swift Fertilizer Company, and while representing them in North Carolina early this year he was taken ill and returned to his home, where he died on February 13.

He was a devoted husband and father, kind and considerate. His bright and jovial disposition and gallant nature won for him hundreds of friends. He had a decided talent for music, playing most beautifully on the violin without ever having had a lesson. When only a lad of eight years he played the fife, accompanied by a drum, for the soldiers to drill for the Mexican War. He was a devout member of the Methodist Church for many years, and was also a member of the Seneca Lodge, F. and A. M., and Camp 159, U. C. V., of Fulton County, Ga.

Comrades of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 48, U. C. V.

The members of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, of Tyler, Tex., who have died since January, 1913, are as follows: P. M. Drake, Riley Glenn, D. V. Sharp, R. W. Roebuck, E. S. Allen, B. B. Lewter, A. J. Templeton, Casey Askew, E. S. Littlejohn, John A. Sewell, George R. Kennedy, W. H. Cousins; also S. C. Turner, a Confederate, but not a member of the Camp.

A. J. Meadows.

After an illness of nearly a year, A. J. Meadows passed peacefully away at his home, in Ripley, Tenn., on the 18th of February, 1914. The dreary months of illness were brightened by the visits of his children and the kind ministrations of friends and neighbors, who appreciated the beauty of the character that was, at the close of a long earthly pilgrimage, "being perfected through suffering." It was said of him at the funeral service that "he was the best-loved man in Lauderdale County and had not an enemy in the world." None ever heard him speak unkindly of his fellow man, and throughout the seventy-four years of his citizenship among the people he loved he scattered joy and gladness. He was one of nature's noblemen in the truest sense—brave, generous, manly. There was a daily beauty about his life that won every heart.



A. J. MEADOWS.

Comrade Meadows was born in 1840, the son of Roberson and Mary Meadows, pioneers of Lauderdale County. He was the youngest son of a large family, of whom three sisters survive. He was married three times, and of the first union there were five daughters and a son, the latter dying some years ago. His third marriage, to Mrs. Anna Wright, of Tipton County, in 1911, was memorable for its having been solemnized by his grandson, Rev. James McLeskey, then only eighteen years of age.

Volunteering in the first company that left that county under Capt. John Sutherland, young Meadows was elected orderly sergeant, and after the first year was made first lieutenant. He commanded a company during the last two years of the war, being in service from start to finish. He was wounded several times and disabled in the battle of Franklin, and was never able to rejoin his command. He was laid to rest by comrades of Sutherland Camp, of which he had been a faithful member.

It was during a great revival in the army that Captain Meadows entered the Christian warfare, and throughout the intervening years he had been a faithful attendant and worker in the Methodist Church and Sunday school. Since 1883 he had been identified with the drug business in the town of Ripley.

Capt. J. B. Littlejohn.

Capt. Joseph B. Littlejohn, a distinguished pioneer of Fort Worth, Tex., died on February 8, 1914. He was born in Fayette County, Tenn., in 1841, and was reared in South Louisiana on a plantation on Bayou la Fourche. He was graduated from Emory and Henry College, Virginia, where he was a classmate of Chief Justice White, and they were admitted to practice law on the same day at New Orleans.

He was a soldier throughout the war, entering the Confederate army September 30, 1861, and served to the close as sergeant major of the 8th Louisiana Regiment. Among the battles in which he participated were Winchester, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Harper's Ferry, Gettysburg, and the Wilderness, where he lost his right arm May 4, 1864. He was attached to Gen. T. J. Jackson's corps.

Capt. Littlejohn went to Texas with his parents shortly after the close of the war and settled in Harrison County and later removed to Fort Worth, where he resided nearly thirty years and was a prominent member of the local business circle. He was a charter member of the Elks Lodge of Fort Worth.

He is survived by his son, Robert G. Littlejohn, City Tax Collector, and his daughter, Miss Margaret Littlejohn.

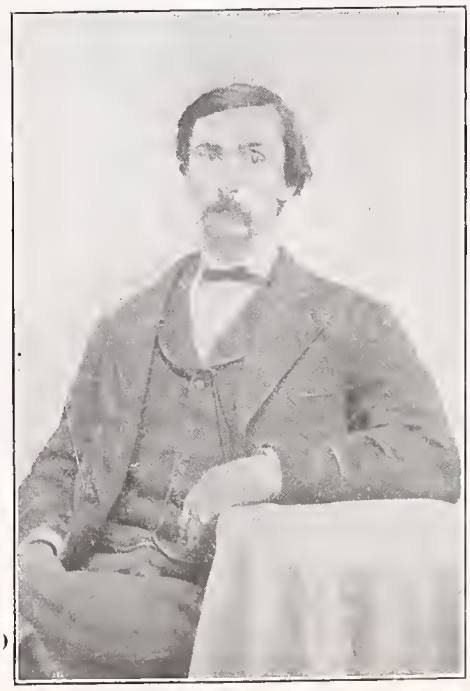
Pickett-Buchanan Camp, of Norfolk, Va.

T. B. Jackson, Adjutant, reports the following members lost to Pickett-Buchanan Camp, U. C. V., during the year ending with February 18, 1914:

Solon A. Deakins, Corp. Co. I, 12th Virginia Infantry.
Thomas L. Drummond, Co. F, 46th Virginia Infantry.
Charles E. James, Signal Corps, A. N. V.
Joseph W. Perry, Adjt. Winn's North Carolina Battalion.
Edward P. White, Com. Sergt. Co. A, 3d Virginia Infantry.
Alexander J. Goodrich, Norfolk Light Artillery Blues.
William J. Vesey, Co. B, 13th Virginia Cavalry.
James L. Morris, Co. G, 16th Virginia Infantry.
Robert B. Harwell, Co. K, 18th Virginia Infantry.
John B. Henry, Co. A, 1st Regt. C. S. Engineers, Virginia.
Royal Ford, Courtney's Battery Virginia Artillery.

Calvin R. Myers.

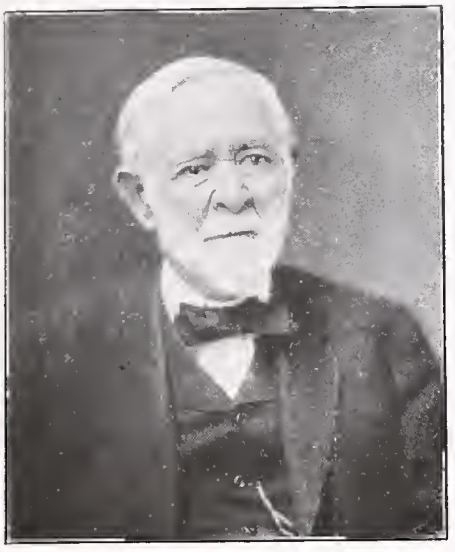
Calvin R. Myers answered the last roll call at his home, Byhalia, Miss., on the 20th of February, 1914, in his seventy-seventh year. Surviving him are his wife, one son, and three daughters. He was born in Wadesboro, N. C., on the 24th of September, 1837. He went with his father in 1854 to Mississippi and settled on a plantation in Marshall County, a few miles south of Byhalia. He graduated from the University of Mississippi in 1859. There were eight sons in the family, all of whom enlisted in the Confederate army. Calvin volunteered in the early part of 1861, joining Company A of the 11th Mississippi Infantry, A. N. V. He was seriously wounded in the first battle of Manassas and several times afterwards. He was wounded and captured at Gettysburg, and while a prisoner at Fort Delaware he was most brutally treated. He was an earnest Christian and a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church.



CALVIN R. MYERS.

Dr. Samuel Rush Sayers.

Dr. Samuel Rush Sayers died at his home, in Wytheville, Va., on February 23, 1914. He was born June 2, 1833, at the Sayers home, near Max Meadows. After a collegiate course at Emory and Henry, he studied medicine at the University of Virginia and graduated from the University of Pennsylvania. At the beginning of the war he enlisted with the Wythe Grays, and as surgeon of the 27th Regiment of the Stonewall Brigade he made a brilliant record for skill and courage. He was captured in the battle of Gettysburg, imprisoned for several months at Fort McHenry, and then exchanged.



DR. S. R. SAYERS.

Locating in Wytheville at the close of hostilities, Dr. Sayers practiced over an extensive area and became eminent in his profession. He was peculiarly gifted in the diagnosis of disease and remarkably successful in its treatment. He represented Wythe County in three Legislatures, was President of the First National Bank of Wytheville, and first High Priest of the Royal Arch Chapter of Masons of Wytheville. He was married in 1867 to Miss Lucy Spiller, who died in 1907. He is survived by two sons and one daughter—Mr. Robert Sayers, Dr. W. S. Sayers, and Mrs. Hal Raper. The declining years of his life were made serene and happy by the affectionate care of his family. He was blessed also with a wide circle of friends, to whom he was endeared by many acts of kindness, who will ever gratefully remember the noble and unselfish life of this beloved physician of Wytheville.

Mrs. Elizabeth G. Cassell.

Mrs. Elizabeth Graham Cassell, wife of M. B. Cassell, entered the life eternal on February 10, 1914, at her home, near Wytheville, Va. Mrs. Cassell was nearly sixty-three years old, a devoted wife, and the mother of five daughters and two sons. She was an active worker in Wythe Gray Chapter, U. D. C., and had been Chapter President and Historian. She was awarded the State prize in 1913 for the greatest amount of historical data collected, she having prepared the roll of honor blanks for every soldier enlisted in Wythe County for the Confederate Museum as far as could be ascertained and also having completed two volumes of historical sketches. She was a generous contributor to all Confederate causes and was deeply interested in marking the graves of Confederate soldiers. She was especially efficient as a member of the Relief Committee of the Virginia Division and was ever ready to aid needy veterans in distress.

Jack Bowles.

Comrade Jack Bowles, who answered the last roll call in April, 1913, was born in Meriwether County, Ga., in 1840; and enlisted in the Howard Infantry in March, 1862. This became Company F, of the 41st Regiment of Georgia Infantry, which was assigned to the Western Army and saw service on many hard-fought fields. Company F alone lost seven members at Perryville. In 1863 the 41st Regiment was sent to reenforce Pemberton in Vicksburg, where Bowles and his comrades endured the hardships and dangers of the siege and surrender. After the command was exchanged, it was sent to reënforce General Bragg at Chattanooga and continued as a part of the Western Army to the surrender. Jack Bowles as a valiant soldier participated in the battles from Dalton to Atlanta and the engagements around that city. He was also with his command in Hood's ill-starred campaign into Tennessee in November and December, 1864, taking part in the battles of Franklin and Nashville, and was one of the remnant that escaped capture. He went with his regiment to Eastern North Carolina to oppose Sherman, and was in the battle at Bentonville, surrendering at Greensboro on April 26, 1865. He was twice married and left a wife and several children.

Robert P. Henderson.

Robert P. Henderson was born in Blount County, Tenn., September 22, 1837; and enlisted as a Confederate soldier in June, 1861, in Colonel Cummings's regiment, the 19th Tennessee, under General Zollicoffer, and he remained in the service until the surrender. In 1881 he removed to Talladega, Ala., where he died on October 13, 1913. He was Adjutant of the Camp, U. C. V., at Talladega for a number of years, and he made a faithful officer. He was brave in war, loyal in civil life, and a devoted husband and father.

Capt. Winter Goodloe.

Capt. Winter Goodloe died at his home, in Austin, Tex., December 20, 1913. In 1861 he was first lieutenant in a Kentucky battery which saw little service. When that was disbanded he entered Capt. Hugh Love's company, 9th Mississippi Infantry, in which he was sergeant. He was elected first lieutenant of Capt. Wells Thompson's company, 36th Alabama Infantry, and then captain. He surrendered at Meridian, Miss. He was wounded in the foot at Perryville, Ky., through the shoulder at Chickamauga, and afterwards was shot through the cheek, which caused the loss of sight in his left eye.



CAPT. WINTER GOODLOE.

Comrade Goodloe was the eldest of four Confederate brothers. David, who died from wounds received at Gettysburg, was promoted to a captaincy before death; James L., now of Memphis, Tenn., was a member of Harvey's Scouts, Forrest's army, and was wounded several times; Richard, of the 9th Mississippi Infantry, died from a wound received at Murfreesboro. All entered the army from Madison County, Miss. Captain Goodloe was in his seventy-eighth year, and leaves two married sons and several grandsons.

A. P. Richards.

On January 9, 1914, there passed to the great beyond Amable Peltier Richards, who was born May 5, 1839, in Rouen, France. His mother and father both died while he was quite young, leaving three children. Amable lived with an uncle, but from childhood his desire to come to America grew, until he ran away and shipped on a vessel at Havre. He remained with this vessel about four years, going from place to place, until they reached America and anchored at New Orleans, La. He was then but seventeen years of age, with no friends and not able to speak one word of English. He found employment in New Orleans, where his language was spoken, and remained for several months, when he came in touch with a man who was destined to be a lifelong friend to him, Dempsey K. Gorman, of St. Helena Parish, La. Mr. Gorman took him to his home and cared for him as his own.

When the War between the States broke out, Amable Richards was among the first to enlist in the 4th Louisiana Regiment, Company F, of the St. Helena Rifles. He was wounded twice during the war. At Shiloh, April 5, 1862, he was shot through both thighs, and reported for duty in August, 1862. He was among the volunteers who, with their little boat, captured the United States gunboat Indianola below Vicksburg in 1863. He was wounded again near Atlanta August 5, 1864, a shell bursting and injuring his right leg, which gave him trouble the remainder of his life. In March, 1865, he was transferred to the 3d Louisiana Cavalry, but the end came before he saw any service with that command.

After the surrender he was among the leaders in driving out the carpetbaggers and reëstablishing white supremacy. In 1866 he was married to Margaret M. Arbuthnot, daughter of Rev. J. W. Arbuthnot, of St. Helena Parish. She died in 1901, but four sons and three daughters are left to mourn their loss. The last days were spent with his daughter, Mrs. Nettles, at Jena, La., where he made many friends.

Col. Erasmus I. Stirman.

The death of Col. Erasmus I. Stirman, of Denver, Colo., on January 4, 1914, removed from the now small Camp of Confederate Veterans of that city one of its oldest and most loyal members. He was born at Fayetteville, Ark., April 16, 1840. He enlisted in 1861 in a company of infantry called the "Pike Guards," commanded by Dr. Samuel Ball, which company, with nine others, was organized into the 3d Arkansas Infantry, commanded by Colonel Gratiot, and became part of the brigade of General Price. Their first engagement was at Oak Hill, August 10, 1861.

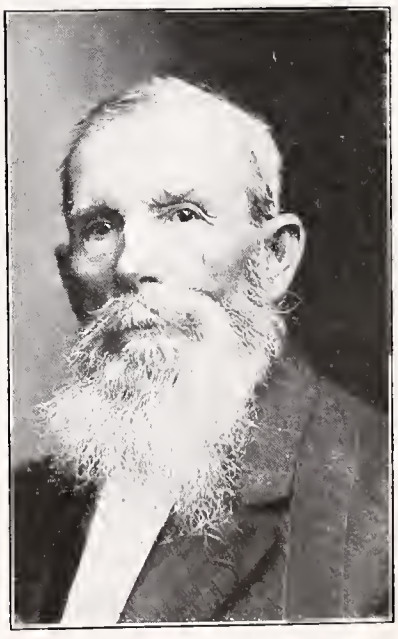
In the fall of 1861 Colonel Stirman, with William H. Brooks, organized a company of cavalry for Confederate service, Brooks becoming its captain and Stirman its second lieutenant. Soon thereafter this and four other cavalry companies were organized by Brooks into a battalion, of which he became major and Stirman captain of his company, designated as Company E. This battalion spent the winter of 1861-62 in winter quarters at Bellefonte, Boone County, Ark., and in March, 1862, took part in the battle of Elk Horn Tavern, where Generals Schofield and Sigel were driven into the brakes of Sugar Creek. General Herron was captured; also a battery of five guns and two regiments of German infantry were put to flight.

In May, 1862, Major Brooks resigned. The battalion had grown to eight companies and was entitled to two officers. Stirman was fifth in rank and in command of the battalion at the time, and he was commissioned lieutenant colonel, this being the first place. In June, 1862, General Bragg added two more companies and organized a regiment, which he called "Stirman's Regiment of Sharpshooters," and promoted Stirman to the rank of colonel. This organization took place at Tupelo, Miss. In September the army moved to Iuka Springs. The winter of 1862-63 was spent near Holly Springs, Miss., and Big Black River, twelve miles south of Vicksburg. At the latter place Colonel Stirman became ill and was granted a furlough. He reported in the early spring at Little Rock to General Holmes, and in April took part in attacking General Steele near Camden. At this battle four hundred and fifty Federals were killed, thirteen hundred and fifty captured, with twelve pieces of artillery, one hundred and twenty-five wagons with mules, and several hundred negroes. Colonel Stirman was wounded three times. During the fall of 1864 and the following winter he took part in General Price's celebrated raid into Southern Missouri.

At the time of General Lee's surrender Stirman's Regiment was camped at Arkadelphia, and upon orders from Kirby Smith he proceeded to Fort Smith and surrendered to General Bussey, commanding there, in the latter part of May, 1865. Colonel Stirman then returned to his old home, Fayetteville, and resumed the mercantile life for a few months; then he entered Kentucky University, graduating in law in February, 1869. He returned home and began the practice of law. About twenty years later he removed to Denver, Colo., where he became a prominent attorney and for some time served as an able judge. He is survived by his wife, formerly Miss Marion Gist, of Lexington, Ky., three daughters, and one son.

James Thomas Tucker.

James Thomas Tucker was born November 2, 1843; and died December 3, 1913. He enlisted in Company I, 45th Tennessee Infantry, in November, 1861, at the age of eighteen years, and served till the close of the war. He was neither wounded nor captured, notwithstanding he was in all the battles in which his regiment participated. He was a faithful soldier, never known to shirk a duty. He was a member of Jo Palmer Bivouac, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., and a member of Company B, Confederate Veterans, of Nashville, Tenn. At the age of fourteen years he united with the Missionary Church (Baptist), and lived a consistent Christian to the end.



J. T. TUCKER.

Comrade Tucker was born, lived, died, and was buried on the same farm near Smyrna, in Rutherford County, Tenn. In December, 1868, he was married to Miss Bettie Sanders, who survives him. They had no children of their own, but reared five orphans. He was a kind husband, a good Christian, a good neighbor, and a good citizen, loved and esteemed.

Henry H. Clift.

Henry H. Clift, of Tioga, Tex., died December 22, 1913. He served throughout the Civil War in the Confederate army as a member of Company A, 19th Arkansas, and fought in the battles of Corinth, Iuka, and Big Black. He was a prisoner for a time at Fort Delaware. He was born in Lincoln County, Tenn., in 1837, and moved to Arkansas in 1854. He is survived by five sons and two daughters. His only brother, Charles Clift, was killed in the battle of Lookout Mountain.

A. C. Jackson.

A. C. Jackson died on December 13, 1913, at his home, near Shannon, Miss. He was born September 28, 1841, near Rome, Ga., of an honored Georgia family. He moved to Alabama in 1859 and enlisted in the Confederate army in May, 1862, as a member of Company I, 43d Alabama Regiment. He served throughout the Virginia campaign and surrendered with Lee at Appomattox.

Comrade Jackson's record as a soldier and citizen was all that could be desired. He was for many years a beloved citizen and a zealous Christian, and his loss is keenly felt in this community. He leaves four sons and four daughters and a number of grandchildren.

William Moultrie Reid.

William M. Reid was born in Sumter County, S. C., January 4, 1842; and died at Mayesville, S. C., on the 22d of October, 1913, leaving a wife, three sons, and four daughters. He was the fourth son of Rev. William M. Reid, who was for forty years the pastor of Mt. Zion Presbyterian Church, in Sumter County. He enlisted on the 8th of April, 1861; and served with his three brothers throughout the whole war in Capt. Hugh R. Garden's battery of light artillery, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V. He was twice elected Commander of Lee County Camp, U. C. V., and he served for several years acceptably as magistrate of his judicial district.

C. F. Quick.

C. Franklin Quick, who died December 6, 1913, at his home, near Temple Hill, Ky., aged sexenty-six years, was a veteran of Company A, 4th Kentucky Regiment (Col. J. P. Nuckols). His many wounds attested his gallantry as a soldier. He was wounded at Shiloh, Stone's River, Dallas, Ga., and at Singleton's Farm just at the close of the war, after the brigade had been mounted.

Comrade Quick was a quiet, unassuming Christian gentleman. He leaves a wife and several children, some of whom live in the West.

Calvin Haggard.

On September 10 Calvin Haggard passed to the great beyond after a life well spent. He was born on December 23, 1834, at Talladega, Ala., went to Texas prior to the war, and upon its opening enlisted in Company H, 32d Texas Cavalry, with which he served until its close.

He was married to Miss Allie Chaney, and they, with seven children, lived in Seymour until about fifteen years ago, when they went to Purcell, Ind. T. (now Oklahoma), where he lived till his death.

Funeral services were conducted by his pastor, T. Edgar Neal, after which the Masons took charge. He had been a devoted member of the M. E. Church, South, since childhood, was a loyal Southerner, and a gentleman.

Deaths in Oklahoma Confederate Home.

Comrade S. E. Bullard was born in Warren County, Tenn., in May, 1833, and emigrated to Texas in 1853. He was married to Miss Sallie A. Quinn in 1857. On March 1, 1862, he enlisted in Company C, 1st Texas Cavalry, and served throughout the war. He was paroled in Shelby County, Tex., in May, 1865. He moved to Oklahoma in 1904, and was admitted into the Confederate Home August 18, 1911. He died October 18, 1913. His widow and an adopted daughter survive.

Comrade W. H. Smith was born in Virginia, and was sixty-nine years of age. He belonged to Company A, 52d Virginia Infantry. He was admitted into the Confederate Home July 12, 1911. He died November 23, 1913.

[Both were members of the John H. Morgan Camp, No. 107, at Ardmore, W. W. McElroy, Adjutant.]

Deaths at Couch, Mo.

J. J. Sitton, Adjutant of Woodville Camp, U. C. V., Couch, Mo., reports the following loss in membership during 1913:

James Cox, Company E, 27th Tennessee Infantry; died October 25.

G. W. Couch, Company G, Fristoe's Missouri Cavalry; died July 5.

B. H. James, Company D, 4th Missouri Infantry; died May 3.

A. J. Sanders, Company D, 4th Missouri Infantry; died in June.

William B. Rodgers.

When the first call was made for troops for the Confederate army, William B. Rodgers enlisted in the Washington Rifles (Company I, 9th Louisiana Regiment) and became one of the best and truest soldiers of the Confederacy. He was in all the hard-fought battles of Lee's army. He was in the Pennsylvania campaign and was captured at Gettysburg on July 2. He was then in prison for fourteen months at Fort Delaware and made his escape in August, 1864, with two companions, by swimming Delaware Bay in the night. After being a month in the enemy's lines, he succeeded in reaching General Early in September and did good service until furloughed in the trenches at Petersburg in February, 1865. He was cut off and not able to get back to his command. He was paroled in June, 1865, at Covington, La.

William Louis Constantine.

At his home, in Clearwater, Fla., on October 21, 1913, there passed into that infinite silence the soul of William Louis Constantine. He was born in Noxubee County, Miss., in January, 1836; and enlisted at Mobile, Ala., in 1862, joining the 24th Alabama Infantry, under command of Capt. Alphonse Hurtell. He withdrew from personal service the same year, but put a substitute in his place; and in 1864 he reënlisted, joining the 8th Alabama Cavalry, Capt. B. E. Rhodes in command. Not long before the surrender he was transferred to Captain Conan's battery. He was never wounded while in the service. His wife and several children survive him.

W. B. Ryburn.

An aged descendant of pioneer Scotch-Irish settlers of Southwest Virginia passed away in the death of William Beattie Ryburn at his home, near Glade Spring, Va., in September, 1913. He was born at the old Ryburn home in 1835 and was the son of Matthew and Martha Orr Ryburn. During the war he served well the cause of the Confederacy, enlisting in the first volunteer regiment which left Glade

Spring. He was taken prisoner and kept at Point Lookout eight months. He was the last survivor of six children, and is survived by his wife.

GEORGE W. BENTON.

George W. Benton, whose death occurred at Fort Smith, Ark., November 14, 1913, was born at Athens, Tenn., in 1843. His parents moved to Walker County, Ga., when he was but four years of age. Soon afterwards they went to Chattooga County, where he grew to manhood. He enlisted in Company B, 9th Georgia Infantry, in April, 1861, and served with Tige Anderson's Brigade, McLaws's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V., participating in most of the battles of his command and surrendering at Appomattox.

In 1880 Comrade Benton moved to a farm near Fayetteville, Ark., and was identified there with the Pat Cleburne Camp, U. C. V., of which he was Ensign. He was always proud of his flag. A worthy son and three daughters survive him. He had been a member of the M. E. Church, South, for thirty years.

W. M. LLOYD.

W. M. Lloyd, who died at Mount Vernon, Tex., on December 20, 1913, was born in Georgia on February 14, 1841. He entered the Confederate service at Wetumpka, Ala., in April, 1861, as a private in Company I, 3d Alabama Infantry, Battle's Brigade, and served to the close of the war. He was never paroled. He was wounded in the arm in the battle of Winchester, Va., and was again severely wounded in the body in the battle of Malvern Hill. He told of seeing seven color bearers fall in making this charge. His service was in the Virginia Department. He was in all the engagements of that department of service except while wounded, and was at Gettysburg also. He was a member of Ben McCulloch Camp, No. 300, U. C. V., at Mount Vernon, Tex., and the Camp of Veterans officiated at his burial.

NECROLOGIC REPORT OF KENTUCKIANS.

[Report of the committee composed of Bennett H. Young, A. E. Richards, and Thomas D. Osborne.]

ROLL OF THE DEAD, BEGINNING MARCH, 1910.

Col. Thomas W. Bullitt: Born in Oxmoor, Jefferson County, Ky., May 17, 1838; graduated from Center College in 1858 and the University of Pennsylvania in 1861; served with signal ability as lieutenant in Company C, 2d Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's command; after the war established a law firm in Louisville, Ky., and was a leader in every movement for the upbuilding of the country; died March 3, 1910, at Baltimore.

J. Q. Foster: Company C, 4th Kentucky; died March 4, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

E. J. Sanders: Company A, 4th Kentucky; died March 10, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

John H. Hancock: Mosby's Cavalry; born at Wytheville, Va., June 15, 1847; enlisted when a boy; came to Louisville just after the war and married Miss Elizabeth Burke Walker; was a successful business man; served with signal ability as City Treasurer, City Comptroller, and Assistant City Comptroller; was prominent in fraternal affairs; a Knight Templar, Supreme Guide of the Knights of Honor, a member of the Pathfinders and Royal Arcanum; died March 20, 1910, in Louisville.

Brig. Gen. William P. Roberts: Said to have been the youngest brigadier general in the Confederate army; died March 27, 1910, at Norfolk, Va., aged sixty-nine years.

Maj. John McKown: Served with distinction under Gen. Simon B. Buckner; died April 1, 1910, in Louisville.

R. C. Farris: Company E, 3d Kentucky Regiment; born October 9, 1838, in Lincoln County, Ky.; entered the army in July, 1862, and served to April, 1865; died April 13, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

W. A. Settle: Company E, 6th Kentucky Infantry; born in 1839 in Barren County, Ky.; entered the army in October, 1861, and served to April, 1865; died May 5, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

Thomas W. Heady: Company E, 1st Kentucky Cavalry; born August 1, 1834; entered the army in September, 1862, and served to April, 1865; died May 9, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

Dr. Tom G. Duncan: Company A, 6th Kentucky; died May 14, 1910, at Victoria, Tex.

Midshipman Page M. Baker: Served in the Washington Artillery, was later transferred to the Confederate navy, and after the war for twenty-one years editor of the New Orleans Times-Democrat; was born in Pensacola, Fla., in 1840; died May 28, 1910, in New Orleans, La.

Robert L. Thompson: Member of 9th Kentucky Cavalry; born May 22, 1846; died June 3, 1910.

Jack Lewis, 6th Kentucky: Only son of General Lewis; last commander of the Orphan Brigade; enlisted at the age of fourteen; died June 10, 1910, at Glasgow, Ky.

D. C. Hudson: 6th Kentucky Cavalry; born in 1833; entered the army in June, 1861; died June 16, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

R. P. Smith: Company C, 4th Kentucky Cavalry; born in 1843; entered the army in September, 1862, and served to 1865; died June 20, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

Dan S. Brown: 2d Kentucky Regiment; died June 27, 1910, at Salt Lake City.

James H. Powers: Company H, 5th Kentucky; died June 27, 1910, at Sharpsburg, Ky.

U. S. Senator Samuel Douglas McHenry: Died June 27, 1910, in Louisiana.

United States Senator John W. Daniels: Died June 29, 1910, in Virginia.

Sam P. Reed: Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry; born in October, 1827; entered the army in September, 1861; died in July, 1910, in Frankfort.

Rev. Dr. M. B. Chapman: Served as a boy preacher and chaplain in the Confederate army when only sixteen years old, and was for years pastor of the Walnut Street Methodist Church; died July 2, 1910, at St. Joseph, Mo.

John S. Bean: Company E, 1st Kentucky Cavalry; born February 14, 1838; entered the army May 1, 1861; died July 5, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

Len S. Miller: 9th Kentucky Infantry; born in Jeffersontown May 11, 1842; died July 19, 1910, in Louisville.

Sam Jamison: Company C, 1st Kentucky Cavalry; born December 7, 1841; entered the army in 1861 and served to 1865; died July 21, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

J. W. Leggett: 2d Kentucky Infantry; born March 1, 1843; entered the army in June, 1861; died August 3, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

J. H. Dimmitt: Company C, 5th Kentucky; died August 7, 1910, at Cynthiana.

S. W. Rowan: 9th Kentucky Infantry; died August 9, 1910, at Livermore, Ky.

John Gavin: Company I, 6th Kentucky Infantry; born in

1836; entered the army in October, 1861, and served to 1865; died August 10, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

John W. Owen: Company I, 4th Kentucky Infantry, Orphan Brigade, a gallant soldier and an upright citizen; died January 16, 1911, in Louisville.

R. Calvert: Morgan's command; died January 17, 1911, at Fox's Creek, Ky., aged seventy-three years.

Col. Henry Hickman: Orphan Brigade; a veteran of the Mexican War and Confederate war; was President of the Farmers and Merchants' Bank and one of the most prominent business men in Western Kentucky; died January 23, 1911, at Hickman, Ky., aged eighty-seven years.

J. H. Brothers: Company C, 2d Kentucky Cavalry; born June 17, 1828; entered the army September 18, 1862, and served to April, 1865; died January 23, 1911, at the Confederate Home.

S. B. Sales: Company G, 4th Kentucky Cavalry; born in 1845; entered the army in 1861; died January 25, 1911, at the Confederate Home.

Richard H. Venable: Died January 26, 1911, in Louisville, aged sixty-nine years.

R. M. Jones: Company H, 2d Kentucky Infantry; born February 20, 1841; entered the army in July, 1861, and served to the close of the war; died January 28, 1911, at the Confederate Home.

Maj. John P. Austin: 9th Kentucky Cavalry; born December 27, 1829, at Norwich, Conn.; served in the Texas Rangers' war with Mexico and in the Confederate war; was captain of the Galveston Light Artillery and elected major of the 9th Kentucky Cavalry in 1862 and served with great gallantry; after the war moved to Georgia and died at Lagrange, Ga., February 10, 1911, aged ninety-one years.

Capt. John Thomas Gaines: Company K, 5th Kentucky Infantry, Orphan Brigade; distinguished as a soldier and author and educator; died February 18, 1911, at his home, in Louisville, aged sixty-nine years.

Maj. James F. Callaway: Member of the staff of Gen. Jubal A. Early; died February 18, 1911, in Louisville.

Alfred Borie: Private Company E, 10th Kentucky Cavalry; a native of Jefferson County, Ky.; served with distinction under Gen. John H. Morgan; died February 22, 1911, at Lyndon, Ky., aged sixty-five years.

Brig. Gen. William L. Cabell: Died February 23, 1911.

Thomas Graeme: For many years a resident of Kentucky; died February 28, 1911, at Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

E. L. Hernden: Company I, 4th Tennessee Cavalry; born January 9, 1843; entered the army in 1861 and served to the close of the war; died March 4, 1911, at the Confederate Home.

Maj. Joseph Edward Caldwell: On the staff of Gen. Kirby Smith; born June 2, 1833, at Charleston, W. Va.; removed to Louisville after the war; a leading business man and devoted churchman; his son, Rev. Calvin N. Caldwell, went as a missionary to China; died March 6, 1911, in Louisville.

Capt. George B. Lake: Born February 9, 1841, at Edgefield, S. C.; served through the war in the Edgefield Rifles; for many years lived in Lexington, Ky.; his son, Rev. John Lake, went as a missionary to Canton, China; died March 10, 1911, at Lexington, Ky.

Enoch Brabson: 1st Kentucky Infantry; born in 1837; entered the army in 1861 and served throughout the war; died March 10, 1911, at the Confederate Home.

Theo. W. Jones: Morgan's command: died March 12, 1911, at Lexington, Ky.

Maj. Isaac Shelby: Grandson of the first Governor of Kentucky; died March 15, 1911, near Stanford, Ky., aged eighty-five years.

Charles Dodson: Under Gen. Humphrey Marshall; died March 16, 1911, at Maysville, Ky., aged seventy years.

Allen G. Hunt: in Col. Howard Smith's regiment, Morgan's command; died March 17, 1911, at Dallas, Tex., aged seventy-one years.

J. M. Landers: Died March 18, 1911, at Finchville, Ky.

George L. Newkirk, born October 23, 1834; entered the army in 1861 and served to the close of the war; died March 21, 1911, at the Confederate Home.

Capt. J. J. Williams: Died March 21, 1911, at Owensboro, Ky., aged eighty years.

John Mutter: Claimed to be the youngest boy soldier; died March 22, 1911, at Glasgow, Ky., aged sixty years.

James W. Andrews: Company M, 2d Kentucky Cavalry; born in April, 1831; entered the army in August, 1862, and served to July, 1863; died March 22, 1911, at the Confederate Home.

Col. W. H. Foster, of Richmond, Ky.; died March 27, 1911, at West Point, Ark.

Joe H. Arnold: Died March 29, 1911, at Lancaster, Ky.

Rev. Albert Higgason: Of the staff of General Lee and Stonewall Jackson; died March 29, 1911, at Independence, Mo.

J. C. Wilcox: Company E, 2d Kentucky Cavalry, from 1862 to 1865; died April 4, 1911, at the Confederate Home, aged seventy-four years.

John Salter: Died at Crab Orchard, Ky., April 5, 1911, aged seventy years.

Col. Alexander Savage: Commanded the 13th Cavalry; died April 6, 1911, at Norfolk, Va., aged seventy-nine years.

James E. Handley: Company K, 4th Kentucky Infantry; entered the army in July, 1861, and served to the close of the war; died April 7, 1911, at the Confederate Home, aged eighty years.

J. C. Van Hook: Company C, 6th Kentucky Regiment; born in Pulaski County in 1831; entered the army September 12, 1862, and served until June 17, 1865; died April 13, 1911, at the Confederate Home, aged eighty years.

Deaths of members who served in 1st Kentucky Cavalry: A. R. Carothers, Jeff Rogers (Company D), Morris Stallings (Company D), William Gray (Company D), Sidney Lowe, Josephus Morris.

G. D. Grainger: 6th Kentucky Infantry; died August 10, 1910, at Gallatin, Tenn.

Judge Micah Chrisman Saufley: First lieutenant under Morgan's command; after the war County Judge in Lincoln County; Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Wyoming, and later Circuit Judge in Kentucky; died August 12, 1910, at Stanford, Ky.

W. H. Hyatt: Company B, 4th Kentucky Infantry; born May 20, 1833; entered the army May 1, 1861, and served to 1865; died August 14, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

Paul Eaden: Company C, 3d Kentucky Mounted Infantry; born in 1840; entered the army in May, 1864, and served to April, 1865; died August 15, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

Milton F. Ragland: Company A, 11th Kentucky Cavalry; born in 1846; entered the army in October, 1862, and served to 1865; died August 20, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

Dr. Albert Welborn Calhoun: One of the famous surgeons of the Confederacy; born April 16, 1845, at Newnan, Ga.; died August 21, 1910, at Atlanta, Ga.

J. H. Mocabee: Company F, 4th Tennessee Cavalry; born

in November, 1840; entered the army April 10, 1861; died August 23, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

Senator Wilkinson Call: A native of Russellville, Ky.; died August 24, 1910, at Washington, D. C., aged seventy-six years.

John McCreary: Company I, 6th Kentucky; died in September, 1910.

John P. Thomas: In Morgan's command; died September 9, 1910, in Louisville.

Joseph Lambden: Born January 7, 1828; entered the army in September, 1863; died September 10, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

J. H. Kuttner: Famous as the winner of the $30,000 ticket in Louisiana lottery; died September 15, 1910, at Lexington, Ky.

Elias Shuck: Company K, 4th Kentucky Cavalry; born in August, 1829; entered the army in October, 1864; died October 3, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

Jack Applegate: Company B, 9th Kentucky; died October 5, 1910, in Louisville.

Col. W. Boone Major: A veteran of the Mexican and Confederate wars; was in the regiment that fired the first gun at Buena Vista; died October 8, 1910, at St. Joseph, Mo.

William Buchanan: Company E, 4th Kentucky Cavalry; died October 11, 1910, at St. Joseph's Infirmary, Louisville, aged eighty-three years.

Maj. R. C. Davis: Served with great gallantry during the war as a private in McNeil's Rangers; went to Louisville when peace was declared; opened a law office and took a leading position in the legal fraternity; was also prominent in political affairs, serving as a member of the City Council and the School Board; died October 11, 1910, in Louisville.

Gen. W. H. King: Died at Sulphur Springs, Tex., October 13, 1910, aged seventy-one years.

Benjamin Hockersmith: In Morgan's command; died October 21, 1910, at Georgetown, Ky., aged seventy-seven years.

John Dadisman, in Morgan's command; died October 21, 1910, at Lawrenceburg, Ky., aged seventy-three years.

George S. Thomas: Died October 25, 1910, at Morgantown, Ky., aged seventy-four years.

Col. Allen D. Candler: Twice Governor of Georgia; died October 26, 1910, at Atlanta, Ga.

James L. Stringer: Company A, 33d Tennessee Infantry; born October 20, 1839; entered the army in July, 1861; died October 27, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

Col. James Howard: Brother of Mrs. Charlton H. Morgan; died November 1, 1910, at Baltimore, Md., aged seventy-eight.

A. M. Moseley: Orphan Brigade; died November 2, 1910, at Adairville, Ky., aged seventy-eight years.

George C. Cottrell: Company A, 24th Virignia Infantry; born January 12, 1845; entered the army in October, 1862, and served through the war; died November 9, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

Thomas W. Brown: Company G, 9th Kentucky Infantry; born in 1839; entered the army in October, 1861, and served to the close of the war; died November 10, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

Thomas W. Hopper: Company A, 8th Kentucky Cavalry; born February 22, 1832; entered the army August 20, 1862, and served to the close of the war; died November 14, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

Elbert Smith: Company H, 5th Virginia Infantry; born June 6, 1837; entered the army in 1861, and served to the close of the war; died November 19, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

Capt. Barton W. Jenkins: Of Morgan's command; born near Versailles, Ky., January 5, 1832; after the war was prominent in business and political life in Louisville; died November 20, 1910, in Louisville; buried near Eminence, Ky.

W. E. Malone: Company B, 8th Kentucky; born in 1846; died November 21, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

J. D. Faulkner: Company A, 1st Kentucky Cavalry; born February 12, 1834; entered the army in June, 1861; died November 22, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

Louis P. Starry: Last of those who took part in executing John Brown; died November 22, 1910, at Charleston, W. Va.

W. Luke Chenault: Orphan Brigade; died November 24, 1910, at Glasgow, Ky., aged seventy-two years.

D. B. Baker: Company B, 5th Kentucky Infantry; born in May, 1845; entered the army in August, 1862; died December 4, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

W. F. Scott: Company F, 4th Kentucky Cavalry; born June 20, 1837; entered the army in September, 1862; died December 10, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

William Price: Morgan's command; died December 15, 1910, at Bramblett, Ky.

Francis Marion Boyd: 3d Kentucky Infantry; a retired grocer; died December 15, 1910, at Paducah, Ky., aged sixty-eight years.

John Gavin: Company C, 1st Tennessee Artillery; entered the army June 9, 1861, and served throughout the war; died December 16, 1910, at the Confederate Home.

John Hancock Robinson: Born in Louisville in 1847; died December 26, 1910, at Washington, D. C.

J. Herman Buddeke: Died December 27, 1910, in Louisville.

Wilson Baird, Orphan Brigade; died December 28, 1910, at Franklin, Ky.

Deaths in 1911 Previous to Report.

A. I. Bailey: Born June 15, 1840, in Logan County, Ky.; died January 1, 1911, near Russellville, Ky.

John W. Robey: Died January 5, 1911, at Utica, Ky., aged seventy years.

Thomas Toll: Morgan's command; died January 6, 1911, at Lawrenceburg, Ky., aged seventy-three years.

Judge George P. Rainey: For many years Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Florida; died January 8, 1911, at Tallahassee, aged sixty-five years.

Some Devoted Kentucky Women.

Mrs. Lucy Gray, widow of James M. Gray, quartermaster of the Confederate army: Died November 16, 1910, near Anchorage, Ky.

Mrs. Bettie Maney, widow of Brig. Gen. George Maney: died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. S. S. Waters, Louisville, Ky., November 28, 1910.

Mrs. William Johnston, widow of William Johnston, brother of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston: Died December 8, 1910, at Hickman, Ky., aged eighty years.

Mrs. Jane Patrick Sutherlin, widow of Maj. W. D. Sutherlin: Hostess of President Jefferson Davis and his cabinet, in whose parlor President Davis held his last cabinet meeting and signed the last document of the Confederacy before the surrender of Lee; died January 13, 1911, at Danville, Va.

Mrs. Clara Randall Davis, cousin of Jefferson Davis and sister-in-law of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, owner of the New York World: Died March 8, 1911, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Pulitzer, in New York City.

Mrs. Margaret Gormley, daughter of Col. Thomas Buford: Died April 9, 1911, at Crab Orchard, Ky., aged eighty-three.

STONEWALL BRIGADE AT SECOND MANASSAS.

BY E. E. STICKLEY, WOODSTOCK, VA.

On the morning of the eventful 30th of August, 1862, which happened to be my twenty-third birthday, the sun rose in all his glory over the eastern hills, giving indication of a clear and fine day for battle. General Jackson's corps, of which the Stonewall Brigade was a part, was formed and lay in battle line all the night previous at the edge and partly under cover of the woods just west of and a short distance from the now famous railroad cut, or old railroad bed, ready for action at a moment's notice.

Early in the morning General Jackson and his staff came to our line, and all for a time engaged in watching the Federals in their movements, seemingly preparing for a great conflict. We saw them massing in a woodland east of us, but keeping pretty well hidden and moving many of their troops directly south, looking to our right. The Stonewall Brigade held the right of our line, with the other brigades of Jackson's army on our left.

After a conference with Colonel Baylor, who was then in command of our brigade, I heard General Jackson say: "Well, Baylor, it looks as if there will be no fight to-day; but keep your men in line and ready for action." Then he and his staff went back to the rear.

It was now getting toward noon. Our line was rather thin, but the men were pretty well rested from the severe engagement of the day before, when we had fought a part of the Federal army. During this time it was like the calm before the storm. Then all at once, as a surprise to the whole army, the fighting began in the infantry line on our left. We took it up, and the thunderous roll and the terror of musketry rent the heavens, for the firing had become general.

The Federals came up in front of us suddenly as men rising up out of the ground, showing themselves at the old railroad line opposite our line in double battle phalanx and coming forward in slow time, pouring their shot into our ranks in unmerciful volume. The powerful lines were too strong for our sparse battle line along the edge of the woods, but we held them at bay and compelled them to halt for a time. In our front the enemy numbered about five to one of us as the lines confronted each other.

About this time our commander, Colonel Baylor, seeing that our line was about to falter, one of our color bearers having been shot down, ran and took up the flag. Waving it, the gallant Baylor dashed forward ahead of the brigade, shouting to the men: "Boys, follow me!" It was a splendid sight. We did follow him, shouting and firing, out into the field, only to see the brave man shot down, wrapped in the flag he carried, pierced by many bullets and dead. Then it was that our brigade fell back into the woods about one hundred yards.

Colonel Grigsby, the bravest of the brave, the next ranking colonel, took command; and then with him, after remounting my horse (all of us had dismounted during the opening of the battle), we rode back. He soon rallied the brigade and brought them back to the edge of the woods in the line, and there they stood like giants, fighting like demons and holding the line unto the end against the odds opposed.

Colonel Grigsby called me to him and said: "Stickley, go back to General Jackson and with my compliments tell him of the death of Colonel Baylor and that I am in command, that our line is so small and weak in numbers that we cannot hold our position much longer against the heavy lines against us, and that we must have reënforcements."

I turned my horse, a splendid gray loaned me by Colonel Baylor for the day in place of mine, and dashed back through the woods into a field, where I found Jackson and his staff. I rode up to him and delivered the message as to Baylor's death and Grigsby's appeal for reënforcements. General Jackson inquired: "What brigade, sir?" I replied: "The Stonewall Brigade." At once he said: "Go back, give my compliments to them, and tell the Stonewall Brigade to maintain her reputation." He saluted and beckoned me to depart with the message, and I started, full of the splendid compliment I was carrying to the old brigade, when he called me back again and said: "Go tell Grigsby to hold his position at all hazards for a short time, and I will send Pender's Brigade to his assistance in ten minutes." And he did.

I dashed back in all haste to the battle line, so full of what I had in my mind that I began to give the beautiful compliment sent by Jackson to the brigade before I could get to Colonel Grigsby. The boys were bravely holding the line and fighting like tigers. I then found Colonel Grigsby and delivered the message, which he repeated to the gallant troops. Then followed cheer after cheer, with the Rebel yell, which began right then and there to have its effect upon the men, and great was the enthusiasm. Pender's Brigade came into our lines in good time, and then, to the glory and honor of the brave boys of the South, the battle royal was on in full and desperate vigor.

Just about this time we beheld the most beautiful and welcome sight that had as yet ever come before us. Longstreet's Corps had been kept behind and south of Thoroughfare Gap for two days, and for some cause could not come to our aid in the engagements of the two days before this. But it now appeared that he had gotten through the gap. We looked across the plain a mile or more on our right, on the south, and beheld the splendid battle line in all its glory formed by Longstreet's army and now engaging in the battle. The picture was one of great splendor. Their line formed almost a right angle to our line, and as they advanced and we pressed forward, the angle was reduced and the Confederates gained strength and position.

The spectacle was magnificent. Each color bearer of Longstreet's army moved his banner so many paces forward and planted it, and then the battle line marched up to it, fighting like demons, gaining at every movement. This was observed by our whole line, and then very soon the climax was neared. The command from Jackson was taken up and repeated by his generals, colonels, and captains all along the line: "Forward! Charge! Double-quick! March."

Then pandemonium broke loose. The armies of Jackson and Longstreet dashed forward in the charge with yells and shouts, shooting as they ran, and the very heavens were rent with the shouts of the gallant boys in gray. The Federals gave way in both fronts, were routed and discomfited, and we pursued them for many miles, firing as long as it was necessary to make the victory complete. The victory was won—a stupendous victory. It gladdened the hearts of the Confederates and the whole South. The pursuing and shouting continued until nightfall, when we had driven them about five miles.

The loss was heavy on both sides. Returning after night to where the body of Colonel Baylor lay, in crossing the field in front of us between the woods and the old railroad bed my horse could scarcely take a step without tramping on the dead body of a soldier, either Confederate or Federal. After the battle we began to count the cost. Many of our poor boys

were killed or wounded. We took charge of Colonel Baylor's body, and I rode that night to Aldie and back, about forty miles, for a casket and hearse, brought the body to the train, and shipped it to Staunton, Va.

This was my birthday, and I expected to be killed then to make the years even. I had many close calls in that battle. My canteen was shot off the saddle in front of my knees, my bridle rein was shot through about three inches from my holding hand, my hat was pierced with bullets, my blankets, which were tied behind me on the horse, were riddled, and not a hair of my horse or myself was touched.

We had a severe fight on the 29th, the day before, while waiting for Longstreet to come up, when only a portion of the enemy was engaged; and a fight also on the 28th, but not extensive. It appeared that Longstreet could not get through the Gap on account of its being held by Federal troops in strong position. We learned that on the 29th he flanked the Gap around the hills, and in that way got out without fighting them, came on to our aid, and helped us win and rejoice in the great victory.

At this time I was connected with the staff of the Stonewall Brigade, and so continued until I lost my right arm, at Sharpsburg, Md., September 17, 1862.

WHY MISSIONARY RIDGE WAS LOST BY THE CONFEDERATES.

BY REV. GEORGE E. BREWER, NOTASULGA, ALA.

That the Confederates were driven from Missionary Ridge on November 25, 1863, has made many think the troops engaged in that battle did not maintain the usual soldierly qualities of the boys in gray. Expressions almost of contempt are sometimes made by prominent Confederates because the Army of Tennessee was driven from its position there. Any one who has been to Chattanooga and looked at the steep sides of that ridge over which the enemy climbed in driving off Bragg's forces cannot but wonder how brave soldiers could be driven from a position so strong.

General Bragg's and General Bate's report in the "War Records" speak sneeringly of the soldiers' conduct along the line where it was broken. Due praise is given the right wing, under General Hardee, and deservedly so, for it not only maintained its position intact but severely punished the attacking forces, inflicting heavy losses, notwithstanding the persistence and bravery of the assailants. I was on this part of the line and in command of the pickets of Pettus's Brigade; so I do not write for self-vindication, for my skirmishers were not even driven in on the main line, though assailed by double lines of battle preceded by a good line of skirmishers.

I write simply that justice may be done to men not charged with cowardice except in this instance. For vindication of the statements I shall make, the reader is referred to the published "History of the 10th South Carolina Regiment," by Col. Irvine Walker, and to General Bate's report in the "War Records." I have talked with men and officers on that part of the line, and they all say the following facts show the real condition. What led to the disaster was the unmilitary and injudicious formation along that part of the line where the break was made.

General Bate was in command of Hindman's Division, to the left of Bragg's headquarters, that day. He had a light skirmish line with the artillery on the crest of Missionary Ridge, while the main body of his men were in the trenches at the foot of the west side of the ridge, the side of attack. Those at the foot were ordered to hold their fire until the enemy were near, then pour in a heavy volley and fall back to the top of the ridge, reform, and hold the line. On a part of this line at the top a vacant place, without even skirmishers, was left for Reynolds's Brigade when he should drop back. The order for holding fire—pouring the volley into the enemy—then abandoning the trenches for the crest, was all carried out. Climbing the steep sides of that rough ridge, from seven to eight hundred yards high, with an angle of more than forty-five degrees, was no holiday job. It took all the strength of a man slowly to pull up, step by step, with breathing pauses on the way. There was no time for anything but climbing. Reports of Federal officers on this part of the line show that they thought the Confederates were driven from their works and in flight; so that without, and contrary to, orders men and officers of the enemy rushed on in pursuit. Having only a short distance between them and the deserted trenches and the ground level, inspired by the supposed rout, in the chase they were soon close to the heels of the Confederates, and both were climbing the heights almost together. The thin line on the ridge could not fire on the advancing foe without also firing on their retiring comrades. When the top was finally reached, both officers and men say they fell to the ground from sheer exhaustion and had no strength or breath for formation.

The space left open for Reynolds was soon filled by the Federals, who, having no interference, were soon well enough formed to turn upon the Confederate flank and opened upon it with Det's Battery, which they captured, having no infantry support.

Every one familiar with movements on a battle field knows the demoralizing effect when each man had struggled by himself over almost insurmountable difficulties, closely pursued by a triumphant foe, without organization or officers to direct. Strength and courage are both near zero; while the pursuers, flushed with victory and close upon the prey, have strength and courage near the point of zenith.

Had those Confederates been cool in thought or feeling, they ought to have made a better showing; but if the extenuating conditions are considered, they are not subject to the censure that has been laid upon them.

General Bate, after the sharp censure in his report, is manly enough to admit, though in a half-hearted way instead of in a frank and manly way, that the line being left at the base of the ridge might have had something to do with the disaster. It had nearly all to do with it.

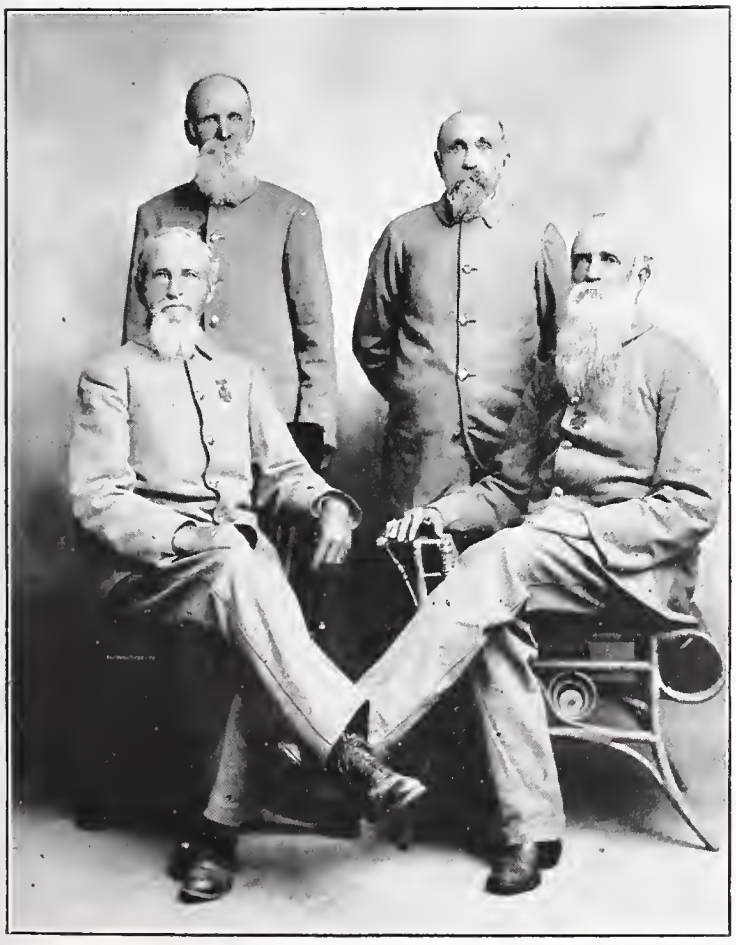
THE MISSING SON OR BROTHER.—Referring to the inquiries by mothers and sisters for lost sons and brothers who never returned from the war, W. H. Kearney, of Trezevant, Tenn., gives the name of a messmate who was killed by his side while lying in a field of wheat in line of battle near Adairsville, Ga. "J. H. McAuley was his name," says Mr. Kearney, "and I think he came from Henderson County, Tenn., to Jackson, Tenn., and joined Company L, of the 6th Tennessee Regiment. He came to us in March, 1862, and we were sworn into service on the 9th of that month, then taken to Corinth, Miss., and there attached to the 6th Tennessee Regiment. We were under Col. George C. Porter, a good man and a brave soldier. I was a member of Company L, of the 6th Tennessee Regiment."

FOUR CONFEDERATE BROTHERS.

The Ogburn brothers, of North Carolina, were faithful soldiers of the Confederacy and still survive those days of hardships and suffering. They are prominent citizens of Winston-Salem, N. C., and this picture represents them as a remarkably well preserved group of veterans, their ages running from seventy to seventy-six years.

Three of these brothers—C. J., J. W., and S. A. Ogburn—served in Company D, 57th North Carolina Infantry. M. H. Ogburn, after almost twelve months in the home guards, went into the 1st North Carolina Cavalry, Company G, Barringer's Brigade, but he and others of the command had to return home and mount themselves. They then rejoined the command at Richmond, Va., and took part in the fighting about that city and Petersburg. He writes that their greatest experience was when they went to City Point and helped Gen. Wade Hampton to capture the 2,600 fat beef cattle, a pleasing undertaking to a set of hungry soldiers. His horse was shot from under him, but he was not wounded and stayed until the surrender. He is now turning his seventy-sixth milestone.

The three brothers serving in the 57th North Carolina Infantry had varied experiences. J. W. Ogburn was at Chancellorsville and saw Jackson pass along the line just about two hours before he was mortally wounded. Ogburn also took part in the battles of Brandy Station (where he was captured), Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, Harper's Ferry, Petersburg (where he was again captured), and many other engagements. He was in prison at Point Lookout, Md., for six months after the first capture, and when captured at Petersburg he stayed in prison until after the surrender, returning to his home on the 29th of June, 1865.



THE OGBURN BROTHERS.

Standing: J. W. Ogburn (70); C. J. Ogburn (72). Sitting: M. H. Ogburn (76); S. A. Ogburn (74).

S. A. Ogburn took part in the first charge at Fredericksburg, receiving three severe wounds, which kept him in the hospital for four months, and it was nine months more before he could return to his command. Even then he was not fit for field service; so he was appointed as quartermaster and commissary for the regiment, and as such served until the surrender at Appomattox. His last service was to issue the Federal rations to his regiment. He then bade the boys good-by and started on his long walk of two hundred and seventy-five miles to his home, in North Carolina.

C. J. Ogburn volunteered in June, 1862, and had some experience in guarding prisoners before joining the 57th Regiment at Petersburg. After getting to Richmond he contracted measles and was sent home on a ninety days' furlough. He rejoined his command at Fredericksburg and took part in the battle of Chancellorsville, where he lost his right foot. After going back to the regiment he was assigned to Quartermaster E. A. Vogler at Salem, N. C., for the remainder of the war.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT ROCKVILLE, MD.

The monument to the Confederate soldiers of Montgomery County, Md., unveiled at the county seat, Rockville, on June 3, 1913, was first brought to public attention by R. P. Hays, who had been a member of Col. E. V. White's battalion, 35th Virginia Cavalry, at a memorial service held at Monocacy Cemetery in 1906, though he had been speaking of it for several years previously. He brought this before the Ridgely Brown Camp, U. C. V., and in 1911 the movement was properly inaugurated. Comrade Hays was made chairman of the committee, and through his efforts two Chapters, U. D. C., the Ridgely Brown and E. V. White Chapters, were organized to assist the Camp in collecting funds. Mr. Hays was deeply interested in the work and was desirous of seeing it completed before his death; but it was willed otherwise, and he answered the last roll call in April, 1912.

The Ridgely Brown Camp was represented at the unveiling by the veterans composing its membership, and the surviving members of Col. E. V. White's command were also in attendance, many coming from a distance to honor their dead comrades. Addresses were made by Congressman Heflin, of Alabama, and Senator Clark, of Florida, who praised the gallantry and endurance of our soldiers in their devotion to a cause that was never lost. Judge Edward Peter, speaking as a representative of the county, remembered those who had added luster to the pages of Maryland history and spoke of the gallant services of Col. Gustavus Dorsey, Capt. Thomas Griffith, Frank A. Bond, and others equally as noble.

The monument is of granite, surmounted by a figure in bronze of a young cavalryman.

The immense crowd present represented Washington, Baltimore, Frederick, Hagerstown, and other points of the State.

The Ridgely Brown Chapter, ably assisted by the E. V. White Chapter, did a great work in helping to secure the funds for the erection of this monument, each working to honor the memory of a noble soldiery.

L. A. Fitzpatrick, Sr., of Helena, Ark., offers to send the VETERAN complimentary to any surviving member of Featherston's Brigade who is not already a subscriber. Write to him.

REMINGTON AND SPRING HILL.

Mr. Remington wrote that the VETERAN did not seem disposed to treat him fairly; but when given the privilege of making further statement before the controversy was closed, he was not inclined to do so. A letter from him referring to misstatements in Judge Young's article brought the following from Judge Young, which he did not send for publication, but simply to give the authorities for his statements. Judge Young writes:

"I think the man is the victim of an illusion. I have known men who pondered over military controversies growing out of the Civil War and talked about them until they became impressed with the idea that what they had told to so many people had actually occurred. Remington has been a careful student of much of the literature which has grown out of this controversy about Spring Hill, and weakens his case greatly by adopting statements made by former Confederate officers as his own personal observation. And further than this, he gives in several instances almost the identical language used by these officers in repeating the statements of men made on the field at Spring Hill and actually claims to have heard these statements himself. This is notably true of a statement he copied from General Cheatham's narrative, published many years ago (Courier-Journal of Louisville, December 4, 1881), in what he claims to have heard Gen. Edward Johnson say near midnight of December 29 while riding out with a staff officer to inspect the pike south of Spring Hill by order of General Cheatham, and in what the conditions were when they reached the pike. There are numbers of things in his narrative which I could disprove by the record if it were necessary, but I think enough has been said to thoroughly discredit Mr. Remington.

"But inasmuch as Remington has claimed that he is not being treated fairly by the VETERAN, and that my statements are inaccurate, I will give authorities for these statements, in addition to what I saw myself, as refuting his narrative about the first meeting with Hood and the delivery of Forrest's order to him. This was omitted from my article in the VETERAN because of the space that would be required.

"General Forrest in his report of January 24, 1865 ('War Record,' Serial No. 93, page 753), says: 'After waiting a short time for my troops to close up, I moved rapidly toward Spring Hill with my entire command. Two miles from town the enemy's pickets were encountered and heavy skirmishing ensued. I ordered General Armstrong to form his brigade in line of battle. I also ordered a portion of the Kentucky brigade and the 14th Tennessee Regiment, under Colonel White, to form, which being done, I ordered a charge upon the enemy; but he was so strongly posted upon the crest of a hill that my troops were compelled to fall back. I then dismounted my entire command and moved upon the enemy. With a few men I moved to the left on a high hill, where I discovered the enemy hurriedly moving his wagon train up the Franklin Pike. I ordered my command to push the enemy's right flank with all possible vigor. At the same time I ordered Brigadier General Buford to send me a regiment mounted. He sent the 21st Tennessee, Colonel Wilson commanding, which I ordered to charge upon the enemy. Colonel Wilson at the head of this splendid regiment made a gallant charge through an open field. He received three wounds, but refused to leave his command. About this time I received orders from General Hood to hold my position at all hazards, as the advance of his infantry column was only two miles distant and rapidly advancing. I ordered up my command, already dismounted. Colonel Bell's brigade was the first to reach me, when I immediately ordered it to the attack. Major General Cleburne's division soon arrived, and after some delay it was formed in line of battle and moved upon the enemy on my left. Colonel Bell reported that he had only four rounds of ammunition to the man when I ordered him to charge the enemy. This order was executed with a promptness and energy and gallantry which I have never seen excelled. The enemy was driven from his rifle pits and fled toward Spring Hill.'

"And yet Mr. Remington, in face of the fact that Forrest was there by the tollgate, fighting from the early afternoon Colonel Bradley's skirmishers, and that he had orders from Hood to hold his position at all hazards until Hood reached there with Cleburne's Division, which he did in a short time, claims to have ridden down this road, where Forrest's whole command was in line of battle and part of it engaged, and deceived Hood by telling him that Forrest had sent him word that he had gone to Spring Hill with his whole command, leaving only one regiment to annoy the enemy. This report of Forrest settles Mr. Remington's claim as to Forrest's order.

"General Chalmers on page 763 of the same 'War Record' says: 'Here (Hurt's Crossroads) we were joined by General Buford and Jackson's Division of Cavalry, and after driving the enemy's cavalry for some distance in the direction of Franklin we turned toward Spring Hill, where we met the head of the enemy's infantry column about 11 A.M. and held it in check until about 4 P.M., when Cleburne's Division of Cheatham's Corps came to our assistance. The cavalry alone had driven the advance line of the enemy for more than a mile across open fields and, with the assistance of Cleburne's Division, which formed on our left, drove them from some temporary breastworks which had been erected about two miles from Spring Hill on the Davis Ferry road.'

"And now, turning to the Federal reports, we find Gen. L. P. Bradley, commanding the rear Federal brigade, reported on page 268 of the same 'War Record' as follows: 'I then moved on again and reached Spring Hill about 2 P.M. and went into position on the east side of the village, fronting east, and immediately threw out the 64th Ohio Infantry as skirmishers. * * * I then received orders from General Wagner to advance my skirmishers. I immediately sent orders to have them advanced. They had not advanced more than three hundred yards when they became engaged with the enemy's skirmishers; but we drove them steadily before us for about three-fourths of a mile, when I sent orders to Lieutenant Colonel Brown to halt, as he was getting too far advanced. In the meantime I got the men to carry rails with which to form some shelter in case we were attacked by a superior force. The men were busily engaged in the work when my skirmish line was attacked by superior numbers and driven back within three hundred yards of my line of battle. * * * The 64th Ohio Infantry had by this time got entirely without ammunition; and as they were being steadily pressed back, I ordered them in. * * * As soon as the regiment had got into position, as directed, a heavy column of infantry was seen approaching my line, threatening my front and right flank.'

"These excerpts show conclusively, as I stated before, that all of Forrest's Cavalry, except part of Jackson's Division, was engaged from noon or shortly after along the road over and in the woods through which Remington claimed that he rode on his way to find Hood; that Hood was in constant com-

munication with Forrest; and that when Remington claims to have met Hood one or two miles south of Spring Hill, or of his regimental position, this battle or skirmish had been proceeding furiously for hours, and Hood, at two miles south of the 73d Illinois position, was in company with Cleburne and Forrest and forming his men for the final attack on Bradley. When you have read these excerpts, I think you will be ready to drop Mr. Remington finally.

"After writing the above I discovered, in looking over some data in my desk, where Mr. Remington obtained that part of his narrative which related to his alleged interview with General Strahl. In an article by Henry M. Field published in the New York Evangelist of May 2, 1889, Mr. Field quoted from a letter written by Maj. Joseph Vaulx, of General Cheatham's staff, a part of which is in the following language: 'While Brown was forming his division General Strahl, who commanded the right brigade, reported to him that he had discovered a line of Federal infantry on a wooded hill in such a position that the moment he (Strahl) swung forward to the attack we would be exposed to fire on both the flank and in the rear. On learning this Brown went to Strahl, who pointed out to him the position of the Federal line and, seeing it, sent two staff officers to report the situation to Cheatham, who, not hearing the guns, had said to his staff: "Let us go and see what is the matter." On the way to Brown he met the officer who was coming to report the situation on the right, and, hearing it, he said, "Go with me and report to General Hood just what you have said to me," which being done, General Hood replied to General Cheatham: "If that is the case, do not attack, but order your troops to hold the position which they are in for the night."'

"Now read Remington's statement, beginning with the second paragraph, second column, on page 569 of the VETERAN for December, and see how skillfully he converts this statement of Major Vaulx's to his own use and to his own purposes. And, really, this is what he has done in a blundering way all through his narrative. As stated in my article, General Brown, as he says himself in the article published in the Courier-Journal by General Cheatham in 1881, did not reach his position, where Remington claims to have found him and Strahl, until late in the afternoon or fully an hour after Cleburne began his attack on Bradley; and if Remington had gone under Hood's order to find Forrest when Cleburne 'was just attacking,' between 3 and 3:15 P.M., he would have ridden several miles ahead of Brown's Division and have found only Forrest's skirmishers where he claimed to have met Strahl. So much for Remington."

OTHER CLAIMS MADE BY REMINGTON.

The following letter from a comrade of J. D. Remington's is interesting in bringing to notice other claims made by Remington which seem not to have been substantiated to the satisfaction of his own comrades. The letter comes from William H. Newlin, of Springfield, Ill., under date of March 25, and is as follows: "In this same mail I send you a pamphlet and respectfully refer you to page 11 thereof. The detail to brigade bakery is claimed by Remington to have been a 'sham' to cover or explain, as I suppose, his absence at different times from his company. In our regimental formation the company of which I was a member was next to the left company, I, of which Remington was a member. I knew him as well almost—not as intimately, of course—as I did members of Company C. The paragraphs following this are quoted from the Franklin-Spring Hill chapter of the 'History of the 73d Illinois.' Our survivors generally agree as to the soldierly qualities exhibited by Remington, as to his being willing to do, to dare, being unafraid, but do not feel warranted in according approval to his claims in the article in your issue of December, 1913."

From contribution by Color Bearer R. J. Hasty, of Company C, 73d Illinois: "Four companies of the 73d were detailed early in the morning to go to Spring Hill as advance guard for the train. Companies A, F, D, and I were detailed, and Captain Patten (G. W.), of Company I, was in command of the detail. The rest of the regiment were detailed as 'flankers' when within two miles of town. * * * When opposite town we met and engaged Forrest's Cavalry. I was detailed the night of the 29th to find the right of our picket line and the left of the line of the 28th Kentucky, which I did, encountering considerable difficulty as well as danger." (Page 438, "History of the 73d Illinois.")

Mr. Newlin says: "The 'difficulty as well as danger' was on account of the unusually close proximity of the Confederates; not their pickets only, but also their camp fires and squads of soldiers about them. If Remington was anywhere near where he claims to have been that night, he was not far from home. He tells how in the second assault he captured a Confederate flag, being compelled to kill the brave Rebel soldier having it in charge; how he came to deliver it to an officer of the 125th Ohio, who unjustly and wrongfully refused next day to return to Remington his well-earned trophy, but appropriated it and claimed that it was captured by his own regiment." (Page 449, "History of the 73d Illinois.")

Query from Mr. Newlin: "Why didn't he deliver the flag in the first place to an officer of his own regiment? Two officers, Capt. G. W. Patten and First Lieut. Adna Phelps, were there, both of Company I, Remington's company. I have a history in my collection showing an article by Remington in which he sets claim to having lodged one of the two balls found in Captain Carter's body, who was said to have been killed on his own doorsteps in the battle of Franklin."

Judge Young calls attention to some typographical errors in his article in the VETERAN for March by which he was made to say that his company "reached the hill overlooking the village at 2:30," when it should have been 12:30; also "Hood directed Cleburne and Bate, when the latter arrived, where to form and in what direction to move to the attack," and not Cheatham and Bate, as the VETERAN gave it. And he stated that "Hood at once said to Cheatham, 'Let your troops remain as they are for the night,'" and not that "Hood said to Cleburne," as the text shows.

IT CAN'T BE BEAT.—C. O. Spencer, of Memphis, Tenn., tells of this remarkable feat: "My mother, Mrs. W. A. Ayres, lived a mile from Salem, Miss. A Confederate came to our home badly in need of a uniform. My mother sent a negro man six miles to a relative for wool. The sheep had to be driven up from the pasture and sheared, black and white, to make the gray cloth. The wool had to be picked, washed, carded, spun, and woven by nine o'clock. Next morning it was on Captain Marr's back, a beautiful gray uniform. Has this ever been equaled?"

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING MARCH 31, 1914.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, $62.50. Contributed by Elizabeth Harris Chapter, No. 207, U. D. C., Madison, Fla., $5; Will Bryan Chapter, No. 1302, U. D. C., Kissimmee, Fla., $5; Annie Coleman Chapter, No. 225, U. D. C., Orlando, Fla., $10; Anna Jackson Chapter, No. 224, U. D. C., Tallahassee, Fla., $5; Kate D. Scott Chapter, 902, U. D. C., Monticello, Fla., $5; Martha Reid Chapter, No. 19, U. D. C., Jacksonville, Fla., $25; Burksville Chapter, No. 71, U. D. C., Burksville, Fla., $5; Daniel Tedder Chapter, No. 231, U. D. C., Live Oak, Fla., $2.50.

Mrs. Lillie F. Worthington, Director for Mississippi, $81.34. Contributed by Miss Fannie Wordsworth, Columbus, Miss., $1; M. E. Snipes Chapter, No. 855, U. D. C., Gunnison, Miss., $1; Tupelo Chapter, No. 888, U. D. C., Tupelo, Miss., $6; Mississippi College Rifles Chapter, No. 1003, U. D. C., Clinton, Miss., $5; Brooksville Chapter, No. 1264, U. D. C., Brooksville, Miss., $10; Mississippi Division, U. D. C., $25; Hattiesburg Chapter, No. 422, U. D. C., Hattiesburg, Miss., $1; Jefferson Davis Chapter, No. 216, U. D. C., Yazoo City, Miss., $1.70; J. Z. George Chapter, No. 228, U. D. C., Greenwood, Miss., $25; Kosciusko Chapter, No. 634, U. D. C., Kosciusko, Miss., $5.64.

Mrs. J. B. Gantt, Director for Missouri, $35. Contributed by Missouri Division, U. D. C., $25; Mrs. Charles P. Hough, $10.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, $18.90. Contributed by Lancaster Chapter, No. 462, U. D. C., Lancaster, S. C., $3; Hampton Lee Chapter, No. 1281, U. D. C., Greer, S. C., $3; Secessionville Chapter, No. 1011, U. D. C., James Island, S. C., $5; Fish Dam Chapter, No. 1479, U. D. C., Carlisle, S. C., $3; Fairfax Chapter, No. 1250, U. D. C., Fairfax, S. C., $3; Maxey Gregg Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, $1.50; F. M. Bamberg Chapter, No. 1263, U. D. C., Bamberg, S. C., 40 cents.

Mrs. J. B. Dibrell, Director for Texas, $27.50. Contributed by L. P. Talley Chapter, No. 229, U. D. C., Temple, Tex., $5; Marshall Chapter, No. 412, U. D. C., Marshall, Tex., $5; L. S. Ross Chapter, No. 789, U. D. C., Vernon, Tex., $5; B. E. Bee Chapter, No. 86, U. D. C., San Antonio, Tex., $10; Floresville Chapter, No. 765, U. D. C., Floresville, Tex., $2.50.

Scott-Dixon Chapter, No. 197, U. D. C., McKinney, Tex., $1.

Pelham Chapter, No. 462, U. D. C., Orange, Tex., $5.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, $158. Contributed by Old Dominion Chapter, No. 69, U. D. C., Lynchburg, Va., $8; Southern Cross Chapter, No. 746, U. D. C., Salem, Va., $125; A. E. Johns Chapter, No. 164, U. D. C., Danville, Va., $25.

Mrs. James Barr, Acting Director for Washington, $24.30. Contributed by Dixie Chapter, No. 1103, U. D. C., Tacoma, Wash., $10.60; R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 885, U. D. C., Seattle, Wash., $13.70.

Mrs. B. T. Davis, Director for West Virginia, $71.50. Contributed by West Virginia Division, U. D. C., $50; McNeil Chapter, No. 948, U. D. C., Keyser, W. Va., $21.50.

Receipts for the month, $484.44.

Balance on hand March 1, 1914, $8,175.74.

To be accounted for, $8,660.18.

Balance on hand April 1, 1914, $8,660.18.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer.*

LONGEVITY PAY DUE CONFEDERATE OFFICERS.

BY CAPT. PERRY M. DE LEON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

For many years the Confederate officers, graduates of West Point, all of whom are now gone with one or two exceptions, were denied the longevity pay due them up to the time of the war under the vindictive legislation passed during the Reconstruction period. Many of the widows and daughters of these gallant chieftains, who sacrificed their careers to principle and led the Confederate armies during our unhappy war, are still living and will receive the benefit of the repeal of the statute which barred their husbands and fathers from their well-earned pay.

In 1838 Congress passed what is commonly known as the Longevity Allowance. Under the decision of a bureaucrat a cadet was not recognized as an officer until he graduated, and their longevity pay, therefore, did not commence until five years after he left the academy. The Supreme Court at a much later date decided that a cadet was entitled to longevity pay dating from the time he entered the academy. This decision was nullified or disregarded by Comptroller Gilkerson, and it was not until many years afterwards that such action was declared unauthorized and longevity pay allowed from the date of entrance to West Point. A Confederate officer, however, was barred, and his heirs are still barred from receiving this allowance. No effort was made to repeal this vengeful statute until about 1907, when most of the officers were dead. The first bill introduced in Congress for the repeal of this statute was by the lamented Senator Pettus, of Alabama. It passed the Senate, but failed in the House. Subsequently the matter was taken up by Senator Dillingham, a Republican Senator from Vermont, a man of generous nature, and again passed the Senate, but again failed in the House. About 1910 Senator Johnson, of Alabama, succeeded in having a bill passed for the repeal of the statute. In 1912 the bill again passed, but the measure again failed, having been put in the "omnibus" bill, the conferees being unable to agree on account of the many claims of other nature put into the bill. These bills were introduced at the instance of Messrs. Herbert & Micou, prominent lawyers of this city.

This season the potent aid of Ex-Congressman Brantley, of Georgia, was invoked by Captain De Leon, and at the instance of Mr. Brantley Senator Overman, of North Carolina, again introduced a bill that passed the Senate by unanimous vote. The bill was amended by having it refer simply to claims arising out of military service. It now has an excellent chance of being passed by the House, as evidenced by the following letter of Congressman Clayton, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee:

"March 25, 1914.

"*Capt. Perry M. De Leon—Dear Sir:* I am just in receipt of your letter of recent date. Replying, I beg to say that the bill (S 751) to repeal Section 3480 of the Revised Statutes, to which you refer, was favorably reported from the Committee on the Judiciary on March 16, and is now on the Union calendar. I have no doubt that the bill will be passed just as soon as the Committee on the Judiciary can get the floor under the rules of the House. I shall move its passage at the first opportunity. I take pleasure in handing you herewith a copy of the report of the committee recommending the passage of the bill."

There are about two hundred widows and daughters of officers, all of whom are dead, I think, except Gen. Samuel Wragg Ferguson, of Biloxi, who will become beneficiaries of

the act when it becomes a law, among others, the heirs of Generals Lee, Beauregard, the Johnstons, Hood, the Hills, and many others.

The aggregate amount will approximate $175,000, ranging from ten dollars to nineteen hundred dollars according to length of service.

There are a few claims where heirs appear to be ignorant of the sums coming to them and have not employed counsel, as our inquiry column will show.

It is proper to add that when the bill was in the committee of the House Congressman Graham, of Philadelphia, a Republican member of broad views and sympathetic nature, made such an effective speech urging the committee to report the bill favorably that the committee as a compliment to him selected him to report the bill to the House, where it is now on the calendar, and it is expected that it will soon be called up and doubtless passed. It will then, after being signed by the President, become a law and long-deferred justice be done to the heirs.

The papers of the South will be doing a service to the heirs of these gallant officers by copying such portions of this article as they may feel inclined to do.

A SOUTHERN WOMAN IN THE WAR.

The evening of a long and useful life is being spent by C. H. Spear and his wife quietly and happily in their country home, near Jacksonville, Tex. Mrs. Spear has a record for devotion and endurance that places her among the heroines of the Confederacy. Her husband was a member of Company K, 18th Texas Infantry, Ochiltree's Regiment, Trans-Mississippi Department, and his command was at Camp Nelson, fifty miles north of Little Rock, in the fall and winter of 1862-63, when he was stricken with typhoid fever. Through some soldiers returning from the army on furlough Mrs. Spear learned of the serious illness of her husband, and with true wifely devotion determined to go to him. The distance to be traveled was over three hundred miles, and her mode of conveyance was horseback. Starting in the freezing weather of January, 1863, in company with her brother-in-law, Mr. Pearson, and carrying her year-old baby boy in her lap, the perilous journey was safely accomplished. Sometimes they had to cross swollen streams by swimming their horses. She found that her husband was being cared for at a farmhouse in the wilds of Arkansas, and she nursed him until he had recovered sufficiently to make the journey back home.



MR. AND MRS. SPEAR AT HOME.

Mr. Pearson returned with them, walking the entire distance, so Mr. Spear could have his horse. When his health was restored, Mr. Spear returned to his command and served faithfully to the end. The baby boy who was taken on this hazardous trip is now an honored citizen of Clarksville, Tex., and known as "Woodie" Spear.

J. A. Templeton, of Jacksonville, Tex., writes of this remarkable test of a woman's devotion and endurance and suggests that friends write by card to Mrs. Amanda Spear and let her know that her courage is not forgotten.

IN THE INTEREST OF SOUTHERN HISTORY.

The Alexander H. Stephens Chapter, U. D. C., of Cleveland, Ohio, has had the lecture on "Secret Political Societies in the South during the Period of Reconstruction," which was delivered at the Western Reserve University, of Cleveland, by Prof. W. H. Cook, Instructor in History, put in pamphlet form, to be sold by the Chapter for the purpose of procuring a fund to be devoted to the offering of a prize annually at the Western Reserve University for the best essay on Southern history. This is a small Chapter, having only about a dozen members, but it is actively at work in the cause of true history for the South. This lecture is not only to be commended for its truth, but is interesting also in coming from the brain and pen of a son of the North, and every patriotic Southerner will appreciate his views.

The pamphlet is sold at 25 cents, and orders can be sent to Mrs. A. S. Porter, 1204 St. Charles Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

TO WIDOWS OF SOLDIERS AND OFFICERS OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

The Pension Committee of the House of Representatives is now allowing an increase of pensions from $12 per month, which they are now receiving, to $20 per month, regardless of rank.

The Senate in the cases of officers of meritorious record is increasing this amount to $30 per month.

I will be pleased to render any assistance I can to the ladies without cost to them and advise them how to proceed to obtain the desired increase. PERRY M. DE LEON,

909 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

BOOKS WANTED.

Mr. William A. Vincent, 420 Rookery Building, Chicago, Ill., would like to purchase:

"Lee's Last Campaign," with an accurate history of Stonewall Jackson's last wound, by J. C. Gorman. Published in Raleigh, N. C.

"Camp and Field," by Rev. Joseph Cross. Published in Columbia, 1864.

"The Index." Published in London during the War between the States by John R. Thompson.

W. Abbatt, 410 E. Thirty-Second Street, New York City, wishes to know whether Major Jones, of the 8th Texas Cavalry, is still living and where.

J. Lewis Logan, Box 22, Salem, Va., has published a leaflet addressed to Confederate veterans that he is anxious to distribute widely and asks for addresses of those who might be interested. A card with name and address is all that is necessary.

Bronze Memorial Tablets

cast in The Gorham foundries—the finest in world—possess a distinctive charm, dignity and unequaled artistic excellence.

Correspondence invited

The Gorham Company

Fifth Avenue & Thirty-Sixth St.
New York

The Direct Route to

Washington Baltimore
Philadelphia New York

and all Eastern Cities from the South and Southwest is via Bristol and the

NORFOLK & WESTERN RY.

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

The Direct Line

to Antietam, Md., Gettysburg, Pa., Manassas, Va. (Bull Run), and other famous battle fields in the Shenandoah Valley and other sections of Virginia.

Best Route to

Richmond Norfolk
and all Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, General Agent Passenger Department, Chattanooga, Tenn.
W. C. SAUNDERS, General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.
W. B. BEVILL, Passenger Traffic Manager, Roanoke, Va.



Bronze Memorial Tablets

Designs and estimates free.

Jno. Williams Inc., Bronze Foundry
554 W. 27th St., New York

Cast Bronze Medallion, 6 1-2 inches high, Gen. Robert E. Lee, 75 cents each (postage extra) to readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

"The medallion of Lee is a beauty and much valued."—*Murfreesboro Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy.*

For Over Sixty Years

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world.

Mrs. E. May, of Hearne, Tex., wishes to hear from any comrades who knew Augustus May, who enlisted at Selma, Ala.

T. B. Childress, of Fayetteville, Ark., would like to get in correspondence with some member of Green's Regiment, Marmaduke's Brigade, Missouri Cavalry.

James Alexander and Raleigh White Meadows wish to find some comrades of John C. McCausland's brigade, 22d Regiment Virginia Mounted Infantry. Address R. W. Meadows, Flemingsburg, Ky.

R. T. Martin, of Commerce, Tex., was a member of Cleghorn's company, Colonel Baker's battalion, and he wishes to hear from any surviving comrades. The company was made up largely in Paulding and Dallas Counties, Ga.

Mrs. Alice Shelton, of Winona, Tex., is trying to establish the war record of her husband, J. K. P. Shelton, who served in the Tennessee Army, enlisting from Middle Tennessee, and he was with Gen. John H. Morgan in Tennessee during the latter part of the war.

Philo B. Shepard, of Selma, Ala., would be pleased to hear from any survivors of the 6th Georgia Cavalry (Heart's Fighting Sixth) or from any one having a parole issued by him at Augusta, Ga. He was first lieutenant of Company K, 6th Georgia Cavalry, but was a provost marshal at Augusta before the Federals arrived for the surrender.

Hon. Hiram B. Patten, of Indianapolis, Ind., makes inquiry about a daughter of one Isaac Patten who was said to have been a spy for the Confederacy. Isaac Patten went from Ohio to Virginia and later to Kentucky or Tennessee prior to the war. The VETERAN does not know of the story of this daughter who acted as a Confederate spy and would like to learn something of it.

Southern Claims of All Kinds Solicited

Claims based on equity will be accepted, and receive my best attention. I will be assisted by able legal counsel. Address

910 Munsey Building PERRY M. DE LEON

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permaoently Relieved!



Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.



Drum in Posilion

What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. Write today for our FREE 168 page Book on Deafness—giving you full particulars.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
1008 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.



THE BEST PLACE to purchase all-wool

Bunting or Silk Flags

of all kinds

Silk Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps

and all kinds of Military Equipment and Society Goods is at

Veteran J. A. JOEL & CO., 63 Nassau St.
Send for Price List New York City

Alexander H. Stephens Chapter, U. D. C.

OF CLEVELAND, OHIO
Are Offering for Sale

"Secret Political Societies of the South During the Reconstruction Period"

By WALTER HENRY C[illegible] M., LL.B.
Instructor in History at We[illegible]ve University Cleveland, O.

Price, 25 Cc.

SEND ORDERS TO THE SECRETARY
1204 ST. CHARLES ST. CLEVELAND, OHIO

INDORSED BY

U. S. Senators B. R. Tillman and Duncan U. Fletcher; Geo. H. Denny, President of University of Alabama; and the President General and Corresponding Secretary General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and many others.

Edward R. Auschutz, of Fort Washington, Pa., would like to find out if Maj. John Moore Orr, C. S. A., of Leesburg, Va., is still living.

I. H. Tate, 3905 Main Street, Dallas, Tex., asks that any surviving comrades of the 15th Alabama Infantry, and especially of Company A, will kindly correspond with him.

Mrs. M. L. Loller, of Lucy, Tenn., wishes to get all the information possible of the service of John Wesley Loller during the war. His home was in Shelby County, Tenn.

Mrs. Demas Kobleur, of Jeanerette, La., asks that comrades of her husband will write her of him as a Confederate soldier, of which she has no information. He was born at Vermilionville, La., now Lafayette.

Inquiry is made by George W. Rosamond, of Oakwood, Tex., for any surviving comrades of Company K, 3d Mississippi Cavalry Regiment. He wishes to apply for a pension and needs proof of his service.

Mrs. Mary A. Turner, of Dexter, Tex. (R. F. D. No. 2), would like to have the address of any surviving comrade of her husband, 1st Lieut. H. L. (Hi) Turner, who was in the cavalry, Marmaduke's Division, on Price's last raid into Missouri.

Mrs. A. E. Kincaid, of Buffalo Gap, Tex., wants to hear from any one who knew her husband, W. G. W. Kincaid, of Company K, 10th Texas Infantry, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division. He was elected lieutenant of the company. She needs their testimony in order to secure a pension.

Mrs. B. G. Hoagland, 1225 Ridge Avenue, Kansas City, Kans., asks for information of the war record of Robert Wright, who was a quartermaster in Stonewall Jackson's command. He was a Virginian and was sheriff of some county before the war. After the war he removed to Bates County, Mo., where he died in 1892. His wife was Lucy Roller, of Rockingham County, Va. Their grandsons wish to secure his record as a Confederate soldier, that they may claim their rights as Sons of the Confederacy.

C. L. Daughtry, R. R. No. 1, Bowling Green, Ky., asks that any one knowing the address of J. M. Lucas, who was with Richardson in Forrest's command, will kindly communicate with him, as he is interested in securing a pension for the widow. It is thought that Lucas enlisted at Brownsville, Tenn.



Facts about PRINTING

¶ To obtain efficiency in the result, whether it be in the **Stationery,** the **Catalogue,** the **Lithographing,** the **Blank Books,** or whatever task the printer may be called upon to perform, you must demand the best—**HIGH-CLASS PRINTING.** This we are prepared to produce by virtue of experience, artisans employed, and equipment. ¶ We give thought to our productions. Write to us. We will be able to carry out your ideas or possibly to suggest something new.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.
Nashville, - - Tenn.

Woodland Bronze Works
DEPARTMENT OF
ALBERT RUSSELL & SONS COMPANY
Bronze Memorial and Inscription
ESTIMATES AND DESIGNS FURNISHED UPON REQUEST
TABLETS
105 Merrimac St.
Newburyport, Mass.

The South in History and Literature
By Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford
ATHENS, GA.
850 pages. Price, $1 net; postage, 21 cents.
(Writers since 1906 will be found in supplement being prepared.)

Wanted--War Relics
I want to purchase Confederate War Relics—Books, Letters, Curios, etc. I want Buttons and Belt Buckles. Will exchange Naval for Army Buttons. Give description and price of what you have to sell. Address **DR. GEORGE BROWN, Austell Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.**

Ku Klux Klan Booklet
Interesting and fascinating, giving absolutely correct history of the origin and objects of this famous and mysterious Klan. Published by the Mississippi Division U. D. C., all proceeds go to erect a monument at Beauvoir, Miss. (home of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy), to the memory of Confederate Veterans. Price, 30 cents, postpaid. Address
Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, Custodian K. K. K. Booklet
WEST POINT, MISS.

"The Babe of the Company"
By HAMP B. WATTS
Dedicated to the ladies of Fayette Richmond Grays Chapter No. 148, U. D. C., who will erect a monument to the memory of the brave and fallen Guerrillas in the Fayette battle, Sept. 20, 1864, and to the Confederate soldiers of Howard County, Mo. Price, 25 cents. Address **Mrs. J. H. Finks, Fayette, Mo.**

Building Confederate Monuments

Is Made Easy by the Use of Our Plans

IF YOU HAVE NO MONUMENT in you city commemorating the heroism of the Soldiers and Women of the Confederacy, it is probably due to the fact that every one has been afraid of undertaking the task of raising the necessary amount of money. Under the old style of subscription list canvassing, the task is not only a great one but is unpleasant.

With our new plans this work is done away with, and our plans are so attractive and easy to operate that the little time and work necessary to present them is really pleasant.

One of our new plans is our Confederate Souvenir Plan, which shows the Seal of the Confederacy on one side and the Confederate Flag in colors on the other side. This plan never fails and is easy to operate.

Another plan is our Stock Certificate Plan, which is a beautifully engraved and appropriately worded certificate that every one would be proud to have. This plan invites the largest subscriptions.

Our One Dollar Plan always brings big results and only requires the least effort to present it.

Our Business Men's Letter Plan is the winner, always adding several hundred dollars to the monument fund if properly worked.

Our School Children's Card Plan and our Installment Card Plans, together with several others, make it only a matter of a few months in raising the entire fund.

We furnish printed instructions with each plan showing how to work them.

We know you would like to see a Confederate Monument in your city, only thing holding you back is that you fear to undertake to raise the necessary money. Well, this is all removed now by the use of our new plans.

They are free. Write us, and we can help you have a beautiful monument in your city within less time than twelve months.

Now is the time of year to take up the work. Write to-day for these plans.

C L Willoughby Aug 1914
Lakeland Fla

The McNeel Marble Company

Marietta, Georgia

THE LARGEST MONUMENTAL PLANT IN THE SOUTH

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXII. JUNE, 1914 NO. 6



Born
June 3, 1808.

Died
Dec. 6, 1889.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

"Time cannot teach forgetfulness when Grief's full heart is fed by Fame."

973.765
C748

THE ATTACK AND DEFENSE of LITTLE ROUND TOP, Gettysburg

July 2, 1863

By First Lieutenant OLIVER WILLCOX NORTON

Ex.-Com. Ill. Commandery of the Mil. Order Loyal Legion of the U. S. and life member Commandery-in-Chief same Order

THIS BOOK is not a history of the Battle of Gettysburg, but only of the fighting on and around Little Round Top, which hill is conceded by all Union and Confederate authorities to have been the key-point of the battle field on July 2, 1863. No other book devoted exclusively to this part of the battle has been published.

THE OBJECT of this account by an eye-witness and participant as a member of Vincent's brigade is to correct errors of the leading historians in stating that General Warren, seeing the impending attack by the Confederates on Little Round Top and its undefended condition, left his place at the signal station and rode rapidly to Barnes' division, then formed near the wheatfield for a charge in support of De Trobriand, and took the responsibility of detaching Vincent's brigade and conducting it to Little Round Top. It proves conclusively that Vincent, learning that Sykes had sent an order to Barnes to send one of his brigades to Little Round Top and that Barnes was not then present with his division, took the responsibility upon himself of taking his brigade there without waiting for the staff officer to find General Barnes. It shows that Vincent selected his own position on the southern slope of Little Round Top and placed his brigade there without the guidance or assistance of Warren or any staff officer. Such writers as Swinton, Doubleday, Walker, Hunt, De Trobriand, Powell, and Stine have made the statement directly or by implication that Warren detached Vincent's brigade and conducted it to Little Round Top. These statements deny to Vincent the responsibility which he took upon himself and relegate him to the position of a brigade commander who went where he was ordered to go and stayed where he was placed.

THE AUTHOR was a private soldier at the time of the battle, mounted and on detached service at the headquarters of Vincent's Brigade as bearer of Vincent's headquarters flag. This duty required him to accompany the brigade commander wherever he might go on the march and in battle. This position gave him a better opportunity to hear and see all that occurred than the members of the brigade staff enjoyed, as they were frequently absent conveying orders. Chapter IV. contains the author's account of what he saw and heard.

THE WARREN LETTERS. Chapter VII. contains nineteen letters from General Warren and one from Lieutenant Roebling, of Warren's staff, written to Captain Porter Farley, who was Adjutant of Colonel O'Rorke's regiment, the 140th New York, at Gettysburg. With the exception of a part of one letter, written in 1872, none of them have ever been published. The subject of these letters was a discussion of Farley's account of the history of his regiment, which appears as "Farley's Number Nine" in the chapter on the Historians. In this form it was approved by Warren and sent to the Comte de Paris. Warren never claimed that he detached Vincent's brigade. On the contrary, he says in one of these letters, apparently with some sarcasm, "If I detached Vincent's brigade, I don't recollect it." The letters reveal much of the inner life of General Warren, his patriotism and fine personal character. They are a great contribution to history.

CHAPTER III. contains the OFFICIAL REPORTS of Sykes, Barnes, and Brigade and Regimental Commanders of the Union forces engaged at Little Round Top. Also the Confederate Brigade and Regimental Reports of their forces which made the attack. These are copied from the Official Records of the War of the Rebellion, published by the United States Government.

THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY has, during the past eighteen years, issued more than one hundred volumes that relate to the Civil War, written by Northerners, Southerners, and disinterested critics. These publications have become known as Neale's Civil War Library, which probably comprises the most important output of military works that has ever been issued by any publishing house. Lieutenant Norton's book is a recent addition to this Library, on a single phase of the Battle of Gettysburg. Special Civil War Library catalogue sent on request.

Large octavo, illustrated, handsomely bound in cloth
350 pages. $2; by mail, $2.15

Union Square **The Neale Publishing Company** New York

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Date given to subscription is the month of expiration.
All remittances should be made to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and all communications so addressed.
Published by the Confederate Veteran Company, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XXII. | NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1914. | No. 6. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, FOUNDER.

EXPRESSIONS OF APPRECIATION.

The general sentiment as to the entertainment of the United Confederate Veterans by the people of Jacksonville was fittingly expressed in Commander in Chief Young's General Order No. 1, which is here given:

"The twenty-fourth Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans has passed into the history of the organization and has left behind most delightful and pleasing memories. The cordial greeting, the kindly welcome, the astounding hospitality will never be forgotten by the Confederate survivors who have had the honor and the pleasure of coming within the sphere of these charming ministrations.

"Much was expected of the people of the metropolis of Florida. Its wide reputation for all that goes to make up a really great city of the Southland had led the veterans to expect much when they came. All expectations have been met, all wants have been supplied, and all will leave with benedictions upon their lips and gratitude in their hearts.

"The wonderful courage and splendid patriotism of the Florida Confederate soldiers on so many battle fields of the war had won the admiration of their comrades from other States, and these comrades were glad to come and renew the associations and memories of fifty years ago. Many who came have been surprised at the marvelous development and growth of Florida and Jacksonville, and they leave with high appreciation of the enterprise of the State.

"To the General Reunion Committee, to General Inglis, his staff and associates, to the Board of Trade, the railroads, the hotels, and all the organized bodies that have taken part in the entertainment, every Confederate who has been here desires to express his heartiest thanks. Those who managed the commissary have done most splendid work, and the food, both in its preparation and its service, has been of the very best. To the Daughters and Sons in Jacksonville and to the Veterans the visitors speak grateful and sincere praise.

"Few cities have ever equaled Jacksonville in what it has done for the Sons and Daughters, who have enjoyed the pleasure of the Reunion."



GENERAL YOUNG LEADING THE PARADE.

REUNION PARADES.

A special feature of this Reunion was a parade for each day. The Southland contributed every type of its beautiful womanhood to the great parade of sponsors and maids of honor on the afternoon of the first day, and the Sons of Veterans paraded on Thursday afternoon in great style, headed by the Sewanee cadets from the University of the South, a fine body of young men.

But the chief interest centered in the veterans' parade, scheduled for Friday morning, the closing day. Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief, led the parade. Fourteen brass bands were scattered through the line of march. There were nearly two thousand gayly decorated automobiles in the pageant. The Commander in Chief was followed by the Trans-Mississippi Department, composed of veterans from Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, and other Western States. Next came the Army of Northern Virginia, consisting of soldiers from Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, and North and South Carolina. The Army of Tennessee was in third place. With veterans from Alabama, Kentucky, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, and Tennessee, this department had the largest number of representatives of any in the parade. Forrest's Cavalry formed the last division.

THE BATTLE OF OLUSTEE.

BY J. G. RICE.

Some sixty miles west of Jacksonville there is a railroad station bearing the name of Olustee. It is doubtful if any considerable number of travelers passing this station know that one of the most deadly battles of the war was fought there and that in point of numbers engaged the aggregate loss was greater than at Gettysburg and Chickamauga.

The battle of Olustee was the climax of an attempt on the part of President Lincoln to restore Florida to the Union. On January 13, 1864, President Lincoln directed General Gilmore, then in command of the military forces of the South Atlantic Coast, to assist in constructing a government in Florida on a Union basis. The late John Hay joined General Gilmore at Hilton Head, and at the head of some 7,000 men and twenty steamers they came up the St. John's River, landing at Jacksonville on February 7. A few shots were fired at them by a company of Confederates, but the landing was accomplished without serious trouble.

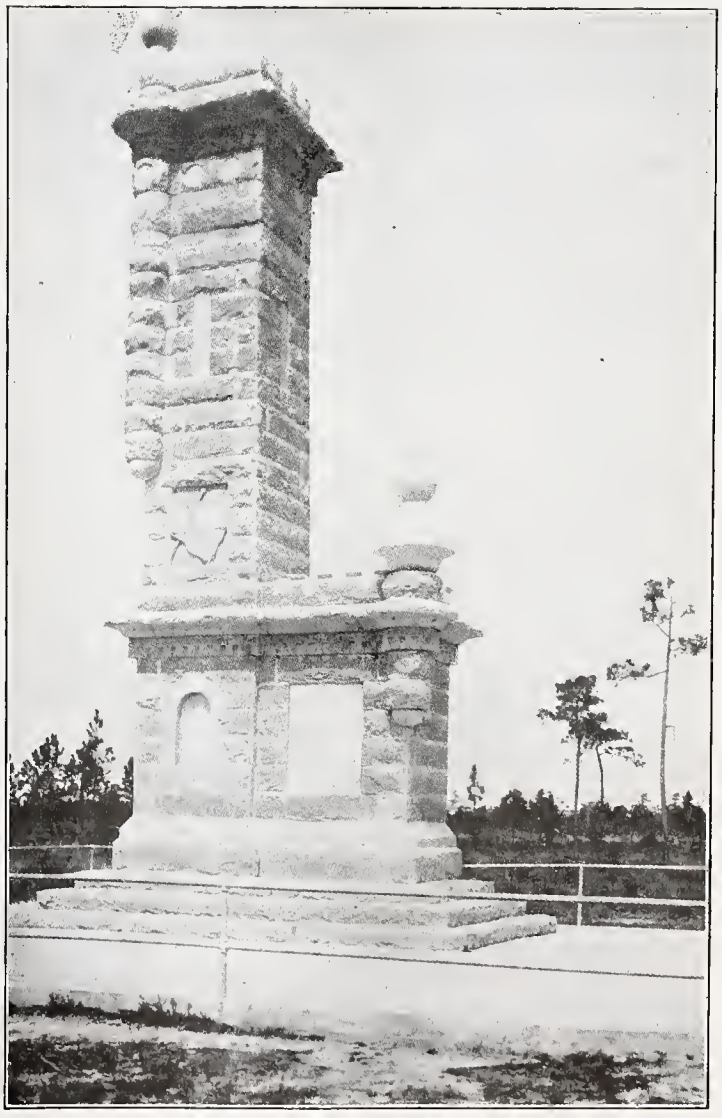
The next day this army began its march into the heart of the State in three columns. These columns were commanded by Col. Joseph B. Hawley, of Connecticut, Col. William B. Barton, and Col. Guy V. Henry. The column under Colonel Henry traveled faster than the others and was soon far in advance. He surprised what was known as the Milton Artillery, captured some of their ammunition and supplies, and reached Baldwin on the morning of February 10. The first serious fight of the campaign occurred at the crossing of the south fork of St. Mary's River, where Maj. Robert Harrison checked him with two companies of the 2d Florida Cavalry. Seventeen Federals were killed and wounded in this fight. The Floridians lost five of their men. On the night of the 11th of February Colonel Henry had fought his way to Lake City, where he encamped.

There were but few Confederate troops in Florida at this time and fewer still that had ever seen serious battle. They were commanded by Gen. Joseph Finegan, a man possessed of great courage and good judgment, but inexperienced in war. General Beauregard was then stationed at Charleston, S. C., and General Finegan appealed to him for help. Gen. W. M. Gardner, commanding the Confederate force of a few hundred in Middle Florida, was ordered to the assistance of General Finegan. As chance had it, Colquitt's Georgia Brigade was within reach of the scene of the impending conflict, and General Beauregard ordered that splendid command to double-quick to Olustee.

While these preparations were going on General Finegan was confronted by an army of about 6,000 well-trained and well-equipped men. Finegan's army numbered about six hundred. Chance gave General Beauregard time to supply reënforcements. General Gilmore, for precautionary reasons, ordered his army to intrench near Lake City and await developments. This delay was precisely what General Beauregard wanted. His plan was to delude the Federals into the belief that no steps would be taken to assist the Florida troops. As a part of the plan, on the night of February 11, 1864, the batteries of Charleston Harbor opened a terrific fire on Morris Island, the Federal stronghold, and under this excitement the Colquitt Brigade was withdrawn from Beauregard's thin lines and sent to Lake City. Orders were also sent to the Georgia troops under Gen. George P. Harrison to go to the relief of Finegan.

By concentrating this force and calling to the scene all the troops in Florida, General Beauregard massed an army of approximately 5,000 men in the vicinity of Lake City before the Federals were aware of his purposes. Therefore when General Seymour, in command of the Federals, moved from his position at St. Mary's on February 20 he was confronted with a force almost as numerous as his own. Statistics in this instance, like those of practically all battles, are conflicting; but the Confederates had between 4,000 and 5,000 men and the Federals between 5,500 and 6,000 in the battle of Olustee. However, the intrenched Confederates, numbering several hundred, were not actually engaged. General Finegan feared that the Federals could not be tempted to attack the intrenchments, and after a little skirmishing for position he ordered General Colquitt to advance and select the battle field. General Colquitt selected the point where he met the enemy at the best place for deciding the issue, and that point happened to be two miles east of the railroad station of Olustee in a pine forest.

Evidently General Finegan believed that General Colquitt would be forced to retreat to the intrenchments, with the enemy pursuing him, and that the Confederates would then have an advantage that would outweigh the preponderance in numbers of the Federals. But fearing that General Colquitt would be too seriously engaged to retreat without great loss,



MONUMENT ON THE BATTLE FIELD OF OLUSTEE.

General Finegan ordered his forces, less the intrenched section, on the field, he himself leading.

Late in the evening the forces became engaged in the pine forest. The heavy roar of the Federal guns drowned the reports of the lighter artillery of the Floridians. Canister was hurled against the Confederates at short range, but the regiments stood firm. General Harrison brought two Georgia regiments into line in support of Colquitt and Finegan, relieving a section of Gamble's Battery that had suffered by the Federal fire. Colquitt again advanced with such rapidity as to drive back the enemy, capturing several of their guns. Confederate ammunition became exhausted, but the troops stood firmly in line under a heavy fire until their cartridge boxes were refilled. Then the troops in gray, the Rebel yell resounding through the forest, pushed forward again in compact formation against the Federal lines, which gave way under the charge until the entire force was in full retreat.

The victorious Confederates followed up their advantage and dispersed the many lines of defense erected by Seymour's men until darkness put an end to the battle. The Federals did not halt until they reached Sanderson, seven miles away. Fearing pursuit, they pressed on to St. Mary's River, a distance of ten miles, with, as one writer expresses it, "the wounded filling the night air with lamentations, the crippled horses neighing in pain, and a full moon kissing the cold, clammy lips of the dying."

General Seymour abandoned Baldwin on the retreat, burning $60,000 worth of stores collected there, and came on to Jacksonville, which was strongly fortified. His forces were increased to 12,000 men, but no further effort was made to retrieve the disaster of Olustee.

The aggregate loss of the Confederates in the battle of Olustee was 946, that of the Federals 1,861, thus giving a total loss of 2,807. The percentage of loss to the Federals was about thirty-five, greater than Gettysburg, in excess of Chickamauga, and far ahead of the percentage of loss in any European battle. The Confederate loss in percentage was close to twenty-five, and the combined percentage is thirty-one. Francis P. Fleming, in his "Memoirs of Florida," says of Olustee: "The battle was assuredly one of the bloodiest of the war in proportion to the numbers engaged and an incontestable victory. General Finegan and his command were at once congratulated by General Beauregard, and in May were voted thanks by the Confederate States Congress."

The battle field of Olustee has been marked by a monument forty feet high. The inscription on the north side of the monument is as follows: "To the men who fought and triumphed here in defense of their homes and firesides, this monument is erected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, aided by the State of Florida, in commemoration of their devotion to the cause of liberty and State sovereignty."

On the south side of the memorial appear the following words: "The battle of Olustee was fought on this ground February 20, 1864, between 5,000 Confederate troops commanded by Gen. Joseph E. Finegan and 6,000 Federal troops under Gen. Truman Seymour. The Federals were defeated with a loss of 2,000 men. The Confederate loss was less than 1,000."

This monument is located about two and a half miles east of the town of Olustee and eight hundred feet north of the line of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, in plain view of passengers on the trains of that road. All around it is a field of second-growth pine trees, with no habitation in sight.



J. G. RICE, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Mr. Rice was Superintendent of the Bureau of Publicity for the Jacksonville Reunion. He looks happy over the success of the big entertainment.

C. P. Newton, of Little Rock, Ark., takes issue with the Sons: "What on earth did the Sons of Veterans mean at Jacksonville when they defeated a resolution urging Federal pensions for Confederate survivors? If our Confederate veterans are not citizens of a reunited country, what are they? Where does the pension fund come from? Is not forty-five years of discrimination enough? Is there any imaginable act that would more forcefully signalize the closed breach between the sections than to place this fast-diminishing band on the rolls with those who have been on the lists for nearly half a century, while the whole nation contributed equally in maintaining said fund? O you misguided sons of the South! I am superintendent of the Arkansas Confederate Home here, the son of a follower of Forrest, and will be glad to correspond with any member of Captain Henderson's company of Forrest's scouts who knew my father, J. J. (Jack) Newton."

Hon. Washington Gardner, Commander in Chief G. A. R., wrote recently to the VETERAN: "I regretted exceedingly to hear of the death of my long-time friend Cunningham, whom I had come to esteem highly, and I do not wish my name dropped from the rolls of the paper of which he was the founder and strong support. * * * I esteem the VETERAN highly and hope that it will maintain the high standard established by its founder."

ANNUAL CONVENTION TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

The Annual Convention of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., was held at Trenton May 13-15, with fifty-two of the seventy-eight Chapters represented. The feature of the opening session was the address of the President, Mrs. H. N. Leech, in which she reviewed the past year of Division activity and made some special recommendations for the general good of the Division.

Greetings from Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, President General U. D. C., to "my Daughters" were received, and there was also a message from the former State President, Mrs. R. H. Sansom, of Knoxville.

Memorial hour was centered this year upon the death of Mr. S. A. Cunningham, devoted friend and worker with the U. D. C. Remarks were made and resolutions passed embodying a tribute to his life and work. A part of the program was the reading of the poem by Mrs. Elizabeth Fry Page dedicated to Mr. Cunningham, which will appear in the minutes of the Convention.

The "Historical Evening" carried through an interesting program. Mrs. W. T. Davis presided, and the guests of honor were "the thin gray line" of veterans belonging to the R. M. Russell Camp, of Trenton. Featuring the program was the presentation of trophies for the best work done in three departments of U. D. C. work. A banner, the personal gift of the State President, was given to Miss Sarah Leech for the Clay Stacker Chapter of Clarksville, which has made the greatest gain in membership. The medal given by the Division for the best historical essay by a high school student was presented to Miss Stella Robinson, of Clarksville. The banner for the best historical work done by a Chapter was presented to Mrs. Grace Newbill, of Pulaski. An address was made by Hon. Harvey Hannah and the singing of "Dixie" by the audience concluded the program.

In the routine of Convention business the committee reports were taken up on the second day, and an important amendment to the constitution was advocated by Mrs. W. W. Hargrove, of Nashville, in reference to the flag: "No Chapter shall use the flag of the Confederacy for any purpose other than at cemeteries, funerals, and places of Confederate meeting except by the written consent of the Executive Committee of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C.; nor shall the name of the Confederacy be used for any purpose except by the written consent of some executive committee."

The amendment was adopted unanimously. Mrs. Alexander B. White, chairman of the Shiloh Committee, made report of the work of the past year, after which the Convention members pledged for their Chapters the sum of $409 to this monument.

Important business crowded both sessions of the Convention's last day. Careful consideration was given the future relation to be sustained by the Division to the Soldiers' Home. Reporting for the committee, Mrs. H. C. Milnor, of Knoxville, recommended that a room in Nashville be secured in which all supplies sent by Chapters should be placed and taken by members of the committee to the Home; that the work of the Daughters, especially in the hospital department, be continued; that each Chapter in the State take one or more of the veterans in the Home as its special charge; and that the pledges, amounting to $819, be used in defraying the expense of this work.

Other committee reports were received, notably that which made the erection of a monument at Fort Donelson, where two thousand Confederate soldiers lie in unmarked graves, a work of the Division. An interesting report from the Battle Abbey committee stressed the memorial window to faithful slaves, which the Division will place there and for the benefit of which the chairman, Mrs. Mary Y. Walworth, has written a beautiful booklet, "Mansion and Cabin."

Following the report of Mrs. N. B. Dozier for the Confederate Girls' Home, Mrs. Bennett D. Bell offered a resolution to the effect that each State Division be asked to build a room or rooms in this Home, which is to cost $50,000. The Division indorsed the recommendation of Mrs. Thomas M. Owen, of Montgomery, Ala., that four of the eight fortifications on the Panama Canal be named for Confederate generals. Several important recommendations were adopted, among them one favoring the establishment of a chair of Southern history in George Peabody College. Another requested the Hermitage Church to give sufficient ground to complete Confederate circle.

The election of officers took place Friday afternoon, resulting as follows: Mrs. Walter Jackson, of Murfreesboro, Secretary; Mrs. G. W. Wade, of Trenton, Treasurer; Mrs. Grace Newbill, of Pulaski, Historian; Mrs. C. C. Dawson, of Dyersburg, Registrar; Mrs. Sue F. Mooney, of Dresden, Custodian of Flag; Mrs. Berry Brooks, Recorder of Crosses; Mrs. Lula Tipton, of Knoxville, Poet Laureate.

Invitations from Dyersburg, Memphis, and Murfreesboro were extended for the 1915 Convention, the latter place being chosen.

The Committee on Hospitalities, with Miss Lauderdale as chairman, expressed thanks for the charming hospitality of their entertainers, and the Convention adjourned.

VIRGINIA DIVISION NOTES.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, WYTHEVILLE, VA.

The district meeting season opened brilliantly at Salem when the first district assembled as guests of the Southern Cross Chapter in the handsome courthouse and were welcomed by Mrs. C. C. Hammit, President of Southern Cross Chapter, and the veterans. Perfect weather, cordial hospitality, and enthusiastic delegates made an ideal occasion. Thirteen Chapters were represented, and the distinguished guests were: Mrs. S. A. Riddick, State President; Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Honorary President U. D. C.; Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Recording Secretary of the Virginia Division; Miss Preston, State Historian; Mrs. C. C. Guthrie and Mrs. W. T. Allen, District Chairman. The meeting was presided over by Mrs. A. A. Campbell, chairman of the first district. An ovation was given to Mrs. Randolph in appreciation of her eminent services in securing the appropriation from the legislature of ten thousand dollars for the relief of destitute Confederate women. This money is disbursed in quarterly installments of $9 by the State Auditor direct to the beneficiaries upon recommendation of the Chapters. In addition, the Virginia Division pays through its Treasurer, Mrs. L. B. Allen, to destitute applicants $3 per month, this fund being contributed by the Chapters. As the originator of the relief work of the Virginia Division, and for so long Chairman of the Relief Committee of the U. D. C., Mrs. Randolph occupies a unique place in the hearts of hundreds of grateful old Confederate women, and the Daughters of the Virginia Division feel that no meeting is complete without her presence and no honor which they can show her is equal to her deserts

The meeting of District No. 2 at Martinsville, Mrs. C. C. Guthrie, Chairman, was equally auspicious, the same guests being present and the Chapters of the district being well represented. These meetings are peculiarly helpful in the development of new material for U. D. C. workers and in arousing interest among women who can participate in the informal discussions of a small assemblage and who thus gain confidence in themselves and become valuable members of the Division. The first held in the Virginia Division were inaugurated by Mrs. N. D. Eller in her second year as State President, and experience has shown that they have increased the interest of the Chapters and sometimes led to the formation of new Chapters.

District No. 4 will meet at Warrenton June 1, District No. 5 at Ashland, and District No. 6 at Cheriton. District No. 3, comprising fourteen counties in Tidewater, Va., will also meet in June.

The Staunton Juniors, organized by Mrs. J. F. F. Cassell, continue to grow and have now reached the number of four hundred and sixty. Possibly Mrs. Cassell will reach the five hundred mark before she is satisfied. These boys and girls are all of Confederate lineage and eligible to join the Daughters or the Sons of Veterans. Junior Chapters have been organized in several places, and the capable Fourth Vice President, Mrs. Cabell Smith, will have a splendid report for the year.

Hope Maury Chapter, of which Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, Custodian of Flags and Pennants, is President, reports a charming historical evening. Capt. B. F. Jarratt Chapter gave a delightful concert. Fredericksburg Chapter holds interesting meetings and has just contributed $25 to the Stonewall Jackson monument. Reports from Jackson Day indicate that it was a grand success. It would be a fine idea to lay the corner stone at the Reunion to be held in Richmond in 1915.

Chapters are busy preparing for Memorial Day, June 3, when crosses will be bestowed and a gala occasion made for the beloved veterans.

SCHOLARSHIPS IN BUSINESS COLLEGE.

The Georgia Division, U. D. C., is establishing a chain of scholarships through which many worthy boys and girls of Confederate lineage may profit. The scholarships in question are to be given at Draughon's Practical Business Colleges located at Nashville, Knoxville, and Memphis, Tenn., Greenville, S. C., Montgomery, Ala., Jacksonville, Fla., Atlanta Ga., Little Rock, Ark., Shreveport, La., Dallas, Houston, Galveston, Abilene, El Paso, Amarillo, Denison, Tex., Muskogee, Okla., Springfield and St. Louis, Mo., Fort Scott, Kans., Paducah, Ky., Evansville, Ind., and Rockford, Ill.

Each of these schools will enroll a descendant of a Confederate soldier named by a committee of the Georgia U. D. C., requiring payment for books and stationery, but not tuition. After the course is completed and a position secured, the beneficiary of this scholarship is to pay to the Georgia Division ten per cent of his salary as he receives it until he has paid the sum of fifty dollars, the price of the course, this fund to be used in educating at a Draughon College another student of Confederate lineage. This chain is to be continued until scores of worthy boys and girls shall have become its beneficiaries.

An unlimited number of these pupils will be taken at this school at Nashville, Tenn., and residents in the vicinity of that city who desire to take advantage of this generous offer will do well to put in their application.

Applicants must be lineal descendants of Confederate soldiers. The name of former teacher or some responsible person, preferably a member of the local Chapter, U. D. C., or of the local Camp, Confederate Survivors' Association, must be given as reference. Applicant must promise to abide by the stipulation that he is to pay ten per cent of salary received until amount of tuition has been paid.

As the committee is desirous of securing these beneficiaries at once, those interested will please address Mrs. Ada Ramp Walden, Chairman Scholarship Committee, Georgia Division, U. D. C., Augusta, Ga.

A ROMANCE OF THE REUNION.

The Reunion in Jacksonville culminated in a pretty romance when Mrs. Martha Nelson Edwards, leader of the Confederate choir, was married to Dr. Hampden Osborne, of Columbus, Miss., on Saturday morning. The bride is a gifted and charming woman, a member of one of Virginia's old and influential families, a great-great-granddaughter of Maj. John Nelson, of Yorktown, and a great-great-niece of President Zachary Taylor. She is a daughter of William Nelson Boswell, the youngest Confederate soldier who marched to the front, being only eleven years and five months old. He was a drummer boy under his father's command, Col. Thomas Taylor Boswell.

Dr. Osborne was born in Virginia. He entered the Confederate service at the age of sixteen, and during the last year of the war he was sergeant major of the 53d North Carolina Regiment. He received his collegiate and scientific education after the war, and since 1870 he has been a resident of Columbus, Miss., where he is a prominent citizen. He assisted in the organization of Camp Isham Harrison, of Columbus.

The bride's attendants were her sister, Miss Grace Boswell, of Portsmouth, Va., and her aunt, Mrs. John Boswell, of Danville, Va., with two devoted veteran friends, Col. Raymond Cay, of Jacksonville, Fla., and Gen. Felix Robertson, of Texas. The wedding was very quiet, with only a few of their most intimate friends present. After the ceremony the party was entertained at the handsome home of Col. Raymond Cay, on Riverside Avenue.

That Yankee Was Not Playing Possum.—Samuel G. Enloe, of Mulberry Grove, Ill., refers to the account given by C. Zipprian in the February Veteran of his experience in helping to rob a supposedly dead Yankee of his haversack and how after leaving him they decided to get his money also, but on returning to where they had left him he had disappeared; so they supposed he had been "playing possum" before. "That soldier now lives in this city," writes Mr. Enloe, "and he had told me of this incident before I read the account in the Veteran. He had been shocked by the explosion of a shell near his head which left him almost deaf. Between the time the Rebs got his haversack and their return for his money he was so far over the shock that he got up and sought his command, which was Company B, 35th Illinois Volunteers. His name is George E. Sawrey, and I know he would be greatly pleased to hear from those old Confeds. I am an old Federal soldier, but have been a subscriber to the Veteran for several years. I have known Mr. Sawrey all his life, as he was reared in this community."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

TO THE STARS AND BARS.

BY EMMA EVE GARDNER, GEORGIA.

Battle-stained, time-worn, and tattered,
I saw you again to-day
Still floating, ragged and battered,
Above the thin ranks of the gray.

Fondly the old hands clasped you,
Their faded faces aglow
With something akin to the fire
Of fifty years ago.

But long have they left that struggle
And all that thereafter befell
With Him, the Lord of the battle,
Who doeth all things well.

And now their evening grows fainter;
The shadows around them fall;
Soon the old heroes will gather
To answer the great roll call.

But we, their children, will love you,
O flag, that our fathers unfurled,
When the last Confederate soldier
Has gone the way of the world.

And more, as with years you darken,
We honor your blackened scars,
For the South has not forgotten,
O gallant Stars and Bars.

THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD LAND YET.

Another Reunion has become a memory, a memory of pleasure tinged with sadness. Its dominating note was pleasure, and the veterans had theirs in renewing war-time associations and in being entertained so hospitably. Everything was entered into with enthusiasm by the boys in gray, and even the most dignified of the generals, colonels, and majors (we don't go below major now) hesitated not to abandon his pedestal when occasion gave opportunity.

"They are getting too old, the majority of them, to stand many more such trips as this," said one man seventy-six years old himself, but who was keeping up with all that was going on. He voiced the general impression of the veterans, but that impression is erroneous. One needs only to be with the Confederate veteran to realize how false is this general impression. His great activity and his wonderful endurance show how great is the resource upon which he draws. He thinks not of age and disabilities, but plunges into the midst of things with all the enthusiasm of youth; and, though there may be twinges that are painful reminders of the passage of that joyous period of life, the veteran is not the man to give up. One said: "When I left home I was sixty-eight years old. When I got to Jacksonville and heard the band play 'Dixie' and saw the smiles and kisses thrown at us by the beautiful women of the South, I became quite gay and thought I was eighteen or twenty." And that is how most of them feel. There were no faltering steps in the mazes of the Virginia reel danced by septuagenarians, and the capers of some were delightful to behold. One ruddy-cheeked old boy was observed doing the tango in great style to the envy of another, who said that he would be doing that "tango thing" before another Reunion.

In the veterans' parade there were some who insisted upon marching afoot, and they most reluctantly gave up the effort to keep the pace set by those mounted or in automobiles. The veterans of Forrest's Cavalry looked equal to another campaign under an intrepid leader and put themselves on record as volunteers for a bout with Mexico should they be needed.

All this was gone through with after a long and tiresome journey of hundreds of miles in many instances. The rigorous training of the Confederate service builded constitutions that can still withstand much that would be the undoing of our later generation. These men are all nearing seventy or have passed into the milestones beyond; but in what community of the South are they not still prominent factors in the business and social life? By them the South was brought triumphantly through its time of humiliation and despair; to their persevering efforts is due the rehabilitation of the South as a leader in national activity; and to their sons will they bequeath a heritage of valor in war and good citizenship in peace that cannot be surpassed. But they are not yet ready to be laid on the shelf, and so long as there is a chance to meet and mingle with his comrades in reunion the Confederate veteran will be there, basking in the smiles of Dixie's loveliest or making stronger the tie that binds the hearts of those who fought for a glorious cause.

Comrades, it's "On to Richmond!" next.

The oldest veteran at Jacksonville was Dennis Cane, of Company C, 19th Mississippi, who is ninety-nine years old. He was also the first man in camp.

ENTERTAINMENT OF VETERANS.

Of the arrangements made for the free entertainment of veterans, special mention must be made. Camp E. Kirby Smith, located in Dignan Park, became a populous city of ten thousand veterans, who declared their accommodations eminently satisfactory. Those provided with quarters in homes were no better satisfied. In the great mess tent ten thousand were fed, the total number of meals served being over 45,000. More than 85,000 cups of coffee were served. Both food and service were good. The systematic handling of the vast assemblage at meal time was a subject of universal compliment, 2,500 being fed at a time. The hospitality did not stop when the encampment was ended, for traveling lunches were put up for those who wished them.

The excellent fare provided at the mess tent was especially commended by one of Forrest's men, who said: "If the quartermaster general could have fed us like that in the four years of war, we would have been fighting yet."

A GREETING TO THE U. C. V.

BY PHEBE KINDRICK THOMPSON.

O time-worn heroes, tried and true,
With loyal hearts we welcome you!
With welcome warm as Southern sun,
Lasting as laurels you have won,
Tender as Southern evening skies,
And true as Southern kindred ties.

'Tis so we welcome you to-day;
With tear-dimmed eyes salute the gray,
And dream of when in strength of youth
You marched to fight for right and truth,
Your hearts athrill, your courage high,
For your loved South to gladly die.

So long as history's page shall hold
A record of brave deeds of old,
So long as hearts shall thrill to read
Of purpose high and noble deed,
So long the South may proudly claim
Her blood-bought heritage of fame.

For history has no brighter page,
Of any clime or any age,
Than with our heroes' valor shines;
No purer patriot name enshrines
Than that of knightly Robert Lee,
Chieftain of Southern chivalry.

So when you meet to tell once more
The tale of gallant deeds of yore,
The names of heroes you recall:
Of Jackson, Stuart, Pickett, all
The gallant men who wore the gray
And live in Southern hearts to-day.

The roll call shorter grows each year,
And fewer voices answer, "Here";
Till soon, beyond the river wide,
Reveille on the other side
Shall call the army of the gray
To meet that great reunion day.

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REUNION, U. C. V.

The twenty-fourth annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans has passed into history, and the next Reunion has been set for Richmond, Va., in 1915. Jacksonville did itself proud in the matter of entertainment and afforded every facility for the transaction of business that could have been wished. From all parts of the South the hosts of old soldiers of the Confederacy gathered to march again together and to commemorate the cause for which they had fought more than fifty years ago. The next Reunion will signify the passage of fifty years since the end of the great conflict, and it is to be expected that the holding of the Reunion at the old capital of the Confederacy will draw together a memorable assemblage, probably the greatest and most momentous in the history of the organization.

On the morning of the 6th of May the twenty-fourth annual Reunion was formerly opened at Morocco Temple. The meeting was called to order by Dr. R. P. Daniel, of R. E. Lee Camp, Jacksonville. The invocation was by Dr. H. M. Hamill, Chaplain General of the U. C. V., after which the meeting was turned over to Gen. W. H. Sebring, acting for Gen. John L. Inglis, commanding the Florida Division. Mayor Swearingen welcomed the veterans in behalf of the city. Of special pleasure to the assemblage was the response of Gen. E. M. Law, one of the few remaining generals of the Confederate army, and whose command was the one which went forth to open the battle of Gettysburg against the Federal host. His address was received with great enthusiasm. Through Gen. George P. Harrison the meeting was turned over to Gen. B. H. Young, Commander in Chief, U. C. V., who responded eloquently for the association. Congressman Clark, of Florida, delivered a masterly address.

Governor Trammell's address of welcome was especially pleasing in its expressions of appreciation of the visitors. After speaking of the many other conventions that had been held in Jacksonville, he said:

"We do not welcome you as we did those who came before you. They came as our friends; you come as our brothers. You come not simply to consider present-day problems, to make history for the future, and for a pleasant visit to our sunny Florida, but you come with a full appreciation of the responsibilities of the times, to counsel and advise for the future, to recall the reminiscences of the past, and, too, as the gallant survivors and living witnesses of the chivalry, patriotism, and bravery of the soldiers of the South, as men and women who were conspicuous in rendering deeds that gloriously make us part of our American history. Of all our guests, of which we have legion, we honor you most; we appreciate greatest your visit. We extend to you the warm handclasp of brotherly love. We meet you at the threshold and give you laurel wreaths and sprigs of lilac. Our gates stand ajar for you to enter. Upon the portals of every home within our great State is written: 'Welcome, welcome; come and abide with us.' * * *

"We honor you, veterans. We pay you homage not only because you went forth in defense of our land, but as well for your loyalty, your courage, and your energy in once again reviving and bringing back to life prosperity and influence in our beloved Southland." * * *

The proceedings of the morning session were interspersed with musical selections by the Confederate choir, led by Mrs. J. Griff Edwards, of Portsmouth, Va., always pleasing and whose rendition of "Dixie" made the crowd wildly enthusiastic.

The afternoon session of the convention was marked by the annual oration, delivered by Gen. W. Calvin Wells, of Jackson, Miss., a brilliant effort replete with historical references to the Southern Confederacy.

After the first day the convention was held in the great pavilion, which is more commodious.

The meeting of Thursday morning, May 7, had two important issues: the election of a Commander in Chief and the selection of a place for the next Reunion. Gen. B. H. Young was reëlected Commander in Chief. The opposing candidate was Gen. Felix Robertson, of Texas, who made a strong fight, receiving the entire vote of his Division. The contest was close, being eleven hundred to eight hundred votes. Richmond, Va., was selected as the Reunion city for 1915. Two other cities, Memphis, Tenn., and Tulsa, Okla., worked hard for the honor, but the many historic associa-

tions of the old Confederate capital and the fact that the Battle Abbey will be dedicated next year gave Richmond the advantage.

One of the last official acts of the convention was the indorsement of President Wilson's policy in regard to the Mexican situation. At the business meeting on Friday afternoon, the 8th, the following resolution was adopted by the veterans assembled:

"Whereas the present unsettled condition in the commonwealth of Mexico appears likely to involve some action on the part of the United States; be it

"Resolved, That this convention of United Confederate Veterans recognize the great wisdom and discretion of the President of the United States and will heartily support in every possible way such action as he may take."

The Commander in Chief was instructed by the convention to forward the resolution to President Wilson.

The claims of Maj. Orren Randolph Smith, of North Carolina, and Mr. Marschall, of Alabama, to the honor of having designed the "Stars and Bars" were brought before the association. Miss Jessica Randolph, the daughter of Major Smith, requested that her father be officially recognized. The matter was referred to a committee for consideration of their respective claims, and the report will be made at the next convention, which will be held in Richmond, Va., in 1915.

Among other resolutions adopted at the final session was one approving the peace jubilee to be held in Vicksburg, Miss., next year. The resolution states that the invitation to Federal veterans to "meet the Confederate soldiers on Southern soil is approved, provided the spirit of the occasion be to accord equal honor for patriotism to Jefferson Davis, leader of the people of the South, and Abraham Lincoln, leader of the North."

The department commanders were reëlected by acclamation: Gen. Theodore S. Garnett, Norfolk, Va., Army of Northern Virginia Department; Gen. George P. Harrison, Opelika, Ala., Army of Tennessee Department; Gen. K. M. VanZandt, Fort Worth, Tex., Trans-Mississippi Department.

Maj. Gen. William E. Mickle made his annual report as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff for the past year, giving a summary of Camps by Divisions. Matters during the year, he reported, moved on without any features of unusual or startling nature, dues being paid with cheerfulness and promptness, though in diminished amount. Nine new Camps were formed and one revived, while twenty-seven Camps were dropped from the roll. All things considered, this is regarded as a satisfactory showing.

The summary of Camps by Divisions is as follows: Texas, 197; Georgia, 136; Mississippi, 84; Alabama, 80; Kentucky, 75; Arkansas, 69; South Carolina, 70; Virginia, 63; North Carolina, 62; Tennessee, 58; Oklahoma, 57; Louisiana, 48; Florida, 47; Missouri, 41; West Virginia, 23; Pacific, 14; Maryland, 12; Northwest, 14. Total, 1,150.

Summary of Camps by Departments: Army of Tennessee, 524; Trans-Mississippi, 382; Army of Northern Virginia, 226. Total, 1,132.

Total Camps chartered: As per last report, 1,783; this year, 9.

The District of Columbia belongs to the Maryland Division.

Illinois, Ohio, and Indiana are part of the Kentucky Division.

The Pacific Division includes New Mexico, California, Colorado, Arizona, and Kansas.

The Missouri Division includes Montana, Washington, and Oregon.

For the first time in the history of the organization a Division has ceased to exist. The Division of the Northwest, its number of Camps having fallen below the constitutional requirement, was disbanded and its few remaining Camps assigned to another Division. This is peculiarly pathetic from the fact that for many years, under the capable and faithful administration of Maj. Gen. Paul A. Fusz, it was the only Division in the association in which all the Camps paid their dues in full.

Receipts and expenditures for 1913: Dues from Camps, $3,575.05; dues from officers, $1,540.50; commissions, $163; donations, $44.05; sale of documents, badges, etc., $277.65; total, $5,600.25. Salaries, including amounts paid for extra help at and immediately preceding the Reunion, $3,220; printing and stationery, $1,158.12; postage, $252; rent, $585; miscellaneous, $325.42; total, $5,540.54.

The issuance of bound volumes of the publications of the association for preservation for the use of the historian of the future continues. In the pamphlet state they would wear away, be torn or mutilated, and thus be lost; but bound they will be preserved in the libraries of the country. There are six bound volumes of the minutes and two of the orders, which sell at $2.50 per volume.

In no previous year of our history has the mortality among our associates been so appalling. With stoic indifference the grim reaper has mowed down our ranks as if they were on the battle field in time of war. Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, the last lieutenant general of the Confederate armies, heads the list; while the toll from your staff is something frightful: Brig. Gen. Charles E. Hooker, Brig. Gen. Ashley Horn, Brig.



MARCHING IN THE VETERANS' PARADE.



CAMP E. KIRBY SMITH WAS BEAUTIFULLY LOCATED BY THE LAKE IN SPRINGFIELD PARK.

Gen. Price Williams, Assistant Adjutants General; Col. P. H. Fall, Col. J. F. Johnston, Col. C. D. W. McNeill, Col. W. P. Manning, Col. A. T. Holt, Col. Rufus J. Polk, Col. Ansel Bank Smith, Col. E. H. McDonald, Col. Harrison Watts, Col. S. A. Cunningham, Col. T. W. Castleman, Col. W. G. Coyle, aids-de-camp.

Marking Graves of Confederate Prisoners.

Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, United States Commissioner in charge of this work, submitted a report to the U. C. V. showing what had been done and the great work still to be done in rescuing from oblivion the graves of Confederates who died in Northern prisons. The report of the Monumental Committee refers in chief to registering, caring for, and marking the graves of those soldiers and sailors of the Confederate army and navy who died as prisoners of war.

The first Commissioner was Col. William Elliott, of South Carolina, who died in 1907. He was succeeded by Gen. William C. Oates, of Alabama. At his death, in 1910, Senator James H. Berry, of Arkansas, became Commissioner.

The work under these Commissioners was confined to the graves of Confederate soldiers and sailors near Federal prisons and military hospitals in the Northern States, and it has resulted in locating, caring for, and registering about 23,370 of these graves out of a total of over 30,000, and in marking with new headstones nearly 10,000, with bronze tablets about 13,500, with new inscriptions on old headstones some 1,745. In some places central structures or monuments were provided for the bronze tablets, as at Greenlawn Cemetery, Indianapolis, Ind., at Alton, Ill., at Finn's Point, N. J., and at Point Lookout, Md.

Excluding doubtful and undetermined matter, the result to date may be stated as follows: Permanently marked by new headstones, 9,915 graves; by bronze tablets on monument structures, 13,455 graves, being a total of 23,370. This leaves for inspection and attention the following graves: Not located, 575; not identified, 41; marked with old headstones, 1,745; citizens, 593; not reported by Commissioner, 2,870.

Senator Berry, the third Commissioner, having died after making a final report, the matter was again brought before Congress by the chairman of this committee, assisted by the Committee on Confederate Dead of Rouss Camp, resulting in the enactment of the law of March 14, 1914, authorizing and directing not only the continuance of this work, but also the extension of the same attention and care and system in the marking of the graves of Confederate soldiers and sailors lying in all national cemeteries and cemeteries at Federal military stations or localities throughout the country.

Under this wise and liberal law the Secretary of War has recognized the recommendation of this federation of United Confederate Veterans by the appointment of the chairman of its Committee on Monuments and Graves to carry, as the Commissioner, the provision of the law into effect.

A resolution offered by Charles Broadway Rouss Camp, Washington, D. C., was passed by the convention as follows:

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of the United Confederate Veterans for themselves and for the Southern people be and are hereby tendered to Congress and to the President for this wise and humane law and to the Secretary of War for his considerate recognition of the surviving veterans of the Confederate army in appointing as Commissioner under the law their approved representative duly informed in the premises."

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

This Association, President General Mrs. W. J. Behan, met and heard the annual report of the officers of the various State Associations. The Historian's report made reference to the many monuments that have been erected to Southern valor from the earliest, in 1866, to that at Arlington



DURING THE SPONSORS' PARADE.

Cemetery, which is to be dedieated on the 4th of June. At this meeting were also read memorial tributes to Mr. S. A. Cunningham, late editor of the VETERAN and a devoted friend of the assoeiation, and to Mrs. Mary E. Moore, of Portsmouth, Va., who had long been a zealous worker in the assoeiation.

The meeting adjourned on Thursday morning to take part in the annual memorial service in conjunetion with the United Confederate Veterans. From twelve to one o'eloek the eonvention was given over to this memorial meeting, an appropriate program being carried through, in which the names of the departed members were ealled in loving remembranee. Several addresses were made, and there was martial musie by the Memphis Drum Corps.

A special resolution was offered by Chaplain General H. M. Hamill and adopted by the eonvention, that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, the magazine left as a heritage to the Confederate organization by S. A. Cunningham, be eontinued and cherished by the men who wore the gray.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The annual reunion of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans was held during the same period as that of the veterans, the meetings being held at the Board of Trade auditorium, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. On the stage were portraits of Lee and Jaekson, with the Confederate and national flags, and the floral decorations were simple and effeetive.

At the opening session Commander in Chief W. W. Old paid a glowing tribute to the organization and the things for which it stands. He introdueed Commander John W. Dodge, of the Stonewall Jaekson Camp, of Jacksonville, Fla., who voieed the weleome of the city and greeted them cordially. There were responses on behalf of the visitors by Hon. Creed Caldwell, of Arkansas, Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, President General of the U. D. C., and others, and the sponsors and maids of honor were formally presented by Department Commander A. N. V. Mullins. Rev. J. Cleveland Hall delivered the annual address, and the usual eommittees were named.

At subsequent sessions reports were heard and aetion taken and the eonstitution amended in several provisions, some of which are here mentioned:

"Section 22. The staff of the Commander in Chief shall be as follows: One Adjutant in Chief, who shall be ehief of staff; one Quartermaster in Chief, one Inspeetor in Chief, one Commissary in Chief, one Judge Advoeate in Chief, one Surgeon in Chief, one Chaplain in Chief, and sueh assistants and aids as in his judgment may be necessary. The word 'general' is not to be prefixed or suffixed to any offieial designation."

Sections 70, 89, and 96: "All Camps in arrears may be reinstated by the payment of the eurrent *per capita* tax and the arrears, said arrears being fixed at the sum of $5, without regard to fines or the number of years in arrears."

Sections 15, 48, and 66: "No Camp may take part and vote in any division or brigade reunion unless said Camp is in good standing at general headquarters and has paid the annual *per capita* tax as preseribed by the eonstitution."

At the final session Seymour Stewart, of St. Louis, Mo., was elected to suceeed W. W. Old as Commander in Chief. Other officials were eleeted as follows: E. Henning Smith, of Richmond, Va., Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department; P. J. Mullin, of Rome, Ga., reëlected Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department; Edgar Seurry, of Wiehita Falls, Tex., reëlected Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department. Thomas M. Owen, of Montgomery, Ala., was reëleeted Historian General. C. Seton Fleming, of Jaeksonville, Fla., was eleeted a member of the Exeeutive Committee at large. Those who will compose the Exeeutive Counеil will be ex-Commander in Chief W. W. Old, present Commander in Chief Seymour Stewart, W. McDonald Lee, of Irvington, Va., J. W. Bale, of Rome, Ga., and Edgar Seurry.



FRANCES HALLIBURTON LUNA,
Mascot of the Texas Division, U. C. V.

Among the resolutions adopted, the one of most importance was in reference to the study of Confederate history in the schools of the South.

A lively debate was precipitated at the meeting by the introduetion of a resolution calling upon Congress to pension Confederate veterans. The resolution was introdueed by Judge N. H. Hairston, of Roanoke, Va., Judge Advocate of the Department of Virginia. Scarcely had the resolution been seconded when W. W. Old, Jr., Commander in Chief of the organization, left his official chair in order to make a speech denouneing the resolution. "I am willing to take my eoat off and work for funds with whieh to supply our Confederate soldiers," he deelared; "and until we are no longer able to do so, we should not ask the government to help them." The speaker was heartily cheered as he asserted that he had eonsulted hundreds of Virginia veterans and had found none who was in favor of beseeehing aid from the government. The resolution was tabled by an overwhelming vote.

CONGRESSMAN CLARK'S MASTERLY ADDRESS TO THE U. C. V.

At different periods since I have reached man's estate my fellow citizens have honored me; but of a truth I can say to you that no honor has ever been conferred upon me which I have so much appreciated as I do the proud privilege of uttering a few words of welcome on behalf of the Confederate veterans of Florida to their comrades from all over this great republic. Florida is the southernmost State in all the Union, and here within the domain of this glorious commonwealth, in the land of perpetual sunshine, where upon the bosom of the never-failing breeze is borne the delightful odor of our ever-blooming semitropical flowers, we bid you welcome to our hearts and homes. As great as is our beloved State, as accustomed as she is to receive within her borders distinguished men and distinguished organizations of men, she has never before been honored as she is to-day with the presence upon her soil of the "thin gray line" of Confederate veterans representing the grandest army ever assembled upon the earth.

My friends, the "thin gray line" is daily growing thinner, and it will not be long now before the last Confederate soldier will cross over the river to join in the great reunion on the other shore. The few of you who are still left with us should be supremely happy that you have lived to see this day; happy because the government of every Southern State is in the hands of your people and because you know that never again will your beloved Southland be overrun and dominated by an infamous horde of carpetbag vultures, and the seats of powers will never again be disgraced and desecrated by the incumbency of an ignorant, brutal, and inferior negro race. In the providence of God, virtue and intelligence must control; and now that once more we are in full possession of our own with the help of the Almighty and our own strong right arms, we will retain it against those who would rob, degrade, and despoil, regardless of whence they come.

This is our country, my friends, our country and the country of our children. Our fathers builded this country and planted the seeds of liberty upon these shores. When in the course of events it became necessary for the inhabitants of the straggling colonies lying along the Atlantic Seaboard to band together in a common government to secure freedom from the tyranny of the mother country, a Southern man, Thomas Jefferson, wrote the Declaration of Independence, that immortal document which through all the ages will remain as an inspiration to all peoples longing to be free.

When the Continental armies needed a master spirit to lead them in battle through the weary seven years of war for freedom from the British yoke, a Southern man came forth from the Old Dominion, and the gleaming sword of George Washington gave the young republic a fixed place among the nations of the earth.

When a system of jurisprudence was to be builded for the young nation, again the South contributed one of her sons, and John Marshall as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States constructed a system which challenged the admiration of the world.

When the organic law of the land must be written—the substructure of our government, the compact of union, the agreement between these sovereign States—Virginia, a Southern State, again furnished "the man of the hour," and James Madison wrote the Constitution, that marvel of wisdom and statesmanship which through all the years of our national life has proved sufficient for all conditions, matchless product of the great brain of Madison, the Southern patriot and statesman.

In 1812, when the young republic was again plunged into war with England, and the life of the new government was in peril, the one man toward whom all eyes were turned was Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, who led our troops in that great war to a victorious end.

In 1846, when the tocsin of war again sounded and it became necessary for our troops to go to battle with the soldiers of Mexico, they followed across the plains of the Mexican republic the waving plumes of Zachary Taylor, Robert E. Lee, and Jefferson Davis, and planted Old Glory over the halls of the Montezumas.

More than this, my friends, let it not be forgotten that in all these crises in the history of the republic the South has not only furnished the great leaders and statesmen, but she has furnished her share and more than her share of the means and men demanded by the country's needs.

These things being true, my friends, why is not this our country? Why is not Old Glory our flag? On every battle field with a foreign foe the Stars and Stripes has been baptized in the best blood of the South; every American warship that has engaged in combat with the enemy on the seas has been partially officered and manned by the sons of the South; no call for the common defense has ever gone unheeded in the Southland; and in every conflict the sons of Dixie could be found "where thickest fell the red rain of human slaughter."

As you gather here for this Reunion it might be well for the instruction of those who come after you and in the interest of the truth of history to consider for a few moments the causes which called you into being and provoked the War between the States. Let me say in the beginning that human slavery was not the cause of the four years of war between the sovereign States of this republic. Let me say that I deny with all the emphasis of my soul that the people of the South were actuated throughout that dreadful conflict by no higher motive than that of preserving the institution of African slavery. The war was produced by a difference in construction of the organic law of the land. The Southern States insisted in 1861, as they had insisted ever since the formation of the government, that the Federal Union was a government with no power other than such as had been delegated to it by the States through the instrumentality of the Constitution. The Northern States contended that the Federal government was supreme, while the Southern States contended for the sovereignty of the respective States, and this clash of opposing opinion continued until the Southern States sought peaceably to withdraw from the Federal Union. We believed we had the right to peaceably withdraw from a compact into which we had voluntarily entered. We were willing to remain in the Union so long as the original agreement was respected, so long as the sovereignty of the States was preserved, so long as our rights under the Constitution were safe; but when the Federal government passed into the hands of those who openly trampled upon the compact of the Union, denied the sovereignty of the States, and declared the Constitution to be a "compact with the devil and a league with hell," we attempted, as we had the right to do, to peaceably withdraw from the Union of "free and independent" States.

For four long years the Stars and Bars floated proudly over the Southland, sustained by the bravest soldiery the world ever saw. Victorious on nearly every field of battle, although

usually overwhelmingly outnumbered, the soldiers of the Southern Confederacy gave to the world exhibitions of military prowess and dauntless courage furnished by no other war in all the annals of time. Poorly provided with munitions of war, scantily clothed, and only half fed, the brave and unconquerable sons of the South, inspired with a deathless love of country and nerved with the righteousness of their cause, held at bay for four years not simply the armies of the North, but the legions of hired Hessians from all over the world. At last in the providence of God the star of the Confederacy went down in gloom on the field of Appomattox. Overcome but not conquered, overpowered but not subdued, the Confederate States of America passed from among the nations of the earth without a stain of dishonor upon her fair name.

Horrible as were the four years of war through which she had just passed, when the Stars and Bars was furled for the last time at Appomattox and the Confederate soldier began his weary journey toward his home, he faced a condition more horrible than any through which he had yet passed. Footsore and weary, mayhap wounded, he made his way through a land which had been ravaged by fire and sword. Every family was in mourning for some loved one whose life had been given as a sacrifice on the altar of constitutional government, and where once stood a house which sheltered a happy and contented family nothing remained save a blackened chimney which stood as a silent sentinel amid the ruin and desolation of Sherman's march to the sea. He found his country and his State overrun with the hired soldiery of foreign lands, there to protect the disreputable carpetbagger and the newly freed negro in a villainous conspiracy to control local governmental affairs. Disfranchised in his native State, an alien in the land of his birth and powerless to prevent it, he saw the infamous carpetbaggers from the North under the protection of Federal bayonets swoop down upon the prostrate South like a flock of vultures to despoil her. In the capital of every Southern State the world saw such a saturnalia of criminal misgovernment and official thievery as never before disgraced the history of any people. But, thank God, the spirit which nerved the glorious patriots who followed the standards of Lee, Jackson, Bragg, Gordon, Forrest, and the rest of the immortals was still alive, and the survivors of the "lost cause," together with their sons, resolved that, with the help of God, they would rescue the South from these infamous marauders and their ignorant, brutal negro allies.

With homes destroyed, the land desolate, the women and children reduced to abject poverty, while unscrupulous white carpetbaggers and ignorant, brutal negroes held high carnival in every State capital, the returned Confederate soldier, actuated by the same patriotic spirit which for four long years sustained the banner of the "lost cause," began to rebuild his beloved Southland and redeem her from the hands of the despoiler. His work was done swiftly and well, and to-day in his declining days he looks out over the broad expanse of country lying south of Mason and Dixon's line upon a happy and contented people in the full possession and enjoyment of every department of their respective State governments, with the sons of the South filling their share of the places of honor, distinction, and power in the affairs of the republic. Wielding the gavel of the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States, the most exalted legislative position in all the world, is Champ Clark, of Missouri, who is proud of the distinction of being a Southern man. The gifted and brilliant leader of the dominant political party in the House of Representatives, the ablest and most successful leader of any political party figuring in the history of this country for the last fifty years, is another devoted Southerner, Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama. The chairmen of nearly all the great and powerful committees of both Houses of Congress come from the territory which comprised the Confederate States of America.

Sitting on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, the most august judicial tribunal in the civilized world, and as the chief justice of this great court, is Edwin D. White, a native of Louisiana and himself a Confederate soldier.

In the Cabinet of the President of the United States are noble sons of the South, with great distinction discharging the duties of Attorney-General, Postmaster-General, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Treasury, and Secretary of Agriculture.

Ah! my friends, in the executive mansion itself sits Woodrow Wilson, a Southern man, directing the destinies of this the greatest nation on the earth, while a Georgia girl presides over the White House as the "first lady of the land," and once more real, genuine Southern hospitality is dispensed from the nation's capital. "Truly we are in our father's house," and here with the help of God we intend to remain.

Your struggles were not in vain. The cause for which you fought was not lost, and it is not correct to refer to it as the "lost cause." You fought for the perpetuity of constitutional government in this country, and constitutional government still survives in all its vigor. You fought for the preservation of the rights of the sovereign States, and to-day there are no more ardent defenders of State rights upon the floors of the Congress than are the Senators and Representatives from the Northern and Eastern States of this Union.



TYPICAL OF THE FAR SOUTH.

We of the South have been steadfast and unwavering through the changing years, whether in war or in peace, in our devotion to the Union of the Constitution. We have stood for the preservation of the sovereignty of the States, for the terms of the original compact between the States as it was written, and, contending for these principles, we have never had, nor have we now, any apology to make for the conduct of our people either in the halls of legislation or upon the fields of battle.

The fratricidal struggle is ended, and let us hope that never again shall American face American on the field of battle. We are one people with one flag and one destiny now by the stern arbitrament of war, cemented together as an indissoluble union of indestructible States. The Confederate soldier was neither a "rebel" nor a "traitor." He was a patriot willing to die, if need be, in defense of the principles for which he stood and his beloved Southland, which he loved so well, and the impartial historian of the future must so record him. But finally, when overwhelmed by superior numbers and the army of Lee stacked arms at Appomattox, the Southern soldier accepted the result in good faith, and so far as he was concerned the war was at an end; but for thirty-odd long years he was regarded with suspicion by his late foe. As dreadful as is war and as much as it is to be deplored, yet the war with Spain into which this country was plunged in 1898 was a blessing to the United States. It was well that it came, as it demonstrated once and for all to the North and to the world that the South was in the Union to stay; that this country was our country; that Old Glory was our flag, and that, if need be, we would lay down our lives to defend it. When the call to arms was made, the sons of the men who followed Lee and Jackson in the sixties promptly stepped to the front and answered, "Ready." The best blood of the South was spilled in defense of the flag in 1898, as it has been freely spilled in every conflict with a foreign foe. Even now, while the war clouds are gathering over unhappy Mexico, the boys of the South are only waiting for the summons; and if it should unhappily come, our full quota will be promptly furnished, and no braver troops will march to the attack of Huerta's soldiery than the sons of those who more than fifty years ago with unflinching bravery and dauntless courage unwaveringly followed the fortunes of the Stars and Bars.



FLORIDA CONFEDERATE HOME AT JACKSONVILLE.

CONFEDERATE NAVAL VETERANS.

Commander A. O. Wright, of Jacksonville, was elected Commander of the Confederate Naval Veterans, his ninth consecutive term, at the annual reunion of that organization. The attendance was unusually large, and the headquarters in the council chamber were filled during the days of the reunion. All who served at any time in the naval forces of the Confederacy were asked to call and register. Uniquely decorated automobiles represented these veterans in the great parade. At the reception in the evening at Hotel Windsor, among those present was Lieutenant Scales, formerly of the Confederate States steamship Shenandoah, a steamer which never was captured, but which voluntarily surrendered to the English government after learning that the war was ended.

Following the reception there was a banquet, at which patriotic talks were made. Edward Anderson, a midshipman on the Alabama, told of some of the experiences on that vessel and described the sinking of that vessel off the coast of Cherbourg, France; Capt. H. H. Marmaduke narrated incidents of the fight between the Monitor and the Merrimac; Capt. James M. Tomb, who was an engineer in the navy, told of incidents and experiences while stationed at Fort Fisher, N. C., and gave details of the running down and cutting in two by one of his gunners of a boat in which was R. N. Ellis, who was in the Federal service. Mr. Ellis afterwards came to Jacksonville and became the brother-in-law of Captain Tomb.

FLAG OF THE 76TH OHIO REGIMENT.

An interesting incident connected with the Reunion was the return of the colors of the 76th Ohio Infantry, which were captured at Ringgold, Ga., on November 27, 1863. After the battle of Missionary Ridge the Federals followed hard after the Confederates, and General Cleburne, in command of the Confederate forces, made a stand at Ringgold, completely checking the Federals in a desperate conflict. In his report he gives a vivid account of the engagement, which is concluded as follows:

"The attack was again defeated and the enemy hurled down the hill with the loss of many killed on the spot, several prisoners, and the colors of the 76th Ohio Regiment. The colors and most of the prisoners were captured by the 1st Arkansas. In a fight where all fought nobly I feel it my duty to particularly compliment this regiment for its courage and constancy. In the battle the officers fought with pistols and rocks, and so close was the fight that some of the enemy were knocked down with the latter missiles and captured."

The ceremonies in returning the flag took place in the foyer of the Aragon Hotel in the evening of May 6. The color bearer, W. C. Montgomery, who lost an arm in the conflict, was one of the five commissioners appointed by Gov. James M. Cox, of Ohio, to receive the flag. Mrs. T. Randolph Leigh, of Montgomery, Ala., presented the old flag to the commissioners in behalf of the Camp of Veterans at Selma, Ala., and her address was a real oration. So

well chosen were her words, so beautiful the sentiment expressed, and so felicitous the bringing together of the two sides of the history of the war that every one present was deeply moved.

The private secretary to Governor Cox spoke appropriately on the occasion and read the following letter from the chief executive of the State of Ohio:

"*Gentlemen:* I regret exceedingly that I am not able to be with you upon this occasion. I have looked forward ever since last July, when I met many of your members at Gettysburg, to the pleasure of attending this Reunion of the boys who fought in gray. But the exigencies of my office are such that I cannot be with you at this time in person.

"The State of Ohio, however, is sending to you a committee of five boys of the days of 1861-65 to receive at your hands a battle flag which you secured from them at Ringgold, Ga., in 1863. They have been instructed, when they receive this precious treasure from you, to bring it to the Statehouse here at Columbus, where it will be forever preserved as an emblem of their heroism in defending it and of your bravery in winning it. It will further be reverenced as a token of the eternal peace between the North and the South. We shall gaze upon its sacred folds as a banner of war rewoven by the loom of years into a badge of peace.

"It is impossible for us of a newer generation to appreciate the hardships which you of the late unpleasantness endured. We read in history of your struggles; we listen in wonder to the relation of your experiences; we unveil monuments to your heroism. But it is impossible for us to fully comprehend the miseries you endured or the sacrifices which you made for the cause which you believed was right. But we enter with you in spirit in these reunions and wish you all the blessings which can come from again standing side by side with those by whose side you stood when your brothers were falling all about you.

"It has been my ambition to see the Soldiers' Home at Johnson City, Tenn., opened to the ex-Confederate soldiers. Such measure has been advocated upon the part of Congress, and from the indications it is believed that it will not be long until those who marched under the Stars and Bars, and who are dependent in their old age, will be sheltered by the government which is in every sense their own.

"I believe that your generosity in returning this banner, which you captured fairly in strife, will have a softening influence from one end of the nation to the other. It shows, as nothing else could show, that hate is not harbored in your hearts. And the veterans who wore the blue will receive it as graciously as you return it.

"For in the fullness of time there has been blotted from the bosoms of men all resentment toward men of another section. No longer do we measure prejudice by the metes and bounds of a river or imaginary line. Those who fought and won and those who fought and lost have mutual admiration for the courage and patriotism of the other. The very issues of the contest have passed from memory. To-day one cannot tell whether the boy who wears the uniform of a united country came from a sire who wore the blue or the gray.

"In these uncertain days, when there are rumors of war, there is no question as to who will do his duty when the clouds have lowered and the reign of death begins. There is no suspicion in the minds of men that any one section of our land will sulk. All of us know that from every point of the compass will come the men of stout hearts and ringing patriotism to redeem from insult the glorious Stars and Stripes, the common banner of a common country.

"Gentlemen, I wish you Godspeed in your pursuit of pleasure at the Reunion, and in the name of the people of Ohio I thank you for the return of this battle flag. Should you see fit to visit us, we shall welcome you to hold your Reunion in the Statehouse grounds, and we will conduct you to the shrine where will hang this priceless relic which you send to us."

This flag was captured by soldiers under General Hardee in a hand-to-hand conflict, and six Ohio color bearers died before the flag was lost. The colonel of the 1st Arkansas, which regiment captured the flag, was a son-in-law of General Hardee, and to him the General gave the flag. Both are dead, and General Hardee's daughter, now an aged woman, asked the Confederate Camp at Selma, Ala., to return the flag to the survivors of the regiment which lost it.

Commissioner Charles H. Kibler made the response in accepting the treasured flag. The other commissioners were Marion Chrisman, William Held, J. L. Rodevack, and Color Bearer W. C. Montgomery.

SOCIAL SIDE OF THE REUNION.

The elaborate series of social entertainments in Jacksonville during the Reunion has never been surpassed, if equaled, at any similar gathering. Particularly notable was the official veterans' ball on Thursday evening, where thousands of silver-haired veterans and beautiful girls from all sections of the Southland were attendants. This ball was held in the great pavilion, which was hung with Confederate flags and brilliantly illuminated. Commander in Chief Young led the grand march with Miss Corinne Hampton, Sponsor for the South, followed by members of his staff with the maids of honor. After these came the commanders of divisions with their sponsors, while the staff officers had as partners the maids of honor and chaperons. The band played Southern airs, and fully ten thousand people promenaded and danced during the evening.

On Friday afternoon, at the Country Club, a reception was given in honor of Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief of the Veterans, Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, President General of the U. D. C., and Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association. Following this came the Southern Cross drill, and in the evening the Sons of Veterans' ball.

One of the most beautiful among the many functions was the reception tendered by the Florida Confederate Memorial Association to the Confederated Southern Memorial Association at the Woman's Club. The clubhouse was beautifully decorated in honor of this representative assemblage of Southern women. The Woman's Club kept open house during the week and was the center of attraction for the visiting ladies.

There were many entertainments at private homes in honor of distinguished guests during Reunion week, some of which were of special brilliance, many hundreds being entertained.

The sponsors and maids of honor were fêted and complimented with a series of entertainments, of which the breakfast at Atlantic Beach was the most notable. The trip was made in autos to the beach, and after a fine luncheon at the Atlantic Beach Hotel there was an informal dance and (for some) a dip in the ocean.

FROM PETERSBURG TO APPOMATTOX.

BY THOMAS P. DEVEREUX.

I was in the second corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, first commanded by Stonewall Jackson, then by Gen. R. S. Ewell, and after his retirement in the summer of 1864, owing to infirm health, Gen. Jubal A. Early commanded it during the celebrated campaign in the Valley of Virginia in the late summer and fall of 1864, when he so nearly captured Washington City. After him came Gen. John B. Gordon, who was its leader until the end.

The corps was removed from the Valley to Petersburg just before Christmas, and for some time lay in camp on Swift Creek, a few miles north of Petersburg and on the railroad to Richmond. In the early spring of 1865 we were moved to the extreme right of our line on the Southside Railroad, about thirteen miles from Petersburg. In March we went to Petersburg and took position in the trenches. Our division (Grimes's) rested its right near the Weldon Railroad; its left, about a mile long, extended nearly to the Crater. Grimes's Brigade, then under the command of Colonel Cowand, of the 32d North Carolina Regiment, was on the right and included in its line Fort Mahone. We were about a mile from the town. About two hundred yards in the rear of the breastworks there stood a deserted house, a large two-story building, called for its owner the "Wilcox Browne House." All the outhouses had been destroyed except the shell of a large barn. Here our brigade headquarters were established; our horses, cooks, etc., were sent to the wagon yard, nearer the town and out of the range of shells. The staff and couriers messed together, my servant George being our chief cook. Our rations were sent to us daily in a big tin bucket that mother had sent me full of sausage. All the ground in front was clear of trees for about half a mile, where a thick wood obstructed the view and in which were the Yankee lines.

Here we remained in comparative quiet until March 27 with woefully scanty rations, consisting chiefly of corn bread made with unsifted meal about as large as a man's fist and less than half a pint of sorghum. About once a week we had a small slice of meat and once or twice a little rice. I recall one ration of fresh canned beef (some said horse meat), which was issued in January when we were in winter quarters on Swift Creek. I will tell you where the fresh meat came from. When in California in 1868 I met a Basque Frenchman, who had lived for several years in Buenos Aires. He was telling one day of the immense herds of cattle, mules, and horses formerly slaughtered at a certain place on the La Plata River for their hides alone, their carcasses being thrown into the river. He went on to say that a firm of Englishmen set up an immense cannery to preserve the meat, and that several cargoes were sent to the Confederacy through the blockade; hence the horse and mule meat.

On the night of March 26 we were ordered to move to the right. At daybreak we were again in trenches, and by the dim light we could see the Yankee lines about one hundred yards distant. A detail was called from the ranks, and about one hundred men crossed over our works. In a minute or two there was a scattering volley of musketry, a shout, and we were ordered to charge the Yankee fort. We went at it in a run, and on reaching the fort we found that the hundred men sent forward were inside and the Yankees were pouring out at its rear. We were soon busy searching for rations. We took a few prisoners. Suddenly we were subjected to an awful shelling from siege guns and mortars. In about an hour or less we saw dark masses of Yankees forming a few hundred yards off to charge us. We were ordered to seek our own lines, which we did pell-mell. This was the affair at Hares Hill.

The name of the fort was Steadman, but called by our men "Fort Hell." We were under a heavy shelling from big guns and mortars until we got behind a range of hills, where we were safe. Later we returned to our old lines at the Wilcox Browne House. We were told that the expedition failed because one of our divisions failed to capture another fort which commanded Steadman. I heard General Grimes say that General Lee's plan was to pierce the Federal lines and capture City Point.

An incident is worth recording, as it shows General Lee's wonderful self-command. Our point of attack was very close to old Blanford Church. Four of our men were coming through the churchyard with ammunition, and right at the church they met Wortham, from the 45th Regiment. He had been stunned by the explosion of a shell, and in making his way to the rear had stumbled into a sink. You may imagine his forlorn condition. The man, in telling what an awful place Fort Hell was, said, "Boys, you needn't go back there; everybody is killed," naming a death roll of Colonel Winston, Colonel Cowand, Captain London, and others. At last he said: "And General Grimes too is killed. He said: 'Wortham, come help me; I am killed.' I said: 'General Grimes, I can't help you; I am killed too." Just then they heard a gentle laugh and, looking up, saw General Lee standing at the corner of the church, and he said: "Now hurry along, boys, with your ammunition; it will be needed." It seems that General Lee had taken his stand at the church to watch the progress of the fight in Steadman.

During the next few days the Rev. Dr. Patterson visited our headquarters before the ever-memorable Sunday, April 2. The only thing I can now recall of his visit was connected with a bottle of "spirits." We were so woefully short of men that the troops were on duty two nights out of every three. Small rations of spirits were issued each day, never whisky, for you may well know that grain was too scarce in the country for any to be used in distillation. One day a ration issued of a vile decoction made from persimmons, which was almost as astringent as the green fruit. Another day we got something said to have been made from sorghum seed and the cane boiled after the juice had been extracted in the mill. At each issue there was a small surplus, which was saved. Our staff had received about a pint or more of this mixture, which no one could swallow; so the bottle containing it was untouched when Dr. Patterson came. He was strong, but the long ride from his camp had exhausted him. I believe that he had come largely on account of a promise to mother to look me up when possible. He was really suffering from fatigue, and on being told of our bottle of stuff (I don't know what to call it) he said he would try it anyhow, and actually swallowed a pretty stiff dram. He was too polite to say much, but it must have been a nauseous dose.

I must tell you a joke on Tuck Badger and myself. There was an old barn on the place full of cats. What they lived on I can't say, unless it was the swarms of rats in the ditches. On the first Saturday in April Tuck and I amused ourselves by killing cats. A big yellow one had gotten up in the rafters for safety, and we were hard at it shelling him

with rocks, when the Yankee lines opened with a heavy fire. A big shell burst inside the old barn. This would not have been a pleasant incident at any time, but, engaged as we were in cruel sport, our consciences helped to make cowards of us, for we scampered off for our lives.

On the last day of March we heard distant shelling on our right. At first it was thought to have been an affair with the cavalry pickets, but it continued through the first of April, and we learned that it was Sheridan breaking our lines at the battle of Five Forks. About midnight we were aroused by fighting on our left, and we could plainly see the mortar shells make their beautiful curves in the air. They reminded me of Fourth of July fireworks. Pretty soon the news came that our lines had been broken near the Crater. Of course everything was on the alert at once, the troops roused, and the breastworks manned. Only desultory firing was kept up until daylight, and then the storm burst. We were thrown back on a new line perpendicular to our works, facing to the left. Soon the Yankees came surging down our lines, and all day long it was almost hand-to-hand fighting, mainly around the traverses. These traverses were about ten feet high and twenty feet thick. The fight was from traverse to traverse, and we slowly drove them back. The Yankees would get on top of them to shoot down at our men, and as we retook them our men did the same thing. This lasted until late in the day, when we had recaptured all of our lines as far as to the left of Fort Mahone, and so the Yankees were kept out of Petersburg. Their object was to get into the town and burn the bridges over the Appomattox River. If they had succeeded in this, General Lee's army would have been cut in two and destroyed.

The fighting ceased at dark, and about midnight the 2d Corps fell back through the town, which was already on fire in many places. Our command crossed the river, part of it at least, on a pontoon above the bridges. We marched all night and about Tuesday, the 4th, reached Amelia Courthouse, where we had been told we would draw rations; but they had been left in Richmond and the trains loaded with Confederate archives, some of which got through to Danville and some were captured at Burkeville. I was sent into the little town of Amelia Courthouse with Capt. W. L. London, and on the streets I saw Gen. Fitzhugh Lee for the first time, and I saw one of his men shoot at a man on horseback with the only globe-sighted rifle I ever saw. Generals Grimes, Fitz Lee, and another were on the right of our brigade looking with their glasses at a man on a white horse who was looking at us through his glasses. They were discussing the distance, and General Lee said: "I have a man who is a capital judge of distance." The man was called, and he estimated the distance about a thousand yards. "Can you hit that fellow?" said Lee. "I think I can, sir," he replied. He then took long aim and fired. The man fell from the horse, and his companions carried him off. This was reported by one of our officers. Nothing could be seen with the naked eye.

We crossed the Appomattox River on a pontoon and were told that we were going to Burkeville, but during the day the news came that Grant had headed us off at that place, and we changed our course for Farmville.

This brings us, according to my recollection, to Wednesday night. I was half dead from lack of sleep and fatigue. When we went into camp we were told that we would reach Farmville the next day and get something to eat. We slept all night, and just as we were breaking camp on the morning of the 6th there was a shout from somewhere: "Look out for Yankee cavalry!" Down the road in the direction from which we had come the night before, and only a few hundred yards off, was a column of Federal cavalry coming at a trot. We could not have had time to form before they would be upon us if it had not been for General Roberts's brigade of cavalry. I don't know where they came from, but when I saw them they were charging down the road in a column of fours. In an instant they seemed to be swallowed up by the Yankee troops. All was turmoil, shouting, and popping of pistols and carbines. Presently the head of General Roberts's column could be seen coming with a number of prisoners, and the Yankees were scampering back. The whole affair was of short duration, but it gave time for the infantry to fall into line. The division was in two parallel lines, two brigades in each, and one some hundreds of yards in the rear of the other. The brigades of Grimes and Cox were in the line next the enemy, and the others, as I have said, a short distance in our rear, while the Federal infantry was advancing in a line that overreached ours on both flanks. Then began the battle of Sailor's Creek. We held them as long as possible and then fell back behind the other brigades, forming in line again. When too hard pressed they in turn fell back behind us, and thus the battle lasted all day. We could hear heavy firing on both flanks and found out afterwards that General Longstreet was on our right and General Ewell with a handful of troops that had been in Richmond and a mob, for it was little better, composed of the clerks from the several departments of the government.

A brigade courier has little or nothing to tell of himself. I was there simply carrying messages and orders. The fight had been principally through woods and pine thickets, but just before sunset we debouched into the open fields and clear low grounds of Sailor's Creek. We were on the crest of quite a hill, and below us we saw hundreds of wagons waiting their turn to cross the creek by a bad ford which was reached by going down a steep bank. That part of the train which had crossed was climbing the opposite hill, where we could see a line of troops and a number of guns in position. The two brigades of our line were scrambling over the creek as best they could. The enemy soon began to overlap us, and the order was given to get across the creek as we could and rally on the hills opposite under our guns. With several others, mounted, I rode down to the creek and found that the steep, precipitous banks could not be crossed. Some man called out that there was a ford lower down, that he knew every foot of the country, and that he would guide us to the high bridge over the Appomattox. We gladly followed him. Soon a body of Yankee cavalry made a dash at us, but some, if not all, of us got across, for we reached the ford just as they got in sight. At this point we missed our guide, and I saw him no more; but we went on up the hill and at dark reached the Southside Railroad close to the high bridge, where we found hundreds, maybe thousands, of stragglers, all making for the bridge. A heavy guard was at the bridge halting all footmen, while officers were dashing about getting the men into some order. We were told that all horsemen, wagons, and artillery would cross the river by the county bridge, which was immediately under the railroad. It was quite dark by that time, but by great good luck I stumbled on our brigade that had crossed and was in camp on the roadside.

Next morning we were in line of battle by daylight, our skirmishers holding the line of the river and firing at the

enemy on the island and on the other side. Soon a thick column of smoke rose from the bridge, which had been fired by our people. We kept the enemy off until it was in a light blaze and then struck out for Farmville. One or two spans had fallen in before we lost sight of it. About a mile down the road we came to a cluster of farmhouses and tobacco barns. A long row of hogsheads of tobacco had been rolled to the side of the road and their heads knocked out. The owner of the farm, a gray-headed old man, was standing there calling to every one: "Help yourselves, for the d— Yankees will get it if you don't."

Before we reached Farmville we heard heavy firing and learned that a force of Yankees had crossed the river above the bridge and made a dash at the town, but were driven off by some of our troops. Gen. Gaston Lewis was wounded in this skirmish. This was Thursday the 6th. When we reached the town we were halted and rations were issued, each man getting about half a pound of corn bread, and I believe some got a little meat; but we got only the bread of unsifted meal. We marched out of the town a short distance on the Lynchburg or Appomattox road, halted and formed a line, and there we remained all day.

Since leaving Petersburg we had covered the rear of the army, but now Longstreet's Corps relieved us. Shortly before night we took the line of march and continued all night without a halt. I believe we rested a short time Friday morning the 7th. I know we tramped wearily along. I lost myself more than once sitting my horse Trumps. This day I found two ears of corn in the road. I gave one to my poor horse, and Tuck and I divided the other. This, with the piece of bread I got in Farmville, was all I ate from Thursday until Saturday, when we got another bait of corn. We marched on, the ranks growing thinner and thinner, as the men fell out exhausted.

I must mention the chaplain of the 45th Regiment, the Rev. Mr. Harding. At Sailor's Creek he had taken a musket and borne his part all through the fight, saying: "This is no time for noncombatants." He carried his gun to the last and doubtless did much good by his heroic example. Col. John R. Winston, also of the 45th, was shot in the head at Sailor's Creek. I saw him that day (Friday) at the head of his regiment bareheaded, because his wound would not let him wear a hat. He was a splendid soldier. The men were hungry and very sleepy, but full of fight, as the last charge on Sunday morning proved. We were halted at intervals for a few minutes, and it seemed that every one was asleep before the bugle sound for the halt had ceased to reverberate, but at the command most of the men rose and staggered forward. Some (and who could blame them?) failed to respond to the call of duty, and we saw them no more. The remnants of the artillery and the wagon train were ahead of us, but we neither saw nor heard anything of them.

All through Friday night and Saturday the same thing went on. Just before sunset Saturday we were halted and told to go into camp for the night; that rations were expected by rail from Lynchburg that night or next morning. I know now that we were then about two miles from Appomattox Courthouse and about four miles from the station of the same name on the Southside Railroad, which is about thirteen miles from Lynchburg. We—that is, our brigade—had halted at the edge of a field where there was a scant growth of poor grass. We turned our horses loose to graze, and Tuck and I fell down in the fence corner, where there was a bed of leaves, and were asleep in two minutes. * * *

We slept an hour or more and were aroused after daylight and ordered forward—that is, in the direction of Lynchburg. As the sun was rising we formed a line of battle and charged for some distance. Maybe as much as a mile or less we drove them and were in sight of the railroad when two officers with white flags rode at a gallop down the opposing lines, and the firing ceased. The officer on our side was Col. Charles Marshall, of General Lee's staff, and we heard afterwards that the Federal was General Custer. As we advanced we could see long lines of Federal soldiers, both infantry and cavalry, "standards on standards, men on men in slow procession still." We fell back under orders beyond the courthouse, crossed the Appomattox River, there a small stream (I believe it was called Spout Creek), were halted on the opposite hill, and without orders the men began to throw up extemporized breastworks of logs, fence rails, etc. In a very few minutes General Grimes rode up and told us to stop working; that there would be no more fighting; that the army had surrendered. I shall never forget the scene that followed. Some burst into tears, some threw down their guns, others broke them against trees, and I saw one man thrust his musket between a forked sapling, bend the barrel, and say: "No Yankee will ever shoot at us with you." A crowd surrounded General Grimes, who in a few words explained the situation and said we would receive rations during the day. Then we went into camp, and the war was over.

Of course all was uncertainty, and none could tell just what the future had in store for us. We knew we were prisoners of war, but were totally in the dark as to what the terms of the surrender were. My first thought was to look after the welfare of my faithful servant George and while there was yet time to give him a chance to make his way home. I called him up and explained the situation to him, telling him that I would probably be sent to some Northern prison, that he was free, and that the best thing he could do was to get home the best way he could. I gave him one of my five-dollar gold pieces, which had been sewed for two years in the collar of my jacket, and told him to take my horse Trumps and sell him if necessary and use the money to get home. The poor fellow looked at me for a moment in silence as if hardly understanding and then blubbered out: "Mars Thomas, I can't do it. Ise gwine to stay with you. Ef you can stand a Yankee prison, I kin too." I remonstrated with him and told him that he would not be allowed to go with me, and that he had better lose no time in doing as I said, but all to no avail. He took my hand and with the big tears running down his face said: "No, Mars Thomas, I dassent face Mammy without you. When I left home with you to jine the army, the last words Mammy said was: 'Now, George, you have the care of that chile, and don't you ever show your face to me without you brings him back with you, dead or alive.' Mars Thomas, Ise got to mind Mammy and stay with you." And stay he did, and was faithful to "de fambly," and served us for many years. Poor fellow! He was his own worst enemy, but there never was a more loyal and affectionate nature than his. Peace to his ashes!

We were in a skirt of woods very near the road over which we had marched the night before, about a mile from the courthouse, where Generals Lee and Grant were settling the terms of the surrender. About sunset General Lee was seen coming down the road mounted on Traveler, his famous horse. Hundreds flocked to the roadside to see him pass. As he approached we could see the reins hanging loose on his horse's neck, and his head was sunk on his breast.

As the men began to cheer he raised his head and, hat in hand, passed by, his face flushed and his eyes ablaze. I was on the roadside nearest to the courthouse, and so did not know what passed at the other side of the line. Some said he halted and spoke a few words near an apple tree. If he did, this was the famous apple tree of which so much was said at one time. I saw none of it. On this day Tuck Badger found a ham, which is memorable as the first meat we had tasted for days.

During the day following (Monday the 10th) we lay in camp, and muster rolls were made out upon which our paroles were to be issued. I recall an amusing incident that happened near our camp in the afternoon. All day hundreds of Yankees, men and officers, came into our camps. I saw a Confederate soldier passing with a bundle of oats or fodder on his back. A Yankee rode up and asked what he was doing with it, and the man replied that he was taking it to his colonel's horse. The Yankee said he wanted it, and the man answered that he could not have it. "All right," said the Yankee, "you are conquered, and I am going to take it." "I may be conquered," said Johnny Reb, "but I am not whipped, and you shan't have it." The Yankee dismounted to take it, and in a minute was knocked down with Johnny on top of him. Several of both sides rushed up, and a Yankee drew a pistol. But one of his officers told him to keep off. "The man brought the fight on, and now let him take care of himself." In as short a time as it has taken to tell it a most woe-begone Yankee rose to his feet with bunged eyes and a bloody nose, and Johnny Reb walked off triumphant with his bundle of fodder on his back.

Both General Lee and General Grimes had their headquarters on the opposite side of the road from our camp and about four hundred yards distant. Late in the night I was sent to General Grimes's camp for the last batch of our paroles. While standing waiting for them a band came up and serenaded General Lee. I joined the crowd near his tent, while the band played that beautiful air, "Parting Is Pain," also known as "When the Swallows Homeward Fly." There was light in the tent, and the General stepped outside and asked to whom he was indebted for such sweet music, and was told the band of the 4th North Carolina Regiment. He took a step forward as though about to say something, but he could not. He just raised his hands like a benediction and almost sobbed out: "God bless you, men, God bless you! I can say no more." * * *

Next day we stacked arms, and the Army of Northern Virginia was a thing of the past. We took our march for home at once. At first the road was crowded, but gradually we dispersed, each seeking the nearest way home as the road forked. There were many sad farewells as friends and comrades said good-by, some never to meet again. There was nothing to break the monotony of the way worth the telling. Our party—that is, General Grimes, one or two officers, among them Maj. W. L. London, of Pittsboro, his brother Henry, Tuck Badger, and myself—spent the first night at a place called Rough Creek Church. The officers stayed in the house of an old Baptist preacher, who gave us a good supper and an interminably long grace. Tuck, Henry London, and I slept in a fodder stack. The next morning the old man gave us breakfast and charged us one hundred dollars each. I paid him, and as he took the money (Confederate, of course) he said: "It looks like a big charge, but you men are going to prison anyway and won't need it."

I think it was the next day we reached a little country store, where we found congregated about a hundred paroled men and a number of women from the neighborhood. The store was a tithing station and a place where rations were issued to the needy soldiers' wives, and it was ration day, which accounted for the presence of the women. There was a small lot of meat to be given to the women. The storekeeper said the rest of the meat had been sent to Danville a few days before. He also had a lot of cowpeas. As General Grimes rode up some men from his old regiment, the 4th North Carolina, told him of the situation, saying that they did not wish to take the meat from the women, but that the man had refused to let them have the peas. The man stated that he could not let the peas go, for his bond would be responsible. General Grimes said that he would be responsible and give a receipt for the peas. The man still hung back, until he was finally told by General Grimes that he would use force sufficient to take them, then he gave up. Some of the women then said they would cook the peas for the men, and all went off satisfied. Most of the men had haversacks, but one stepped behind the house, pulled off his drawers, and made a sack by tying the legs at the ankles, and off he marched with the peas in the forked sack around his neck.

I can remember nothing more until the day we crossed the Dan River at South Boston, on the line of the Richmond and Danville Railroad. I have forgotten where we slept the night before, but have a clear recollection that Tuck and I had no breakfast. We crossed the river and a short distance from the town came to a very comfortable-looking white house set in a grove, the outbuildings and the whole get-up showing wealth and comfort. So we determined to ask for a breakfast. A very pleasant-looking middle-aged man came to the door and in reply to our request for food said he was afraid there was nothing cooked in the house, for he had been feeding a stream of soldiers all the morning, but that he would see what he could do. He called Eliza, and an old negro woman came, neatly dressed, with a red bandanna tied over her head after the fashion of her kind. She said there was not a thing cooked but some biscuit and that there was plenty of buttermilk. Pretty soon she brought about a peck of real, old-fashioned beaten biscuit in a bread tray and a brown earthenware pitcher with a dog handle just like mother's full of rich, fresh buttermilk. We drained the pitcher and ate the last biscuit, and I never enjoyed a meal more. I regret that we did not learn the gentleman's name, but he asked ours and said he knew both our families by reputation and had often met my grandfather at White Sulphur Springs. I think that night we camped at a spring near the house of a Mr. Howerton, who, as General Grimes told us, had married Miss Ariadne Tucker, a cousin of old Colonel and Major Tucker. General Grimes was entertained at the house, but we went supperless to bed at the spring.

Next day we crossed the Banister River, but I cannot recollect when we got anything to eat. That night we camped in Granville County, not far from Nutwood Creek, and I well remember the solid breakfast an old lady gave us and an apple brandy toddy she mixed, made with white sugar, the first I had seen for months. About midday we reached Oxford in a pelting rain. A lad of fourteen was standing on the street, and as we came up he asked if that was General Grimes, saying that his father had put him there to look out for and bring our party to his house. The father proved to be Mr. R. W. Lassiter, who gave us a hearty welcome and

a splendid dinner. I can recall a leg of spring lamb, a boiled ham, and green peas among other good things. Our four horses were also well taken care of. We stayed there several hours and that night camped at Brassfield's Church, very near the Wake County line. We heard that Wheeler's Cavalry and the bummers were stealing horses and anything. So our horses were put in Mr. Brassfield's stable lot, and Tuck and I slept in the gateway for protection, but nothing happened.

Next day we crossed Neuse River at the Falls Bridge and on the opposite hill met the bummers. They respected our paroles only after some discussion as to whether they would take our horses from us. As we approached the old Dick Smith place at the forks of the road, just the other side of Crabtree, I got my first news of home folks from a boy whom we met in the road, who told us that they had hanged Mr. Jake Mordecai the day before and that Miss Tempe had started afoot for town and had not since been heard of. A pleasant greeting, was it not? Of course it was utterly false. We were soon in town, and the rest you know.

I neglected to say in the proper place that a few miles from the forks of the road we came to the house of an old man, Loftin Terrel. His house was on the roadside, with no yard in front, the stable, barn, etc., on the other side of the road, which was knee-deep in feathers where the bummers had ripped open the beds. A yearling and a mule colt were lying dead in the lot; they had been wantonly shot. Old man Terrel was sitting on his doorstep. He said there was not a thing left in the house and every bundle of fodder and grain of corn had been carried off; that he had been stripped of everything he owned in the world, and he had not a mouthful to eat. They had even killed his dog, which was lying dead near the house. * * *

The death of my friend and captain, Carey Whitaker, of Halifax County, is so tragic that I will give it to you. At Fort Mahone, on the 2d of April, he had taken a musket and was in the act of firing, when both hands were torn to pieces by a bullet. It was early in the day. He was taken to the hospital and at once put on the train to Danville. When he arrived, in the turmoil and confusion he could not receive proper attention, and, with both hands disabled, he could do nothing for himself. Gangrene set in, and as good a man as ever lived died from neglect and starvation.

[Thomas Pollok Devereux, whose recollections of the last days of the Confederacy are here given, was a son of Maj. John Devereux, of Raleigh, N. C. He was a gallant soldier, entering the Confederate service at the age of eighteen and serving with conspicuous bravery in many battles. He was courier for Gen. Junius Daniel, who was killed at the battle of Spottsylvania, and subsequently was with Gen. Bryan Grimes, whom he followed through the disastrous Valley Campaign under Gen. Jubal Early through the siege of Petersburg and to Appomattox. After the war he studied law under the late Governor Bragg, and for many years he was a prominent member of the Raleigh bar, being at one time prosecuting attorney of the Wake County Criminal Court. He was United States District Attorney for the Eastern District of North Carolina. It was he who suggested the inscription on the Confederate monument in the city of Raleigh: "First at Bethel, Last at Appomattox." Thomas P. Devereux was a man of brilliant intellect and varied information. His death occurred in November, 1912, just after passing his sixty-seventh birthday.]

WAR SPIRIT AT THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE.

BY ANDREW J. SUMMERS, MENA, ARK.

In 1860-61 I was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute. There we not only obtained a military and civil education, but were also in the State service, guarding State property, the arsenal, arms, and ammunition, with other duties, such as guarding the gallows when John Brown was hanged at Harper's Ferry.

In March or April of 1861, after the State Convention had been called, the question of secession was at fever heat. The ablest orators of the State were meeting in joint debate, discussing the different phases of that most important question. It fell to the lot of G. W. Summers, a Whig, of Kanawha, and Judge Brockenborough, of Lexington, jointly to discuss the question of secession at the latter place. Great preparations were made by the contending factions. The secessionists raised a magnificent flagpole with the Stars and Bars floating to the breeze as impressively as a newly discovered comet. The Unionists were not daunted, but determined to raise a pole higher by odds, and so banded on their base pole two extra sections and also selected higher ground upon which to erect it. These preparations were finished the day previous to the one for speech-making. The pole bearing the Stars and Stripes was to be raised by the Unionists on the day of debate.

The corps of cadets were almost to a unit in favor of secession. The grounds of the Institute adjoined the city limits and were located upon a high plateau, with cannon mounted, holding the city at its mercy or protecting it at will. On the evening prior to the debate between Summers and Brockenborough a few cadets were by permission in the city and incidentally took in the flagpole situation. On their return to the barracks they got together a select few, who, during the wee hours of the night, clandestinely stole past the sentry, went into the city, and as a joke brought back the top section of the Unionists' flagpole, taking it to the rear of the barracks, where they dumped it down amid the cedars on the steep hillside. Here it lay until on the next day the officers of the law, armed with search warrants, rescued the lost treasure. These facts put the Unionists dead against all the cadets.

The Unionists of House Mountain, who were not slave owners and were prejudiced against those of the valley who did own slaves, were on hand, with rifles, shotguns, pitchforks, and various other implements, prepared for trouble. The Lexington Rifles and Rockbridge Troopers were there in gay uniforms. The majority of these were secessionists, but were prepared to uphold the law. The debate was held, but the flag-raising was omitted.

All the cadets marched from the meeting to their dinner, excepting less than half a dozen. Of this number, there were Flowree, of New Orleans, Phil Frazier, of Lewisburg, and A. J. Summers, of Gap Mills, Va. Meeting Flowree on the streets, the mountaineers made an attack upon him. Frazier went to his rescue, and both were being cruelly beaten. Summers, being the youngest and smallest boy at the Institute, and not being able to render assistance, double-quicked to the Institute and gave the alarm. Long roll was sounded, the cadets fell into ranks, the arsenal was opened, and ammunition distributed. The artillery was trained on the city with ammunition in the caissons. With precision of step and the determination of veterans, these young soldiers were wending

their way to the city to release their comrades or do battle, when McCausland, Gilham, and other commanders tried in vain to have the cadets desist in their undertaking. On they went until, after passing the Letcher home, Maj. T. J. Jackson rode to the head of the column and gave the command: "Counter march by file right! March!" The command was obeyed. Following Jackson by a different route from which they came, he landed them in the assembly hall of the barracks. Here General Smith, Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, and others made imploring and commanding speeches. When they were through, Major Jackson arose. His remarks were few. He told them to go to their quarters and await orders from the Governor of the State, who from all indications would soon call them into service. He closed his remarks by taking hold of his sheathed sword, exclaiming: "When you draw the sword, throw away the scabbard." Upon the conclusion of this sentence the cadets cheered him with their first Rebel yell.

Only a few days did that gallant body of soldier boys have to wait. On the 14th of April they followed Maj. T. J. Jackson to Staunton. Some went with him to Harper's Ferry as drillmasters, others were sent to the Hermitage Fairgrounds at Richmond, where they drilled raw troops from the South. Flowree became a colonel in the Confederate army and Frazier a lieutenant colonel. The latter was killed at the second battle of Cold Harbor. Summers survived and entered the newspaper business after the war. When he commenced editing his first paper in Missouri, the Hartville Democrat, he used as a subhead on the front page the famous words of Stonewall Jackson: "When you draw your sword, throw away the scabbard." Other papers copied and commented upon this headline until it has become the public property of the nation, illustrating as it does the character of the man who uttered it in time of peace and who in ninety days thereafter was a major general in the Confederate army and the Stonewall Jackson of America.

THE CONFEDERACY AFTER JULY 4, 1863.

BY R. M. HOUSTON, MERIDIAN, MISS.

A Memorial Day address under the above caption by C. P. J. Mooney appeared in the VETERAN for March. The following is quoted from it: "By all the rules of war, Vicksburg and Gettysburg should have marked the collapse of the aggressive fighting strength of the South. * * * Jefferson Davis, the head of the Confederacy, might have said: 'We have fought a good fight. The fortunes of war are against us. What have you to offer?'"

In "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Volume II., page 609, President Davis uses this language: "When Major Pitcairn marched the British soldiers upon the common at Lexington, Mass., exclaiming, 'Disperse, ye rebels, disperse,' he expressed the same conditions which were offered to us in all our negotiations with the President of the United States. Several efforts were made by us to communicate with the authorities at Washington without success. Commissioners were sent before hostilities began, and the government of the United States refused to receive them or hear what they had to say. A second time I sent a military officer with a communication addressed by myself to President Lincoln. The letter was received by General Scott, who promised that an answer would be sent. No answer was ever received. Vice President Stephens made a patriotic tender of his services. The enemy refused to let him pass through their lines or to hold any conference with him."

Page 611: "The opening of the spring campaign of 1864 was deemed a favorable conjuncture for the employment of the resources of diplomacy. To approach the government of the United States directly would have been vain. Repeated efforts had already demonstrated its inflexible purpose not to negotiate with the Confederate authorities. A commission of three persons, eminent in position and intelligence, was accordingly appointed to visit Canada with a view to negotiation with such persons in the North as might be relied upon to aid in the attainment of peace. The commission—Messrs. Clay, of Alabama, Holcombe, of Virginia, and Thompson, of Mississippi—established themselves at Niagara Falls in July and on the 12th commenced a correspondence with Horace Greeley, of New York. Through him they sought a safe conduct to Washington. Mr. Lincoln at first appeared to favor an interview, but finally refused on the ground that the commissioners were not authorized to treat for peace. This movement, like all others which preceded it, was a failure." (Here Mr. Davis gives an account of the visit to Richmond of Francis P. Blair, who had gone to Washington and brought a letter from Mr. Lincoln addressed to himself which stated that he would receive an agent of Mr. Davis "or any other influential person" with the view of securing peace.)

Then Mr. Davis says: "I determined to send as commissioners or agents for the informal conference Messrs. Alexander H. Stephens, R. M. T. Hunter, and John A. Campbell. The letter of Mr. Lincoln expressing a willingness to receive any agent I might sent to Washington City, a commission was appointed to go there; but it was not allowed to proceed farther than Hampton Roads, where Mr. Lincoln, accompanied by Mr. Seward, met the commissioners. Seward craftily proposed that the conference be confidential, and the commissioners regarded this so binding on them as to prevent them from including in their report the discussions which occurred."

The following is an extract from the report made by the commission to President Davis: "We understood from him [Mr. Lincoln] that no terms or proposals of any treaty would be entertained or made by him with the authorities of the Confederate States; that no extended truce or armistice (as at present advised) would be granted or allowed without satisfactory assurance in advance of the complete restoration of the Constitution and laws of the United States over all places in the Confederacy. During the conference the proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States was brought to our notice. This amendment provides that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude should exist within the United States."

Says Judge Campbell in his memoranda: "In conclusion, Mr. Hunter summed up what seemed to be the result of the interview—'that there was nothing left for them [Confederates] but unconditional submission.'"

The report was signed by the commissioners and is given in A. H. Stephens's "History of the United States" and in "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," by Mr. Davis.

In sending his message to the Confederate Congress on February 6, 1865, President Davis said: "I herewith transmit for the information of Congress the report of the eminent citizens above named, showing that the enemy refused to enter into negotiations with the Confederate States or any one of them or to give our people any other terms or guarantees than that which the conqueror may grant or permit us to have peace on any other basis than our unconditional submission to their rule."

In the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of April, 1901, Hon. John H. Reagan, ex-Postmaster General C. S. A., replies to a published account of what purported to be an interview of one Dr. R. J. Massey with Vice President Stephens in April, 1865. The supposed statement of Mr. Stephens in this interview was to the effect that at the Hampton Roads conference Mr. Lincoln proposed that all the Confederates lay down their arms and come into the Union as they were before hostilities commenced; that there should be no prosecutions of any for their supposed "crimes" against the Union; and that he would immediately cause to be introduced into the Congress of the United States measures providing for gradual emancipation with remuneration to every owner for the slaves so emancipated. Mr. Reagan pronounces this story "an unwarranted assumption," and writes as follows: "On the night of the return of Mr. Stephens from that conference it was stated on good authority that he told Hon. James L. Orr, Confederate Senator from South Carolina, that the Hampton Roads conference was fruitless and hopeless, because Mr. Lincoln offered the Confederacy nothing but unconditional submission."

Mr. Reagan further says: "In a letter which the late Hon. F. B. Sexton, a representative in the Confederate Congress, wrote me he says that Mr. Stephens on his return from Hampton Roads told him that Mr. Lincoln offered nothing but unconditional submission."

Mr. Reagan next refers to a letter of Col. Stephen W. Blount, of San Antonio, Tex., an old-time friend of Vice President Stephens. Colonel Blount wrote Mr. Stephens "asking for the truth as to this. Mr. Stephens wrote him that the statement was untrue"; that "the only element in reference to the slave payment was so mixed and infused with falsehood as to make the entire assertion false."

Mr. Reagan refers to the report of the Historical Committee of the Veterans' Association, Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Chairman (Louisville, 1900), which made a full investigation of the question about the offers made by Mr. Lincoln to pay for the slaves if that would restore the Union and end the war and reported that there was no shadow of a foundation for any such statement.

Dr. Massey having made some reply, Mr. Reagan later wrote the following to the VETERAN: "I rest upon that paper (in the VETERAN for April, 1901) as absolute proof of the truth of my position and do not care to add to what I then said except to state that about two years ago, when this question was under discussion, Governor Garland, of Arkansas, who at the time of that conference was a member of the Confederate Senate, and who was the roommate of Vice President Stephens in Richmond, in a published statement said that on the night after Mr. Stephens's return from that conference he told him [Garland] that no terms could be had but unconditional surrender. Garland after the war became Governor of Arkansas, United States Senator from that State, and then Attorney-General of the United States."

And, finally, Mr. Reagan says: "Since the War between the States a persistent effort has been made to make the public believe that President Lincoln offered the Confederate commissioners at that conference terms of peace favorable to our



MEMBERS OF OKTIBBEHA CAMP, NO. 1311, U. C. V., STARKVILLE, MISS.

Top row, left to right: W. H. Reynolds, J. M. Carpenter, B. J. Marshall, Capt. Frank Young, J. E. Caruthers, Mrs. Lillie Scales Slaughter (President Mississippi Division, U. D. C.), Capt. L. D. McDowell, Mrs. D. W. Outlaw, D. G. Blair, H. T. Saunders, Wiley N. Nash (Attorney-General), T. C. Wier, D.D. (Chaplain). In the center, D. W. Outlaw. Bottom row: Archie Reynolds, Capt. W. R. Lanier, F. C. Gregg, T. J. Wood, Master William Childs, W. W. Van, D. J. Cochran, J. A. Glenn.

people which the commissioners were prevented from accepting because President Davis insisted upon the independence of the Confederacy, for which our people had fought so long and sacrificed so much. Many of the people of the Southern States were induced to believe that this was true and that the President and the Confederate authorities were responsible for the continuance of the war. * * * I will see as far as I can that the facts as to that conference shall go into history correctly. Most of the principal actors in the War between the States have passed to their final account, and it is pitiable to see persons of later days, some of whom took no part in the struggle and made no sacrifices for that cause, busying themselves in finding fault with and criticizing the noble men who did and suffered so much for it."

GREGG'S BRIGADE IN THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

BY JOHN T. GOODRICH, FAYETTEVILLE, TENN.

On September 11, 1863, Gregg's Brigade, composed of the 3d, 10th, 30th (consolidated), 41st, and 50th Tennessee Regiments, 1st Tennessee Battalion, and 7th Texas, then encamped at Enterprise, Miss., under Joseph E. Johnston, was ordered to the Army of Tennessee, then commanded by General Bragg. With buoyant expectancy we Tennesseeans were hoping that General Bragg would be sufficiently reenforced to recover our State and that we might see our home folks again after an absence of nearly two years.

We arrived at Ringgold, Ga., late in the afternoon of September 17, 1863, and were at once ordered to meet a raid of Federal cavalry, which soon fled, and we went into camp with orders to cook three days' rations and be ready to move at any moment.

At sunrise next morning (the 18th) the brigade passed through Ringgold by the road to Reed's bridge across the Chickamauga River, reporting to Gen. Bushrod Johnson, who had been given command of a temporary division composed of his own brigade, under Col. John S. Fulton, and Gregg's and McNair's Brigades. We moved in line of battle, with General Forrest's cavalry on our left, skirmishing with and driving the Federal cavalry across the Chickamauga River at Reed's bridge. They attempted to destroy the bridge, but a few shots from our batteries drove them off and enabled Johnson's Brigade to cross the bridge, while Gregg's Brigade waded the stream some distance above, then the command moved westward to Jay's sawmill.

At this point General Hood rode up, being in command, and ordered the division to move to the west bank of the river. Clearing the way for other troops to cross over, with one (41st Tennessee) regiment of Gregg's Brigade deployed as skirmishers, we marched about two and a half miles and about dusk struck the enemy in full force. Our command lay in line of battle during the night of the 18th, with orders for one-third of the men to remain awake, although we had a strong picket line in front. The night was extremely cold for the season, but we were ordered to keep very quiet, with no fires to disclose our position. Having previously participated in the battles of Fort Donelson, Chickasaw Bayou, Raymond and Jackson, Miss., even the private soldier was in a state of keen expectancy.

On the morning of the 19th of September, 1863, Bushrod R. Johnson's division was in line of battle, with Fulton on the right, Gregg on the left, and McNair in reserve. We remained in this position until about 1 P.M. The shells from the enemy's batteries and the "Zip, zip!" of Minie balls became more frequent and effective. A considerable number of the brigade were wounded while lying in line of battle. The Yankees charged us in front, driving in our skirmishers; but they were handsomely repulsed, and we were ordered forward, Gregg's Brigade being ordered to touch to the right in alignment with Fulton's Brigade. The 41st Tennessee was on the extreme right of the brigade, then the 3d, 10th, and 30th Tennessee, 7th Texas, and the 50th Tennessee in the order named. In this charge a part of the brigade, especially the right wing, had penetrated a very dense undergrowth of timber, but maintained connections with Fulton and drove the enemy rapidly several hundred yards beyond the Chattanooga and Lafayette road, when we reached an opening and found that the right wing of Gregg's Brigade was far in advance of any other troops. The left wing of the brigade lost its connection in the dense undergrowth and bore to the left, and the Federals either discovered this vacancy or flanked the brigade on our left and got into our rear. When this was discovered we were ordered to fall back; and although we had forced the enemy back we had met with extremely stubborn resistance, the enemy contesting every inch of ground, and their deadly aim had rapidly decimated our ranks. The only consolation we had was the great number of killed and wounded of the enemy over whom we had passed in our advance.

After moving back across the Chattanooga road, we formed in line, with the troops in our rear. This was about 5 P.M., and as General Gregg rode forward to reconnoiter the enemy's position he was shot from his horse by Yankee skirmishers, and they, thinking he was mortally wounded, removed his spurs (very valuable ones) and his sword; but Robertson's Brigade, having just come up, charged forward and recovered General Gregg and his horse. General Gregg had received a very serious wound in the neck. Later he recovered, but never resumed command of his brigade. He was killed in Virginia while in command of Hood's old brigade of Texans.

General Gregg was a splendid officer. Gen. Bushrod Johnson said in his report of the battle on the 19th: "The brigade fought gallantly and kept up a heavy fire all along its broken line and inflicted heavy loss on the enemy." We had been engaged but a few hours, but the loss was frightful, being nearly one-third of its strength. Colonel Turner, of the 30th, and Lieutenant Colonel Thompson, of the 10th, were severely wounded, and Lieutenant Colonel Beaumont and Major Robertson, of the 50th Tennessee, were killed in the battle of the 19th.

Early Sunday morning, September 20, General Johnson had his division in line, with McNair on the right, Fulton in the center, and the 50th Tennessee and 7th Texas of Gregg's Brigade on the left, with the rest of Gregg's Brigade forming a second line, Hood's Division in the rear of Johnson, Hindman's Division on the left of Johnson, and Stewart on Johnson's right. This seems to have been the alignment of the extreme left of Bragg's army on the morning of the 20th.

About 11 A.M. we were ordered forward, facing west, and very soon encountered a veritable hailstorm of grapeshot and Minie balls from the enemy, located along the Chattanooga and Lee and Gordon's mill road; but with the irresistible Rebel yell we pressed onward, crossing the road (Gregg on the right of the Brotherton house), driving the Federals from their

first line of intrenchments to their second line, some two hundred yards west of Brotherton's. Gregg, having passed over McNair's Brigade, met very obstinate resistance; but we had learned something in battle experience; so we fell flat to the ground until the Yankees emptied their guns, when we rose up and with the Rebel yell, in which the brigade had become proficient, we charged the second line of breastworks and drove the enemy pell-mell through the woods east of the Dyer house. We had pierced the Federal lines and cut Rosecrans's army in two and driven those in our front across a wide field and into thick woods on the ridge beyond.

General Johnson says in his report that about 12 M. General Hood rode up and told him to go ahead and keep ahead of everything. This order was repeated to Colonel Sugg, commanding Gregg's Brigade, and was literally carried out. When we got to the old field we had been moving west, but the fleeing Federals were routed and retreated to the ridges occupied by the left wing of their army, causing General Johnson to give orders to wheel to the right, facing nearer north. Gregg's Brigade at this time, by a sudden flank movement to the right, captured nine pieces of artillery. McNair's Brigade had just charged this battery in front, but they were driven back and fought with other troops until late in the afternoon, when they returned and fought with the division until the battle closed.

From 2 P.M. until about sundown neither Gregg nor Fulton had any reserve support. Besides, Anderson's Brigade, on the right of Gregg, was repulsed and driven back, and a portion of Hindman's Division of Johnson's left was also driven back, leaving Gregg and Fulton to hurl back the impetuous charges of Brannan's Division and in turn charge and drive back greatly superior numbers of the enemy.

For hours the two brigades of Johnson's Division (Gregg and Fulton), with a part of Manigault's Brigade, pressed the Federals back on Thomas's rear. General Steadman, of Granger's Corps, says that "but for the timely arrival of Whitaker's and Mitchell's Brigades of Granger's reserve forces on Thomas's extreme right, the entire Federal army would have been routed." There is no doubt that if Johnson could have had one other brigade of such material as composed Johnson's Division on his left we would have captured the greater part of the troops under Thomas.

General Johnson sent members of his staff back repeatedly for reënforcements, but they all returned with the report that the commanders of troops in the rear reported that their forces had been so badly crippled that they were unserviceable and refused to move forward. General Johnson says that he finally rode back for assistance himself, and that General Hindman ordered Deas's Brigade to our left; but the brigade for some reason failed to connect with Johnson. Thus in this almost isolated condition Johnson's Division bore the brunt of battle, and five successive times did Gregg and Fulton receive and repel the desperate assaults of fresh troops of Granger's Corps, and finally we forced them over Snodgrass Ridge. Several times, when there was a slight cessation in the firing, did Gregg's Brigade replenish their cartridge boxes from the killed and wounded Confederates and Federals. Colonel Sugg, who commanded Gregg's Brigade on Sunday, the 20th, says that on the next day over one hundred Federal dead were counted on the hill and in the hollow immediately in front of where Gregg's Brigade fought.

In reading the reports of the various commanders of divisions in the two days' battles I fail to find where any division was more continuously engaged or lost a larger per cent than Bushrod Johnson's, whose report shows an aggregate entering action of 3,428, with a loss of 1,449, or forty-three per cent. General Cleburne's fine division entered 5,115 strong and lost 1,749, or about thirty-three per cent, and comparisons with other divisions show about the same result. Gregg's Brigade entered 1,337 strong and lost 652, or nearly fifty per cent. Strange to note, General Cheatham says he had "only one brigade actively engaged (Jackson's) on Sunday," and that brigade lost only about thirty-five per cent in both days' fighting.

While the general impression has always been that the right wing of Bragg at Chickamauga met with more stubborn resistance on account of concentration of the Federal army on their left wing, isn't it also true that Bragg's forces were to a great extent moved in that direction, so that the Federal left was materially weakened to assist their right? It is also true that Hindman and Johnson are entitled almost entirely to the credit of turning the Federal right, thus forcing Rosecrans's army to retreat to Chattanooga.

I refer to "War of the Rebellion," Series 1, Volume XXX., in substantiation of what is here written.

GALLANT VIRGINIANS AT SANGSTER'S STATION.

The late Brig. Gen. Thomas Rosser paid tribute to some Virginians at Sangster's Station in which he states, after explaining that a regiment or two of the enemy were sent in aid of Averell, who had undertaken to cut the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad:

"I ordered Col. R. H. Dulaney to take his regiment across the stream and attack the stockade, but at the command only the gallant Captain Hatcher and his splendid squadron succeeded in crossing; the remainder of the regiment by some means missed the ford and passed down the stream without crossing it. The next regiment, the 11th, was close at hand; and seeing the mistake of Dulaney, I ordered Lieutenant Colonel Ball, who commanded the 11th, to take his regiment to Hatcher's assistance. Although the enemy was by this time thoroughly aroused and was pouring sheet after sheet of fire into the head of Ball's column, the gallant old regiment went surging through the water and in a moment was up the hill on the other side, and the stockade was ours.

"In crossing the creek the gallant Captain Cartwell was killed and a number of his men and horses were wounded. The intelligence, valor, and promptness displayed by Col. M. D. Ball and Captain Hatcher on this occasion placed these two officers very high upon the roll of merit in my estimation, and I rejoice to say that from this dismal night to the close of the war Ball and Hatcher and their gallant followers never faltered or failed when called upon on the battle field to carry their sabers into the ranks of the enemy.

"After the capture of the stockade some time was consumed in caring for the killed and wounded and collecting the prisoners.

"Among the captures at Sangster's Station was a very beautiful flag, presented by the city of New York to the 164th Regiment of New York Volunteers, and a silver bugle. The bugle I gave to the gallant Hatcher's Squadron, and through Colonel Ball and his splendid regiment I presented the flag to the Virginia Military Institute, and in 1883 that flag was returned to the Mayor of the city of New York by the corps of cadets of the Virginia Military Institute and by him handed back to its old regiment."

THE SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE AND ITS RESULTS.

BY J. B. BOOTHE, VICKSBURG, MISS.

On the 17th of November, 1863, the line of Confederates commanded by Lieut. Gen. James Longstreet was established so as to cover the front of the enemy holding Knoxville, located on the right bank of the Holston River on an elevated plateau and strongly fortified. On the morning of the 18th an advance was made by General McLaws's division under fire of a heavy line of skirmishers, which was successful in securing and holding an advanced position.

From that time until the final assault was made on the forts and earthworks the enemy's pickets were driven in from night to night a hundred or two yards and rifle pits made on each advance line, which were occupied and held by new forces. These night advances continued until, to all appearances, Humphreys's Brigade, on our part of the line, was uncomfortably close to Fort Sanders, which was regarded as the key to the enemy's position. The fort was built upon an irregular quadrilateral. The south front was one hundred and fourteen yards, east front eighty-five yards, north front one hundred and twenty-five yards, and west front ninety-five yards. That part of the structure assaulted was finished. The high and almost perpendicular embankment there had at its base a ditch twelve feet wide and eight feet deep. From the fort toward our rifle pits there was a very perceptible slope, from which the trees had been cut and used as an abatis, and a network of wire was stretched between the stumps. On the 22d of November the men in the ditches learned that General McLaws thought we were near enough to make the attack. We also learned that General McLaws believed that scaling ladders would be necessary and so advised.

On the night of November 24 the enemy made a sortie against General Wofford's brigade, but was driven back. It was finally understood by all that an asault all along the lines was to be made at daylight on the morning of the 29th with fixed bayonets and without firing a gun, and no breath was to be wasted in the usual yell. It was bitter cold, and the ground was frozen. The line of sharpshooters and reserves advanced during the night, and the line of the enemy's pickets was occupied. My regiment, the 21st Mississippi, occupied all night the advance rifle pits immediately in front of the formidable bastion to be attacked the next morning.

At the dawn of day the lines had already been formed, and they were almost as silent as a funeral procession. Nothing could be heard except the suppressed commands of "Attention, battalion! Order arms! Fix bayonets!" Then there was a rattle of steel against steel as the bayonets were adjusted, and then again the modulated command of "Shoulder arms! Forward! Guide, center! March!"

Soon there came the terrific rattle of musketry and the deafening reports of artillery and the shriek of the shrapnel from the enemy's lines. The Confederates were determined and were capable of accomplishing anything within the range of possibility. Some of them fell forward when the unseen network of wires at their feet was struck, but quickly arose and again rushed forward. The lines of gray encircled the fort, leaped into the ditch, and endeavored with all their might to climb the steep embankment, but without avail. Some were killed and wounded in the ditch by hand grenades thrown from the bastion. Only a few reached the top by getting upon the shoulders of their comrades and climbing by the aid of their bayonets thrust into the embankment, but they were immediately shot down by the riflemen in the fort. The gallant Lieutenant Colonel McElroy, of the 13th Mississippi Regiment, reached the top of the bastion by carving out places with his sword for his feet to rest upon, but was immediately killed. With scaling ladders the entry into the fort and its speedy capture would have been comparatively easy, but without them the gallant stormers at its base were as impotent as the foolish king who stood upon the seashore and commanded the waters to cease their ebb and flow.

Major Goggin, of General McLaws's staff, rode back and informed General Longstreet of the situation, and he immediately ordered a recall of the troops to their camps. It was then after sunrise, and they went back slowly and doggedly, and the enemy did not and dared not follow. The Confederates were so wrought up at that particular time that it would have been extremely hazardous to the enemy to attempt a countercharge.

Circumstances over which the commanding general had no control and which are now well known history compelled him to abandon any further attempt to capture Knoxville and its garrison. On the 4th of December the men in the ranks were informed that a detour of Knoxville would be made that night. A great many did not have shoes, and they were instructed to provide for themselves rawhide moccasins. On that December morning I was a luckless barefooted boy—a boy who had never before undertaken to construct a pair of rawhide moccasins. But necessity is said to be the mother of invention; and after I had incased my feet in the warm plush of a piece of Tennessee ox- or cow-hide made into moccasins by my own hands, I was highly complimented by my comrades on the neatness of my job. As further directed, all the trees were cut down in and immediately around the camp and made into great, glowing camp fires as though making preparations for another assault on the enemy; and in the light of these fires about twelve o'clock at night the march from the southwest to the north of Knoxville and up the west bank of the Holston River began.

It is almost axiomatic that misfortunes never come singly. The rear columns had hardly gone beyond the light of their camp fires before the rain came down in torrents and continued to fall until the creeks and rivulets west of Knoxville, several of which ran directly across the road upon which the troops were marching, were full and overflowing. There were no bridges, but these streams had to be crossed. The night was so intensely dark that it was impossible for the men to see where they were going, and they marched forward to the sound of the tramping of those in front. The front column plunged into the waters of the streams, three or four feet deep in places, and the rest followed.

To those who have had no experience with rawhide moccasins it may be revealed that such footwear is not adapted to wet weather, but is strictly a dry weather makeshift. Before crossing the second stream mine were large enough to be pulled upon the feet of a good-sized elephant, and while fording the third stream my footwear and my feet parted company. To add to the discomfort of the situation, during the night the temperature fell rapidly, and long before daylight the ground became frozen. But there was no rest, no sleep, no comfort during its long hours. On we went, until 5 P.M. the next day we reached Blains Crossroads and went into camp for the night. When I now think of it, it looms up before me like a hideous dream.

My feet were cut and bruised by the stones and ice, and it was no better when the sun came out during the day and the ground began to thaw. It made me look for the deepest mud to walk in. In order if possible to temper the rigor of my own condition I reflected on the fate of Prometheus chained to the rock while vultures were preying upon his vitals, of Mazeppa rushing on to an apparently horrible doom lashed to the mad, untamed steed, or on the condition of the patriotic army of Washington at Valley Forge. On this long and disagreeable march the troops were necessarily badly scattered. I was trudging along through the mud and slush with a few of my comrades and had passed a piece of artillery stuck fast in the mud up to its axles. An officer on horseback galloped up and ordered us to pull the cannon out of the mud. We paid no attention to the order. I doubt whether at that time we would have obeyed a similar order from General Longstreet. We left the cannon fast in the mud. About four o'clock the atmosphere felt icy and the ground began to freeze again. At five o'clock the troops in front filed out of the road to camp for the night. A substantial-looking dwelling was located on the roadside, and a garden was near containing what appeared to be onions or shallots. A lady was standing between the dwelling and garden looking at the troops as they passed. I approached and asked her if she would sell me some of the onions in the garden. Without replying, she came up close to the yard inclosure, and after looking at me a moment from head to foot she said that she had read of soldiers marching on a day like that without shoes and with their feet in the condition mine appeared to be, but never expected to live to see such a spectacle, and then asked me to come into the house. Without hesitation I followed her and was invited into a cozy room. A large fire blazing on the hearth made the room very comfortable. In a few minutes a basin of warm water was brought in, and I bathed my feet. The good woman then asked the size of my shoe, and on being informed she called to one of her daughters, about eighteen years of age, to take off her shoes, as she wanted them for the soldier. I protested against robbing the young lady, but she took off the shoes with apparent willingness, and I was told to put them on. They seemed to fit all right. I was then asked into the dining room and partook of a splendid supper. I had eaten nothing since leaving the camp at Knoxville the night before.

After supper the lady asked me where I was from and said: "I would not fight for any government on earth that did not furnish me with shoes." I replied that the Confederate government could not be blamed for my lack of shoes; that the communications between the army and its sources of supplies had been broken for several weeks; and, besides, I was fighting for a principle I believed to be right and not for shoes, clothing, or other like comforts. She then said: "Well, the army will leave here to-morrow morning never to return. The war will soon be over and the Union restored, and I ask and urge you to remain here. Let the troops leave without you, and you can make this your home until the close of the war if you wish or you can go to your home in Mississippi." I replied that I was thankful for her kindness to me and for her good intentions from her standpoint; but that if I could be weak enough to consider her request for a moment I would despise myself, and if I yielded to her request I would be despised by my family in Mississippi; that if I ever was so fortunate as to return to my home it would be with honor to myself and family and not as a deserter; that I preferred the hardships and peril of war and death itself to dishonor. After telling me that she did not view the matter as I did, she said that money and clothing would be furnished and, if I so desired, a home until the close of the war. I replied to this that no consideration whatever could induce me to change my purpose, and that I would take off and leave the shoes. She would not permit my doing this, and said that if I must go it would be with her benediction and wish for my safe return to my home when the war was over.

To have met this patriotic woman and received kindness and sympathy, even though fighting against the government she loved, went far toward compensating me for what I had endured that day and the night before. I have regretted that I was not thoughtful enough to obtain her name and address. I am glad, however, that I had sense enough not to become offended at the proposition made to me, as it came from a kind and sympathetic heart.

INCIDENTS OF GRIERSON'S RAID.

BY GEORGE W. BASKETT, VAN ALSTYNE, TEX.

When Colonel Grierson, the great Federal raider, made his ride from East Mississippi to the Mississippi River, in 1864, I was a lad of about fourteen summers and lived four miles cast of Hazlehurst, on the Rockfort Road, one mile from where it leaves the Georgetown Road. Grierson crossed Pearl River at Georgetown, about forty miles south of Jackson, and proceeded west, taking private and public property as he went.

When the regiment came to the junction of the Georgetown and Rockfort Roads, Colonel Grierson sent a detachment down our way; and when they came up the hill about half a mile from our house, a small squad of old men and boys, commanded by a Confederate soldier who happened to be at home on a furlough, were on their horses, armed with shotguns, talking to my father and me. When the Yankees spied them they about-faced and went back pell-mell to their commands; and the commander of the old men and boys at our gate ordered his men to run, which they did. The doughty captain had dismounted and hitched his mule. He did not take time to remount, but jumped the fence and ran through our back yard and peach orchard and disappeared in the woods. It was really amusing to see these antagonistic foes widening the distance between them by running for dear life in opposite directions.

This squad of men had been hanging on the flank of Grierson's men all day, and whence they came or whither they went I never learned. When they found that the Federals were not pursuing them they returned, and their captain said he had gone around into the woods to bushwhack them; but he had no arms except a small pistol and a saber, and I am sure that he didn't get close enough to the road to reach them with either of his formidable weapons. Suffice to say, however, that we were full of gratitude to the noble captain and his brave (?) old men and boys, for they no doubt saved our house, horses and mules, and about twenty bales of cotton by their timely presence at our gate.

When Grierson reached Hazlehurst they had a few prisoners that had been captured *en route,* who were put in a church and a guard placed over them. The guard got drunk, and one of the prisoners deliberately walked out and got on one of the guard's horses and left in great haste. He came by our house, looking back at every jump, doubtless expecting

to be followed. He took time to stop a moment and give us the details of his escape. The animal he rode was a very fine iron-gray mare and a splendid traveler.

Grierson tore up the railroad, burned the town, and found two carloads of Confederate bombshells on the track. He oiled them, set fire to them, and started them off down a steep grade. Before they went far explosions began which sounded like the siege guns at Vicksburg or Port Hudson. After the complete destruction of the town and railroad, they hurriedly resumed their march to the Mississippi River and reached the Federal gunboats safely.

There was great suffering in Grierson's wake; but I pray that the Colonel has long since, by confession, repentance, and prayer, appeased the wrath of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me," and that in the future, when those dear Southern women and children shall walk the streets of the golden city, they shall meet the Colonel, waving palms of victory over those defenseless and helpless ones, but the victory won through faith in the meritorious blood of Him who loved little children and gave himself for them.

If any of the participants in the above narrative see this and remember me as a small and insignificant youth, I shall be glad to have a letter from them.

SEVENTEEN MONTHS IN CAMP DOUGLAS.

BY R. T. BEAN, WICHITA, KANS.

The long ride ended on the 26th of July, 1863, when, within two miles of Salineville, Ohio, I became the prisoner of a squad of Michigan cavalry. From that day we crossed the Cumberland River in Kentucky until my capture it was ride and fight day and night—no rest, no sleep except in the saddle. On the 4th of July we met a bloody repulse at the stockade by Green River bridge, and on the following day we had a rough tilt at Lebanon, but were successful there. On July 7, at Brandenburg, we crossed the Ohio River into Indiana, and for the first time our command was on the enemy's soil.

From Salineville I was taken to Camp Chase, near Columbus, and confined there for several weeks. As soon as possible after my arrival in camp I secured permission to write to my father's family at Mount Sterling, Ky., telling them that I was a prisoner, but that I was getting a good rest and that I might not be disturbed, as the Yankees were guarding me constantly. A reply soon reached me with inquiry if I would be permitted to receive a box of eatables, which would be gladly sent. Permission was granted with entirely too much alacrity, it seemed. The box was shipped, and I was duly notified. What visions of joy and rapture filled me upon receipt of the list of contents—old Kentucky ham, rich preserves, choice pickles, cakes, white, black, and variegated, beaten biscuit that Southern women alone know how to make, and many other things to tempt the appetite and cause one to sigh and sigh again for that old Kentucky home!

The day following the reception of this letter an orderly came into camp, hunted me up, and handed me a Bible. Surprised at receiving such a gift, I asked who had sent it and was told that it came in a box of provisions that had been shipped me, but that the box was wrecked and the Bible alone was saved. I took the book, examined it, found the leaves in a perfect state of preservation and the binding without a scratch or mark. Remarking to the orderly that the Lord was able to care of his own, as shown by the safe arrival of the Bible, I turned on my heels and left him. The box had indeed been wrecked, but it was in the office of officials at the camp. The contents were confiscated.

About September 1 we were packed into box cars and sent South for exchange, we were told, but it was for a "change of base." Camp Douglas, near Chicago, was our destination, and we arrived there one bleak morning and, after a rigid search, were turned loose and hunted up our barracks. We expected the search and had made all preparations for it, and we lost but little money or other articles of value. The caps of many large military buttons had been removed and bills safely packed within and the top replaced.

Each barrack had a capacity for two hundred men, and I was placed in charge of one which was known as No. 7. Camp Douglas had been erected as rendezvous and drilling grounds for Federal troops before going to the front. We found a few prisoners there, but discipline was slack on the part of the guards. The fence was much out of repair, and quite a number of prisoners with money and citizens' clothes made their escape. Up to this period the cartel of exchange between the contending forces was in full force, and we thought we would soon be back in our saddles riding as gayly as of yore. But a hint from General Grant that it was cheaper to "feed" the Rebels than "fight" them put a stop to the exchange; but of this we knew nothing at the time. Our rations at first were those furnished the Federal soldiers, and we had no kick to register. The belief that we would soon be exchanged buoyed us up, and an occasional game of "eucher" and "seven-up," with Confederate money as the stake, kept us in fair spirits. A good sutler's store was running in full blast, and we could buy many luxuries that Uncle Sam failed to furnish. Guards and prisoners were in one inclosure, and Rebs and Yanks were often together with peace and good will reigning supreme, in Camp Douglas at any rate.

There were a number of Kentuckians there, and, Kentucky-like, they soon began to grow "thirsty"; for to put a Kentuckian down to water rations entirely is not only an insult but a real affliction. A vigilant search was instituted and a milk peddler found, a woman who came in daily with a tin can shaped like an old-fashioned coffee pot with a long tin spout. When approached upon the subject of bringing in something more in keeping with the needs of a grown-up individual, she replied that the contents of her can were inspected as she came in and she dare not change from milk to something stronger and more exhilarating. We suggested that she take a cork, insert it in the spout of the can on the inside, fill the can with whisky and the spout with milk, and by tipping the can the milk would flow from the spout. The plan worked like a charm, and how we did enjoy it—the joke, I mean!

We were allowed to write to our friends, but all mail was inspected at headquarters, and we could not give or receive any special news. I had read that milk made a most excellent invisible ink, and, getting a bottle, I wrote my usual letter for inspection at headquarters and then wrote the real part of the letter with milk between the lines. But my folks knew nothing of my scheme, and how to tell them without telling the mail inspector was the question. Finally I told them my ink was pale, and to read what I had written would suggest that they hold the sheet over the fire. I had told that I used milk and how to bring it out, and they "caught on" at once. In a few days a letter came, and when I read "between the lines" I knew all about home affairs. I worked that

scheme for months before it was detected, and more contraband news passed through headquarters than a colored contraband ever unloaded on an unsuspecting public.

I had a brother with me, and we resolved to make our escape and had asked for money from home for that purpose. It was not long until a man came into our quarters and, hunting me up, said he would be in to-morrow and would give me an apple. I received the money and at once went to a clerk in the drug store and made a deal with him to take both of us out as soon as we could get some citizen clothes. But he went back on us at the last moment, demanding as much for each of us as we had for both, which made it impossible for us to go. Having failed in this effort, another had to be made.

In my company were four splendid young men from Tennessee, John and Tom Rogers, Alex Good, and Azor Miller. Cut off from their homes, they were unable to get any supplies, and I asked some of my Kentucky friends to supply their needs, which was promptly done. The boys decided that they would dig a tunnel from the barracks to the fence, a distance of about fifty feet. Our barracks were all built on the ground, and they had bunks nearest the floor, and every night two of them would remove the bottoms of the bunk and go to work. They first dug a ditch the length of the building, throwing the dirt between the joists that supported the floor. When commencing the tunnel for the fence, the dirt was first removed with table knives and placed in a box with ropes to each end of it. When the box was filled the signal was given by pulling the rope, and the box was dragged to the far end of the ditch, emptied, and hauled back to the tunnel by the man at work there. Thus the work went bravely on from night to night, and but few knew that such means of escape were being worked. The tunnel was protected overhead by boards, and all things were rapidly approaching a crisis. One morning I was notified that the tunnel had reached the fence and we could get out that night.

Cincinnati was to be our point of destination. From there we would go south in a body after we had procured horses. That was a long and trying day for all of us who were going to make the venture. There was much danger in it, but liberty was ours if the run was made in safety. But a huge rain fell in a regular deluge, and the boys failed to protect the top of the tunnel as well as should have been done and a portion of it caved in. All light went out of my life then, existence was a burden, and hope seemed banished for evermore.

It was a most exasperating sight to watch the guards peering into that tunnel and making remarks that were calculated to madden a saint. For the time being I gave up all thoughts of escape and tried to kill time rather than have it kill me by brooding over my misfortunes. With the sutler store running, we from the border States could live pretty comfortably. The ordinary baker's bread with which we were supplied was a nuisance, and we would eat none of it so long as our money and sutler's stores held out. We bought flour by the barrel and paid $20 for it, though it was worth only $12 on the Chicago market. The sugar brought into camp was the brown New Orleans variety. Being first packed into hogsheads, it was afterwards repacked into barrels. One of our boys bought a barrel of flour, paid his $20 for it, rolled it to his barracks, and on opening it found he had a barrel of sugar. The mistake was just too sweet to be corrected, and a retail sugar plant was at once opened at half the regular price. And how we did revel in sweets for a few days! The camp was simply deluged with "vinegar pies" for days, and such feasting was seldom known.

Did you ever eat a vinegar pie? They were perhaps not equal to those our mothers made, but—well, they were good. I have often talked about them to my family, but, strange to say, I have never been asked to make one. That flour-sugar trade was a good joke on Mr. Sutler; but he got even with us, for on checking up his sugar he was short one barrel and, readily divining where it had gone, he clapped on an extra dollar to the $20 for flour, and I thought he never would get his money back. A clear case of tariff for revenue, and it was a howling success.

But our good times were fast drawing to a close. A new and higher fence was built around the grounds, and we were told to make ourselves scarce in the "Yankee square." About this time I received from home a bed tick, which I was permitted to have, but not a single straw would they give me to put in it. Winter was fast approaching, and my bunk was desperately hard. I determined that I would have that tick filled if I was locked up for it. Telling my brother my plan of action, he thought I would be landed in the dungeon, but finally agreed to aid me. To get straw an order had to come from the steward of the hospital. I knew the ways of the hospital, for I had been there sick for several weeks, and we boldly marched to the hay barn and handed in our order. The man in charge at once commenced throwing down hay, and we kept him at it until we had the biggest, fattest, plumpest bed that Camp Douglas had ever known. Marching straight to the hospital, we put it between us and the barn and trudged quietly but tremblingly for our quarters. We passed in front of the guards' quarters, but no one halted us, and we finally landed our precious burden on our bunk. When I lost myself that night in that bed of prairie hay, I envied no one; my cup of joy was overflowing.

A fence was now built between us and the guards. Our sutler was restricted to the sale of tobacco, stamps, and paper. Our rations were most radically changed. All vegetables were cut off, and tea, coffee, and sugar became things of the past. One-third of our bread was cut off and two-thirds of our meat, the latter being salted shoulders. Men were hungry now. I saw one poor fellow who had lost his mind for fear of starving to death, and his cries for bread were pitiful in the extreme. In that land of abundance the life, the health, the strength of those prisoners was being sapped away for lack of bread. Grant was right when he said it was cheaper to feed than fight the Rebs. I saw one of my company, R. S. Lindsey, get possession of three loaves of bread one day, and I asked him if he would eat all at one sitting. He said he would give his stomach one good, big surprise. He and his bunkmate ate those three loaves of bread and washed it down with water from Lake Michigan.

The arrangements of the prison were changed. The barracks were all raised and placed on posts about four feet high, thus putting an end forever to future tunneling. An extra thickness of lumber was put on the fence to the height of about eight feet from the ground, and I realized that escapes were at an end. And yet one night about ten o'clock there was the hurried tramping of feet in my barracks, and about half a dozen men of Company H, 8th Kentucky, with a heavy wooden mall rushed to the fence, pounded a hole in it, and jumped out. A regular volley greeted them, but no one was hurt. Some of them escaped, but others were captured, brought back, and loaded down with balls and chains. It seemed certain death to make the venture, but hunger drove

them to the deed. I have seen men eat rats and pronounce the flesh good and palatable. I never ate any myself for the reason that my health was never robust, and close confinement was very trying to me. I was confined in the hospital for two or three months at three different times during my stay there. Under such conditions my appetite was never of a ravenous nature, and hunger such as made life miserable for others did not trouble me. It is true I longed for a change of diet and often felt that if I could but visit a blue grass pasture I could eat the grass with the keenest relish. A number of dogs lost their lives through their curiosity to see a live Reb. One case I recall to mind with clear remembrance. An aristocratic lady from Chicago drove in behind a pair of high-stepping Kentucky bays, and closely following the carriage was an aristocratic dog. While his mistress was talking and telling us unregenerate Rebs how wicked it was to be fighting against the best government in the world the dog came in for his share of attention and was inveigled into the barracks, which he never left. His flesh was pronounced first-class, and sharp lookouts were kept for more of his kind.

But to return for a moment to the outbreak made by Company H. The men engaged in it, to save me from punishment, endeavored to keep the affair from me; but I knew it was to be, and after the firing had ceased I knew I would be taken to headquarters and perhaps sent to the dungeon. Soon a guard entered and called for the sergeant of the barracks and marched me out. Captain Sponable was in charge at that time, and he wanted to know why I had not reported these men before the escape was made. It was putting a very low estimate upon my character, and I flatly told him I was a prisoner and not a guard. His reply was that he was strongly inclined to lock me up in the dungeon. Near Captain Sponable was a young sprig of a fellow, and when Sponable said nothing more he commenced cursing me in as choice "swear language" as ever fell from the lips of man or devil.

I was amazed at this tyranical and insulting outbreak and at once looked to Sponable for protection, but none came. Sentence followed sentence in regular order for fully ten minutes before it ceased. I concluded that this young chap was the "swearing orderly" for headquarters, but I opened not my mouth; I knew better. I received one other elaborate, genteel cursing while in prison, and that from the chief surgeon of the camp. This time, however, I was to blame, for I was where I had no business from a Yankee standpoint. From day to day the reins were drawn tighter and tighter upon us. At sundown we were ordered to our barracks and to bed, and not a word was allowed spoken until the blast of the bugle the following morning, when we arose and marched out for roll call. Many a Minie ball went crashing through our barracks at night at some real or imaginary noise. It was dangerous even to indulge in a snore. We were not allowed to leave our barracks at night fully dressed. We could wear our coats, but no pants, or our pants minus the coats; and O how cold it is at Chicago in the winter!

The 1st of January, 1864, was the coldest of all cold days. A fierce northwest blizzard was blowing, and neither man nor beast could face that terrible, biting, cutting blast. Guards were all taken from the fences, and a number of prisoners climbed the fences that night, but few of them succeeded in making good their escape. The biting cold and huge snowdrifts drove many of them, badly frosted, back into prison. Our wood was hauled in to us daily, but on this day the teamsters positively refused to budge, and we were simply freezing. I was sick and in my bunk when a guard came in and told me to send men down into the Yankee square and carry up what wood we needed. Not a single man would go, so desperate was the storm raging outside. Climbing out of my bunk and borrowing some extra clothing, I put it on; but dressed as I was, the wind blew through my clothing as though I was in full Hottentot attire. Several of my company joined me, and going down to the wood yard was easy enough. In fact, we went faster than we wished. Loading ourselves with what we could carry, we started on the return trip, and a fearful trip it was. The distance was almost one-fourth of a mile, and when I had gone over about half of it I knew my blood was cold and my appearance that of a frozen man. Some guards saw me and took me into their barracks, where I remained for an hour by a red-hot stove before I could go to my barracks. The other boys made the trip without sustaining any injury.

Life in the prison was going from bad to worse. Half-fed, cursed, kicked, and abused for imaginary more than real misdemeanors, hope was dead and life an existence only that gave no promise of relief or escape. Our guards had been changed several times, but that brought no change in our favor. The meat furnished us was salted pork shoulders, and that was telling upon us. The scurvy broke out in a most virulent and aggravated form. Lips were eaten away, jaws became diseased, and teeth fell out. If leprosy is any worse than scurvy, may God have mercy upon the victim! It was shocking, horrible, monstrous, and a disgrace to any people who permitted such conditions to exist. Since our Spanish war I have been led to believe that there was a great deal of Spanish blood flowing in the veins of those who had charge of us at Camp Douglas. English or German blood would have revolted at such barbarity. The scurvy sent many a man from Camp Douglas to his grave, and many more bear to-day its cruel, loathsome scars. Our cries for relief were unnoticed; and the greater our sufferings, the more satisfaction it seemed to give our captors.

We had with us a surgeon of the Confederate army, and, coming in contact with him daily, he and I often talked of the hygienic conditions of the camp and resolved to go to headquarters and register a personal remonstrance and, if possible, stop the ravages of this loathsome disease. We finally got passes to enter the square and presented ourselves to his highness, the officer in charge. But we were ordered to return to our barracks, and no good was done. We made the second trip with the same result, and we almost gave up in despair. But the disease was growing so rapidly and with such torture to its victims that we made the third trip. This time we were asked what we wanted, and the doctor replied: "Onions, potatoes, vinegar, and fresh beef instead of salted pork." It was actually promised, and in a few days we were feeding the sick on potatoes and onions eaten raw with vinegar on them. So much for perseverance even though we had to work on an enemy.

The smallpox then put in its appearance, and the hospital arrangements were entirely inadequate for caring for the patients. Many cases were never taken from the barracks. I waited on a number of men in my barracks, but never contracted the disease. It was in a mild form, and but few deaths resulted from it. We were too weak and debilitated for it to get a good hold, and it quit us in disgust. In fact, the vaccine matter used on us did more harm than the disease itself. I knew men to lose the use of their arms on account of its impurity.

(Concluded in July number.)

PRICE'S MISSOURI CAMPAIGN, 1861.

BY JOHN P. BELL, FULTON, MO.

The Callaway Guard was organized at Fulton, Mo., in April, 1861, and consisted largely of farmers' sons, young mechanics about the town, and Westminster College students. D. H. McIntyre, a senior of the college, was elected captain. One fortunate circumstance for drilling and preparing the company for its brilliant service was the appearance of one Hoskins, a soldier of fortune. Where he came from and why he happened in Fulton at this special time is an unsolved mystery. He was unusually close-mouthed, but from occasional remarks dropped at unguarded moments it was learned that he was with Walker's filibustering expedition in Central America. He was a soldier and nothing more. He offered his service as drillmaster to the company and was gladly accepted. His energy, capacity, and enthusiasm were soon communicated to every member of the company, and the rapid development of the men and boys into well-drilled soldiers was the pride not only of the members of the company, but of the citizens of the community as well.

At an early day we received from Governor Jackson some sixty rifles, ranging from squirrel to big game rifles. When the Callaway Guards, at the call of the Governor, went to Jefferson City to defend the capital, there was but one other company in all that gathering of State guards that made as fine a soldierly showing, and that company was the Warsaw Grays.

However, the Harney compromise was effected, and the Governor ordered all the companies home. So we returned to Fulton and maintained our organization and drilled with renewed enthusiasm until the evacuation of Jefferson City by the Governor, when we obeyed his order and started for Boonville, Mo. When the Callaway Guards were formed in line and friends had gathered for the last farewell (and it was the last farewell to a majority of the men), President J. S. Laws, of Westminster College, gave the parting benediction in an earnest and feeling prayer, commending us to the care of our Heavenly Father.

When the order was received to march to Boonville, and there being no further doubt of real war, our first lieutenant resigned, and Hoskins was elected to the office of first lieutenant and served the company faithfully until killed at Wilson's Creek.

By the time we reached Columbia, Mo., we could hear the booming of cannon at Boonville, and soon we met men returning with the news that Governor Jackson, with his small force, had evacuated Boonville and gone west. We then turned west to Fayette, Howard County. On reaching Persia Creek, near Fayette, we found several companies encamped there, and others arrived during the day, estimated at nearly a thousand men. The halt was caused by the news that a regiment of Iowa troops, well armed, drilled, and equipped, had reached the town that morning and was encamped near by. The officers of the several companies in consultation decided that it was not safe, with so many of the men unarmed, to make an attack upon the Iowans.

When Captain McIntyre returned from the consultation he formed his men in line and stated the result of the conference; that among the captains were men who had commanded companies in the Mexican War, and they had decided that it was impracticable to offer battle to the Iowans; that nearly all the companies had decided to return home and disband for the time being; that he was going to leave it to a vote of the company, and if a majority voted to return to Fulton we would turn back, but we would maintain our organization and drill. If a majority voted to go forward, then we would all go forward and follow until we overtook the Governor. At this point Lieut. Lon Maughs and twenty-eight mounted men offered their service as scouts and pickets if we decided to go forward. By a majority vote it was decided to go forward.

Learning that the Iowa regiment would start for Arrow Rock at dusk, we marched by their smoldering fires into Fayette a little after dark and were met by the loyal Southern ladies of the town with pots of hot coffee and baskets of provisions placed upon the sidewalk. We did justice to the good ladies' bounty, and after eating and drinking to our fill our quartet of singers gave them their rendition of "Dixie." We then formed in line and started on the long night march for Glasgow, reaching the town a little before daybreak, and by sunup we were across the river. Here we rested until evening, when we marched west six miles and slept in a large barn.

Supposing that Governor Jackson had gone to Lexington, Mo., we marched west to near Waverly, where we learned that the Governor had gone south. So we turned and followed, being fed by the citizens and sleeping in barns at night. Our mounted escort kept us informed of the movements of the Kansas Jayhawkers, to our west, and Lyon's men, to the east of us, with many alarms and dodging of larger forces. Governor Jackson, learning of our efforts to join his forces, on the 3d of July sent enough overland coaches and led horses back to us and carried us into his camp that night, some fifteen miles northwest of Carthage, Mo. There on the 4th we were with three other companies formed into a regiment, with John Q. Burbridge as colonel, John B. Clark, Jr., as lieutenant colonel, and Celsus Price as major, and were assigned to Gen. John B. Clark's division.

Early on the morning of July 5, 1861, we were notified to be ready at a minute's notice to fall into line; that General Siegel was marching out of Carthage to give us battle. Soon the order to fall in line was given, and the Callaway Guards, proud of their long and trying march, after a day's rest, sprang into line, and as the best-drilled and only uniformed company made quite a display as they marched at the head of the regiment and formed in line of battle on the crest of the rolling prairie, while General Siegel's regiment, with bayonets glistening in the sun, formed their line of battle down in the lowest part of the prairie. His artillery, sweeping into line, took position at the very lowest part of the hollow or swag. One of the boys asked, "Why do they take position down in that hollow?" and another answered: "Because they think they can take better aim if they shoot up, and we must be careful or we will overshoot when shooting downhill."

By the time our officers had formed and dressed our line their cannon balls came rolling up through the grass, and we were ordered to lie down, and there we lay for about thirty minutes and watched their movements. After four years of real war it is very amusing to an old soldier to look back upon that amateur battle field, a general skilled in drilling and disciplining troops selecting the lowest ground he could find in that rolling prairie country to plant his artillery and form his battle line. To have seen those cannon balls rolling and bouncing through the grass as they sought the hill top is a memory we cannot forget. That fixed the reputation of Siegel as the "famous runner."

Hi Bledso exchanged a few shots with them; but soon General Rains, with his mounted men, was seen skurrying south,

threatening Siegel's rear, and Siegel's reputation as a runner was started. We were ordered to charge, but before we could dress our line Siegel's runners were out of the hollow and making their reputation. He stopped two of his guns on the top of the hill long enough to throw a few shells at Rains's men, which were effective. A conglomeration of untrained men or untrained horses will always scatter at the bursting of shells in their midst. These few shells saved Siegel from capture, for if Rains had reached the ford on Dry Creek he could have dismounted his men and held them in check until the infantry caught up. As it was, General Siegel got his men across the creek, a deep, sluggish prairie stream that could be crossed only as filled in with rock fords, deployed a regiment up the creek behind the trees and willows, planted his artillery on the bluff commanding the ford, and held us in check until his train could get out of our reach.

Old General Clark, a real Missouri character, had rushed his four companies to the edge of the swamp on our side of the creek. He was sitting on his horse and the men upon the rail fence of a little wheatfield to get all the air possible, for we were well-nigh sweltering after our race of over a mile. We had barely gotten a whiff of fresh air in our lungs when a courier dashed up to General Clark and delivered his message. General Clark raised in his stirrups, drew his sword, and this was his command: "Boys, Governor Jackson says the Dutch are in this swamp, and he wants us to drive them out." Without forming his men into line, he started into the swamp of willows and wild vines, saying: "Come on, boys, and drive them out." The men on foot could move faster than he could on his horse and reached the sand bank near the creek with him. When we reached the open sand bank, the Dutch fired on us, killing one man and wounding several others; but the crack of our rifles soon put them to flight, leaving several of their number dead in the willows. We then went down the creek to the rock ford and crossed, and then followed a helter-skelter race after Siegel into and beyond Carthage. There was no more forming of lines, but every man for himself.

Some amusing incidents happened during the day. John Kelso, an old Mexican soldier, after the first exchange of shots at the creek, reloaded his rifle and, peering through the willows, got a glimpse of something white and, thinking it the shirt front of an officer, took deliberate aim and fired. At the crack of his rifle an old gander flopped his wings and squawked. "There, now," Kelso exclaimed; "I've killed a goose."

One of the boys, more swift than some others, at a bend in the road cut through the woods and reached the road ahead of a commissary wagon. When the driver saw the man ahead of him he lay down in his wagon bed. So the Reb, quick to think and act, as the driver was out of sight, shot one of the horses, and thus captured the whole outfit. The funny part of the whole thing was that the driver, with a loaded musket, surrendered to the man with an empty one.

One of our boys as he rushed through the willows to the sand bank at the edge of the creek saw a Federal in the willows on the other side of the creek at the same time the Federal saw him, and each was in such a hurry to shoot first that each missed. Then commenced a race to reload. The Reb filled his charger with powder, and as he poured it into the muzzle of his rifle he cast a glance at the Federal, who had bitten off the end of his cartridge and was pushing it into the muzzle of his musket. Realizing that the Federal would load first, the Reb turned to one of his comrades and called to him to shoot that Federal or he would load first. The comrade, shaking with a regular buck ague, exclaimed: "I can't see him, I can't see him." "Then give me your musket. I see him." Kneeling to get a good view under the willows, the Reb balanced himself upon one knee, took deliberate aim, and fired. The recoil of the musket kicked him sprawling full length upon the ground. Straightening up and rubbing his bruised shoulder, he handed the musket to the owner, saying: "I believe you have loaded that old musket every morning since you left Fulton. If the other end of it was any worse than my end, that Federal won't bother us any more."

[Other articles on this campaign will appear later.]

GEN. JAMES F. FAGAN.

BY CAPT. BEALL HEMPSTEAD.

Of all the soldiers of our heroic South—soldiers that the world's verdict gives place among the greatest fighters of all the ages—there were few held in higher esteem than Gen. James F. Fagan, who has been called the "pallbearer of the Confederacy," for he was in the saddle to the last and was among the first to draw his sword. When the long roll throughout the South called to arms, he was prompt to obey the summons, and his camp fires were among the first upon the Potomac. After this came Donelson with Tennessee's call; and answering the call upon the dreadful field of Shiloh his regiment, the 1st Arkansas, wrote its name in history. But the Trans-Mississippi Department was the scene of his extended service, for he was one of the commanding officers in that army of distinguished Confederates whose heroic deeds yet await the pen of the historian. And in this department one of its greatest victories was his battle of Marke's Mill. Previous to this, however, was the battle on the ridge-crowned banks of the Mississippi, that stronghold with its lines of fortifications and forts, the fortified town of Helena. Here his daylight guns opened the battle, that battle with its prostrating heat of a July sun, and fought over one of the most desperate fields of the war, with its ravines and fallen trees, its tangled vines and abattis, and swept by musketry from rifle pit and from lines of fortifications and by cannon from bristling forts and supporting gunboats. But on he went and on in the van of battle, and his guns were heard to the last on that fatal field.

Such was "the gallant Fagan"; and whether on the long and weary marches and continuous fighting of the Missouri raid or as commanding general of the district of Arkansas, he was always the vigilant, the intrepid, the resourceful leader, and his last military paper should live in history as typical of the unconquerable, the heroic spirit of the Confederacy; for though the banners of the great Lee had been furled forever, he was still undaunted. This last defy, the broadside to the enemy as the ship went down, will speak for itself:

"HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF ARKANSAS,
CAMDEN, ARK., April 25, 1865.

"Maj. Gen. J. J. Reynolds, Commanding United States Forces in Arkansas—General: Your communication of the 14th inst. by flag of truce, with copy of correspondence between Generals Lee and Grant, terms of surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, and proposing such terms for the surrender of the Confederate States forces under my command reaches me to-day. It is the first instance within my knowledge of a commanding officer having been called on to sur-

render his army to an invisible enemy. Were it not that I am satisfied you are obeying the mandates of the government you serve and that the proposition did not originate with you, your communication would have been returned unanswered. Permit me to decline being the medium through which you desire to communicate your instructions from Washington City as to terms offered the commanding general of the Trans-Mississippi Department. This paper of yours from Washington says, 'Perhaps Gen. Kirby Smith and others may accept certain terms of surrender,' and contains further the gratuitous information that 'the Confederate government had gone up.' This magnanimous proposal, couched in such elegant phrase, 'Gen. Kirby Smith and others,' will never be received through my command. Allow me, therefore, to suggest that you adopt some other method to capture the Confederate States forces of this department.

"Permit me to say in behalf of my troops that when they lay down their arms it will be after peace has been restored to their country and when her soil is rid of the invader and upon terms which they expect to have the honor to dictate.

"I am, General, very respectfully your obedient servant,

J. F. Fagan, *Maj. Gen. Commanding District of Arkansas.*"

Such was his defiance of the invader; but when the guns were heard no more—the guns of the veteran legions of the peerless—the court of last resort, the arbitrament of the sword, had decided the destiny of the Confederacy, but throughout the ages its heroic defense will live in history as one of the great wars of the world.

TEXAS CONFEDERATE WOMAN'S HOME.

The State of Texas has taken the leading place in providing for its Confederate women, having greatly enlarged and improved the Home for them located in Austin, and it has become one of the attractive places of the city. This Home was established by the Texas Division, U. D. C., and was opened to occupants in June, 1908. It was maintained by this Division until September, 1911, when the State gave its assistance, and in December of that year the entire property was transferred to the State for future maintenance. Since then the original building has been added to and made more comfortable and its capacity increased from eighteen inmates to fifty. These are the wives and widows of Confederate soldiers who entered the service from Texas or who became residents of that State prior to 1880. These soldiers must have been honorably discharged and their service proved. All who enter the Home must be over sixty years of age, and the eligibility of applicants must be indorsed by two citizens of good standing. Those who have previously been receiving pensions relinquish them upon entering the Home.



SOUTH FRONT OF CONFEDERATE WOMAN'S HOME.

The Texas Confederate Woman's Home is under control of a Board of Managers appointed by Governor Colquitt and consists of six members, residents of Austin: Gen. William R. Hamby, Chairman; T. H. Davis, Hon. Joe N. Cloud, Hon. Wilbur P. Allen, John H. Chiles, and David Harrell.

General Hamby, Chairman of the Board, is a Confederate soldier, a former President of Hood's Texas Brigade Association, and, though an active business man, is deeply interested in the welfare of this institution. The Board meets monthly at the Home, and the superintendent of the Home acts as secretary. Dr. T. E. Moore, the physician for the Home, gives not only his professional care, but is the kind, good friend of those to whom he ministers. The next addition to the Home will be a large hospital for the care of the very sick and afflicted. A trained nurse now attends the needs of the sick and looks after the general health of all. Other attendants are provided in so far as the appropriation for the institution admits, so that the inmates of the Home may be well cared for in every way. The superintendent of the Home is Miss Katie Daffan. She is prominent in U. D. C. work and is always interested in building up this institution in its usefulness and power for genuine good.



PLEASANT VIEW OF NORTH FRONT.

Some of the women in the Home have husbands in the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Austin, who are hospitably entertained whenever they visit their wives.

The Churches of Austin supply a service at the Home every Sunday afternoon, and many of the women's and young people's Church societies often hold their meetings with the old ladies. All possible is done to make their lives brighter, and some of them show their willingness to be of service to others in the Home and are especially helpful to each other. It is beautiful to see one old lady of ninety in charge of another more than seventy years old. The younger woman voluntarily assumed the duty and goes with the older one to and from her meals, walks with her, and tucks her into bed at night. Those who cannot see to read are read to by others, and this sweet, unselfish spirit is beautifully apparent in the hearts of others.

THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL FUND.

"Let's raise him a stone by the friendship road
On the field that his soul loved best
And bid him sleep on, as a brave son sleeps,
In peace on his dear South's breast,
With his flag that he fought for folded fast,
Like him, in the heart of the South at last."

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE FUND.

Previously reported	$1,715 67
J. Coleman Gardner, Springfield, Mo	1 00
Capt. William Ritter, Reisterstown, Md	1 00
J. B. Estes, Hollis, Okla	50
F. D. Kildow and wife, Blake, Okla	2 00
Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C., San Francisco, Cal.	5 00
Friends in Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C., San Francisco, Cal	2 00
Mary Custis Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Clearwater, Fla.	5 00
Veuve Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C., Galveston, Tex	5 00
Samuel D. Saunders Chapter, U. D. C., Georgetown, Tex.	2 50
F. T. Roche, Georgetown, Tex	1 00
Mrs. W. B. Baker, College Station, Ky	50
W. E. Doyle, Teague, Tex	1 00
Mrs. Gen. Gary Doyle Woods, Teague, Tex	1 00
R. N. McKellar, Shreveport, La	1 00
J. M. Rutherford, Shreveport, La	1 00
A. S. Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., San Francisco, Cal.	5 00
Miss Thelma Estes, Midland, Tex	1 00
Maj. C. W. Quiggins, U. S. N., Elizabethtown, Ky.	1 00
H. C. Vinson, C. T. Dearing, R. W. Roach, Lee Pearcy, A. C. Burnett, J. H. Mitchell, J. H. Glover, Cadiz, Ky., 50 cents each	3 50
R. B. Thompson, Zenas Alexander, Burnett Perry, Cadiz, Ky., 25 cents each	75
Capt F. G. Terry, Cadiz, Ky	75
Elliott Fletcher Chapter, U. D. C., Blytheville, Ark.	5 00
Royall Givens, Corpus Christi, Tex	1 00
New Orleans Chapter, U. D. C., New Orleans, La.	5 00
Ridgely Brown Chapter, U. D. C., Rockville, Md.	5 00
Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Richmond, Va	2 00
James A. Livesay, Baltimore, Md	1 00
John A. Hughes, Center Point, Ark	1 00
A. A. Gray, San Antonio, Tex	1 00
Mrs. B. F. Spencer, Webster, Tex	1 00
Gladys M. Ball, New Boston, Tex	1 00
Bonnie A. Ball, New Boston, Tex	1 00
Wade Jamison Ball, New Boston, Tex	1 00
Margaret A. Burrows, New Boston, Tex	1 00
J. K. P. Jamison, Clarksville, Tex	1 00
Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, U. D. C., New Orleans, La.	5 00
A friend in Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, U. D. C., New Orleans, La	5 00
Overton Fulton, Birmingham, Ala	5 00
J. H. Fulton, Birmingham, Ala	5 00
Rosser-Gibbons Camp, U. C. V., Luray, Va	2 00
G. B. Bledsoe, Wortham, Tex	1 00
John B. Hood Camp, U. C. V., Austin, Tex	5 00
John W. Green, Louisville, Ky	2 00
Camp No. 368, U. C. V., Rome, Ga	5 00
W. W. Smith, Wellsville, Mo	1 00
P. P. McCall, Wellsville, Mo	1 00
Sterling Price Chapter, U. D. C., Stockton, Cal.	$ 2 50
L. Hill, Jr., Covington, Tenn	1 00
John O'Donnell, Nashville, Tenn	50
B. L. Scarlett, Anita, Okla	1 00
P. A. Cribbs, Matador, Tex	1 00
J. Hop Woods, Beverly, W. Va	5 00
Beverly Chapter, U. D. C., Beverly, W. Va	5 00
Chapter A, U. D. C., Augusta, Ga	5 00
Miss Florence Whitesides, Cleveland, Tenn	5 00
Mrs. F. E. Stevens, Kansas City, Mo	1 00
S. H. Buck, New York City	5 00
S. H. Runcie, Gulfport, Miss	1 00
J. H. Tomb, Jacksonville, Fla	1 00
Hugh Parker, Newton, Miss	1 00
H. V. Redington, Sidney, Nebr	1 00
Mrs. E. D. Godwin, Brentwood, Tenn	1 00
Gen. W. R. Hamby, Austin, Tex	5 00
J. E. Combs, San Marcos, Tex	2 00
Camp Stephen D. Lee, U. C. V., Anderson, S. C.	5 00
W. H. Eskridge, Shelby, N. C	2 50
Nelson Elliott, Geneva, N. Y	1 00
Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, U. D. C., Newark, N. J.	5 00
Mrs. G. W. Paine, Suffolk, Va	1 00
Burwell Riddick, Suffolk, Va	1 00
W. F. Gay, Newborn, Ga	1 00
J. R. DeLoach, Camden, S. C	50
Jeff Davis McPike, LaRed, Mo	1 00
J. W. Ashcraft, Dyersburg, Tenn	1 00
T. J. Hughes, Fountain Inn, S. C	1 00
J. B. Jones, Fountain Inn, S. C	50
A. T. Scruggs, Orlando, Fla	50
Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, U. C. V., Baird, Tex.	5 00
J. E. Griffin, Lafayette, Ala	1 00
Mrs. J. B. Wilson, Waxahachie, Tex	5 00
Thomas Montgomery, Mount Blanco, Tex	1 00
Col. W. S. Shepherd, Columbus, Ga	5 00
F. A. Gulledge, Verbena, Ala	1 00
T. S. McCalley, Birmingham, Ala	25
John G. Andrews, Lafayette, Ala	1 00
Roanoke Minute Men Chapter, U. D. C., Littleton, N. C. (incorrectly given in May list)	1 00
Ridgely Brown Chapter, U. D. C., Rockville, Md.	5 00
W. W. Smith, Wellsville, Mo	1 00
B. D. Orgain and wife, Bastrop, Tex	2 00
John H. Brown, Birmingham, Ala	1 00
T. W. Green, Keeling, Tenn	1 00
Will A. Miller Chapter, U. D. C., Amarillo, Tex.	1 50
Miss Eliza McPherson, Tupelo, Miss	1 00
L. R. Gunn, Estabuchie, Miss	1 00
J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, U. D. C., Wharton, Tex.	1 00
E. R. Tucker, Baltimore, Md	1 00
J. L. Singleton, Murray, Ky	1 00
B. F. Nelson, Minneapolis, Minn	5 00
Roman S. Thomas Chapter, U. D. C., Verona, Miss.	5 00
Sterling Price Chapter, U. D. C., Fresno, Cal.	5 00
Capt. W. T. Ellis, Owensboro, Ky	5 00
Placida and Marguerite Miller, 15 cents each; George W. Miller, Willie June Miller, Miller, Ala., 10 cents each	50
Total	$1,936 32

The committee hopes to have a larger report for next month. Additional report by the U. D. C. will also be given.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE,
Poet Laureate United Confederate Veterans.

[Written for memorial hour, noon, May 7, 1914.]

We strung our harps with pæans for the brave
And hung our chaplets where the field was red;
We blazoned high each dear remembered name,
But stand in silence by the unknown dead.
Hover them, spirit of tenderness;
Cover them, angel of flowers.
Fame only knows what to call them;
Love only knows they are ours.

They fought for us, and yet we cannot tell
Their glory roll upon fame's altar stairs;
They died for us, and yet we cannot give
To each by name remembrance in our prayers.
Hover them, spirit of tenderness;
Cover them, angel of flowers.
Fame only knows what to call them;
Love only knows they are ours.

Some sister wept them when they went away,
Some mother's heart broke bidding them be strong;
To find a stillness through the falling years,
To hear the echo of a soldier's song.
Hover them, spirit of tenderness;
Cover them, angel of flowers.
Fame only knows what to call them;
Love only knows they are ours.

O gentle mother of the quick and dead,
O Southland, hold these closer, dearer yet,
The unknown dead who wrote in living flame
A name that glory never can forget!
Hover them, spirit of tenderness;
Cover them, angel of flowers.
Fame only knows what to call them;
Love only knows they are ours.

To Survivors of the Battle of Williamsburg, Va., May 5, 1862.—Immediately after the close of the engagement at Williamsburg, Va., on the afternoon of May 2, 1862, there was picked up off the field where General Early made his assault on Hancock's front a sword of the rapier pattern with belt attached that had evidently been hurriedly removed from some badly wounded officer. The scabbard shows indentations of two bullet marks, and a large number of dead were lying in the immediate location where this sword was found by Capt. J. C. Paine, a signal officer of the United States army and temporarily attached to General Hancock's staff. The sword has all the marks of earlier days than the War between the States, and the blade, which is thirty-one inches in length, is of exceptionally fine steel. If the owner survived the battle or his descendants can identify the relic, Captain Paine will be pleased to restore it to his family or relatives. Captain Paine has placed it in the custody of the Wyoming Historical Society, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., of which Rev. Horace Edwin Hayden, formerly of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, Confederate army, is the Secretary, from whom any further information may be obtained. The sword probably belonged to some officer of the 5th North Carolina, 2d Florida, 2d Mississippi, of the 23d, 24th, or 38th Virginia Infantry, which constituted Early's Brigade, and any surviving officer of these regiments is kindly invited to assist in locating the owner of this interesting relic. Address Rev. Horace Edwin Hayden, care of Wyoming Historical Society, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

MRS. JAMES H. M'NEILLY.

On the 13th day of April, 1914, Mrs. Mary Weatherford, the wife of Rev. James H. McNeilly, died at her home, in Nashville, Tenn. She was born December 15, 1848, and was brought up in Danville, Ky. At twelve years of age she was engaged to her future husband, and soon afterwards he entered the Confederate army, remaining until the end of the war. During that time the family of her father suffered for their devotion to the cause of the South. After the battle of Perryville, fought near Danville, Ky., October 8, 1862, she went into the hospitals as a nurse of the wounded Confederates. In 1863 the family went to Memphis, Tenn., where the mother soon afterwards died. On October 10, 1865, at Memphis, Miss Mary was married to Rev. James H. McNeilly, a private soldier and chaplain in the Confederate army. It was an ideal marriage, and for forty-eight and a half years she was his helper and comforter while he was a pastor in the Presbyterian Church. Forty-four years of her life were spent in Nashville, Tenn. She was always interested with her husband in the story of the Confederacy, for which her family had lost all their property, and was especially interested in his contributions to this magazine.



AS A GIRL OF SIXTEEN.

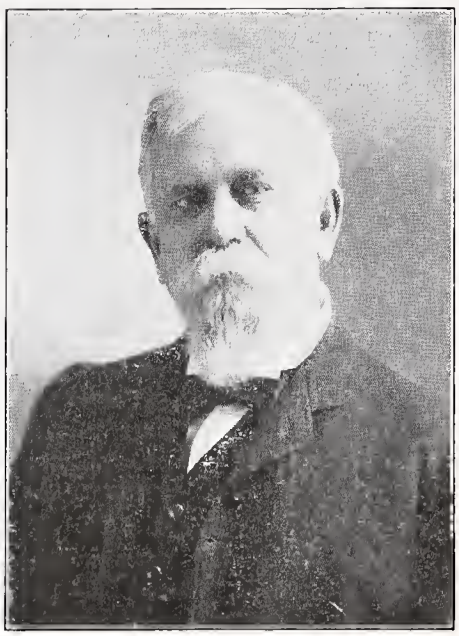
Hers was a beautiful life. She was beautiful in person, beautiful in character, and beautiful in kindly deeds. She is survived by her husband and four children—Mrs. J. S. White, of Louisville, Ky.; Edwin L. McNeilly, a lawyer, Miss Margaret McNeilly, and Prof. Robert H. McNeilly, of Vanderbilt University, all of Nashville. One child, Eva Bell, a baby girl, went before her to the glory land in 1876.

THE LAST ROLL

John C. Lamkin.

John Clayton Lamkin was born in Northumberland County, Va., April 11, 1843, a son of James L. Lamkin and Judith Sampson. His grandfather was a man of wealth and influence in Virginia and noted for his benevolence. His father was sheriff of his county when that office in Virginia was the most important in the county. The family moved later to Richmond County, where the children were educated in the best schools of that day.

As a youth of eighteen years John C. Lamkin was preparing to enter the Virginia Military Institute when the War between the States broke out and his native State called for volunteers. He at once enlisted in the Totuskey Grays, the first company organized in Richmond County. His father opposed his enlistment because he was under age and the only son at home and secured his release from military service. But soon parental objection was overcome, and John enlisted in the next company organized in his county and went to the front with Company E, 40th Virginia Infantry, and fought gallantly during the entire war. He took part in many of the most important battles in Virginia and was in command of a detachment that took Meadow Creek Bridge, which precipitated the battle of Gaines's Mill. In this battle he was wounded, and the surgeon found that he was bleeding profusely and demanded to know why he had not applied for treatment. "I wanted to give the other fellows a chance" was the reply. Unable to fight on foot, he purchased a horse and rode as courier for Gen. Hary Heth during the remainder of the war. He was near Stonewall Jackson when that "lightning commander" was shot at Chancellorsville. He took part in the battle of Gettysburg and was remembered by many soldiers of both armies as "the little courier who rode the spotted pony," and he was often under fire. At Cold Harbor he was taken prisoner, and when sent to the rear he saw that General Grant had ten thousand of his own soldiers guarded in "bull pens," the engagement having been so severe that the men had run out of the fight. As a prisoner he was taken to Elmira, N. Y., and remained there for eleven months, being exchanged a short time before the surrender at Appomattox.



JOHN C. LAMKIN.

At the close of the war Mr. Lamkin returned to what was once his home to find that his father had died and the large family fortune had disappeared. Like many other Virginians of that day, he left his ravaged State to seek a livelihood elsewhere. He spent a short time in Maryland and in Washington. In 1866 he removed to Arrow Rock, Mo., where in 1870 he was married to Miss Annie N. Jones. In 1882 he was elected to the office of Collector of Revenue, and to the same office he was twice afterwards elected, retiring in 1889 to serve the Wood and Huston Bank as teller, then as assistant cashier, and afterwards as vice president, being peculiarly well fitted for the business of banking. He was with the bank until his seventieth birthday, when he retired from active duty. His health had been failing rapidly, and he passed from earth on the 19th of July following.

In his home life John Lamkin was happy in the love and devotion of his wife and children; in his Church and civic relations he was faithful in the discharge of all duties. He acted well his part in life and ever bore the white flower of a stainless life.

A. F. Wood.

On the morning of February 18, 1914, there passed to his final reward at Corsicana, Tex., A. F. Wood, Commander of Camp G. M. Winkler, U. C. V., a splendid Christian gentleman, beloved and respected by all who knew him. He was a devoted son of the South. Early in the conflict, on June 2, 1861, when a boy of sixteen, he entered the Confederate army as a member of Company I, 14th Alabama Infantry, and soon afterwards was ordered to Virginia. He served first under Joseph E. Johnston and afterwards under General Lee until captured at Hanover Junction May 24, 1864. From that time until the close of the war he was a prisoner at Elmira, N. Y. Previous to this he had participated in most of the great battles that had been fought on Virginia's soil—Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Gaines's Mill, Frazier's Farm, Second Manassas, Fredericksburg, Cold Harbor, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and many minor engagements.

Comrade Wood went to Navarro County, Tex., in 1865 and engaged in farming, then taught school, and later moved to Corsicana. He was at one time postmaster in Corsicana and afterwards served in the State legislature. He was intensely loyal to the South, was proud of its record and gloried in the part he took in its defense. He believed in the Confederate Veteran and was a subscriber from 1895 up to the year of his death. He leaves a wife, daughter, and two sons to mourn their loss.

J. C. Wise.

The death of J. C. Wise on December 13 at York, Ala., was a great loss to that community. He was seventy-eight years old, and had been a resident of York for more than forty years, having moved there from Mississippi and engaged in the mercantile business, which he successfully followed until a few years ago. He was generous and kind-hearted and possessed many sterling qualities and admirable traits.

Mr. Wise was a Confederate soldier and did duty in the cavalry service as a member of Company F, 2d Mississippi Regiment, Jackson's Division, Armstrong's Brigade. He was wounded at Adairsville, Ga., in the Georgia campaign under Johnston. His comrades in war give him high praise for his loyalty and valiant service. Two sons survive him.

Dr. William H. Green.

Dr. W. H. Green, a prominent druggist of Wilmington, N. C., died suddenly in the month of January, 1914. He was born in Newbern, N. C., December 21, 1843, and lived there until the beginning of the war, when he entered the Confederate service as a private in the 10th Regiment, Light Artillery, at the time being only eighteen years old. He was a member of the famous Latham Battery, a North Carolina artillery organization which demonstrated its efficiency and bravery on many noted fields during the four years of strife. In 1863 he was detached as sergeant major of the battalion of Maj. J. C. Haskell, to which Latham's Battery was attached, and served as such during the remainder of the war. At the close of the war he was acting adjutant of his regiment.

He had an active career as an artilleryman, participating in the famous battles of Cedar Run, Second Manassas, Chantilly, Warrenton Springs, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg (where the battery was in action three days), Spottsylvania, Second Cold Harbor, and throughout the siege of Petersburg and the retreat to Appomattox, where he was paroled.

Returning to North Carolina, he made a beginning as a pharmacist at Newbern and continued his studies and practice in New York City, where he was graduated in 1869. He went to Wilmington, N. C., in 1870 and entered the drug business, in which he continued for forty-four years.

In July, 1875, Dr. Green was married to Miss Frances Iredell Meares, who, with three daughters and two sons, survives him. He was a member of the Episcopal Church and for many years a vestryman. He was also a member of the Royal Arcanum.

Dr. Green was a genial, whole-souled man, never too busy to lend assistance to any one in trouble or to speak a kind word in greeting. His long and useful life was one of service and benefit to his generation.

Deaths in Hattiesburg (Miss.) Camp.

[Reported by W. P. Chambers, Adjutant.]

Valentine A. Davis was born in Madison County, Miss., August 20, 1847, but was reared in Louisiana. He enlisted in Miles's Legion in the fall of 1864 and was soon captured and held as a prisoner until May, 1865. He married Miss Fannie Foster, who survives him with five of their children. He died June 21, 1913.

Griffin S. Draughon was born in Jackson County, Miss., June 4, 1840, but was reared in Perry County. In 1861 he enlisted in the first company that was organized in that county, which became Company G, 27th Mississippi Regiment. He was severely wounded at Lookout Mountain and was paroled at Greensboro, N. C. He died July 2, 1913, and is survived by eight children.

John C. Barksdale was born in Kemper County, Miss., May 13, 1846. In April, 1862, he enlisted in Company B, 35th Mississippi Regiment. In 1866 he married Miss Mary J. Lipscomb, who survives him with several children. He died July 8, 1913.

John J. Moore was born in Hancock County, Miss., September 12, 1842. He served in Company G, 3d Mississippi Regiment. He was captured at Peach Tree Creek July 20, 1864, and was in prison at Camp Douglas, Ill., until June, 1865. He was twice married. His widow was Miss Nannie Dear. He died August 16, 1913.

Theophilus Draughon was born in Simpson County, N. C., February 10, 1837. He served in Company I, 1st North Carolina Regiment, and reënlisted in Company H, 50th North Carolina Regiment. He was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., and in 1871 removed to Mississippi, where the next year he was married to Mrs. Mollie Mosby, who died a few years later, leaving two children. Comrade Draughon died November 12, 1913.

William E. King was born in Talbot County, Ga., May 14, 1849, and was the youngest veteran in Hattiesburg Camp. He was reared in Alabama and served in Company H, 1st Regiment of Mississippi Reserves. He was in the battles of Harrisburg, Miss., and Cheraw, Ala. In February, 1871, he was married to Miss Bettie Wilkins, who, with five of their ten children, survives him. He died January 14, 1914.

William L. Herrin was born in Marion County, Miss., October 20, 1832. He was married to Miss Sallie Mixon on August 27, 1857. He served in Company B, 7th Mississippi Battalion, and was severely wounded in July, 1864. He died March 17, 1914, and is survived by his aged widow and six children.

George T. Collier was born in Clarke County, Miss., November 21, 1845. Near the close of the war he enlisted in a cavalry company which did some guard duty and rode as couriers. He was paroled at Mason, Miss. He married Miss Jane Caldwell in June, 1872, and she survives him with ten children. He died April 8, 1914.

Cicero Smith.

Cicero Smith was born on his father's farm, near Lafayette, Ga., April 27, 1845; and died at his home, in Mineral Wells, Tex., on the 2d of February, 1914. At the age of seventeen he enlisted in the Confederate army at Ringgold, Ga., as a member of Company K, 4th Georgia Cavalry. His regiment was noted for its fine horses and scout service. His company, numbering at one time one hundred and thirty-five men, had nine out of every ten killed or wounded, and at the time of the surrender numbered only eighteen. It was in seventy-two engagements, its hardest service being at Chickamauga, siege of Knoxville, Resaca, Ga., and the siege of Atlanta. He was wounded only once, and that was on his first raid near Nashville, Tenn., when he was taken prisoner. After a few days in the hospital he made his escape and rejoined his command. He was with Wheeler in all of his main raids. On the 22d of July ninety-five men of Company K distinguished themselves at Peachtree Creek by getting in the rear of one hundred and twenty-five zouaves of McPherson's command and capturing them without firing a gun. His last service as a scout was when he, with seventy-one other boys, went to Missionary Ridge and, after routing the Federal guard, took possession of eleven hundred beef cattle and shipped them to Selma for Hood's starving army.



CICERO SMITH.

On the 18th of April, 1865, Comrade Smith started to his new home at Chulafinnie, Ala., his parents having removed there during the war. He was married the following October and went to Texas, engaging in farming for several years. Later he was in the lumber business, and in 1900 he removed to Mineral Wells and went into banking, and at the time of his death he was President of the First National Bank there. He was also interested in other Texas banks and was President of the Cicero Smith Lumber Company. He was on the staff of General VanZandt with the rank of colonel and a member of Stonewall Jackson Camp, U. C. V., of Mineral Wells.

James A. Creswell.

James A. Creswell was born in Wilkinson County, Miss., April 17, 1837. There the years of childhood and boyhood were passed. Arriving at manhood, he spent some time in study at Philadelphia, where he graduated in pharmacy, in which he became prominent. Returning after graduation to his Southern home, when the tocsin of war sounded he volunteered his services to his native State and became a member of the Wilkinson County Rifles, 16th Mississippi Regiment, C. S. A. This regiment was sent to Virginia and became a part of the army there throughout the war.

There James A. Creswell was to be found on the firing line, in the signal service, and sometimes on detail at the hospital, a service for which he was peculiarly fitted, doing his whole duty as a brave and gallant soldier for four long years. On Lee's retreat to Appomattox he was taken prisoner, sent to a Northern prison, paroled the ensuing summer, and then made his painful way back to his home, being much delayed on this journey by the illness of a comrade whom he would not desert.

At home again, he took up the burden of life anew, and during the terrible Reconstruction period he stood shoulder to shoulder with old soldier comrades and others in the reestablishment of a white man's government.

On the 15th of January, 1868, he was married to Miss Susan Chinn, of Woodville, Miss., and of this union two sons and four daughters were born, of whom there are only two living. After some years in the drug business in his native town, he removed to his plantation near there, and later he went to Opelousas, La., thence to Texas, and a few years later to Lafayette County, Ark., where he made many friends. He was for many years a member of the Masonic fraternity and a consistent member of the Church. One of his strong traits of character was his love of truth, and by nature he was kind and considerate of others.

At Canfield, Ark., on Easter morn, April 12, 1914, God's finger touched the weary body of James A. Creswell, and he slept.

Death of Members of Forrest Camp, Stratford, Tex.

Ballard P. Ward was born in Tazewell County, Va., in 1836. He enlisted in Company H, 29th Virginia Brigade, Whitemore's Regiment, and was later transferred to Company K, 45th Virginia. He died September 5, 1912.

William Greaver, who died May 5, 1913, had served in E. J. Runnell's company, Starks's Brigade of Cavalry, and was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., in 1865.

S. E. Waters, whose death occurred in October, 1913, was born in Talladega County, Ala., July 22, 1842. He enlisted in the Confederate army in Louisiana and served in Company H, 17th Louisiana Cavalry, Ectors's Division.

William Henry Clifford.

William H. Clifford was born in Leon County, Fla., near Tallahassee, January 9, 1839; and while a young man removed to Brooks County, Ga., where he enlisted in Company H, 9th Georgia Infantry, June 9, 1861. He served continuously in the Army of Northern Virginia, Longstreet's Corps, until he was placed on the retired list June 20, 1864, "by reason of wounds received in action," according to his military record taken from the Confederate archives at the War Department, Washington, D. C. He was in most of the important battles fought by his command until he was wounded at Gettysburg, being shot in the right shoulder, and was also captured and sent to Fort Delaware, where he was kept several weeks and then exchanged. On account of his wounds he was not able to carry arms again, but did duty in the hospitals until he was retired.



WILLIAM H. CLIFFORD.

After the war he married Miss Mary C. Anderson and with her moved to South Florida and made a home in Hillsboro County, afterwards locating in Lakeland, Polk County, where he lived twenty-four years, until his death, December 18, 1913. He was a true soldier and a loyal and enthusiastic veteran and held several important positions in the organization. For years he was a faithful member of the Methodist Church. He was a devoted husband and father and a good citizen. He was buried at Lakeland with Masonic honors.

F. H. Cobb.

F. H. Cobb, who died March 24, 1914, was born near Kinston, N. C., but went to Montgomery County, Ala., in 1854 and engaged in planting. When the call came for troops to take the forts at Pensacola, Fla., this company, the Montgomery True Blues, tendered its service to Gov. A. B. Moore. After their return they were mustered out of service and again enlisted as Company H, 3d Alabama Regiment. They were then ordered to Norfolk, Va.

On November 9, 1861, Comrade Cobb put in a substitute, got an honorable discharge, and returned home to marry Miss Elizabeth Burch Mitchell. He enlisted again the next April and served three years of the war in Company H, 34th Alabama Regiment. He was elected second lieutenant at Saltillo, Miss., where his command was ordered to join the Army of Tennessee on its retreat from Corinth, Miss., and went through the Kentucky campaign. Just before the battle of Murfreesboro his wife, hoping to see him, went on a visit to Chattanooga, but died three days after her arrival without seeing him. After the battle of Chickamauga he was promoted to first lieutenant. In 1865 he was married to Miss Mary W. Mitchell, of Mount Meigs, Ala.

A. D. Cox.

In the death of A. D. Cox, on May 1, 1913, Virginia lost a loyal citizen and a gallant soldier of the Confederacy.

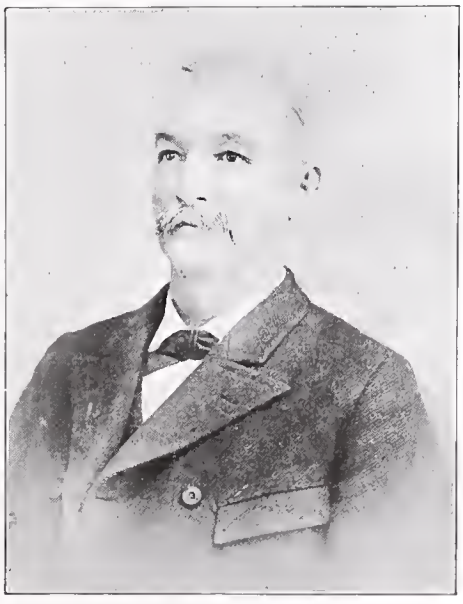
Azelle Donop Cox, son of Dr. William Cox and Mary Elizabeth Lacy Cox, was born October 18, 1842, in Albemarle County, Va. The family removed to Charlottesville in 1849 and were pioneers in the development of that city. At the time of his death Mr. Cox was one of its largest taxpayers. All of his dealings with his fellow men were characterized by a high sense of honor and an inflexible business integrity.

At the beginning of the War between the States he, with his brothers, Eugene M., Lucian W., and Leroy Wesley Cox, entered the Confederate service. He was lieutenant in Company I, 46th Virginia Regiment, and his army career was one of unusual interest. Among other engagements, he was in the battle of the Crater, near Petersburg, Va. While prisoner of war at Fort Delaware and at Point Lookout he suffered many hardships. His exceeding modesty kept him from speaking of his service to his country, but he showed his loyalty to the Confederacy by his generosity to needy soldiers.

Dr. William Cox, being too old for active army service, was a member of the home guard. His house was used as a private hospital for sick and wounded Confederates, and his wife and daughters, with the faithful family servants, ministered to the needs of many unfortunate Southern and some Northern soldiers. At the close of the war his daughter Adelaide became the wife of Lieut. Samuel Comer, of South Carolina. The other daughter, Josephine, and son, L. W. Cox, are the surviving members of Dr. Cox's family and are living at the old home in Charlottesville.

Alonzo M. Cryer.

Alonzo M. Cryer was born near Auburn, Ala., December 29, 1846; and died on January 12, 1914, at his home, in Elmore County, Ala., where he had lived since 1868. He was living in Chambers County, Ala., when war between the States was declared, and, being too young to enlist at that time, his service did not begin until 1863. Joining Company D, 1st Alabama Regiment, Wheeler's Cavalry, Army of Tennessee his service did not begin until 1863. Joining Company D, 1st Alabama Regiment, Wheeler's Cavalry, Army of Tennessee, he was in the front of Sherman from Dalton to Kennesaw Mountain, where he was wounded. After a few weeks he rejoined his command at Atlanta and remained until the surrender.



A. M. CRYER.

Comrade Cryer married Miss Viloura Hightower, who survives him. Two sons were born to them, one dying in infancy; the other, Dr. Hilliard C. Cryer, is a practicing physician of Columbus, Miss. Alonzo Cryer was temperate and refined in his tastes and sound in judgment, which made him highly successful in business affairs. He was a brave and chivalrous soldier, a kind, devoted, faithful, and loving husband and father, and a warm-hearted and generous friend. He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1909, and was a consecrated Christian from that time to the end.

Dr. James McDowell.

In his ninetieth year Dr. James McDowell succumbed to infirmities at the Kentucky Confederate Home, at Pewee Valley. He had been in declining health for several years. At the hour of his death a great-granddaughter was born in the family, a daughter of Walter R. Jones, auditor of the Mengal Box Company. In the ground over which he played as a boy eighty years ago he was laid to rest.

Dr. McDowell was born in Jefferson County, Ky., September 3, 1824. He was graduated from Hanover College of Medicine in 1848. He married Miss Nancy Ellen in 1850 and moved to Perryville, Mo., where he practiced medicine for a short time. Not being satisfied with the location, he returned to Kentucky and located at Shepherdsville. He served one term as Coroner of Bullitt County. In September, 1862, he enlisted in Company D, 1st Kentucky Cavalry, of the Orphan Brigade, and was a corporal until the close of hostilities.

Returning to Jefferson County, he took up the practice of his profession and farming. He was admitted to the Home January 9, 1903. Of the six children, there are five surviving —three sons and two daughters.

Maj. J. N. Prior.

Maj. John N. Prior, one of the most highly esteemed citizens of Fayetteville, N. C., died in September, 1913, in his seventy-sixth year.

Major Prior was a son of Warren and Louisa McIntyre Prior and a man of sterling integrity, kindly heart, good business ability, and bright mind. He was a gallant Confederate veteran, volunteering at the outbreak of the Civil War and going to Yorktown in the Lafayette Light Infantry Company, 1st North Carolina Regiment. When the 1st Regiment was mustered out of service, he served as captain in the 16th North Carolina Regiment, and was wounded in 1864. On his recovery he was made major of the 4th Regiment of Senior Reserves (the 73d North Carolina).

After the war Major Prior went to New York City, where he was for years engaged in the dry goods business. About fourteen years ago he returned to Fayetteville to live, succeeding his father in the jewelry business, which he was conducting at the time of his death. He is survived by a daughter and a son.

Benjamin Franklin Kelley.

B. F. Kelley died at his home, in Navasota, Tex., March 25, 1914, seventy-one years old. He was a veteran of the War of the States, having in 1861 enlisted at Navasota in Company G, 4th Texas Infantry, Hood's Texas Brigade, in which he served from the beginning to the end of the war. He was wounded several times; was captured at Gettysburg and carried to Fort Delaware, from which place he made his escape by swimming across Delaware Bay, a distance of five miles. He was in the surrender with General Lee at Appomattox. He then returned to his home in Texas. A wife and ten children are left to mourn his death. Several of his old comrades in arms were his pallbearers. Of the one hundred and fifty members of Company G, only about ten are left.

Elijah Steele Drake.

Elijah Steele Drake was born in Jefferson County, Miss., October 14, 1841; and died at his home, in Port Gibson, Miss., on the 4th of January, 1914. He was educated at Centenary College, in Jackson, La., receiving his diploma in April, 1861, and he joined the Confederate army in May. He was a member of Darden's Battery and served in the Army of Tennessee throughout the four years of the war as "a man at the gun," his battery being often commended for gallant conduct. His commanding generals were Albert Sidney Johnston, Braxton Bragg, Joseph E. Johnston, and John B. Hood. He was in the great battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, and Chickamauga, besides numerous other engagements. Being wounded at Decatur, Ala., the latter part of October, 1864, he was ordered home, so took no part in the battles of Franklin and Nashville. The last months of the war he was at Demopolis and Selma, Ala., and received his parole at Meridian, Miss., on the 9th of May, 1865.

A brave soldier throughout the war, he took up the battle of life at its close with as brave a heart; and though almost penniless, he set at once to work to begin life anew under circumstances so trying that only brave hearts could rise above them.

After teaching school for two years, he began the practice of law in Port Gibson, Miss. In 1869 he married Miss Ellen Davis Turpin, who, with two sons and four daughters, survives him. He served as representative of his county in the legislature of his State in 1876 and 1877, using his great strength in helping to uplift his State from the condition into which she had fallen, and he stood at the head of his profession in his home town. Pure and upright, he was honored of all classes and a leader in civic righteousness. He was for years a steward of the Methodist Church and trustee of the female college and for forty years served as superintendent of the Sunday school. Owning a summer home at Monteagle, Tenn., he was made a trustee of that assembly and was for some years its legal adviser.

Reuben Nicholas Webber.

The following tribute is from the resolutions passed by A. S. Johnston Camp, No. 75, U. C. V., Beaumont, Tex., through a committee composed of G. W. Kidd, Edward Lee, and J. F. Knox, at a meeting on March 8:

"Reuben N. Webber was born in Schmidt, Prussia, Germany, July 25, 1838. At the time of his death he had reached the venerable age of nearly seventy-six years, four years of which he devoted to the defense of his adopted Southland. His military record shows that he enlisted as a private in Company D of the 7th Louisiana Infantry, which was respectively commanded by those gallant officers, Col. Harry T. Hayes (later brigadier general) and Col. Davidson B. Penn, his captain being the chivalrous Robert B. Scott. Comrade Webber was enlisted June 7, 1861, at Camp Moore, La., and served in the Virginia army, participating in many of its principal battles. He was captured at Fredericksburg on May 3, 1863, and was paroled May 4 and was among other Confederates received at City Point, Va., May 23, 1863. On May 11, 1864, he was captured at Spottsylvania Courthouse, and remained a prisoner of war until May 7, 1865, when he was released at Elmira, N. Y., at the close of the war.

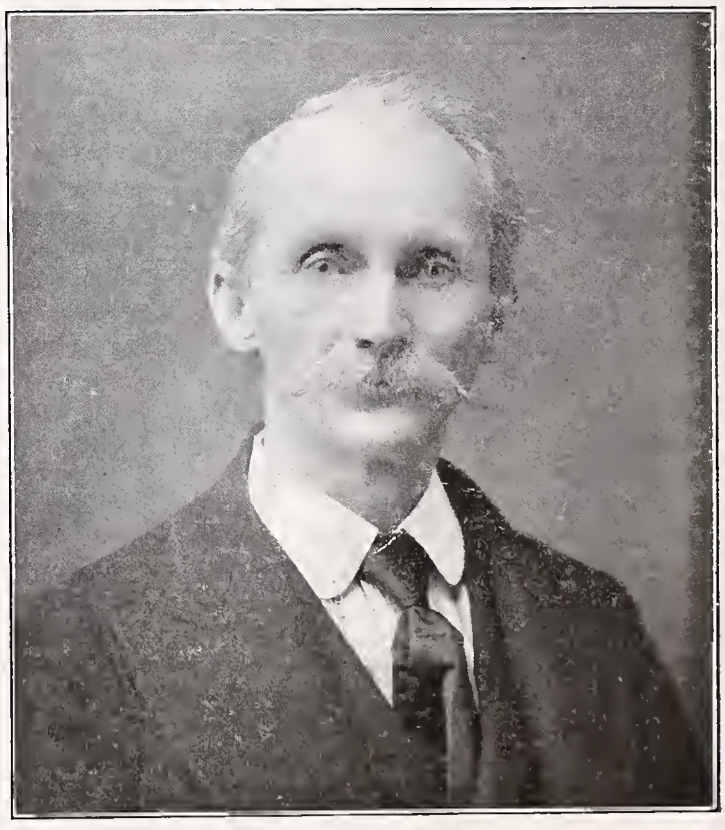
"During his service as a Confederate soldier he was always found at his post. He had the distinction of following the illustrious Gen. Robert E. Lee in many hard-fought battles. At the cessation of hostilities he returned to his adopted State, Louisiana, and sought with heroic efforts to recuperate his lost fortune. Sometime in the early seventies he sought the congenial clime of Texas and located in Beaumont, where he continued to reside until his death and where he made many friends through his chivalrous nature and cheerful disposition. He was a charter member of A. S. Johnston Camp, U. C. V., and attended its meetings regularly. No one stood higher in the estimation of his comrades.

S. J. Flournoy.

S. J. Flournoy, one of Eufaula's most respected citizens, died in January at his home, in Eufaula, Ala., at the age of seventy-three years. He was born at Talbotton, Ga., but the family moved to Barbour County shortly afterwards, and Mr. Flournoy lived near Eufaula for many years before making his home in the city. His first wife was Miss Pet Toney, daughter of Colonel Toney, of Roseland. He married next Miss Janie Toney, another daughter of Colonel Toney, who survives him, with a daughter and a son who lives in Birmingham. Mr. Flournoy was a veteran of the war, in which he had a long and honorable record.

Comrades of Joe Kendall Camp, No. 1747, U. C. V.

Names of the dead of Camp Joe Kendall, at Paris, Tenn.: Ex-Gov. James D. Porter, died 1912; W. P. Bumpass, 1913; Peter McDaniel, 1913; M. B. Valentine, 1911; John Bowers, 1911; W. R. Caloway, 1911; D. F. (Oce) Alexander, 1912; Rev. W. T. Bolling, 1912; T. J. Jones, 1911; R. A. Coaly, 1911; J. P. Harmon, 1911; J. A. Haynes, 1912; A. H. Lankford, 1913; Joe Venable, 1913; W. S. Lankford, 1912; Pete Venable, 1912; P. R. Orr, 1911; T. W. Coaly, 1911; Frank Clendenon, 1911; J. S. Curry, 1913; W. D. Hall, 1913.



I. Y. Willis.

(Sketch appeared in Veteran for November, 1913.)

Edward Francis Lovell.

Edward F. Lovell, prominent in the business life of Savannah, Ga., for many years and a veteran of the famous Georgia Reserves, died at his home, in that city, on February 11, 1914. He was born in July, 1847, and was a son of Edward and Mary Adams Bates Lovell. Edward Lovell the elder was born in Massachusetts, but became a prominent business man and representative citizen of Savannah, and there passed the closing years of his life. He was a stanch upholder of the Confederacy as a member of the Cheatham Artillery. His grandfather, Nathaniel Lovell, was a patriot-soldier of the Continental line in the war of the Revolution, and his great-grandfather, Hopestill Lovell, took part in the French and Indian War of 1745. The family was founded in New England in the early colonial epoch.

Edward Francis Lovell was reared and educated in Savannah, and there passed his entire life. On his seventeenth birthday he enlisted as a private in Company K, Symon's Georgia Reserves, and served to the close of the war.. In 1870 he was married to Miss Emily Williams Dasher, and of their four children two sons and a daughter survive. Comrade Lovell was a member of the Presbyterian Church and affiliated with the Knights of Pythias, which association he had served as president for several years, and when his health failed he was made honorary president through the love and esteem in which he was held.

John J. Osteen.

On March 24. 1914, John J. Osteen died at his home, in Lincoln County, Miss., at the age of seventy-three years. He enlisted from Franklin County, Miss., in April, 1862, and served as a private in Company D, 33d Mississippi Infantry, Featherston's Brigade, Loring's Division, in the operations in Mississippi until after the fall of Vicksburg and Jackson. He was with his command at Baker's Creek in May, 1863, when General Loring so completely dodged General Grant and took his division down Baker's Creek to join Gen. J. E. Johnston. The command was transferred early in 1864 to the Army of Tennessee, under General Johnston, and was in all the campaign through Georgia and back to Dalton and with General Hood into Tennessee, taking part in the battles of Franklin and Nashville; back to Columbia, where Featherston's Brigade was put under Forrest and Walthall to protect Hood's rear; then on to North Carolina, where the command surrendered at Greensboro under Johnston.

After the war Comrade Osteen did his part toward building up his devastated country. He was twice married and is survived by his second wife and the five sons and two daughters of his first marriage.

Dr. A. M. Hall.

Dr. A. M. Hall, born in Sumner County, Tenn., more than ninety years ago, was a practicing physician there when the war began. He entered the Confederate service as captain of a company in the 8th Tennessee Infantry, commanded by Colonel Fulton, and served under General Lee in the Cheat Mountain campaign in 1861. Afterwards he was appointed surgeon of his regiment and served in that capacity until the close of the war.

Dr. Hall married Miss Sophia Bedham, of Bedford County, Tenn., who survives him after a married life of more than sixty-three years, and all of the six children were with him at the time of his death, which occurred at the home of his daughter, Mrs. N. Benedict, in Memphis, Tenn., on October 28, 1913. Despite the feebleness of age, his mind was clear and bright to the end; and as the children came from their distant homes to be with their patriarch father at the end of life's long journey, each was recognized and greeted. The burial was at Oklahoma City, the home of two sons.

Judge Wells Thompson.

Judge Wells Thompson was a brave and gallant Confederate soldier. He entered the service as a private in a regiment from Athens, Ga., where he was attending school. He served in the campaign of 1861 under General Lee in West Virginia, and was with General Floyd at the battle of Carnifax Ferry, where his regiment distinguished itself. He was subsequently transferred to the Army of Tennessee and assigned to the 36th Alabama Regiment, in which he became a captain and served to the end of the war.

After the war he became a lawyer and rose rapidly in his profession, becoming one of the most distinguished practitioners of the bar in South Texas. He was also prominent politically and was at one time Lieutenant Governor of Texas. For many years he was district court judge, serving ably. He was noted for his scholarly attainments and as an orator of wide reputation. He was a good citizen, a true friend, and a devoted husband.

Lieut. Marshall M. Nicholson.

Marshall M. Nicholson was born in Dekalb County, Ala., December 6, 1840; died March 28, 1914, at Crossville, Ala. He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861 as a member of Company B, 3d Confederate Cavalry Regiment, and was elected lieutenant. This regiment was composed of companies from Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama and served principally in these States under General Wheeler in the Western army; but on Sherman's march through Georgia the command went into South Carolina and finally into North Carolina, surrendering at Jonesboro in April, 1865.

By his feats of gallantry Lieutenant Nicholson was made special officer to select brave comrades to send into the enemy's lines and report their movements. He was also adjutant of the regiment. He was a brave and gallant officer, kind and considerate, which won the love and respect of his men.

Captain Henry Small being absent on detail at Charlotte, N. C., Lieutenant Nicholson paroled the command at the surrender. He was only a young man, twenty-two years of age, when the war closed. He was married to Miss Bynum, and to them were born four daughters. His second wife was Miss Newman, who bore him a daughter. She survives him with all the children. Lieutenant Nicholson was a member of the order of F. and A. M. and the Odd Fellows.

Capt. Thomas Isham Kimbell.

Eighty-five years ago Thomas Isham Kimbell was born in Jackson, Ala. His death occurred January 18, 1914. He married Miss Martha Boroughs in 1857; and of their children, three sons and three daughters survive him. Thomas Kimbell enlisted as a Confederate soldier in October, 1861, and served to the end. He was elected captain of Company E, 24th Alabama Regiment, and took part in many important engagements, such as Chickamauga and Franklin, as well as other battles from Kentucky to North Carolina. He was brave almost to a fault and led his men in the thickest of the fight. His men all loved him. For the past twenty-five years he had been a member of Calhoun Camp, U. C. V. Captain Kimbell was a Mason and was buried with Masonic honors.

AFTER THE REUNION.

BY CHAPLAIN GENERAL H. M. HAMILL.

To the Confederate soldier the last Reunion is always the best. His unfailing optimism passes over the evil and keeps in remembrance only the good. It was so at Jacksonville. From his first glimpse of that beautiful city to the last he refused to hear or say anything but words of praise and gratitude. Until another Reunion shall come and go, Jacksonville will be uppermost in his loving remembrance as a city that did most to honor his gray hairs and faltering steps. And Jacksonville deserves his remembrance as the city that made most of the plain veteran of the ranks and gave to him the highest place of honor. She was the first city to call into requisition hundreds of autos in which the age-worn soldiers of the Confederacy might ride, and at none of the former great Reunions have there been such elaborate and thoughtful provisions for the comfort and fellowship of the thousands of gray-clad soldiers. The great camp in Springfield Park, with its fine tents and shaded walks and lights, its sanitary equipment and great dining hall, kept clean and orderly and appetizing, went beyond anything of the past; and the warm-hearted welcome and boundless good cheer of the citizens of the cosmopolitan community had certainly never been surpassed. I saw, for instance, again and again a stalwart policeman arm in arm with tired old soldiers, helping them across the crowded streets; and if here and there veterans were victimized by overcharges, it was a notable exception to the rule.

What a scene of kaleidoscopic beauty and of spectacular movement and color was this great new city of the far South! Some of us had seen it when the war clouds were thick above it, a little while before the crack of the guns of the Olustee battle, and can recall a poor little half-baked town on the sandy shore of a great river, without pride in its past or promise for its future. Now it is a succession of skyscraping hotels and business palaces and unending vistas of beautiful residence streets and growing suburbs, with ships and steamers galore at its docks, a score of railroad systems converging upon it, and all around it in tree and moss and flower and stream the charm of the semitropics, a vastly different Jacksonville from the sleepy old village of the sixties.

With all of its hotels and boarding houses, more numerous, perhaps, than of any other Southern city, it was taxed to the utmost to entertain the host of veterans and visitors and sponsors and maids of honor and matrons. The Aragon, the headquarters of the Reunion, was an intensely congested mass of guests clamoring for food and drink and service, with the mercury rising above ninety degrees as a commentary. The writer paid ten dollars a day for three days for what any other three days of the year would have supplied at half the money, and made up his mind while doing so that in the future, whether of the staff or rank and file, he would take his place in camp under tent among the plain fellows at whose side as a boy in the Army of Northern Virginia he had once fought and slept.

It would be a good thing for all of us, so long as the tent city of the annual Reunions is spread, if every veteran, regardless of position or rank, should take "pot luck" together on cot and under canvas. I am far from intending offense when I say frankly that there is altogether too big a gap between the gold lace and decoration of major and brigadier general at a headquarters hotel at $5 to $10 a day and the plain soldiers of the khaki tents at the other end of the Reunion. A little more democracy and a little less caste at the next Richmond Reunion would be a better reminder in that historic city of the days of real soldiery, when the only difference between general and private was in the fact that one led and the other followed when the fight was on.

One fact became clear to all of us at Jacksonville, and that was the imperative necessity at future Reunions for unhampered and unobstructed business sessions of the United Veterans' Association, to which delegates are sent and before which most important matters must come. Both at the Temple and under the big assembly tent of the recent Reunion men and women, delegates and nondelegates, crowded into the proper seats of the official delegates, making it again and again a sheer impossibility for the chairman's gavel to secure order and the words of speakers to be heard. Generally it was the interlopers who brought noise and confusion, to the annoyance of delegates who wanted to hear and who were shut out of their assigned seats. At times this was intolerable, and the kindly appeals of presiding officers were unheeded by the mob of obtruders who refused to become silent or to vacate the seats of delegates. There is one way, and only one way, out of it, and that is through a duly commissioned marshal, with his aids, under inflexible orders from the Commander in Chief, stationed at the entrance to the reserved seats of delegates, rigidly excluding from floor or platform every one who is not a delegate or the invited guest of the Association. To assure the success of this plan would require a marshal in fact as well as name and a better credential and badge of identification than the unsightly "button" worn at Jacksonville. Whatever the badge worn by the delegate, it should bear his name and Division, and the delegate should be required to sit with his Division during all business sessions. And this rule should extend as well to the platform, where only the officers of the convention and officially invited guests of honor should be allowed, their cards of invitation to the platform expressly stating that fact. At every past Reunion, with possibly one or two exceptions, it will be recalled how obtrusive and self-seeking men and women have crowded the platform, handicapped the chairman, annoyed the speakers, and sometimes have made ill-mannered examples of themselves without a shadow of right or reason in a place intended only for those who are to conduct and lead the meetings of the Reunion.

The old-time and unfailing chivalry of the Confederate soldier, that for generations has moved him to surrender his place and comfort to men and women of self-exploiting ambition and vanity, has nowhere been more imposed upon than at some of our Confederate Reunions. The writer of this article has good reason to know how far political ambitions and personal vanity of a certain class of men and women can make life miserable to those who are intent only upon honoring the Confederacy and its veterans and not themselves.

Another fact is becoming plain to those of us who in a few years at most will be done with all earthly reunions. Our lineal and official successors are the Sons of Veterans, together with the Daughters of the Confederacy, who are more truly as time passes the daughters of the mothers of the Confederacy. Both of these great organizations were in splendid evidence at Jacksonville, as at other Reunions. With pomp and circumstance of parade and review and with all their younger enthusiasm and loyalty for the Confederacy and its veterans, they comforted and cheered our older minds and hearts with a vision of what they could and would do in years to come to preserve and embody our old-fashioned

ideals and traditions. But if they are to do this, and to become our successors in word and deed, it is time that our Reunions should allow our coming together, not in social and spectacular ways only, but in one or more official joint sessions in which the veteran fathers by the side of their "sons" and "daughters" may take counsel together and plan for the years to come when the Confederate Reunion shall be a memory only.

Their gay life and movement, their joy and fellowship, the parade of the Sons, and the sponsors' ball, with their glitter and beauty and charm, we who are old can look upon in sympathetic remembrance of our own days of strength and gladness; but there is something committed to us as veterans out of our heroic past that is better than even the joy and pleasure of youth, and we would be glad to put it into possession of our sons and daughters as their sacred heritage.

SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM MARCH 20 TO MAY 20.

Alabama: Florence Chapter, $5.

California: Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter, No. 1357, $2; members and friends of Joseph LeConte Chapter, No. 951, $10; Gen. J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, No. 815, $6.50; Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, No. 79, $25; Fresno Chapter, $4; Jefferson Davis Chapter, No. 540, $25; Los Angeles Chapter, No. 277, $10.

Colorado: M. H. D. Hayes Chapter, Denver, $10; R. E. Lee Chapter, Denver, $5.75; Nathan Bedford Forrest Chapter, Pueblo, $2.

Florida: Mrs. Orman, Apalachicola Chapter, $1; Mrs. J. F. Burnett (Kirby Smith Chapter), Gainesville, $1; R. E. Lee Chapter, Dade City, $5; Stars and Bars Chapter, Greenwood, $2; New Smyrna Chapter, $5; Confederate Gray Chapter, Leesburg, $5; John B. Gordon Chapter, Muskogee, $5; Elizabeth Harris Chapter, Madison, $5; Patton Anderson Chapter, Palatka, $5; Annie Coleman Chapter, Orlando, $5; Brooksville Chapter, $5; Daniel Tedder Chapter, Live Oak, $5; Dixie Chapter, St. Petersburg, $5; Anna Jackson Chapter, Tallahassee, $5; Martha Reid Chapter, Jacksonville, $25; interest, $0.24.

Georgia: Sharmon of Upton Chapter, Thomaston, $2; Newnan Chapter, $5; Francis S. Bartow Chapter, Waycross, $10.

Indiana: Capt. Lee Howell (personal), Evansville, $5.

Kentucky: Christian County Chapter, Hopkinsville, $5; Joseph H. Lewis Chapter, Frankfort, $5; Crepps Wickliffe Chapter, Bardstown, $2.55; Camp Caldwell, U. C. V., Russellville, $25.

Mississippi: Mrs. A. C. Cassety (through Commercial-Appeal), Benoit, $5.

Missouri: Gen. C. Y. Ford (personal), Odessa, $5; Missouri Division, $25.

North Carolina: Statesville Chapter, $2.50.

Oklahoma: Stonewall Jackson Chapter, McAlester, $2; Lee-Jackson Chapter, Chickasha, $5; General Forrest Chapter, Muskogee, $5; Shawnee Chapter, $1; John H. Reagan Chapter, Wynnewood, $1.50; Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter, Wagoner, $10; Thomas Wills Chapter, Sapulpa, $5; Fannie Wilkins Chapter, Norman, $2; Winnie Davis Chapter, Checotah, $1; Thomas Wills Chapter (Lee picture), Sapulpa, $5.

South Carolina: Williamsburg Chapter, Kingstree, $20; Batesburg Chapter, $2; Maxey Greggs Chapter, Florence, $5.50; William Easley Chapter, $5; John G. Morrison Chapter, Estill, $1; Mrs. C. E. Graham (personal), Greenville, $25; Ridge Spring Chapter, $5; William J. Gooding Chapter, Brunson, $2; Charleston Chapter, $25; Mary Ann Buie Chapter, Johnston, $2; Winnie Davis Chapter, Yorkville, $5; South Carolina Division, $50; R. E. Lee Chapter, Anderson, $5.

Tennessee: Rassie Hoskins White Chapter, Cottage Grove, $2.70; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Cleveland, $7.75; Martin Chapter, $5; Clay Stacker Chapter, Clarksville, $5; Francis M. Walker Chapter, St. Elmo, $5; Musidora McCorry Chapter (silver offering), Jackson, $10.25; Nathan Bedford Forrest Chapter, Humboldt, $10; John Lauderdale Chapter, Dyersburg, $15; V. C. Allen Chapter, Dayton, $4.75; Maury County Chapter, Columbia, $25; Clark Chapter, Gallatin, $6.60; V. C. Allen Chapter (silver offering), Dayton, $2; Musidora McCorry Chapter, Jackson, $25; Sarah Law Chapter, Memphis, $25; Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter, Chattanooga, $25.

West Virginia: Check from Miss Campbell, $170.

Interest, $166.82.

Total collection since last report, $987.41.

Expenses, refund on calendars, $731.35.

Collections since last report in hands of Treasurer, $256.06.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, $27,447.16.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, $27,703.22.

The Treasurer finds it necessary to explain that the calendar company remitted on January 27 $1,629.88, the part due the U. D. C. for all calendars outstanding. Chapters failed to remit and this indebtedness to the company has made necessary the refund of $731.35. We earnestly hope that all Chapters indebted for calendars will remit to Mrs. White at once, in order that we may clear the sum originally credited to us.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING APRIL 30, 1914.

Miss Bessie Topp, Director for California, $100. Contributed by the California Division, U. D. C.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, $10. Contributed by Will Bryan Chapter, No. 1302, U. D. C., Kissimmee, Fla., $5; Dickinson Chapter, No. 56, U. D. C., Ocala, Fla., $5.

Mrs. C. W. Boles, Director for Arkansas, $15. Contributed by Prairie Grove Chapter, No. 1006, U. D. C., Prairie Grove, Ark., $5; Elliott Fletcher Chapter, No. 1429, U. D. C., Blytheville, Ark., $5; H. L. Grimsted Chapter, No. 575, U. D. C., Camden, Ark., $5.

Mrs. Thomas Bocock, Director for Virginia, $83.50. Contributed by Virginia Division, U. D. C.

Total for month, $208.50.

On hand April 1, 1914, $8,660.18.

To be accounted for, $8,868.68.

Expenses in connection with preparation of granite base, including telegrams and cablegrams and labor at Arlington National Cemetery, $549.09.

Postage on invitations to unveiling ceremonies, $100.

Balance on hand May 1, 1914, $8,219.59.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer.*

A RARE BOOK.—A correspondent of the VETERAN offers for sale a well-preserved copy of the "Confederate Army Regulations," revised and published in 1863 by Hon. James A. Seddon, Secretary of War of the Confederate government. The book is cloth-bound, 420 pages, in perfect condition. Correspondence will be through the VETERAN.

A NEW BOOK ON GETTYSBURG.

Attention is called to the advertisement in this number of Lieutenant Norton's book, "The Attack and Defense of Little Round Top, Gettysburg, July 2, 1863." This large book is devoted to an account of the fighting on and around Little Round Top and is an earnest effort to tell the true story of that part of the battle. The survivors of the 4th, 15th, 44th, 47th, and 48th Alabama Regiments of Laws's Brigade and the 4th and 5th Texas Regiments of Robertson's Brigade will be especially interested in the author's account of their splendid fighting on this occasion. Following are some comments on this book by critics who speak with authority:

Col. Gustav J. Fiebeger, United States Army, Professor of Civil and Military Engineering at the Military Academy at West Point, says of it: "You have saved future students of that battle a vast amount of labor. Your thorough analysis of all the available data bearing upon the struggle at Little Round Top makes your conclusions absolutely convincing. Your account of the part taken by Vincent's Brigade, in connection with the account given by Captain Farley of that taken by O'Rorke's Regiment, makes the story of the Union regiments clear and logical. Your analysis of the Confederate reports completes the story and enables a military student who has visited the site to follow the different phases of the struggle."

The Boston Herald, at the close of a critical review of this book, says: "It seems to us that this book is conclusive; a most important addition to the records of the fighting at Gettysburg."

San Francisco Bulletin: "Mr. Norton's book is to be commended to all readers seeking information regarding Little Round Top and its defense."

The Army and Navy Journal says: "It is an attempt to describe more fully and accurately than has heretofore been done that part of the battle fought on one corner of the field where more than in any other place the fate of the contest between the two armies was decided."

The Evening Mail, New York, says: "It is an example of the sort of book about the Civil War of which more ought to be written. It carefully examines the accepted accounts of the fight and compares them with one another and with all the official reports of the occurrence, both Union and Confederate."

Cyrus Townsend Brady, clergyman and himself an author of many books, says: "No one will ever write a history of the battle of Gettysburg again without referring to your book. It is altogether admirable, a model for such a book."

Boyd Vincent, Episcopal Bishop of Southern Ohio, says: "Altogether, your evidence seems to me complete and your conclusions from it clear and convincing. It looks to me, too, as though they were likely to be final and the book to become the standard authority on the subject."

Reviewing the book for the VETERAN, Dr. J. H. McNeilly says: "This book, by Oliver Wilcox Norton, is one that will be of great value to the future historian of the war between the sections of the Union. It is an account by a participant of the attack and defense of only one point on one day of the battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. By common consent that battle is recognized as the turning point in the fortunes of the Confederacy, and the attack on the Federal position on Little Round Top and its failure practically determined the result of the battle against the Confederates."

The book is published by the Neale Company, Chicago.

"THE SOUTHERNER" CONDEMNED.

Camp Wilcox, No. 1782, U. C. V., of Birmingham, Ala., goes on record as denouncing the book entitled "The Southerner," by Walter Hines Page, and published under the *nom de plume* of "Nicholas Worth." The committee appointed by the Camp, composed of E. A. Wright (Chairman), T. C. Jones, and L. C. Dickey, reported that "the book grossly misrepresents the conditions political, religious, civil, and educational in the South prior to the War between the States; that it misrepresents our leaders in 1861-65; that it condemns the South for the war for Southern rights and independence; that it speaks in unbecoming terms of that noble band of heroes who fought so heroically for these grand principles, impugns the motives by which we were actuated in the long period of reconstruction, and also reflects unbecomingly on the Daughters of the Confederacy."

The committee condemns the book and says that it should not be placed in any of our Southern libraries, nor used in our schools, nor should it find a place in Southern homes. The opinion is also expressed that, had President Wilson been thoroughly informed about this book, he would not have appointed the Hon. Walter Hines Page as Ambassador to the Court of St. James and that he made a mistake in making this appointment.

COLLECTIONS OF SONGS AND POETRY OF THE WAR PERIOD IN THE HOWARD MEMORIAL LIBRARY, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

"War Songs of the South," by W. J. Shepperson, 1862.
"Rebel Rhymes and Rhapsodies," by F. Moore, 1864.
"War Flowers," by J. Augustin, 1865.
"War Poetry of the South," by W. G. Simms, 1865.
"Poems of the War," by G. H. Boker, 1873.
"Southern Patriotic Songs," by F. D. Allen, 1874.
"Southern Poems of the War," by E. V. Mason, 1874.
"Songs and Ballads of Southern People," by F. Moore, 1886.
"Bugle Echoes," by F. F. Brown, 1886.
"Southern War Songs," by W. L. Fagan, 1890.
"Songs of the South," by J. T. Clarke, 1896.
"The Southern Poets," by W. L. Weber, 1901.
"An Original Collection of War Poems and Songs," by A. C. Beebe, 1903.
"Songs of the Blue and the Gray," by H. L. Williams, 1905.

WHO REMEMBERS THE LITTLE DRUMMER BOY?—Thomas G. Smith writes from New Orleans (2718 Belmont Place): "In the summer of 1862 there was established in Brookhaven, Miss., a conscript camp commanded by Major Clark. I was detailed from my regiment as a drummer to beat reveille and tattoo and taps and to teach the conscripts to keep step to the tap of the drum. But one day the Yankees came and raided the camp and captured the entire outfit and paroled us all not to take up arms again until exchanged. I desire to know when General Grierson, the Yankee commander, made this raid and if there is any one living who was in the camp at the time of the raid and who remembers the little drummer boy. Although I was captured by General Grierson and paroled by him, I did not stay captured very long, for I went to Wilmington, N. C., and joined the navy and remained there until the war was over."

The Direct Route to

Washington Baltimore
Philadelphia New York

and all Eastern Cities from the South and Southwest is via Bristol and the

NORFOLK & WESTERN RY.

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

The Direct Line

to Antietam, Md., Gettysburg, Pa., Manassas, Va. (Bull Run), and other famous battle fields in the Shenandoah Valley and other sections of Virginia.

Best Route to

Richmond Norfolk
and all Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, General Agent Passenger Department, Chattanooga, Tenn.
W. C. SAUNDERS, General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.
W. B. BEVILL, Passenger Traffic Manager, Roanoke, Va.



Bronze Memorial Tablets

Designs and estimates free.

Jno. Williams Inc., Bronze Foundry
554 W. 27th St., New York

Cast Bronze Medallion, 6 1-2 inches high, Gen. Robert E. Lee, 75 cents each (postage extra) to readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

"The medallion of Lee is a beauty and much valued."—*Murfreesboro Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy.*

THE

Central Bureau of Education

PARIS, KENTUCKY

Miss Kate Edgar, Proprietor and Manager

Is still engaged in securing teachers for Superintendents, Presidents of Colleges and Secondary Schools, and solicits their continued generous patronage.

Ku Klux Klan Booklet

Interesting and fascinating, giving absolutely correct history of the origin and objects of this famous and mysterious Klan. Published by the Mississippi Division U. D. C., all proceeds go to erect monument at Beauvoir, Miss. (home of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy), to the memory of Confederate Veterans. Price, 30 cents, postpaid Address

Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, Custodian K. K. K. Booklet
WEST POINT, MISS.

For Over Sixty Years

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world.

THE BLENDING OF COLORS.

When we had played the game, had laid
Our last lone stage, and all was through;
When those four years of blood and tears
Were done, we boys in gray were blue.

The years have passed, and now at last
I stand and watch the lines to-day
And think how strange to see the change,
For all the boys in blue are gray.

Ah! gray relents and blue repents,
And fiercest passions seem but mean
When blue and gray both pass away
And God blends over both his green.

Mrs. J. F. F. Cassell, of Staunton, Va., desires to hear from surviving comrades of her uncle, Horace Smoot, M.D., of Madison County, Va., and asks for the name of the company in which he enlisted.

Mrs. M. E. Davis, of Houston Heights, Tex. (Railroad and 20th Streets), is interested in securing information of the war record of Joe King, who is thought to have entered the Confederate army from Conecah County, Ala., near Evergreen, and was later in the 4th Alabama Regiment. His wife needs a pension.

E. M. Barrett, of Newark, Ohio, is anxious to secure some information of his brother, John Barrett, who served in the Confederate army from New Orleans, and he thinks he was in a section of the Washington Artillery in the Army of Northern Virginia. He has not been heard from since 1859, but a picture of him taken in Richmond, Va., shows him to have been there in 1863. Doubtless some comrade will recall his service.

Mr. George W. Hughes, 417 W. Front Street, Tyler, Tex., inquires for any comrade of her husband, George W. Hughes, who can testify to his service for the Confederacy. He first enlisted in some company from Cleveland, Tenn. He was captured and taken to Somerset, Ky.; but was later released or got away, and after several months was recaptured and taken to Camp Chase and from there sent to Vicksburg for exchange. He then enlisted with Company G, 4th Georgia Cavalry, at Dalton, Ga. He is now old and feeble and needs a pension.

Bronze Memorial Tablets of the Highest Standard

Our experience of 27 years is our guarantee of results.

Paul E. Cabaret & Co.
120-126 Eleventh Avenue
New York
Illustrated booklet sent on request.



THE BEST PLACE to purchase all-wool

Bunting or Silk Flags

of all kinds

Silk Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps

and all kinds of Military Equipment and Society Goods is at

Veteran J. A. JOEL & CO., 63 Nassau St.
Send for Price List New York City

Do You Ride? Do You Camp?

Do You Wear Middy Blouses?

WRITE FOR OUR NEW CATALOGUE OF OUTDOOR ARTICLES FOR WOMEN AND MEN

Meyer's Military Shop
1231 Pennsylvania Ave., N. W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Visit Our Show Shop When in Washington"

The South in History and Literature

By Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford
ATHENS, GA.

850 pages. Price, $1 net; postage, 21 cents.

(Writers since 1906 will be found in supplement being prepared.)

Wanted--War Relics

I want to purchase Confederate War Relics—Books, Letters, Curios, etc. I want Buttons and Belt Buckles. Will exchange Naval for Army Buttons. Give description and price of what you have to sell. Address **DR. GEORGE BROWN, Austell Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.**



Facts about PRINTING

¶ To obtain efficiency in the result, whether it be in the **Stationery,** the **Catalogue,** the **Lithographing,** the **Blank Books,** or whatever task the printer may be called upon to perform, you must demand the best—**HIGH-CLASS PRINTING.** This we are prepared to produce by virtue of experience, artisans employed, and equipment. ¶ We give thought to our productions. Write to us. We will be able to carry out your ideas or possibly to suggest something new.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.
Nashville, - - Tenn.

Woodland Bronze Works
DEPARTMENT OF
ALBERT RUSSELL & SONS COMPANY
Bronze Memorial and Inscription
TABLETS
ESTIMATES AND DESIGNS FURNISHED UPON REQUEST
105 Merrimac St.
Newburyport, Mass.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN UNIFORMS
Highest Quality Lowest Prices
Tailor-Made to Your Measure
Send for Catalogue No. 341 and cloth samples.
The Pettibone Bros. Mfg. Co.
CINCINNATI

Bronze Memorial Tablets
cast in The Gorham foundries—the finest in world—possess a distinctive charm, dignity and unequaled artistic excellence.
Correspondence invited
The Gorham Company
Fifth Avenue & Thirty-Sixth St.
New York

Mrs. J. H. Harris, of Tullahoma, Tenn., wants to know if there is a survivor of Colonel Gracey's staff who remembers Capt. Henry Harris, who, it is thought, was his quartermaster.

James A. Coleman, of Mist, Ark., would be glad to hear from any survivors of Company C (Capt. Tom Hannon), 24th Alabama Cavalry, as he wishes to apply for a pension.

B. S. Dennis, of Pine Ridge, Cal., wants a copy of the VETERAN for March, 1894. Write to him.

John Arnold, of Thrall's Battery, Forrest's command, wants the address of any member of that battery. Address him at Terrell, Tex.

James McGhee, of Tulia, Tex., who enlisted from Johnson County, Tex., in the 18th Texas, Company A, Jonathan Burke, captain, would like to hear from any surviving comrade. Address C. W. Ford, Box 254, Tulia, Tex.

A. N. Neal, Jeanerette, La., is trying to prove the record of Demas Kobleur for the benefit of his widow and reports that he served in the Washington Artillery. Any survivors of that command who remember the comrade named will confer a favor by writing at once to Mr. Neal.

Mrs. B. H. Peeples, 611 S. Harwood Street, Dallas, Tex., asks that any veteran having known David H. Peeples during the war will kindly communicate with her. He was an engineer from Georgia.

Alex Fennison joined the Confederate cavalry under General Rains at Webster, Mo., in October, 1864. At Washington, Ark., he was transferred to Capt. John Ding's infantry, Mitchell's Regiment, and was discharged at Shreveport, La., in the spring of 1865. He needs a pension and would like to hear from some comrades who can testify to his service. Address J. G. Wylie, Carthage, Ark.

THIS GIRL IS A WONDER.

You can make dollars and dollars selling Pure Fruit Candy; so if you want more money than you ever possessed, write me, and I will help you start in business. I am glad to help others who, like myself, need money. People say that the candy is the best they ever tasted—therein lies the beauty of the business. The candy is eaten immediately and more ordered. You don't have to canvass; you sell right from your own home. I made $12.00 the first day; so can you. Isabelle Inez, Block 438, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Southern Claims of All Kinds Solicited
Claims based on equity will be accepted, and receive my best attention. I will be assisted by able legal counsel. Address
910 Munsey Building PERRY M. DE LEON



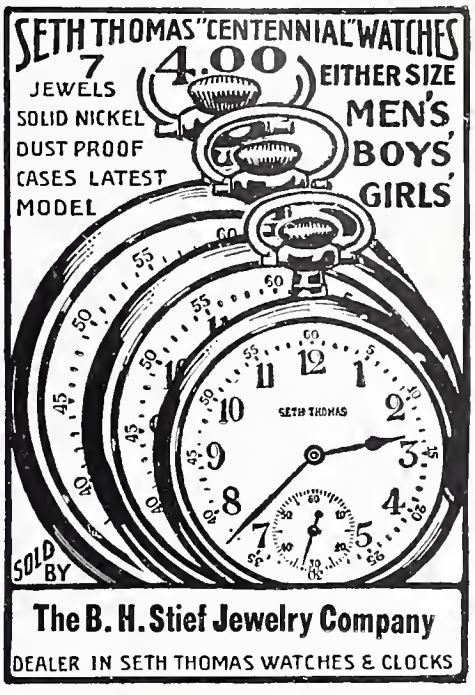
THE LEADING JEWELERS
IN THE SOUTHLAND

OFFER TO THE READERS OF THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN THESE WONDERFUL WATCH VALUES

A Thin Model. open face, nickel case, fitted with a high-grade Elgin movement, for **$5.50**

The latest improved Seth Thomas watch, in three different sizes, for boy, girl, or man, each . . . **$4.00**

¶ Please do not confuse these watches in your mind with cheap Mail Order propositions. These are watches manufactured by two of the oldest and most reliable manufacturers in the world, and sold and guaranteed by a high-class, responsible establishment. Sent prepaid to any address.



The B. H. Stief Jewelry Company

Jas. B. Carr, President and Manager

Church Street **NASHVILLE, TENN.** **Capitol Boulevard**

Mrs. Alice B. Rand, 205 Van Voast Street, Bellevue, Ky., wants copies of the VETERAN for January, February, March, May, June, November, and December, 1894. Write to her.

R. B. Anderson, of Denton, Tex., makes inquiry in behalf of Mrs. S. M. Simmons for information of the service of her husband as a member of Company G, 47th Tennessee Infantry. He enlisted at Trenton, Tenn.

Mrs. R. H. Ames, 1019 Union National Bank Building, Houston, Tex., wishes to establish her father's service for the Confederacy. His name was A. C. Shurtleff, of Kentucky, and it is thought that he went out as a private in the Kentucky volunteers.

Mrs. Emma C. Watkins, Livingston, Tex., seeks to locate some comrades of her husband, Charles W. Watkins, who was said to have been a 1st lieutenant in Waters's Battery, Withers's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee, and who was said to have been wounded in the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., and again at Jonesboro. She is in needy circumstances.

J. M. Glazner, El Campo, Tex., inquires for survivors of Company E, 12th Alabama Regiment, DeKalb Invincibles, as he wishes to secure evidence of his service.

Mrs. E. May, of Hearne, Tex., wishes to correspond with any Confederate veteran who can testify to the services of Augustus McConnico May as a soldier. He enlisted at Selma, Ala., as one of General Forrest's bodyguards.

W. H. Bowie, Claude, Tex., is anxious to secure the following numbers of the VETERAN to complete his file: April, June, August, and September, 1893; March, July, and December, 1895; April and May, 1896. Write him in advance as to copies, stating price.

The Missouri Historical Society is gathering information concerning the Missouri State Guard in 1861, and makes inquiry regarding the following: Gen. Thomas A. Harris; Gen. Alexander Early Steen; Gen. James S. Rains, of Jasper County; Gen. James H. McBride, of Greene County. The Society would also like to have any information concerning members of the State Guard, letters, and pictures.

Nathan W. Phillips, of Weatherford, Tex., requests correction of a misquotation in the April number of the VETERAN stating that he was the father of Rev. Nathan G. Phillips, when it should have stated that the latter was the father of Nathan W. Phillips.

Dr. J. M. Billington, of Pittsboro, Miss., writes in behalf of Mrs. W. J. Miller, who wants to secure the war record of her husband, William Miller, who was killed by Union soldiers while at home on furlough. He served with a company made up at Portland, Ark., and she recalls some of his comrades as J. Maxwell, Mack Taylor, Louis Haller, and Robert Chaney.

F. H. Steele, 122 North Fickett Street, Los Angeles, Cal., who was a ship carpenter with Buchanan's fleet at the time of the engagement with Farragut in 1864, wants to hear from any comrades who were on the Confederate steamer Gaines in that fight. He also inquires for survivors of the expedition that left Mobile in the early part of 1865 in three launches for the mouth of Buffalo Bayou, the object being to capture a Yankee gunboat.

A SPECIAL OFFER

of the

Confederate Military History

To close out the edition the VETERAN is offering this valuable historical work at less than one-third the original price. This edition in cloth, 12 volumes, illustrated, was first sold at $48.00. You can now get it for only $15.00

THE

Greatest Book Bargain Ever Offered by the VETERAN

THIS LIBRARY OF CONFEDERATE STATES HISTORY, in 12 volumes, was written by able and distinguished Southern men, with Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia, as Editor in Chief. The military history of the Southern States is given by such men as Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, of Maryland; Maj. Jed. Hotchkiss, of Virginia; Prof. D. H. Hill, Jr., North Carolina; Gen. Ellison Capers, South Carolina; Gen. Joe Wheeler, Alabama; Prof. Jos. T. Derry, Georgia; Col. Chas. E. Hooker, Mississippi; Col. J. Stoddard Johnston, Kentucky; Hon. Jas. D. Porter, Tennessee; Col. J. J. Dickinson, Florida; Col. John C. Moore, Missouri; Col. J. M. Harrell, Arkansas; John Dimitry, A.M., Louisiana; Gov. O. M. Roberts, Texas; Col. Robert White, West Virginia; while such writers as Hon. J. L. M. Curry, of Virginia, Capt. W R. Garrett, of Tennessee, and Gen. C. A. Evans, of Georgia, contributed articles on constitutional questions and the civil and political events which brought on the Confederate movement. The last volume gives the history of the Confederate Navy, by Lieut. Wm. Harwar Parker, of gallant record in both the navy of the United States and of the Confederate States. The illustrations include portraits of the Confederate leaders—the nearest c[illegible] known—and maps that show each State as it was in the war period, a[illegible]ny battle maps are also given.

C L Willoughby Aug [illegible]
Lakeland

¶ This publication has the commendation of the Historical Committeee of the United Confederate Veterans. It should be in every library of the country. ¶ Now is the time to secure this valuable work at its lowest price. Send in your order at once to

The Confederate Veteran

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Confederate Veteran.

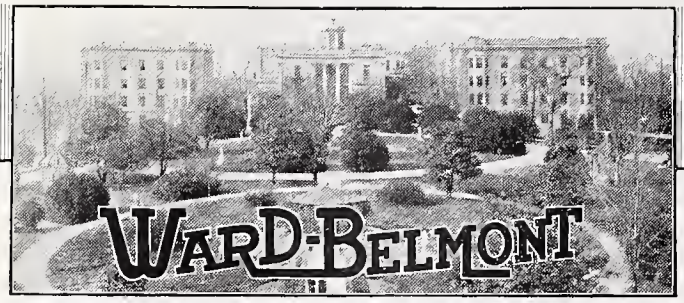
VOL. XXII. JULY, 1914 NO. 7



THE MANSION AT ARLINGTON

"Arlington, the home of Robert E. Lee, in majestic grandeur stands upon Virginia's heights, while, like a silver thread, the Potomac flows at its feet. From its magnificent portico, with its massive white Doric columns modeled after the Temple of Theseus at Athens, the view is one of the rarest and most beautiful ever beheld. Across the river may be seen the nation's capital, spread out in splendid panorama, while far beyond the encircling hills roll away to the horizon's rim."

973.705
C74c

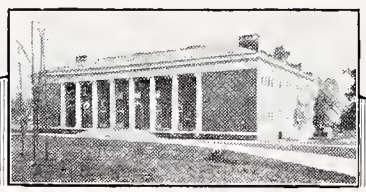


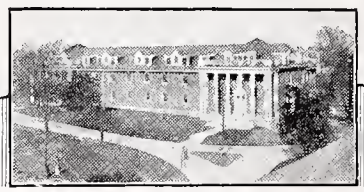
Nashville, Tennessee. ***Uniting and continuing, on beautiful Belmont Hill, Belmont College for Young Women (25th year) and Ward Seminary for Young Ladies (50th year).***

IRA LANDRITH, D. D., LL. D., President **J. D. BLANTON, LL. D., Vice President**

Opens Sept. 24th in its completed half-million-dollar plant. A beautiful semi-suburban location in the center of Southern education and culture. Fine new residence halls and a modern school hall, gymnasium and swimming pool. Schools offering diplomas—Academic, College Preparatory, Music, Art, Domestic Science, Expression and Physical Education. Literary faculty of 20 college-trained specialists. One teacher for every eight students insures careful home training, attention and refinement.

School of Music the most expensively maintained and best equipped in the South, with 17 American and European-trained instructors. Certificate privilege to Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, Vanderbilt, University of Tennessee, Chicago and others. Two years' work, chiefly elective, above college preparatory leads to Ward-Belmont diploma. More than 30 States represented. Over 20 per cent. Northern girls. Tennis, hockey, basketball, horseback riding. Number of girls limited. Early application desirable. Catalogue and booklet of the various schools, also View Book, free on request. **Jennie C. Masson, Registrar.**







Facts about PRINTING

¶ To obtain efficiency in the result, whether it be in the **Stationery,** the **Catalogue,** the **Lithographing,** the **Blank Books,** or whatever task the printer may be called upon to perform, you must demand the best—**HIGH-CLASS PRINTING.** This we are prepared to produce by virtue of experience, artisans employed, and equipment. ¶ We give thought to our productions. Write to us. We will be able to carry out your ideas or possibly to suggest something new.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.

Nashville, - - Tenn.

Mrs. Abe Trent, of Princeton, Mo., makes inquiry about her brother, Nathaniel Taylor, who was last heard of as at Bowling Green, Ky., in January, 1862. He was serving in Company H (Capt. A. J. Greggs), 6th Arkansas Regiment. Doubtless some comrade will recall his fate.

W. H. Bowie, of Claude, Tex., wants to get the following numbers of the VETERAN: 1893, January, February, March, June, July; 1894, December; 1895, March and December; 1896, April and May; 1897, April.

Mrs. W. F. Dameron, 207 Neely Street, Jackson, Tenn., wishes to hear from any surviving comrades of her husband, William Franklin Dameron, who was a soldier of the Virginia Army, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps. Any one who served with him during the last six months of the war will please write to her.



Don't Throw Awa

Your Old "Leaky"-"Smeary" Fountain P

To relieve you of its discomforts, we w allow you 50 cents for it, in exchan Send it to us by ordinary mail *at o risk,* and under separate cover, ba draft or money order for $2.00 and will send you the $2.50 pen describ below, a pen that will be a source never ending usefulness and pleasure you, that will do your bidding if you b guide it aright over the writing she

LAUGHLIN

AUTOMATIC—NON-LEAKABL

SELF STARTING FILLING PE

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIA

You don't have to fuss and shake Laughlin to start the ink—*It's a S Starter.*
You don't have to fill the Laugh *it's a Self-Filler.*
You don't have to clean the Lau lin, *it's a Self-Cleaner.*
You don't have to monkey with d gerous, awkward, or unsightly loc extensions, or so-called safety device *There are none.*
You can't forget to seal a Laugh against leaking, it seals itself air-ti *Automatically.*
You can't lose your cap from a Lau lin—it secures itself *Automatically.*
You can't break your cap or holder a Laughlin—*They are non-breakable* Holder and cap of scientific, reinfor construction throughout. (*See illust tion.*) You don't have to wait u a Laughlin is ready. It is ready write when you are; the air-tight, le proof construction keeps pen and f "primed," insuring a free uniform f of ink instantly—even though not p viously used for a year. It perfo these functions with no more hindra or interruption to your thoughts or w ing inspiration than your breathi *These results—or your money back.*
These features are peculiar only to patented construction.

$2.50 **By Insured mail, Prepaid to any addr**

If you have no old back number dropper filler to send us in exchange, just enclose $2.50 with coupon containing your name and address, we send the pen by return mail. **Delivery guarantee**

FILL OUT AND MAIL TODAY.

Laughlin Mfg. Co.,
230 Wayne St., DETROIT, MI

GENTLEMEN—Here is $2.50. Send me the described in this advertisement. If pen is not factory, you refund the money.

Name.....

City.....State.....

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Date given to subscription is the month of expiration.
All remittances should be made to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and all communications so addressed.
Published by the Confederate Veteran Company, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XXII. | NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1914. | No. 7. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, FOUNDER.

ARLINGTON CEMETERY.

BY S. S. KEBLE.

Thy gleaming spires pierce heaven's deepest blue,
O stately Arlington;
The shrine of loyal hearts and true,
Beloved Arlington.
Our gallant sons have come to thee for rest;
Their heads low pillowed on earth's mother breast,
They sleep, by all their country's wishes blest,
In peaceful Arlington.

Unmarked their graves till thou didst bid them come,
O pitying Arlington,
And find beneath thy shade a welcome home,
Sheltering Arlington.
Nor din of battle, nor shrill bugle call
Shall wake their slumber in thy silent hall,
And naught of harm or danger e'er befall
In thy care, Arlington.

For evermore we leave them in thy trust,
O tender Arlington,
Knowing that thou wilt guard their sacred dust,
Protecting Arlington,
Till the archangel's trump shall rend the skies,
Calling our heroes from their sleep to rise
And greet their chieftain with illumined eyes—
From hallowed Arlington.

AN APPRECIATION.

To me the old Confederate soldier is the most unique character the world has yet produced. It took sixty centuries to make him, and when the supreme hour came he made good and taught the whole wide world a lesson it will never forget. No higher record of martial glory will ever appear. There will never be another Lee, Jackson, or Pickett. We will do well to cherish the spirit that our soldiers exhibited and to preserve the traditions and chivalry of our Southland.—*J. W. Pearson, Leonard, Tex.*

LOYAL TO THE VETERAN.

The following resolution was presented by Chaplain General Hamill to the convention at Jacksonville and passed unanimously:

"Whereas it hath pleased Almighty God since our last Reunion at Chattanooga in 1913 to remove from our ranks our beloved comrade, Col. Sumner A. Cunningham, the founder, publisher, and editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, the official organ of the United Confederate Veterans' Association and other related organizations; and whereas our comrade shortly before his death left by will to the ownership and charge of the related Confederate organizations, the United Confederate Veterans, the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Veterans, this noble and long-serviceable advocate and historian and defender of the principles for which the Southern Confederacy stood, in the hope that after his death those for whom the CONFEDERATE VETERAN through its columns had labored for more than a score of years in unselfish devotion might become more and more the friends and readers and financial patrons of the magazine and give to it even wider circulation and influence for the sake of the South and its rising generation; therefore be it

"*Resolved,* That this Association, profoundly appreciating the devotion and confidence of our deceased comrade and gratefully acknowledging the splendid service of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to the cause for which our brothers died and for which we live, do hereby pledge ourselves to carry out the dying wish and plan of our comrade as far as it is possible for us collectively and individually to do."

A CORRECTION.—Capt. J. P. Bell, of Fulton, Mo., writes that in giving the organization of his regiment in the June VETERAN he was in error as to the line officers, to which his attention was called by Joseph A. Mudd, of Hyattsville, Md. These officers were: Colonel, John Q. Burbridge; Lieutenant Colonel, Edwin M. Price; Major, John B. Clarke, Jr. More of these interesting reminiscences will be contributed by Captain Bell.

THE MONUMENT AT ARLINGTON.

How grand a fame this marble watches o'er,
Their wars behind them, God's great peace before!
They fought, they failed; yet, ere the bitter end,
Them, too, did fortune wondrously befriend.
They never knew, as we who mourn them know,
How vain was all their strife, how vast our woe.
And now the land they gave their lives to save
Returns them all she has to give—a grave.

—*George Herbert Sass.*

Nearly a half century has passed since Appomattox, and Robert E. Lee is niched in the nation's Hall of Fame; a monument to the Confederate dead is unveiled in Arlington, "the Westminster of the United States," and the chief executive of the Federal government accepts the monument in the presence of blue- and gray-uniformed veterans, their sons and daughters, and a vast concourse of hero-loving people. The eternal years of God are indeed the property of truth, and the noble dispensation of large-minded, fair-hearted justice at Arlington on June 4 is another evidence before the world's eager eye of the inherent power of the people of the United States to keep their national honor clarified in the uncompromising crucible of time.

Those who look upon this imperishable monument of bronze accept it as a wonderful whole and recognize the fact for which it will stand through time; but the history of its making, pieced together bit by bit, is a singularly fine record of the once-separated children of a nation making their individual effort to unite as of old around the family altar. If the heart of the South pulsed the initiative in desiring the monument that has become her crown at Arlington, she found the Federal government no foe when the work of organization began.

History of the Monument.

The soldier-President, William McKinley, was the first to raise his voice in appeal that the government should care for the Confederate dead. On the 21st of December, 1898, just after the Spanish-American War, in which the South had taken her full share, he said in his speech at Atlanta: "Sectional lines no longer mar the map of the United States, sectional feeling no longer holds back the love we bear each other. Fraternity is the national anthem sung by a chorus of forty-five States and our territories at home and beyond the seas. The old flag once again waves over us in peace with new glories which your sons and ours have this year added to its sacred folds. And the time has now come in the evolution of public sentiment and feeling under the providence of God when in the spirit of fraternity we should share with you in the care of the graves of Confederate soldiers."

The Confederate veterans of Washington, D. C., early became interested in locating the graves of comrades in and about the national capital, and a committee composed of members of the Broadway Rouss Camp, of Washington, of which Dr. S. E. Lewis was chairman, and having two members from Camp 171, was appointed for this work. A bill prepared by Gen. Marcus J. Wright, C. S. A., and commended by Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, who was a Federal soldier, became a law in June, 1900, under which the bodies of two hundred and sixty-seven Confederate soldiers were reinterred in a beautiful section of Arlington Cemetery, and the names of every soldier known were inscribed on marble headstones. On the next Memorial Day after the completion of this work the fraternal spirit was still farther advanced when the Confederate organizations of Washington, after decorating the graves of their own soldiers, placed on the granite mound representing 2,111 unknown Union dead at Arlington their tribute to Northern valor in the form of a large floral shield bearing the words of President McKinley: "In the name of fraternity."

While William H. Taft was Secretary of War and in charge officially of the National Cemetery he gave permission in March, 1906, to the United Daughters of the Confederacy to erect the monument at Arlington, the inscriptions to be subject to approval by the Secretary of War. This monument was to be a memorial to the rank and file of the Confederate army. Even before it had been officially authorized the R. E. Lee Chapter, of Washington, had raised a thousand dollars for the monument, and the Stonewall Chapter had another thousand soon after the movement was started. Mrs. Magnus Thompson, who was President of the U. D. C. for the District of Columbia, with the coöperation of Hon. John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, was instrumental in securing permission to erect the monument. In November, 1906, she issued a call to all Confederate organizations in Washington, and their delegates convened and formed the Arlington Confederate Monument Association, with an Executive Committee, of which Col. Hilary A. Herbert is now Chairman; Mrs. Marion Butler, Vice Chairman; Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, President; Mrs. Drury Conway Ludlow, Recording Secretary; Mrs. William Oscar Roome, Corresponding Secretary; Wallace Streater, Treasurer.

The magnitude of this work was soon realized by the committee; so in 1907 at their annual convention the United Daughters of the Confederacy took full charge of this work, organized an Arlington Monument Association of their own, and continued the Executive Committee at Washington. Later a Committee of Design was formed, and in November, 1910, a meeting was held in Washington with Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone (Chairman), Rev. R. H. McKim, D.D., Mrs. Marion Butler, Col. H. A. Herbert, and Wallace Streater, other members of the committee, present. Sir Moses Ezekiel, the great Virginia sculptor, whose studio is in Rome, Italy, was then in Richmond, Va., and he was called before the committee. It seemed most appropriate that the monument should be the creation of a Confederate soldier, and to find a son of the Confederacy with requisite genius and training, combined with both memory and love of the cause, was a happy coincidence resulting in the ultimate success of the monument. As a lad of seventeen Moses Ezekiel entered the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, and from there in 1864 he marched with the two hundred and twenty-five cadets to New Market, where that youthful band, side by side with seasoned veterans, fought victoriously. This and after experiences in active service made impressions upon the youthful patriot that future years were to bring forth in deathless bronze and marble. In designing this monument he sought to portray the South rising supreme above her sacrifices and privations.

"The intention is that it is a peace monument," he said. "Without forgetting the sacrifices and the heroism of the South, and emphasizing the fact that we were fighting for a constitutional right and not to uphold slavery, I have attempted to have the dominant idea the future and not the past; that the intention of the South is to rest the future on



THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT ARLINGTON, DEDICATED JUNE 4, 1914.

The following inscriptions appear on the monument:

"To Our Dead Heroes
By
The United Daughters of the Confederacy."

"Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni."

"And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks."

"Not for fame, not for place or for rank, not lured by ambition or goaded by necessity; but in simple obedience to duty as they understood it these men suffered all, sacrificed all, dared all—and died."

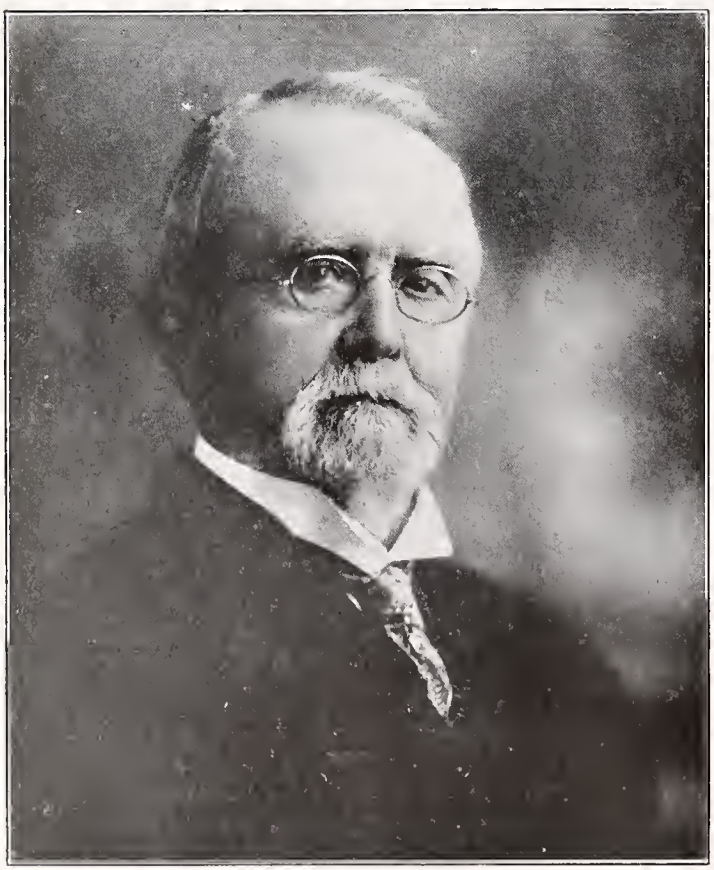
her industry and her agriculture and let the past go, but not be forgotten. With this idea the large figure at the top represents the South, one hand holding the wreath for the past, but with the right hand resting on the handles of a plow. The smaller figures below represent the sacrifices, the devotion, the heroism of all classes of the South in upholding the fighting for what they passionately believed to be the right."

Following the all-too-brief history of the making of such a monument, it is a notable climax to read in the Herald, printed at Washington, the seat of the government: "The Stars and Bars and Old Glory entwined in Arlington Cemetery on June 4, and veterans of the blue and gray stood shoulder to shoulder while President Wilson on behalf of the United States accepted a memorial to the dead heroes of the South erected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy."

May the praise, love, reverence of generations yet unborn be the meed in history of the United Daughters of the Confederacy! For their own time they possess their full share in the gratitude of a loyal people who will not forget the valiant spirit of the Southern women from the time their courage sent forth sweethearts, husbands, and sons to war up to the moment on June 4 when the monument to their heroes stood unveiled before the world in the nation's burial ground as a tribute of woman's undying devotion to true manhood and valor.

The Unveiling.

An interesting program was prepared for this important occasion. Col. Hilary A. Herbert, active from the beginning of this undertaking, was master of ceremonies, with Capt. John M. Hickey and Col. John J. Clem as marshals of the day. The musical selections were given by the 5th Regiment Band, and following a medley of Southern airs the exercises opened with the invocation by Rev. R. H. McKim, rector of the Church of the Epiphany in Washington. Of noteworthy interest was the appearance of Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief of the U. C. V., and Gen. Washington Gardner, Commander in Chief of the G. A. R., as the leading speakers of the occasion. General Young spoke first, and in closing his address with, "May the hands that fought be the hands that clasp, and the hearts that bled be the hearts that rejoice!" his extended hand clasped that of the veteran Commander of the G. A. R.



COL. HILARY A. HERBERT.

General Gardner followed in an appreciated address with its message of peace and good will, in which he said:

"It seems fitting that here in this place and on these grounds, once the home of Robert E. Lee, there should rest the remains of some of the gallant men who followed that great soldier even unto death. It is fitting here in the sight of the nation's capital and in this vast burial plot consecrated to American valor that some of our fellow countrymen, the representatives of once hostile armies whose unsurpassed bravery is now a common heritage and pride, should rest in undisturbed slumber and that the place of final sepulture should be under the supervision and care of the national government.



PAUL MICOU, WHO UNVEILED THE MONUMENT.

"This memorial structure speaks the language of peace and good will. It says to all who come hither and read the superscription that the swords and bayonets that once gleamed along the battle's fiery front have been 'beaten into plowshares and pruning hooks.' It declares through the symbolic wreath of unfading laurel held in outstretched hand above the sleeping dead that the spirit of heroic devotion and lofty self-sacrifice which they manifested is held in grateful and affectionate memory.

"There is room in the hearts of the people of all the land for cherished recollections of the valorous dead and at the same time for the most unfaltering love and loyalty and devotion to the Union of all the States. Without the existence of the former we should be disposed to doubt the sincerity or steadiness of the latter.

"In the perspective of the receding years the war looms in increasing proportions along the national horizon. Its great and beneficent results, now everywhere recognized, are gradually settling into the abiding convictions of all intelligent men. For fully eighty years the system of government founded by our fathers was regarded by many as an experiment. Doubting patriots at home and unfriendly critics abroad foretold the coming certain dissolution of the Union. With much show of reason they declared that our government rested upon an insecure foundation. The recognized fundamental weakness was a constant menace to the permanency of the superstructure. Prior to the war the existence of this weakness had with portentous threatenings repeatedly manifested itself both in the North and in the South. In the light of the past the war for the preservation of the Union and for the settlement by the arbitrament of arms of the great constitutional question involved seemed inevitable. In that stupendous conflict neither side will ever have to apologize for the sincerity or the devotion of its adherents.



MRS. STEVENS MAKING HER ADDRESS—PRESIDENT WILSON AT LEFT.

"When the battle clouds lifted and the light of peace shone in, when the people had again become settled in their wonted avocations and dispassionately surveyed the results, it was found that the menace which had so long disturbed the tranquillity of the people and threatened the existence of the Union had been forever removed. It was found that the fundamental issues involved had been irrevocably settled and that the foundation stones upon which the republic rested had been cemented anew by the shed blood of our countrymen from the North and the South. Now we are indeed 'an indissoluble union of indestructible States.' We are in very truth 'a government of the people, by the people, for the people,' resting on an enduring foundation. As the fast-vanishing lines of the surviving Federal and Confederate soldiers marching side by side in peace and amity enter the twilight in the fading afterglow of life's long day, soon to be forever lost to mortal sight, of one thing we may rest assured, and that is that whenever and wherever in future the battle line is drawn there will be found the sons of these heroic fathers and of their scarcely less heroic mothers standing side by side, shoulder to shoulder in defense of the Union and for the perpetuity of the government founded by our fathers.

"The contemplation of a glorious past stirs the blood in an hour like this, while the thought of a limitless future, with all its possibilities, its hopes and fears, beckons our countrymen to the discharge of every duty and fidelity to every trust in peace even as the fathers were vigilant and faithful in war."

The address by Col. Robert E. Lee, grandson of the idolized leader of the Confederacy, was replete with patriotic sentiment, and glowing tribute was paid to Southern men and women for their heroism and devotion in war and their loyalty in peace.

"We come to rejoice," said Colonel Lee, "that nowhere in the world, save in our own country, is it possible to witness a scene such as this. It should be the object of every American of this generation and day to allay passing strife and subdue discord. No act of the South since the war has in any way been inconsistent with its attitude of submitting to the inevitable, an attitude that was seen at Appomattox. The Civil War was the great American paradox, for the North had no doubt of the position it held and the South was sure it was right."

Col. Hilary A. Herbert, President of the Arlington Confederate Memorial Association, in a speech turning over the memorial to Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, summed up the history of the tribute to the heroes of the South, concluding:

"You are to hand, Madam President General, this monument, in honor of our dead soldiers, to the head of the government against which they fought, to be cared for by that government forever, and in that act soldiers against whom these men fought are participating. To one unfamiliar with our people and the workings of our institutions all this no doubt seems strange, and strange, too, he must think it that in this unveiling you should be representing the public sentiment of to-day in the State of Mississippi as faithfully as did that immaculate statesman, Jefferson Davis, when he drew tears from his audience as he bade farewell to the Senate of the United States in 1861. To Americans this is no miracle; it is the result of natural causes: The liberalizing influences of free institutions and of modern education; the unpretentious but real chivalry of the American soldier, Federal and Confederate; foes on the picket line saluting instead of shooting each other; men risking life in battle to give water to a wounded enemy or to drag him out of the line of fire; dividing rations with a hungry prisoner—all these during the war and since the war—hearty acknowledgment of each other's purity of motive, patriotism, and courage; interchanges between Federal and Confederate organizations of courtesies and hospitalities; speeches like those we have just heard.

"Gladstone spoke the truth when he said that the Constitution of the United States was the most wonderful instrument ever struck forth by the hand of man in a given time. Under that Constitution our country grew to greatness. Under it our prosperity has been absolutely without a parallel in spite of our fratricidal war. To preserve that Con-



SIR MOSES EZEKIEL.
Knighted by Queen Margherita of Italy.

stitution these soldiers in gray here at our feet died; to preserve it those men in blue over there died. There has been more blood shed and more treasure expended for that instrument than for any and all the charters of government that ever were written. It was ordained one hundred and twenty-five years ago. There have been but six amendments to it, and three of those were incident to our war. That our Union under it is to be perpetual, this monument we unveil to-day is a token. But to-day there are pending in the name of progress in yonder Capitol over seventy propositions to amend that old Constitution, seventy efforts to modify or eliminate some one or more of those muniments of life, liberty, or property which have stood guard over the American people while they were working out their wonderful prosperity. God save the Constitution!"

As Colonel Herbert closed his address the thrilling notes of the bugle call rang out, the draperies covering the monument fell apart as the cord was drawn by Master Paul Micou, the eleven-year-old grandson of Colonel Herbert, and the wonderful memorial stood revealed to the thousands grouped about it. It is a magnificent conception in bronze, with its central figure the heroic statue of a woman facing southward and bearing in the extended hand a laurel wreath. About the base are thirty-two life-sized figures in full relief. The monument stands upon a foundation of beautiful dark gray, highly polished Woodstock granite. The figure of the South, the plow stock and sickle, and the Scriptural verse constitute the synthesis of the whole work. It means, primarily, peace. The South rests her faith in the future on labor, while she holds a laurel wreath to crown the memory of her dead and wears herself a wreath of olive leaves, sacred to Minerva, the goddess, who in the group in front upholds the South when she is sinking down and trying to sustain herself on the shield of the old Constitution, which she had set up at Richmond. The general effect of the grouping of the thirty-two figures is illustrative of the enthusiasm of the South when the tocsin of war was sounded, and in detail these figures exhibit every phase of the heroism and sacrifices of the period—the soldiers who came to the front, the officer taking leave of his baby in the arms of the old "mammy," the blacksmith who has forged his own sword, the preacher and his wife bidding good-by to their schoolboy son, the bride placing the sash around her lover's waist.

The address by Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, President General U. D. C., in placing this monument in the nation's keeping was expressive of faith in the security of American institutions with an outlook to the future greatness of American ideals. She concluded, addressing the President:

"As long as the government shall rest in your hands and hands like yours we feel sure that American institutions will not pass from the earth and that this monument will be not only a memorial of the past, but a symbol of the present and the future.

"In after years when American boys and girls shall look with reverence upon this bronze they shall thank God that they are Americans and shall resolve that, whether our flag shall float from pole to pole, whether our drumbeat circles the sea, at least American ideals shall shape the future and the empire of civic world be ours."

President Wilson accepted the memorial on behalf of the government, saying:

"I assure you that I am profoundly aware of the solemn significance of the thing that has now taken place. The Daughters of the Confederacy have presented a memorial of their dead to the government of the United States. I hope that you have noted the history of the conception of this idea. It was proposed by a President of the United States who had himself been a distinguished officer in the Union army. It was authorized by an act of Congress of the United States. The corner stone of the monument was laid by a President of the United States, elevated to his position by the votes of the party which had chiefly prided itself upon sustaining the war for the Union. And now it has fallen to my lot to accept in the name of the great government which I am privileged for the time to represent this emblem of a reunited people.

"I am not so much happy as proud to participate in this capacity on such an occasion, proud that I should represent such a people. Am I mistaken in supposing that nothing of this sort could have occurred in anything but a democracy? The people of a democracy are not related to their rulers as subjects are related to a government. They are themselves the sovereign authority; and as they are neighbors of each other, quickened by the same passions and moved by the same motives, they can understand each other. They are shot through with some of the deepest and profoundest instincts of human sympathy. They choose their governments. They consult their rulers. They live their own life, and they will not have that life disturbed and discolored by fraternal misunderstandings. I know that reuniting a spirit like this can take place more quickly in our time than in any other, because men are now united by an easier transmission of those influences which make up the foundations of peace and of mutual understanding; but no process can work these effects unless it is a conducting medium. The conducting medium in this instance is the united heart of a great people.

"I am not going to detain you by trying to repeat any of the eloquent thoughts which have moved us this afternoon, for I rejoice in the simplicity of the task which is assigned to me. That task is this, ladies and gentlemen: This chapter in the history of the United States is now closed, and I can bid you turn with me your faces to the future, quickened by the memories of the past, but with nothing to do with the contests of the past, knowing, as we have shed our blood upon opposite sides, we now face and admire one another.

"I do not know how many years ago it was that the Century Dictionary was published, but I remember one day in the Century Cyclopedia of Names I had occasion to turn to the name of Robert E. Lee, and I found him there in that book published in New York city simply described as a great American general.

"The generosity of our judgment did not begin to-day. The generosity of our judgment was made up soon after this great struggle was over, when men came and sat together again in Congress and united in all the efforts of peace and of government, and our solemn duty is to see that each one of us is in his own consciousness and in his own conduct a replica of this great reunited people.

"It is our duty and our privilege to be like the country we represent and speaking no word of malice, no word of criticism even, standing shoulder to shoulder to lift the burdens of mankind in the future and show the paths of freedom to all the world."

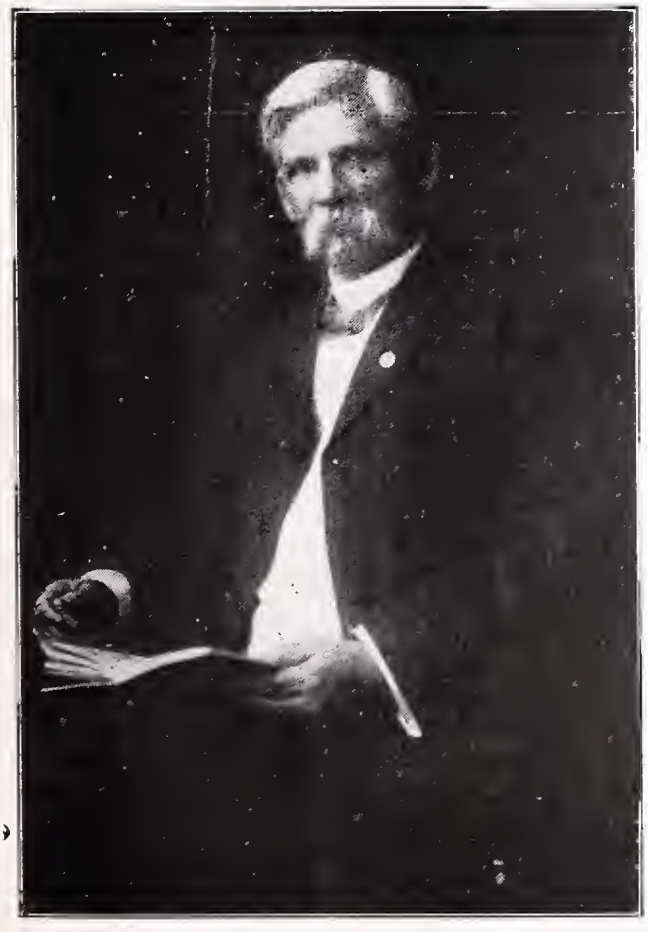
A severe rainstorm interrupted the exercises as the President was speaking, and he hurried through. The closing feature of the program was to have been the placing of floral tributes upon the graves of the Federal dead who sleep "beneath the glebe at Arlington."

ADDRESS BY GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG AT UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT AT ARLINGTON.

Forty-nine years ago Divine Providence furled the Confederate banner, and with it shrouded a young nation's life and hopes; but sacred memories abide in the Southern heart, while the bravery and the chivalry, the daring and the doing, from Sumter to Appomattox, have challenged the gaze and evoked the admiration of both the nearer and farther worlds. The young nation perished; but poetry and pathos, honor and heroism, inspiration and lesson linger in the golden urn that holds its cherished ashes.

For ages to come the story of the valor of the men who fought from 1861 to 1865 on both sides will stir the patriotism and quicken the pride of the American people. Money cannot buy heroism; it cannot create standards. Lives of courage—men broad-breasted like gates of brass and mightily thewed with faith and conviction—alone can make lofty ideals, create high aspirations, inspire noble thoughts, incite boldest action, and cause a people to lift its eye to those heights where stars shine and comets come and go. Not bonds and stocks, not lands and things, but those topless characters which live the truth and die for the right make the human heart beat quick and a nation's career resplendent with deeds and illustrious with fame.

To-day we have come together, blue and gray, to dedicate a monument and to empty a goblet upon that Federal soil beneath which sleeps a number of Confederate dead. If the world's most learned and profound student of history could stand on the towers that overlook the battle field of Gettysburg and catch from its blood-stained soil the echoes of death and wounding which fifty-one years ago were witnessed there and be asked if the happenings of this afternoon were possible, he would quickly declare such things to be inconceivable.



GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG.

If he should move southward and take his place on Lookout Mountain, with its heights lifted above the clouds, and catch the murmurings that come up from the rippling currents of "Chickamauga Creek," ages ago christened by the red man "The Stream of Death," and read from the records of the past the ghastly story of Snodgrass Hill and its 25,000 of wounded and dead in its thickets and on its hillsides in September, 1863, and then be inquired of whether the men who were there and so fiercely and desperately fought could half a century later stand in this the nation's greatest military burying place and see men from both armies unite in dedicating a monument to Confederate dead, he would cry out with fierce emphasis: "Such an occurrence is not only unbelievable, but preposterous."

If he should go still farther west and take his place in the government park at Shiloh on the fateful field of April, 1862, where Albert Sidney Johnston gave his magnificent life for the Southland, and with the pictures on his brain of the tremendous mortality and indescribable suffering that filled those ravines where 110,000 men so vehemently and furiously contended for mastery, and be asked if the ceremonies of this hour could ever be, if asked whether the men from both armies who fought in that conflict would ever assemble for unveiling a Confederate memorial under the very shadow of the dome of the nation's Capitol, commemorating the heroism and courage of the men on the Southern side, he would exclaim: "An event like that can never happen."

If such a seer had the mystical lore and the prophetic knowledge that the evening of life brings to the wisest of men, he would have no ken that would enable him to catch the full conception of the justice and reasonableness of the mind and heart of a nation which has felt the impulse and the power that come from the uplifting forces of a republic where there stands as the real keystone of the arch of liberty the greatest of all formulated political truths, "equality before the law."

Men who hold the inalienable right of suffrage, enlarged and strengthened by universal education, feel strong personal responsibility for the policy and government of the land they claim for their home, and they grow broad in their judgments and just in their conclusions.

There have been so many surprises in the life and career of our republic that thoughtful men are ever looking out for the extraordinary and unusual. Nothing more strange and unwonted has ever happened in national life than the exercises of this afternoon. Its happening marks another step in the complete elimination of sectional passions, suspicions, and prejudice. This monument is a history, a pledge, and a prophecy. As a history it memorializes the devotion of a people to a cause that was lost; as a pledge it gives assurance that North and South have clasped hands across a fratricidal grave; as a prophecy it promises a blessed future in which sectional hate shall be fully transmuted into fraternity and good will.

As one looks around this Federal cemetery he can but question if the exercises of this hour are real or if they be but the phantom of some dreamer's imagination. We are here to dedicate on the nation's ground, on the space reserved for its most renowned and illustrious dead, a Confederate monument. In its inception, its construction, its location, and in its mission this structure stands in a class by itself.

It has been said, and it is probably true, that there are more monuments erected to commemorate Confederate valor and sacrifice than were ever built to any cause, civil, political, or

religious. Whether this be correct or not, it can be asserted without possible contradiction that in proportion to population the Confederate States have more memorials to their dead than any kingdom or commonwealth that has ever maintained or sought to create a national life. A republic alone could foster or permit those who lost in a great, prolonged struggle to erect in such a place as this a tribute to the dead who for four years battled against the flag that floats above a place of sepulture like this.

The past half century has softened and removed the asperities of the American war. It has blotted out the real bitterness of conflict. It has created a transcendent patriotism by according survivors full liberty in dealing with the past of those who on either side took part in its campaigns.

At this hour I represent the survivors of the Southern army. Though this Confederate monument is erected on Federal ground, which makes it unusual and remarkable, yet the men from whom I hold commission would only have me come without apologies or regrets for the past. Those for whom I speak gave the best they had to their land and country. They spared no sacrifice and no privation to win for the Southland national independence.

I am sure I shall not offend the proprieties of either the hour or the occasion when I say that we still glory in the records of our beloved and immortal dead. The dead for whom this monument stands sponsor died for what they believed to be right. Their surviving comrades and their children still believe that that for which they suffered and laid down their lives was just; that their premises in the Civil War were according to our Constitution. The men of the Confederacy submit, but they have no words to recall nor history to change. They are unwilling to depreciate aught of the sacrifices of the Confederate people. The South gave 200,000 lives, the best and most precious offering it had, as an assurance of honesty of conviction, unfaltering faith, and integrity of purpose.

The sword said the South was wrong, but the sword is not necessarily guided by conscience and reason. The power of numbers and the longest guns cannot destroy principle nor obliterate truth. Right lives forever. It survives battles, failures, conflicts, and death. There is no human power, however mighty, that can in the end annihilate truth.

To accept a situation the sword created and bow gracefully and promptly to the inevitable decrees of force is one of the highest evidences of great manhood and superb valor.

When Robert E. Lee at Appomattox conceded defeat and advised his tired, hungry, ragged followers to accept the orderings of a relentless destiny, to assume without mental reservation or reluctance the duties and obligations of American citizens, to begin anew the struggle for support of themselves and their families, and to aid in building up the government they had so bravely fought, he reached the apex not only of human greatness, but also of human courage.

No man can stand on this hill and look southward without feeling his heart glow with wonder and admiration and pride as he reviews what the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia wrought out in heroism and valor between Arlington and Richmond. The skill of the leaders, the patience, perseverance, and valor of the soldiers on both sides have crowned the American volunteer with a history that will brighten as centuries come and go.

Less than three hundred Confederates have found their last resting place about the monument that will shortly be unveiled. There were no men of high rank among the sleepers, but they were none the less heroes for lack of badges of authority. The noblest dead are not always the men who held the offices. The most heroic men in the Confederate army were the men who carried the guns. They marched, they starved, they suffered, they hungered, and they fought many battles, but they never complained. They were brave and loyal, hopeful and courageous to the end.

We are almost in sight of the spot where General Lee witnessed the most wonderful evidence of devotion and loyalty that ever came into the life of a commander. History tells of nothing grander in all its annals. In the desperate struggle at and about Spottsylvania Courthouse three times the Confederate chieftain started to the front in apparent crises to lead his legions. Three times these men, who never quailed before any foe and who had never grounded their arms in the face of any odds, stood still in their ranks, exposed to a withering storm of shot and shell, and refused to go forward one step until General Lee had removed himself from immediate danger. Above the din and crash of the cannons' roar and the muskets' flash was heard from these men of Texas, Georgia, Maryland, Florida, Virginia, Louisiana, the Carolinas, Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi the cry: "General Lee to the rear! General Lee to the rear!" It was not only the shout of protest; it was the voice of love. Every man refused to lift a gun or to advance an inch until their beloved leader obeyed their tender but firm demand. There was no man in that army who would not have given his own life to have spared a wound or harm to Robert E. Lee. At the last, when John B. Gordon, with that voice which thrilled and enthused all who heard it either in peace or in war, with a distinctness that rose above the discords of battle, cried out, "General Lee, these men have never failed you before, and they will not fail you now, but they will not advance until you go to the rear," General Lee rode away, and the Confederates, who forced him to a safer position, redeemed their promise and compelled their enemies to retire.

Mr. Chairman, some of those who spoke at that fateful moment that message of love and devotion now sleep in this circle. There are some here who climbed up the heights of Gettysburg and wrote in their blood upon its pitiless rocks the story of Southern manhood.

Some of those who here rest under the shadow of this beautiful monument were at Sharpsburg and Fredericksburg and Cold Habor, and there stood unblanched and unmoved in a storm of shot and shell that was so fierce that it eliminated hope for the instant from the hearts of all who witnessed those scenes of havoc and desolation. There are some here who rode with Stuart at Fleetwood Hill and saw Ashby die. Those who are here were made of the same stuff as the Virginia boy who, finding his shoes, which had lately been brought over from England by blockade, pinching his feet as he climbed Culp's Hill, calmly sat down and removed them, tied them together, strung them over his arm, and, barefooted, with his shoes dangling at his side, went down in the forefront of the last charge.

There are men sleeping here who had the same spirit as the brave lad on the Arkansas River who, marching with General Shelby to surprise and attack a gunboat, took his coat from his back to lessen the rumble of the wheels of the artillery that was stealthily and silently moving to find the Federal enemy, but, realizing that his coat was not enough, took his only shirt and bound it around the spindles of the moving gun and, with his brawny arms and sturdy chest uncovered, marched on. His commander, observing his spirit and sacrifice, promised him half a dozen shirts when the bat-

tle was over; but when the conflict was ended he needed no garment. He found a grave with not even a blanket to protect his wan face or cover his pale hands that were folded across his stilled bosom when he was laid away in a trench on that battle field which his courage had helped to make glorious.

To understand the spirit that animated the heroes that this monument commemorates, we must get some idea of what they were, of the timber of which they were made. After all, war is not an unmixed evil. Wars of necessity create standards of courage and manhood that inspire men hundreds of years after the actors have disappeared from the conflict. The men who fought on both sides, everybody now concedes, believed they were fighting for principles. They looked at the nation's rights from different angles, but they were willing to die for the truth as it appeared to their vision. This is why so large a number of men fell under their respective standards on the battle field. Eleven out of every hundred men that enlisted in the Confederate army perished under the Confederate flag in the storm of conflict; 4.75 per cent of the men who enlisted in the Federal army likewise died under the national emblem. No such percentage of men ever laid down their lives in any war under their standards in battle.

When the youth of this country understand and appreciate these figures, the fidelity they signify, then must come into their minds a fervor and an intensity of patriotism that will make a superb citizenship and give to the American republic those elements which must raise it to the highest rank among the world's nations.

The men buried here represent all the men who wore the gray. The glories of the Confederate armies are a common heritage of the South, and those beautiful and attractive memorials stand as a tribute to all who followed the Stars and Bars. The record of the Confederate army, from the Atlantic to the Rio Grande, is a common fund of glory which endures for the benefit of all, however humble, who shared in the service that won its renown and created its fame.

True patriotism does not require that either the North or the South should give up its ideals. Are they not stronger and better for each maintaining its devotion to the history and achievements of those who fought? The South is none the less patriotic because it had for its ideals Lee, Jackson, the Johnstons, Kirby Smith, Breckinridge, Longstreet, Stuart, Hampton, the Hills, Bragg, Polk, Hardee, Forrest, Wheeler, Green, Marmaduke, Shelby, and thousands of other defenders who gave to it all that there was of greatness and worth in human character. Some think they were mistaken in judgment; all know they were devoted to conscience and conviction.

There are no surviving Confederates and none who sympathize with them that would care to lessen the estimate that the North puts on men like General Grant and those who wrought with him. There is glory enough on both sides to fill any nation with pride in their triumphs and labors. North and South, there were great actors, and what they did and what they dared will inspire and thrill the people and create loftiest patriotic devotion in the men and women of America for all ages to come. The United States need not go to other lands for heroes; there is an unlimited supply at home.

The Confederates can never forswear their flag. It represents that which is most sacred to them. The blood which coursed through the veins of those who followed it bore upon its crimson tides the embellishing glory of a noble ancestry, and the performances of their hands they have bequeathed for lesson and inspiration to all this united commonwealth.

The survivors of either army cannot remain very much longer. Speeding years bring shortening steps, wrinkled faces, and decrepit limbs. Soon the last actor in the civil drama will be below the sod, and history and story, poetry and song, sculpture and art will be left to immortalize their names and preach their sermons to generations to come.

"Year by year they're growing older,
Year by year they're marching slower,
Year by year the lilting music
Stirs the hearts of older men.
Year by year the flag above them
Seems to bend and bless and love them
As if grieving for the future
When they'll never march again."

"Yes, the shores of life are shifting
Every year,
And we are starward drifting
Every year;
Old places, changing, fret us;
The living more forget us;
There are fewer to regret us
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year,
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter
Every year."

All the South thanks you, Mr. Chairman, and your associates for this magnificent testimonial to its soldiers and its cherished cause. We are glad that this monument is the product not only of a great artist but of one who wore the gray, one who proudly and justly claims a share in the renown of the men who followed its adored standard.

We rejoice to see these last days the great days when men are big enough and broad enough and wise enough and patriotic enough for their country's good and for their country's glory to blot out every trace of bitterness or of unjustness and, while ignoring and forgetting none of the memories of the past, to look forward with transcendent visions of the future splendor of our common country. Thank God, in doing so we sacrifice nothing of our loyalty to the glory of the past. We simply lock arms with our fellow citizens in faith and hope for the accomplishment of the great work Providence has assigned a free people under the impulses of a popular government.

We are glad that this hour has come, Mr. Chairman. It witnesses the full consummation of your task. It is fragrant of that which is heroic and grand. Forty thousand survivors of the Confederate armies appreciate the beauty of this monument and say "Amen" to the splendid message of fraternity and good will spoken by this scene to-day. To posterity the South bequeaths the story of her 600,000 of the pride and flower of her sons who struggled with the awful enginery of horrid war to maintain her political faith and integrity. May the hands that fought be the hands that clasp, and the hearts that bled be the hearts that rejoice!

ANNUAL CONVENTION MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. D. C.

The eighteenth annual convention of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., which convened at Meridian, Miss., May 6-8, was one of the most harmonious and successful ever held in the history of the Division. Reports rendered from every department of work and from the Chapters gave proof of an active year full of enthusiastic interest, ardent zeal, and devoted service. The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows:

Mrs. Sarah Dabney Eggleston, Honorary President, Raymond.

Mrs. Lillie Scales Slaughter, President, Starkville.

Mrs. Mary R. Wallace, Honorary Vice President, Beauvoir.

Mrs. Lillian C. Perkins, First Vice President, Meridian.

Mrs. Jennie Tucker Buchanan, Second Vice President, Okolona.

Miss Demmon Newman, Recording Secretary, Meridian.

Mrs. Loyd Magruder, Corresponding Secretary, Starkville.

Mrs. R. R. Howell, Treasurer, Crystal Springs.

Mrs. Virginia Reddit Price, Historian, Carrollton.

Miss Lizzie B. Craft, Registrar, Holly Springs.

Mrs. H. L. Quinn, Organizer, West Point.

Mrs. J. J. Cross, Recorder of Crosses, Laurel.

Mrs. H. F. Simrall, Associate Editor, Columbus.

Mrs. E. J. Ellis, Editor Official Organ, Greenwood.

Mrs. Emma McGregor, Director of C. of C., Hattiesburg.

The Mississippi College Rifles Chapter, of Clinton, received the silver loving cup for the largest increase in membership during the year, and a banner was given to the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of Swan Lake, for its educational work.

ANNUAL CONVENTION CALIFORNIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

REPORT OF MRS. J. W. BURTON, COR. SEC., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The California Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, held its fourteenth annual convention at the Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, Cal., on May 6 and 7, Mrs. J. Henry Stewart, State President, presiding, with a large representation from the twenty-three California Chapters present.

A resolution in regard to any change in the national flag was offered by the Gen. J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, No. 815, of Riverside, and unanimously adopted. This resolution reads:

"Whereas the battle flag of the Confederacy is a banner of a political issue which is dead; and whereas the battle flag of the Confederacy is cherished in the hearts of all true Southerners as a memory of the undying bravery and loyalty of the Confederate soldiers who fought for home and all they held dear; and whereas the idea of any change being made in our national flag does not meet with the approval of the California Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy; and whereas the South stands under the flag of the United States and is ready to defend it, as she has amply proven to the world in the last fifty years; therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That we are earnestly opposed to any change in the flag of the Union.

"Signed: Miss Mabel Y. Pierce and Maud H. Miller."

A scholarship was bestowed upon a daughter of a clergyman and the granddaughter of a Confederate veteran. This educational work is an important part of the purposes and ambitions of the California Division.

The State President offered a large Confederate flag to the Chapter in the State showing the greatest number of new members during the past year, and the Wade Hampton Chapter, No. 763, of Los Angeles, who have increased their membership by fifty-one, received the flag.

San Diego has been selected as the next meeting place for the California Division.

The election of State officers resulted as follows:

President, Mrs. J. Henry Stewart, Los Angeles.

First Vice President, Mrs. J. P. Massie, San Francisco.

Second Vice President, Mrs. Ella Nixon, San Luis Obispo.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. R. P. Queen, Long Beach.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. John W. Burton, Los Angeles.

Registrar, Mrs. Mary Wright, San Diego.

Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Hart Allison, Berkeley.

Historian, Miss Maude Miller, Riverside.

Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Olive Leighton, Sacramento.

Custodian of the Flag, Mrs. P. B. Ewing, Stockton.

Many social features marked this convention of the California Division. There was a brilliant ball at the Hotel Virginia, the ladies of the Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter, of Long Beach, being the hostesses. The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Los Angeles, entertained all of the delegates, visitors, and members of the local Chapters on the afternoon of May 8 at the Ebell Club House, Los Angeles.

THE RECORD JUNIOR CHAPTER.

The Staunton Juniors, Sons of Confederate Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy (auxiliary to the J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Staunton, Va.), was organized April 4, 1914, by Mrs. J. F. F. Cassell, ex-President of the J. E. B. Stuart Chapter. She is a daughter of Jacob H. Plecker, who served in Company F, 62d Virginia Regiment, and rendered gallant service in the battle of New Market, May 15, 1864. The fiftieth anniversary of this battle has just been celebrated by a semicentennial celebration at New Market, Va.



A GROUP OF JUNIORS AT STAUNTON, VA.

Back row: Annestine Crawford, Carrie Sublett, Mrs. J. F. F. Cassell, Ida May Digges, Margaret Lynn Templeton.

Front row: Elinor Schell Surber, Constance Dana Curry, James Lilley Templeton, Jr., Harriet Young Echols.

This Chapter of Juniors is the largest ever organized. Letters have come to Mrs. Cassell from every State where Confederate Chapters exist asking particulars of her record-breaking campaign to secure this unprecedented number. Love for the Confederate cause and the empty sleeve first prompted her to try to leave something permanent and lasting in the hearts of the young people when we have ceased from our labors. So she made a personal, systematic canvass of the town and county. It took seven weeks, not only working during the day, but using the telephone in the evening for the country children. Three hundred and twenty-six names appeared on the roll for the first meeting. To give all a fair chance to become charter members, it was decided that those who entered their names by the next monthly meeting should be considered charter members, and in this way the membership quickly ran up to five hundred. A great many are descendants of Augusta County veterans, now residents of other States. The youngest member enrolled was two days' old; the oldest member, eighteen years.

The enthusiasm and patriotism of these boys and girls are wonderful. They already have their own Chapter badge designed especially for them, and they are arranging for Flag Day and several other means of raising money for the needy Confederate veterans in the near future.

Mrs. Cassell has been ably assisted by Mrs. E. H. Surber, a daughter of Col. William H. Harman, of the 5th Virginia Infantry, who has the music in charge and trained the children for Memorial Day.

In the group of officers are many grandchildren of prominent generals who rendered valuable service in the War between the States.

The officers are: Director, Mrs. Julius Frederick Ferdinand Cassell; President, Miss Constance Dana Curry; Vice Presidents, Miss Harriet Young Echols, Miss Virginia Henry Holt, Miss Elinor Schell Surber, Miss Merrill Cushing Yost; Recording Secretary, Miss Margaret Lynn Templeton; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Ida May Digges; Treasurer, James Lilley Templeton, Jr.; Registrar, Miss Carrie Sublett; Historian, Miss Annestine Crawford; Custodian, Winniett Peters Harman.

VIRGINIA DIVISION NOTES.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL.

The unveiling of the Arlington monument on June 4 in the presence of the President of the United States, the President General U. D. C., and a brilliant throng of Daughters and Veterans marked the auspicious close of seven years of strenuous labor in which the Daughters of the Confederacy raised over $50,000. Upon the completion of the Shiloh monument the Divisions should devote the funds not needed f destitute Confederate men and women to educational work, especially the establishment of State scholarships with a living fund. The reproach of illiteracy can be removed from our Southland by concerted effort on the part of the women, and the boys and girls of the Appalachian plateau, secluded in the mountains, remote from opportunity, can be given a better environment and a chance to acquire vocational training. The denominational schools scattered throughout this region are glad to coöperate in this work, and the record of what they are accomplishing is sufficient guarantee of its helpful and practical nature.

The Sixth District convened for a one-day session at Cherriton on May 7, Mrs. B. A. Blenner, Chairman, Ye Olde Arlington Chapter, hostess. Among the distinguished guests were Mrs. Riddick, the State President, Mrs. Randolph, Mrs. Merchant, and Miss Kensett. Delegates were present from six Chapters. Mrs. Howard Hall, President of Ye Olde Arlington Chapter, made an address of greeting for the hostess Chapter, Mr. T. H. Nottingham extended a welcome from the county, and a charming musical program was rendered. A motion was made to increase the *per capita* tax for education, which will be voted upon at the State Convention. Reports were read from all the Chapters in the district. The formation of two junior Chapters was announced by Mrs. Hall, and Mrs. Nottingham spoke upon the historical work in her Chapter.

The Fifth District meeting at Ashland May 13 and 14 (Mrs. W. T. Allen, Chairman) was one of the largest and most enthusiastic of the entire series. Under the leadership of Mrs. W. D. Cardwell, Hanover Chapter has prospered wonderfully and is especially strong on historical lines. As the hostess Chapter of this meeting the result of two years of good work was shown, and the reports from nine Chapters and five junior Chapters were encouraging and most interesting. Ye Olde Arlington and Hanover are two of the strong young Chapters of the Division and are the special pride of their district chairman.

Surry Chapter was hostess of District No. 3, presided over by Miss Kensett, President of Pickett-Buchanan Chapter and Chairman of the Third District. Ten Chapters were represented by twenty-nine delegates, and a large party motored over from Smithfield for the Wednesday session. Mrs. Riddick, Mrs. Meade, of Petersburg, and Mrs. Walke, President of Hope Maury Chapter, were among those present. Of special note was the Jackson Day celebration May 1, at which time Portsmouth and Stonewall Chapters jointly raised in Portsmouth $350 for the Jackson monument.

The meeting of District No. 4 held in Warrenton on June 1 (Mrs. Cabell Smith, Chairman, and Black Horse Chapter, hostess) was delightful and inspiring, while the thrilling memories of Mosby's men and their dauntless courage gave an added charm to the beautiful landscape of Fauquier. "The Women of the Debatable Land," as Major Hunter, of the Black Horse Cavalry, terms the fair daughters of "Mosby's Confederacy," have lost none of the grace and loveliness for which they were celebrated.

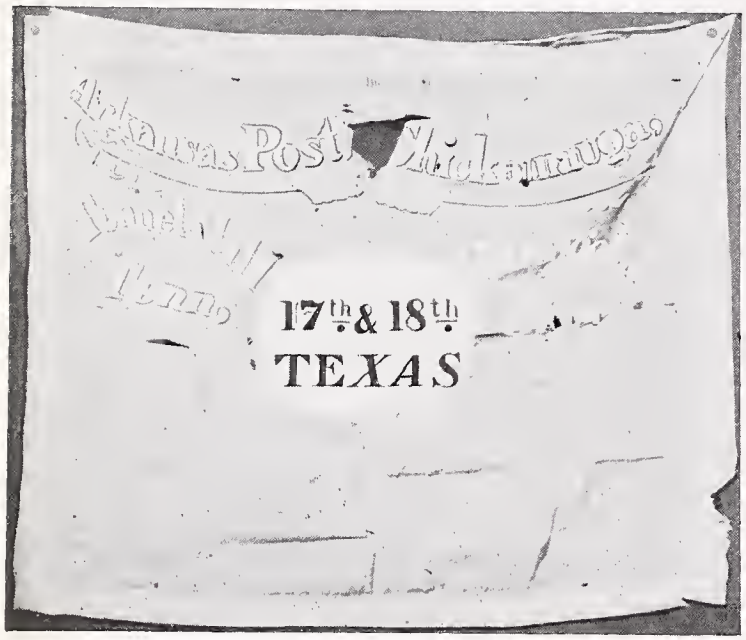
News from the Chapters shows that May 30 or June 3 was observed as Memorial Day, and the beautiful custom has lost none of its pathos or its dignity. The exercises by Albemarle Chapter, Charlottesville, included the bestowal of crosses of honor, an address by Prof. R. H. Dabney, of the University of Virginia, and the decoration of graves. A salute fired by the Monticello Guard and the singing of "Tenting To-Night" in the cemetery fittingly concluded the annual tribute to the heroes who wore the gray. Albemarle Chapter raised $203.38 on Jackson Day, one of the largest contributions reported by any Chapter.

William Watts Chapter expects to reach the three hundred membership mark soon and has one hundred juniors enrolled. The gold medal annually offered by them in the high school was won this year by Miss Phillips for the best paper on the "Nonslaveholders in the War between the States." This Chapter helped the Civic Betterment Club to raise $653.63 for the Roanoke Playgrounds on Flower Tag Day and is active in many good deeds.

RETURN OF A CONFEDERATE FLAG.

There has lately been returned to the State of Texas an old battle flag that went through some closely contested battles before it fell into the hands of the enemy. It was the regimental flag of the 17th and 18th Texas Cavalry (dismounted), lost at Atlanta July 22, 1864, near where General McPherson was killed. It was captured by the 15th Michigan Infantry, of the 15th Army Corps, after a desperate struggle, the Texas troops being surrounded. With the flag seventeen officers and two hundred and sixty-five men were taken.

This flag was recently given to John T. Callaghan, former Commander of the Confederate Veteran Camp at Washington, D. C., by the widow of Gen. William T. Clark, chief of staff of the Federal army of Tennessee during the war, and by Captain Callaghan sent to the adjutant general of Texas.



THE OLD FLAG RETURNED TO TEXAS.

Andrew LaForge, of Elk Rapids, Mich., the man who captured the flag, wrote to Captain Callaghan recently and said:

"Of course I got the flag, being the first man in the column, as I was sergeant major at the time. Our regiment was on the left of the brigade, and that position brought me 'the first man on the job.' As we halted I looked up and saw what I thought was a signal, and I supposed a picket post wanted to surrender. I called the attention of our colonel to this signal and asked if I might go up and bring it in, but he said, 'Do not go up there; you might get hurt,' as both sides were shooting over the breastworks. But when the colonel left to see to the formation of the regiment I started up the hill to secure my prisoners.

"Imagine my surprise when I found that the supposed signal of surrender was a regimental flag. With revolver in hand, I jumped upon the breastworks and demanded the surrender of the flag, at the same time reaching for the top of the flagstaff. In the meantime my regiment came to the rescue, and we captured the flag and took a number of prisoners. We also captured at the same time the flag of the 5th Confederate Regiment, Major Pearson commanding. If he is still living, I would like to hear from him.

"The flag of the 17th and 18th Texas was given to General Clarke by the colonel of our regiment. The other flag is still in the State archives at the Capitol in Lansing."

R. H. Hopkins, of Denton, Tex., for many years was in search of this flag, and as far back as 1900 he wrote to Andrew LaForge, saying: "It was my fortune (or misfortune) to command Company G, 17th and 18th Texas Dismounted Cavalry, during the battle on the 22d of July, 1864, near Atlanta, Ga. The greater part of our regiment surrendered, I suppose, to the 15th Michigan. About the time of the surrender, and before I was aware of it, a Federal soldier jumped upon the breastworks and seized our flag. Our ensign refused to give it up, and a scuffle ensued between him and the Federal. Seeing that the Federal was about to get the best of our ensign, I ran to his assistance and took hold of the flagstaff, calling to him not to give up the flag, when the soldier in blue said: 'You have surrendered.' Looking around and up our line, I saw, to my astonishment, that our men had thrown down their arms."

Joseph McClure, of Fort Worth, Tex., is a survivor of Company A, 18th Texas Cavalry, and his was the flag-bearing company of the regiment. He tells of having often carried the banner to rest the flag bearer and says of it: "To the best of my knowledge, this flag fell to rise no more on the morning of July 21, 1864. In the very beginning of that battle our captain, William Corn, was shot dead. Then I was shot down under the flag, and in less than two hours our entire company, with the exception of two men, were either killed or wounded; so I am of the opinion that our flag remained on the field until it was picked up by a member of the 15th Michigan Regiment on the morning of July 22. All this occurred on or very near the spot where the Federal General McPherson was slain at the head of his men. * * * I was in the Arkansas Post battle and was captured there and served three months in a military prison in Chicago. Then we were exchanged at City Point, Va., where the 17th and 18th Texas Regiments were consolidated and transferred to the army at Tullahoma, Tenn., and we were placed under Bragg in Granbury's or Deshler's Brigade. The Texans were in Cleburne's Division. We fought on to Atlanta, where the flag was lost. It shows many fights we were in after the Arkansas Post engagement, where we were dismounted just before the fight came on."

John T. Callaghan served three and a half years in the Army of Northern Virginia and in many engagements during that period. Eleven months of the time he spent as a prisoner at Camp Chase, Ohio, and one of his messmates there was Justice Horace H. Lurton, of the United States Supreme Court.

IDENTITY OF FLAG SOUGHT.

Camp Catesby A. R. Jones, Selma, Ala., wishes to locate the rightful owners of a banner carried by United States volunteers that was captured by Hardee's Corps in the battle of Atlanta, Ga., July 22, 1864. Hardee's Corps was opposed generally in that encounter by the 15th, 16th, and 17th Army Corps. The flag was captured by Hardee's command in the engagement in which General McPherson was killed. It is a State banner, but the State and regiment are missing from the flag. If the identity of this flag can be established by the Union veterans, Camp Jones will be glad to return it Of course they must establish their rightful ownership to this banner and give its history. The records of the War Department show the history of the flag as being captured by Hardee's Corps on the date above mentioned, but do not establish the regiment from which it was captured.

All correspondence should be addressed to D. M. Scott, Commander of Camp Jones, No. 317, U. C. V., Selma, Ala.

THE LAST DAYS IN FRONT OF RICHMOND.

BY W. L. TIMBERLAKE, MOBILE, ALA.

A siege has a most demoralizing effect upon an army. This was fully demonstrated during the last months of the war around Richmond and Petersburg. It was noticeable among our soldiers even on the retreat from Richmond and Petersburg that the men were more cheerful after being foot-loose from the long, dreary confinement in the works. After the suspense was broken there seemed to be a general feeling of relief, and they were ready for fight.

My company, D, 2d Virginia Battalion, held a part of the Richmond lines immediately in front of Fort Harrison. We were placed in this position after the fights of Fort Harrison and Fort Gilmore, September 29 and 30, 1864, where we killed a lot of negro soldiers. Bushrod Johnson's brigade was on our right next to the James River and Field's Division and the Texas Brigade on our left. We picketed close up to Fort Harrison nearly all the winter of 1864-65 in all kinds of weather, many a night soaking wet and hungry (we were always hungry). I was on picket here one evening, and our artillerymen commenced to shell the fort with mortars placed under a hill in the rear of the line. The Yankees replied immediately and shelled all up and down our lines; but receiving no reply from our light artillery in the works, they trained their guns on us and shelled us on the picket line. I was in a rifle pit with a man named Shepard. Several shells exploded very close to our pit. I remarked to Shepard that I thought it would be safer outside, and, taking my gun, I crawled out and lay down on the ground about ten feet from the pit. The next shell struck directly in the spot I had vacated less than a minute before. Had I remained in the pit a minute longer, I would have been cut in two. After Shepard had gotten the dirt out of his eyes and mouth he said he wasn't hurt, and we laughed over the matter.

The Yankees gave us very little rest that winter, as we were often drawn out from our works and rushed to the right or left to repel flanking attacks. We had a hard fight on the Charles City road and in front of New Market, where I saw the brave General Gregg, of the Texas Brigade, killed by a bullet through his neck.

We were drawn out from the lines during the month of February and sent above Richmond on the Broad Street or "Three Chop" road. I had charge of a picket on that road the Sunday evening before the evacuation of Richmond. We were ordered into Richmond that night, and our first stop was at the provost marshal's office, on Broad Street, where we burned a large amount of government papers. We then moved down to the Shockoe Warehouse, on Carey Street, and burned the warehouse filled with tobacco, said to have been about ten thousand hogsheads. We also took about fifteen barrels of whisky out of a cellar on Carey Street and knocked the heads of the barrels in and let the whisky run down the gutter. I remember helping to get some ladies out of the Columbian Hotel, opposite the burning warehouse. The hotel was burned. We were kept busy all that night.

I will take this opportunity to settle the contention as to who were the last soldiers to leave Richmond. After finishing our work of destruction, we fell in and hurried down to Mayo's Bridge. Gary's Brigade of cavalry had gone over, and Col. Clement Sullivan, of Gen. Custis Lee's staff, was waiting at the approach to the bridge. The materials for burning the bridge were on hand and distributed all across the bridge. We were hurried onto the bridge, and the torch was immediately applied to the piles of kindling, tar, and turpentine. I contend that Company D, 2d Virginia Battalion, were the last troops to cross that bridge. If any crossed after we did, they need have no fear of the other world, because they surely were fireproof.

Our first stop was at the Chesterfield Courthouse, where I saw some of my friends of the Surry Light Artillery. We remained here for a very short rest and were off again on a march such as we had not seen before in all our experience.

On Sunday night before leaving Richmond we had issued to us one-third of a pound of bacon and one pound of coarse corn meal. This my comrade, Marshall, and I tried to cook when we stopped at Chesterfield Courthouse. We had our bread in the frying pan, about half done, when the bugle blew, and I said to Marshall: "I am going to throw this away." He said: "No, don't; we will eat the d— thing anyway." I thought this a peculiar blessing to ask on the last rations we had. This was the morning of the 3d of April, and we never tasted food again, except an ear of parched corn and the buds of sassafras trees, until a Yankee cavalryman divided his rations with me on the battle field of Sailor's Creek after I was a prisoner on the night of April 6.

The last time I saw Gen. R. E. Lee was at Amelia Courthouse. Just as we got to that place there was an explosion which proved to be the blowing up of a caisson. General Lee and I crossed the road together to investigate the explosion.

From Amelia Courthouse we commenced again our weary march of toiling and fighting. Just before we reached Sailor's Creek we killed three sheep, but before we could get them skinned and divided the Yankees attacked us again, and we had to leave them. We skirmished all the way up to Sailor's Creek on the north side and formed line of battle. The troops ahead of us had thrown up a slight breastwork of rails, and we lay behind them, the Yankee artillery shelling us all the time. While we were here General Bratton and some of his staff rode up and took position just behind it. I looked every minute to see them killed, as the shells were flying very near them. I had taken out about a dozen cartridges and laid them on a flat rail to be handy. General Barton said: "They are going to charge us with cavalry, and when they come I want every man to aim just about the horse's breast." They did not come, and we moved on and crossed the creek about waist-deep. The Yankees were right on our heels. We charged them when they came over and drove them back across the creek. We soon found out that during this delay Sheridan's Cavalry had gotten in across our line of retreat and had cut us off from our army in front, and the Second and Sixth Corps had caught up with us and were forming in our rear; so we had to turn about and fight a bloody battle, and were finally surrounded, overpowered, and captured.

I had a splendid blue-barreled Enfield rifle and plenty of the best English ammunition I ever saw, and I did some good shooting that evening. I was slapped on the back and complimented by an officer for my good shooting. General Ewell and the remnant of his command were captured. I saw him the next day in an ambulance going to the rear as a prisoner.

We were taken back over the route we had come on through Petersburg down to City Point, put aboard a transport, and sent to Point Lookout Prison, Maryland, remaining there until late in June, 1865, when we were paroled and sent home.

William C. Otey, courier for General Ewell during the battle of Sailor's Creek, will remember that General Ewell came very near riding over me that evening as I was lying in the grass sharpshooting the Yankees across the creek.

LAST ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT DAVIS, C. S. A.

BY R. V. BOOTH, VICKSBURG, MISS.

The last public address of Jefferson Davis as President of the Confederate States was made at Charlotte, N. C., and under circumstances full of pathos and characteristic of the man. It breathes such an air of sincerity and patriotism that I feel sure it will be read with pleasure by thousands of your readers.

After his retirement from Richmond and the surrender of General Lee, Mr. Davis had reached the city of Charlotte on his way south. Late in the evening, as he was about to enter the residence of a gentleman, the kindly shelter of whose roof had been tendered him, some of his soldiers recognized him and begged him to speak to them. He turned, standing on the steps of the hospitable mansion, and spoke as follows:

"My friends, I thank you for this evidence of your affection. If I had come as the bearer of glad tidings, if I had come to announce success at the head of a triumphant army, this I might have expected; but coming as I do to tell you of a very great disaster, to tell you that our national affairs have reached a very low point of depression; coming, I may say, as a refugee from the capital of the country, this demonstration of your love fills me with feelings too deep for utterance.

"This has been a war of the people for the people, and I have been simply their executive; and if they desire to continue the struggle, I am still ready and willing to devote myself to their cause. True, General Lee's army has surrendered; but the men are still alive, the cause is not yet dead, and only show by your determination and fortitude that you are willing to suffer yet longer, and we may still hope for success. In reviewing my administration of the past four years I am conscious of having committed errors, and very grave ones; but in all that I have done, in all that I have tried to do, I can lay my hand upon my heart and appeal to God that I have had but one purpose to serve, but one mission to fulfill—the preservation of the true principles of constitutional freedom, which are as dear to me to-day as they were four years ago. I have nothing to abate or take back. If they were right then, they are right now, and no misfortune to our arms can change right into wrong. Again I thank you."

This was his last public utterance as President, for shortly afterwards his capture occurred, with the circumstances of which history has made the world familiar.

Victor Smith, of Baltimore, Md., a son of Gen. Martin L. Smith, writes that the sketch of his father as appearing in the VETERAN for April is correct so far as it goes. He adds the following: "Maj. Gen. M. L. Smith commanded a division at the siege of Vicksburg and was paroled at the surrender, July 4, 1863. After his exchange in January, 1864, he was chief of the engineering bureau in Richmond. He was chief engineer of the Army of Northern Virginia from April 1 to July, 1864, when he was assigned by the President as chief engineer of the Army of Tennessee. In October, 1864, he was appointed chief engineer of the newly created military division in the west, which included the Department of Georgia and Tennessee, commanded by Gen. John B. Hood, and the Department of Alabama, Mississippi, and East Louisiana, commanded by Lieut. Gen. Richard Taylor, all under General Beauregard. General Smith held this position to the end of the war."

FORREST'S CAVALRY CORPS.

The annual meeting of Forrest's Cavalry Corps was held in Jacksonville, Fla., in connection with the general Reunion, U. C. V., in May, 1914. Col. Baxter Smith, acting Commander since the resignation of Gen. H. A. Tyler, was elected Lieutenant General commanding the Corps. The following compose his official staff:

John N. Johnson, Colonel and Adjutant, Chief of Staff, Chattanooga, Tenn.

J. C. Cowan, Colonel and Chaplain, Knoxville, Tenn.

Hamilton Parks, Colonel and A. D. C., Nashville, Tenn.

John W. Story, Colonel and A. D. C., Forrest, Ark.

Dabney Collier, Colonel and A. D. C., Memphis, Tenn.

Nathan Bedford Forrest III., Colonel and A. D. C., Memphis, Tenn.

W. A. Terrell, Major and Quartermaster, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Baxter Smith, Colonel and Chief Surgeon, Bay City, Tex.

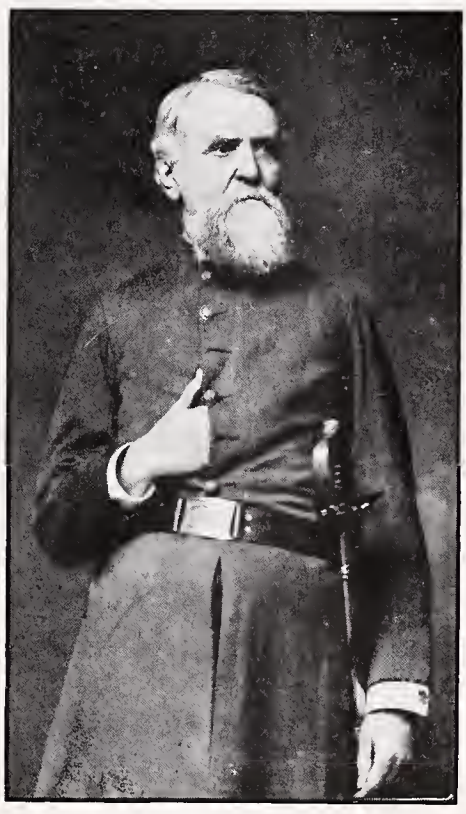
Samuel Bennett, Colonel and A. D. C., Jasper, Tenn.

Joshua Brown, Colonel and A. D. C., Nashville, Tenn.

Dr. J. C. Steger, Colonel and A. D. C., Gurley, Ala.

M. M. Fry, Color Bearer, Chattanooga.

The new Commander was colonel of the 4th Tennessee Regiment of Cavalry. In 1863 he was serving under General Wheeler and was in the unsuccessful attack made by Wheeler and Forrest on the garrison at Fort Donelson. He was captured shortly after this near Carthage, Tenn., and held as a prisoner until early in 1865. Upon exchange Colonel Smith was assigned to the command of a Texas brigade, which included his old regiment, two from Texas, and one from Arkansas, and in that capacity he served through the campaign in the Carolinas to the last general engagement at Bentonville, N. C.



GEN. BAXTER SMITH.

General Smith has been Secretary of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga Military Park Commission for several years, making his home at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Harvey P. Cleugh writes from Biddeford, Me., of his interest in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, saying: "I am a Confederate sympathizer, as was my grandfather. I am only twenty-one, but I do verily believe the South was right in that war; and could I have lived in those times, I would rather have been a Confederate soldier than be President of the United States, for I think Robert E. Lee was the noblest of all good men."

THE MOUNTAIN CAMPAIGN FAILURE.

BY CAPT. A. C. JONES, THREE CREEKS, ARK.

I read with interest in the May number of the VETERAN an article by Gen. William McComb, of Gordonsville, Va., in which he gave the experience of a Tennessee regiment in what is known as the Cheat Mountain expedition, which attracted considerable attention in the earlier stages of the war. General McComb says very truly that the plans for the capture of the enemy's fortifications on the summit of Cheat Mountain were apparently admirable; that the troops expected to coöperate in the attack from the west were in place in time and awaiting anxiously the signal, which was to be the sound of the guns in the attack from the east; but for some unknown reason not a gun was fired, and the expedition was a failure.

Some years ago an autograph letter from President Davis was published in the VETERAN in which he made the same statement; that the surprise of the enemy was complete and that the reason the intended attack was not made had never been known. In view of these facts and in the interest of true history, I have concluded at this late date to make a statement of facts and answer that long-pending question. This I am fully prepared to do, having been in command of Company G, 3d Arkansas Regiment, commanded by Col. Albert Rust, the leader of the expedition. Although now a very old man, the scenes and incidents of that occasion are as distinct in my memory as though they had occurred but yesterday.

In order that the situation may be well understood, it will be necessary to make a brief statement of the circumstances leading up to these events. When the serious disaster of General Garnett's defeat in the extreme western part of Virginia occurred, our defeated army was rapidly pursued, creating something of a panic in Richmond. Troops were rushed to that quarter and the enemy's advance finally checked; but in the meantime they had succeeded in establishing a considerable force (probably about three or four thousand men) in a strongly fortified position on the summit of Cheat Mountain, nearly one hundred miles from the border.

The presence of this force so far inland was a constant menace to the rich valley of Virginia, and especially to the city of Staunton. In consequence a defensive force of about twenty-five hundred men was located on Greenbrier River, about ten miles east. This force was composed of one Georgia regiment, two Virginia regiments, one Arkansas regiment, and one battery. These troops were all green in the service, never having fired a gun in battle nor heard the whistle of a bullet.

Col. Albert Rust, of the 3d Arkansas, was a somewhat famous politician of his day and brave to the point of recklessness, but entirely inexperienced in military matters. Becoming impatient at the idleness of camp life and being ambitious to distinguish himself in his new profession, he made a special request to the government that he be allowed to take his own regiment, with what other troops could be spared, and surprise and capture the enemy's position on Cheat Mountain.

After some delay the request was granted and arrangements were made for some troops on the west of the mountain to cooperate. The plan was for Colonel Rust, with about fourteen hundred men, to make a circuitous march of about forty miles and surprise the enemy in their rear. The rest of the army, about a thousand men, with the battery, were to march straight up the road and maneuver in front, and at the sound of Rust's guns all detachments were to close in. Thus the success of the whole scheme depended upon the initiative to be taken by Rust's command.

With what was supposed to be three days' rations we started out on that memorable march. I shall not attempt to describe it in full. At least thirty miles of the way we had to travel in single file through a trackless wilderness, a good part of it climbing mountains sometimes sloping at an angle of forty-five degrees and frequently compelled to hew our way through dense thickets of mountain laurel. I do not remember how many streams we crossed, but at one point we were compelled to wade for half a mile down the bed of Cheat River, the water nearly waist-high and as cold as ice.

In a completely exhausted condition the head of the column finally arrived, according to our guide, at a point within a mile and a half of the enemy's works and within a mile of the main road that traversed that country. It was just about sunset of the second day. We were ordered to lie down upon our arms, to make no noise, and not to speak above a whisper. The horror of that night is vivid in my memory yet. In the first place, our three days' rations were exhausted, and very few men had a morsel of food. The weather was nearly at the freezing point, and about nine o'clock it began to rain, pouring down in torrents, as it only can rain in that dismal country. Being on the slope of the mountain, the water poured down in floods and rivulets, and thus the entire night passed. Personally, I doubt if my own powers of endurance would have been equal to the emergency but for the fact that one of my men (a dear friend as well as fellow soldier) was taken violently ill, and in my desperate efforts to relieve him and keep him alive my own blood was kept in circulation.

Day at length dawned upon the most forlorn and wretched set of human beings that ever existed in this world. It seemed impossible to make a further move; but Colonel Rust was still optimistic and indefatigable. His own powers of endurance seemed inexhaustible. He stood like a lion at bay under a tree all night, taking in the situation without a murmur. In the morning, the rain having ceased and the sun coming out, he succeeded, after almost superhuman exertions, in getting most of his men in line; but there must have been at least two hundred men left who were utterly unable to move.

Thus we commenced our stealthy march, Colonel Rust leading the 3d Arkansas, with a small squad of my men about fifty yards in advance. In about a mile the head of the column suddenly emerged upon the road. It so happened that they struck directly upon the picket post of the enemy, two men sitting quietly by the roadside eating their breakfast. Poor fellows! They seemed utterly oblivious of the fact that danger was near, and the appearance of a lot of wild men suddenly bursting upon them from the brush seemed to craze them, and instead of surrendering when called on they ran screaming up the road and were both shot dead. This firing alarmed the reserved picket, when about fifty men came down at a double-quick; but soon realizing the situation, they took to the woods, followed by a scattering fire from our men.

Of course this was the crucial moment upon which the fate of the whole expedition depended. Had it been possible to have well in hand a strong body of men at the very instant of this firing, it is barely possible that we might have made a rush and entered the works half a mile away; but the men were strung out in single file over a mile, and it required some time to close up and form an attacking column. In the meantime it became plainly evident that the entire Yankee army was aroused, as we could distinctly hear the beating of the long roll in their camp.

And so it turned out that all the beautiful plans about surprise and capture in a moment came to naught. However,

as soon as Colonel Rust could get his men in shape we began moving upon the works, pushing our way through the woods up to the edge of the clearing. Here Colonel Rust made a personal reconnoissance, exposing himself so recklessly as to get a bullet through his coat from a sentinel. He found the army fully on the alert and that the fort was completely surrounded by an almost impassable abatis, rendering it practically inaccessible. A council of the officers was held, and it was decided that there was nothing else to do but to get back home. I say home, for even the wretched camps on Greenbrier then seemed like home to us.

Getting back, however, proved a serious problem. In attempting to take a short cut our guide lost his way, and we wandered for one whole day aimlessly in the wilderness, finally stumbling upon the road to camp and, what was better still, upon some wagons loaded with provisions that had been sent to our relief.

During the war I have witnessed many charges and participated in many, but I have never seen one performed with more promptness and alacrity than the charge upon those wagons, and that too without orders.

LITTLE WAR-TIME INCIDENTS.

BY H. W. HENRY, CAPTAIN CO. K, 22D ALABAMA INFANTRY.

It has been charged that the war was waged on the Southern side by those who were slaveholders. How untrue this was is clearly proved by the number of slaveholders to the population of the seceding States. Probably not twenty per cent of those serving in the Confederate armies owned or ever expected to own a slave. Some entire companies and regiments came from sections of the country where a negro was rarely seen, and they were among our bravest and most faithful soldiers. They fought against interference in the affairs of their State, dictation by an alien people, invasion and subjugation of their country, and against the fear of negro equality in political and social affairs. Their fighting blood was up, and they were ready to fight it out at any cost.

As illustrating this spirit I recall one incident which I witnessed in 1863. I was returning to the army on the Montgomery and West Point Railroad. The train stopped at a small station at or near Opelika. On the platform was a group of young men, healthy and hearty-looking youths of the small farmer class. They were dressed in brown homespun, woven, dyed, and made by the loving hands of their mothers. Accompanying them was a group of women of the same dress and class, strong, stout-hearted women capable of being the mothers of men. As the young men going to Virginia came aboard, one large, elderly woman threw her arms around one of the boys and said: "Good-by, Jim; you are the last one I have, but go and do your duty and never turn your back on any man."

A cheer went up from the people on the cars. A gentleman went around quickly among the passengers and soon put in the mother's hand two hundred dollars.

My First Experience with a Yankee Shell.

In the first day's fight at Shiloh we were in Gladden's Brigade, Withers's Division, Polk's Corps. Early in the morning we surprised the Yankees in camp eating breakfast. They soon rallied, however, and made a stand behind their tents and in the woods in their rear. If we had continued our advance, the affair would have been over in a few minutes; but our brigadier general and many of his staff were killed or wounded under the first fire. So we stood in line and fired some thirty rounds of cartridges, and probably would have stood there all day with no other result than a long list of killed and wounded had not some officer of the 1st Louisiana, an Irish regiment, given orders to charge, when we soon scattered the enemy. We then moved forward over a creek under the base of a thickly wooded hill. Sending out a company to reconnoiter, they reported that the hill was occupied by Yankee cavalry. We were immediately ordered to form a square to resist the threatened charge. A few shells dropping near and into the square soon caused us to fall into line. This was the first and only time we ever formed a hollow square during the war.

I was lying with the men close under the bank of a creek when a twelve-pound shell landed at our feet. I looked back and could see the fuse sputtering and smoking. To jump up and run and be blown to pieces or to lie still and be blown to pieces seemed to be the alternatives. I watched that fuse over my shoulder. It seemed to me a very long wait before I saw it sputter and go out, much to the relief of the tension upon our nerves.

Some Amenities of War.

Some days after the battle of Ezra Church, July 28, 1864, in which Gen. Stephen D. Lee's corps was engaged in an effort to check General Sherman's flanking movement to our left, the enemy having abandoned the position, we were sent out on a reconnoissance of his movement. In the engagement of the 28th we had lost heavily. Among those killed was our colonel, Ben R. Hart, of the 22d Alabama. Hoping to find his body and restore it to his family, we procured shovels and commenced uncovering our dead. The bodies had been thrown into a shallow gully in the valley near their intrenchments and covered lightly with brush and earth.

It was a hot day in August, and the sight and odor proved so sickening that we soon had to desist. In searching over the field in the hope of finding him buried in a single grave we came upon one marked by two cracker box boards and inscribed: "Here lies Captain —— [I am sorry that I cannot recall the name], of the —— Mississippi Regiment, buried with the honors of his brother Masons of the —— New Jersey Regiment." Just within the first line of intrenchments we found another marked grave with the inscription: "Here lies a hero, the color bearer of the 19th Alabama Regiment, who planted his colors within this intrenchment."

Perhaps some one engaged upon the other side may be able to stir up a more accurate memory of these incidents.

Humor of the Confederate.

We all remember how often we were cheered and encouraged on the weary march, in the discomforts of the bivouac, and even amid the dangers and horrors of the battle field by the cheerful humor of some comrade whose peculiar way of looking at things and manner of expressing himself made him a mascot in the company.

Among the members of my company was a boyish little fellow, with a whining, piping voice, who always took things very seriously and never was guilty of laughter or looking on things in a cheerful light. On one occasion, when a general order was read offering to give furloughs or place on a roll of honor all who distinguished themselves in battle, I overheard him remark in a subdued tone to the man at his side: "Yes, but you are more likely to get thrown into the trench than to live to get it if you go about distinguishing yourself."

On another occasion, on General Hood's march to Nashville, after driving the Yankees out, we were marching through Florence, Ala. In passing a female boarding school the girls gave us a hearty welcome, cheering us and waving handkerchiefs. Amid our enthusiastic responses I heard that piping voice again saying: "You are too late, gals. Chicken pie and waving your handkerchiefs got us into this thing; now show us the way to get out."

A Soldier Who Liked Pie.

During the winter of 1863, while we were encamped on Missionary Ridge, rations were unusually scarce. The artillery horses near us were guarded to prevent the men from stealing their feed, and whenever the position of a battery was changed the men could be seen gathering up the scattered corn and washing, parching, and eating it. Shortly after pay day some wagons came into camp loaded with iron-clad pies and other foodstuff, which, of course, went like hot cakes. Our men had just been paid off in Confederate currency—$22 for two months' service. Passing by my quarters, I noticed one of my men with a stack of twenty-two iron-clads piled up in his arms, while he was taking generous bites from the topmost one. As he went to his quarters I asked: "What are you going to do with all those pies?" Scarcely stopping, between mouthfuls he replied: "Gwine to eat 'em."

The Misfortunes of One Soldier.

It has been said that the varied experiences and fates of soldiers in war are inexplicable. Why one should be untouched under a volley that swept down all those around him, why one should fall by a stray bullet out of range in the rear, and why one should survive apparently fatal wounds while others died of a scratch, no one could explain.

We had in our company two brothers, John and James Wilson. John was of medium height, stoutly built, a quiet boy who never grumbled, was not homesick, was always in his place, and did his duty well and faithfully. He served during the whole war and was in most, if not all, the skirmishes and battles in which his company was engaged. His brother Jim was equally quiet and faithful to duty. He was the smallest man in the company. In the battle of Shiloh, when early in the morning of the first day we surprised the Yankees at breakfast, we faced a piece of artillery which we soon disabled and their line behind their tents, not two hundred yards apart, standing and firing thirty rounds of cartridges. As first lieutenant my position was on the left of the company. When a man near us fell, a sergeant and I examined him and, if wounded, dragged him into a little hollow behind us.

I saw Jim Wilson fall on his face. Going to him, I found that he was shot in the eye, the ball coming out of the back of his head. A little while after I saw him roll over on his side, pull up his canteen, pull out the stopper with his teeth, and take a drink. I was very much surprised, but attributed his action to the convulsive effort of a dying man. We left him lying there and after the battle reported him among the killed. Several days after, in looking through the hospitals for our wounded, I was surprised to find him sitting up in bed and quite lively for a dead man. He was discharged and sent home. Some months afterwards he started to rejoin the company. The train on which he was met with an accident, and his thigh was broken. Recovering, he took the smallpox and was assigned to duty in the smallpox hospital. On the march to Nashville he rejoined the company.

We arrived at Franklin late in the afternoon. While the desperate fight was going on down on the pike the sun was setting in the west, and, but for the smoke and din of the battle below us, all nature seemed peaceful and beneficent. We were (Lee's Corps) forming a line of battle on the high ground some distance from the town and were engaged in clearing away a picket fence around a house that was in our way. Now and then a stray bullet came caterwauling over us. Hearing the unmistakable thud, I saw Jim Wilson fall, roll up his eyes, and quiver in his arms and legs. On opening his shirt I found that a large Minie ball had entered just over the heart. Calling up the litter bearers, I remarked: "Poor Jim! He is dead this time."

On my return from prison I went to see a relative of the Wilson boys. When the horn blew for dinner, two young men came up out of a field where they were plowing. The table was quite a long one and the dining room not very light. The two young men sat at the other end and, according to their natures, were silent. I noticed that one of them was small and had lost one eye. Looking more closely at him, I said: "That can't be Jim Wilson." He replied: "Yes, Captain; it is all that is left of him." The other young man was his brother John.

It seems that the bullet which struck Jim at Franklin hit flatways and glanced on a rib and did not penetrate much under the skin. The last I heard of these two boys they were living near Tampa, Fla., and I hope they are enjoying a peaceful, happy old age.

An Example of Primitive Faith.

The night before the battle of Chickamauga to a group sitting around a camp fire there came out of the surrounding darkness a tall, well-built young man, apparently eighteen years of age, with a clear, healthy complexion and bright, steadfast look, dressed in butternut brown homespun, homemade clothes. He inquired for Company I, of the 22d Alabama Regiment. I took him over to the lieutenant of that company, who asked him whether he was a conscript or volunteer. He replied that he was a volunteer. After taking his description and mustering him in, the lieutenant asked him if he had ever been drilled, to which he replied that he had not. When asked if he could shoot a rifle he said that with his own gun he could knock off a squirrel's nose in the highest tree. He was then told that we were going into a fight the following day and that the sergeant would instruct him.

The next morning, after capturing an Ohio regiment of twice our numbers behind a breastwork of logs, in which we lost very heavily, we charged across an open field, following up the fugitives. Just on the edge of the open field behind a fence we encountered another line of battle, the battery coming up within ten or fifteen paces of the line. With our decimated ranks we could only lie flat and fire until a Mississippi regiment came in perfect alignment across the field and the Yankees gave way, retreating toward Chattanooga. We pursued them about a mile, when General Bushrod Johnson took command, telling us that the Yankee wagon train was in the road to our right, and we could capture it. Finding the wagon train gone, he moved us up a bluff to make an attack on Thomas's right flank. As soon as we got to the top and started to charge we were met with such a fire of grape, canister, and musketry that we had to lie down and shelter ourselves as best we could behind trees and rocks. It was the hottest fire I was ever under.

While we were lying under this terrible fire I noticed our new recruit standing up fair and square as deliberately loading and picking out his man as if he had been shooting game. If the sight he got did not suit him, he would deliberately take down his gun and try for another. Expecting him to fall every moment, I called to him: "Lie down, you fool; you will be riddled with bullets. Get behind a rock or tree and shoot." He paid no attention to me, but kept on loading and shooting. Shortly after we fell back under cover of the bluff.

That night I went over to his company and asked the lieutenant how his recruit had come out. On being told that he was safe and sound, I requested to see him. When he came I asked him why he did not lie down when I told him to do so. He replied: "It wasn't any use. I was just as safe as you were behind a tree, for a man don't get killed until his time comes, nohow." I would have given much for his simple faith, but could not indorse his judgment.

THE FIGHT NEAR FRONT ROYAL, VA.

BY JOHN C. DONOHOE, BALTIMORE, MD.

Eyewitnesses of and participants in the events and transactions of the Civil War are rapidly becoming fewer; and as misstatements concerning some of these events appear from time to time in public print and are sometimes incorporated in our modern histories, it becomes the duty of those of us still living, in the interest of truthful history and justice to the heroic dead who participated in such events, to correct or refute such misstatements before there are none of us left to perform this duty.

I am led to write this article by two newspaper communications purporting to give an account of the capture of the Federal force near Front Royal, Va., May 23, 1862, one account giving credit for the capture to Wheat's Louisiana Battalion and the 1st Maryland (Confederate) Infantry, the other account giving credit for the same to the 2d Virginia Cavalry, although none of said gallant commands had any part in the affair, and, so far as I know, no member of it has ever claimed that they had. The authors of the aforesaid articles evidently wrote from hearsay or rumor.

On May 23 General Jackson, continuing his rapid march down Luray Valley toward Front Royal, sent his cavalry, the 6th Virginia (Colonel Flournoy) and the 2d Virginia (Colonel Munford) to the left to cut the railroad and telegraphic communications between Strasburg and Front Royal, Colonel Flournoy in command. While the cavalry was thus engaged the infantry reached Front Royal, and General Jackson, in his official report concerning what then and there transpired, says: "But in the meantime Wheat's Battalion (Major Wheat) and the 1st Maryland Regiment (Col. Bradley T. Johnson) advanced more directly, driving in their skirmishers. The Federals retreated across both forks of the Shenandoah."

The cavalry, having accomplished its mission, moved on to Front Royal. Upon reaching the bridge crossing the North Fork, we found that the enemy had fired it. The fire, however, had been extinguished by our infantry, but not until the flooring on the south side of the bridge had been burned nearly through. By riding slowly in single file and bearing as far as possible to the north side we proceeded to cross the bridge. This was slow work, too slow for General Jackson, who, as soon as four companies of the 6th Regiment had crossed, ordered Colonel Flournoy forward in pursuit of the enemy.

Colonel Flournoy promptly obeyed and started rapidly up the turnpike toward Winchester with his small force (not exceeding, if equaling, two hundred men), the companies being in the following order: Company E, of Halifax, Capt. C. E. Flournoy; Company B, of Rappahannock, Capt. Daniel Grimsley; Company K, of Loudoun, Capt. George A. Baxter; and Company A, also of Loudoun County, Capt. R. H. Dulany.

Being in the front section of fours of Company K, I was a witness to the following amusing incident. We were proceeding in a rapid trot, Captain Baxter being immediately in front of my section. Just in front of Baxter rode two soldiers who did not seem to be connected with the company next in front. The elder wore a dingy gray coat and an old military cap pulled well forward and rode a raw-boned sorrel horse, while on his right rode a youth who was more neatly dressed. True, the old sorrel and his companion ambled along at a good gait, but not fast enough for the ardent and impatient spirit of Baxter, who in no very choice language peremptorily commanded them to "get out of the way of my men." The younger of the two turned to Baxter and with a motion toward his companion said: "This is General Jackson." This was like a thunderbolt to Baxter and the rest of us, as we were not then as familiar with General Jackson's appearance as we became afterwards during his Valley Campaign and when we were couriers for him in the winter of 1863-64. Recovering his breath, Baxter, waving his hat, led us in "three cheers for General Jackson" in genuine Confederate style.

General Jackson wheeled his horse and ordered Baxter to take his company and Company A and form his squadron and charge on the right of the turnpike. Company E was ordered to the left of the turnpike, while Company B was ordered to charge in the turnpike. These orders were rapidly given and promptly executed. After passing into the field on the right, our squadron advanced in a gallop, crossing one or two fences, until we reached a post-and-rail and capped fence inclosing an orchard, where the enemy, quietly watching our advance, was prepared to receive our onslaught. They were posted at Cedarville, four or five miles from Front Royal. As soon as the head of the column reached the fence I leaped from my horse and attempted to pull down one of the fence posts, but, finding myself unequal to the task, I sprang into my saddle again. However, by some means an opening was quickly made in the fence, and through it we rushed. As we entered the orchard Captain Baxter gave the command, "Left into line," which was done in a gallop. Quickly thereafter, being in front of his men, waving his pistol over his head, he gave the order to charge, when, pressing our rowels into our horses' flanks, with a wild rush we charged upon the enemy like a tempest, and they might as well have tried to stop a tornado. I do not believe they could have checked our onset by any volley they could have given us without killing our horses, for if a majority of the riders had been shot down the horses would have been carried by their tremendous momentum into the ranks of the enemy.

Capt. George A. Baxter, of Company K, was killed by a musket shot fired at close range. No more generous and heroic man than he fell during the war, and he was idolized by his men. The horse of Lieut. George F. Means, of Company K, being killed with bayonets, fell upon his rider, who was about to be dispatched with clubbed muskets by some of the enemy when Sergeant Fout, of Company K, rushed to his rescue. Company A lost one killed and one wounded. But Company B was the principal sufferer in this conflict. The enemy at close range poured a deadly volley into the ranks of this company, killing nine and wounding fourteen out of

thirty-six men and killing and wounding twenty-one horses, but failed to stop them; for the remainder of this heroic band, led by the gallant Grimsley, dashed into the midst of the enemy and scattered them like chaff before the wind. One man in Company B was pierced with fourteen bullets. I was informed of many thrilling incidents that occurred during the conflict, but I did not witness them, as, being at the head of the column when we entered the orchard, the command, "Left into line," threw me on the right of the line; and I found matters in my own vicinity so intensely interesting that I had no time to see what was transpiring in other parts of the field.

When we broke their ranks the enemy scattered in every direction, and we scattered in as many directions in pursuit. Companies D and I, of the 6th Regiment, came up in time to join in the pursuit. Thus had our small command of about two hundred cavalry attacked and routed a vastly superior force, numbering about eight hundred and consisting of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, although that force had formed in battle array to repel our attack. Besides their killed and wounded, we captured over seven hundred prisoners and their artillery and wagon train. The rest of our regiment did not get up in time to join in the pursuit. The next day I heard General Ewell say to Colonel Flournoy, after expressing regret at the loss sustained: "But you made a glorious charge."

Among the wounded prisoners was Colonel Kenly, the Federal commander. In the ranks of Company K, of the 6th Regiment, he had a cousin, T. M. C. Paxson. It so happened that on the following day Paxson was detailed to accompany the wounded to Winchester. Lying in an ambulance, Colonel Kenly recognized him and called him. After conversing a few minutes, he asked Paxson what regiment he belonged to. Upon being told the 6th Virginia Cavalry, he replied: "Do you know that you men made the greatest cavalry charge yesterday on record?" And he went on to say that he had formed his men to repel our attack, and they had stood their ground until we were in their midst; yet they had been overcome, and that history nowhere records an instance where so small a force of cavalry had charged and overcome so greatly superior a force of infantry supported by cavalry and artillery.

In writing the foregoing I have not depended upon my memory, but have consulted my own diary, kept throughout the war, and have shown that no Confederate infantry whatever had anything to do with the capture of Colonel Kenly's force. In substantiation of my statement that this Federal force was captured by the four companies of the 6th Virginia Cavalry named, I will now quote from the reports of some of the officers engaged.

Colonel Kenly says: "I still pushed on in an orderly, military manner and had actually gained some four miles from the river, when Major Vaught rode up from the rear and informed me that he was closely pressed. * * * The infantry in the field poured in a very close volley, which nearly destroyed the leading company, but did not check the advance of the succeeding squadron, which charged in the most spirited manner. Large numbers of them, turning into the field, charged upon the men there, who continued fighting desperately until nearly all were captured, some five or six officers and about one hundred men alone escaping. * * * There was no surrender about it."

General Jackson says: "Delayed by difficulties at the bridge over the North Fork which the Federals had made an effort to burn, Colonel Flournoy pushed on with Companies A, B, E, and K, of the 6th Virginia Cavalry, and came up with the body of the enemy near Cedarville, about five miles from Front Royal. This Federal force consisted of two companies of cavalry, two pieces of artillery, the 1st (Federal) Regiment of Maryland Infantry, and two companies of Pennsylvania infantry, which had been posted to check our pursuit. Dashing into the midst of them, Captain Grimsley, of Company B, in advance, these four companies drove the Federals from their position, who soon, however, reformed in an orchard on the right of the turnpike, when, a second gallant charge being made upon them, the enemy's cavalry was put to flight, the artillery abandoned, and the infantry, now thrown into confusion, surrendered themselves as prisoners of war. In this successful pursuit our loss was twenty-six killed and wounded. Among the killed was Captain Baxter, of Company K, while gallantly leading his men in the charge."

Colonel Flournoy in his report says: "The enemy had fired the bridge across North River, which delayed the pursuit. Four companies of the 6th crossed the river in time to overtake the enemy at Cedarville, about three miles up the pike, where they formed to receive the charge. Company E (Capt. C. E. Flournoy) was ordered in front and on the left, Company K (Captain Baxter) and Company A (Captain Dulaney) to the right, and Company B (Captain Grimsley) directly up the turnpike. Company B was first upon the enemy and charged most gallantly right through their lines, throwing them into confusion. This company was supported by Company E from the left and Companies K and A on the right. The enemy was driven from this position, but soon reformed in an orchard on the right of the turnpike, where these companies again charged and put them to complete riot. When the charge was commenced, their cavalry took to flight. The two pieces of artillery were abandoned and taken and nearly the entire infantry force taken prisoners. Company D (Captain Richards) and Company I (Captain Row) came up in time to engage in the pursuit. The other companies of the 6th and 2d Regiments were prevented from coming in time to take part on account of the difficulty in crossing the bridge, which alone prevented their taking the most active part in the fight. The officers and men engaged acted with the utmost intrepidity and courage, executing every order with promptness, and gained a complete victory."

In his report of the fight at Winchester, referring to the absence of the cavalry under Generals Ashby and George H. Stuart and the refusal of the latter to pursue the enemy promptly when ordered to do so on the ground that the order did not come through General Ewell, under whose immediate command he was, General Jackson says: "There is good reason for believing that, had the cavalry played its part in this pursuit as well as the four companies under Colonel Flournoy two days before in the pursuit from Front Royal, but a small portion of Banks's army would have escaped to the Potomac."

McDonald's "History of the Laurel Brigade," page 58, says: "Company B (Captain Grimsley) charged directly up the turnpike, Company E (Captain Flournoy) on the left, and Companies A (Captain Dulaney) and K (Captain Baxter) on the right. Colonel Kenly made a gallant effort to rally his men in an orchard. Here for a few minutes a stout resistance was made, but the progress of the Confederates was not stopped. Charging boldly among the infantry, they attacked them furiously with saber and pistol, Stonewall himself near the front urging them on. Colonel Kenly fell desperately wounded, his men broke and fled, and the retreat of the Federals soon became a wild riot."

The foregoing quotations settle the question as to what forces were engaged in this fight.

SEVENTEEN MONTHS IN CAMP DOUGLAS.

BY R. T. BEAN, COMPANY I, 8TH KENTUCKY CAVALRY.

(Continued from June number.)

We were now going through the form of eating two meals a day. Breakfast, consisting of hash, was served at 8 o'clock, and for dinner, at 1 P.M., we had a small piece of meat and a slice of bread. From dinner it was a fast until breakfast the next morning, but then we talked of the many good things we would have if we ever reached home again. A canary bird or a kitten would have starved to death had they depended upon crumbs from our table; and had Lazarus been laid at our gate, he would have reached the better land more quickly.

There was not a chair or stool in all that camp. We lounged in our bunks or sat on the floor or ground. Groups of men were forbidden. A four-handed game of cards was allowed, but no more. Guards were more active and vigilant than ever. One in particular made an impression upon me that will be as lasting as life itself. We knew him only as "Old Red." He had a name, no doubt, but "Old Red" described him and that was sufficient. He was a red-faced, red-headed Irishman, with all the characteristics of that nationality, and by a close cultivation of the same he was eternally and everlastingly kicking up a row. He was a man of many expedients, and by day and night he labored with us most assiduously. One cold day he slipped and fell a real good, jolly hard fall, and a member of the 64th North Carolina standing near laughed. Old Red shot and killed him on the spot. He reveled in torturing others. The slightest case of suspicion was as much evidence as he needed, and many a poor soldier has been hung up by the thumbs until reason was fled and life almost extinct. I could write a book of that fiend's cruelty and barbarity; and if there is one place in hell hotter than another, Old Red is in the center of it. It was reported before we left Camp Douglas that Old Red got leave of absence to go out in Chicago one day. He got drunk, was arrested, thrown into prison, and while there boasted of the tortures he had inflicted upon the Rebel prisoners, when a young man of his own nationality, becoming disgusted at his barbarity, attacked him with a knife and killed him.

The guards at our barracks were changed every few months. With two of them I became quite intimate. The first was "Old Dry," from the wind-swept plains of Minnesota. Who gave him that peculiar name I never knew, but I remember that the old gentleman was very much mystified when he first learned of his new cognomen.

I had offered the sutler five dollars for fifty pounds of flour, and he had smuggled it in to me. One morning while eating some biscuits Old Dry came into the barracks and was now slow in telling me he was very fond of biscuit, but his wife would never make them for him. I thought that very strange indeed at that time, but I know better now. I suggested that if he would get some butter we would enjoy our breakfast better. Off he went and soon returned with the butter, and we had a regular feast. We then made a trade that he was to supply the butter and I the biscuits, and many a good meal we had together after that. But I never could convince him that I would be a much better boy "out" of prison than "in." Finding that I had no chair (we took our bread and butter standing), Old Dry said he would make me one, and he actually did it. True, it was not a cane seat, and the upholstering was the plainest of Michigan pine, but it was a chair and the only one in all that camp so far as I knew. God bless Old Dry! His heart was in the right place, and I shall ever treasure his kind words and actions. I asked him why he had entered the army, for he was fast approaching the half century mark, and he told me he was in debt and a threatened foreclosure drove him in, as a law had been enacted exempting the property of soldiers from execution. He also said he was saving and sending home all of his wages. His patriotism was queer, but his economy and self-denial were perfect.

Old Dry's successor was a little dried-up, wizen-faced sucker from the malarial beds of Illinois. The chills had done their work on him, and there was only enough of him left to hold up the suit Uncle Sam had given him. He was one of those fellows born into the world, mosquitolike, only to make trouble for others, and he was always prying around to see or learn something—one of that class ever and always where he was not wanted.

One day I thoughtlessly exposed my watch to his vision, and a few days thereafter we were called out into line, for what purpose we did not know. It was a misty, cold, disagreeable morning, and before going out I threw a blanket around me. I suspected that some Yankee trick was to be played upon us, but I was only partially prepared for it. Taking my place in front of the men, I soon saw that a "search" was the order of the day. I had about sixty dollars in one- and two-dollar bills in an old-fashioned leaf pocketbook, but it was a large one and could not well be hidden. Fortunately, I had a small one in my pocket, but how to get the money from one to the other with one hand was the trouble. But the blanket came in well, and, walking up to one of my company, I told him to put his foot on whatever I dropped. He did so, and the money was safe.

In due time my dear little sucker came to me, and he was now ready to search me. I told him to go ahead and that if he found anything of value he was a better hunter than I; that I had been hunting for something valuable since I had been there; and while I occasionally turned up a "grayback," I found "greenbacks" very scarce. "Sergeant, where is your watch?" he asked me. I told him that it was a timekeeper and had taken time by the forelock and hied itself away. He failed to find the watch, and the most expert clairvoyant in Chicago would have had the same luck. I still have that watch, and it is ticking away as merrily as of old. The watch was taken from the dead body of a Federal soldier killed at the first day's fight of the battle of Greasy Creek, Ky. I have made several attempts to learn the name of the soldier who owned it that I might return it to his relatives, but I have failed.

But the ludicrous, the exasperating, the heart-rending occurred the following day when another barrack, occupied mostly by Texans, was called into line and searched. The search could not have been a very successful one, for when it was finished the Rebs were all driven from the ground, and a lot of guards with rakes came on the scene and began raking the ground for any hidden treasures therein concealed. We had evidently been watched the day previous and a valuable lesson learned. When this unexpected and most unique program was inaugurated, the Texans unconsciously lined up—lined up as they had done on many a field of carnage—and with bated breath and unuttered curses watched the proceedings. From a safe distance I took in the situation, and I can never hope to see such another. I could almost see the blue lines of hot, sulphurous smoke curling in angry columns from their dilating, distended nostrils as stroke after stroke brought to view some of their dear old Confederate scrip.

It required but a little stretch of the imagination to see emerging from the temples of each a pair of horns. Longer and longer they grew until the Texas length was reached, and there they stood. No word was uttered, no movement made, but with eyes riveted upon the scene they saw it all. Pity, indignation, and amusement filled my soul as I looked upon the scene, and with them I prayed that the day might come when with guns in our hands we could meet that squad of raking Yankees.

One warm summer night about ten o'clock some guards rushed into No. 7 and hustled us out in front of the barracks and made us stand on one foot for about half an hour. The kodak fiend had not made his appearance at that date, and I am glad he was absent that night. The varieties of night costumes would have been a sight of sights—the making of the artist, but the unmaking of us for all time to come. "Whack! whack!" went the clubs of the guards as some weary foot sought the ground, only to come back to an angle of ninety degrees, bruised and bleeding. I once saw an Eskimo dance, and that night of our one-foot performance was almost a dead match to it.

I guess Old Red introduced this new amusement and also that of making the men stand half bent and holding them in that position until a fellow almost imagined he was a beast of burden or, at any rate, a burdened beast. This was the only time I was ever punished. I had been threatened often, but always managed to escape. I told Old Dry of this night's pastime when he came on duty the next morning, and he expressed great indignation at this indignity which had been heaped upon us and asked why I had not informed him that night. I told him that, as he was off in bed asleep and I had one foot in the air, I did not see how I could have reached him.

I wonder if any of the boys remember a most wonderful coffee mill that came into possession of No. 7. It was as innocent-looking coffee mill as could be found anywhere and, being the only one in camp, did a big business. It had a peculiar faculty of never "giving up" what was put into it, or rather not "all" of it. In truth, I think the inventor of that attractive but deceiving "slot machine" must have been at one time an inmate of No. 7 and that he received the first idea of his invention from that dear old mill. We ground coffee for all who brought it to us, but never exacted any "toll." A pint of grain coffee put into it would come out a half pint of ground coffee. Our customers always offered "toll," but we refused it and waited until they had left the barracks, when we would give that dear old mill a vigorous shaking and out would come that other half pint. How I did enjoy the blank looks of astonishment on the faces of our patrons as they beheld their diminished grist as shown up by that innocent old mill!

Early one morning as the flag was being raised at headquarters the rope broke and down came Old Glory all in a heap. A shout, a regular Rebel yell, went up from those who saw it. In almost every battle in which we had been engaged we had seen Old Glory go down and naturally showed our appreciation when the happy event occurred. Almost before the echoes of that yell had died away that squad of exultant Rebels was surrounded and held the whole day without a morsel of food or drop of water. Three of the number succumbed to the extreme fatigue and dropped to mother earth for rest, but received instead each a Minie ball. And thus the work went merrily on.

One very common punishment inflicted upon the prisoners was by the ball-and-chain route. An iron ball weighing perhaps seventy-five pounds was strongly attached to one end of a chain, and the chain then riveted to the leg of the offender. To walk and carry the ball was almost a physical impossibility, and the possessors made little carts into which the balls were dumped and hauled around. These pieces of "jewelry," so called, would stick closer than a brother, and their owners were so much "attached" to them that they always took them to bed with them. It was a most excellent idea—it prevented their rolling out of bunks or walking while asleep. Another invention to amuse the prisoners was a ride on "Morgan's mule." This one was of wood and did his worst while standing still. He was built after the manner of those used by carpenters and plasterers and was about fifteen feet high with a very sharp "back" that was reached by a ladder. A wag of a Reb, after being hoisted into the saddle, told the guard he would feel more at home if he had a pair of spurs, and that blessed Yankee went off, got two bricks, and tied them to his feet.

The scenes of Camp Douglas viewed from this late date had so much of the ludicrous mixed with the painful that I smile oftener than I sigh when I think of them.

I received notice one morning to report at headquarters and found a box of clothing there that had been shipped from Cincinnati by an old friend of my father's. The provost marshal of Mt. Sterling had refused permission to let it be shipped from there, though he had lived in my father's family and taught our school for two years. Such was the bitterness in the border States. The official in charge told me that I could have all of the articles except a "soldier's knife," consisting of knife, fork, and spoon, a most valuable article for a soldier. I asked him why I could not have it, and he replied that he was afraid I would "cut" some one. I assured him I was at peace with all the world and the rest of mankind besides, but he said "no." Fortunately for me, at this moment one of his orderlies came in and spoke to him and his attention was taken from me and the knife, and in the twinkling of an eye I had it in my pocket and was off for my barracks. I expected to go to the dungeon for this, but the knife was worth the risk.

Much has been written about the "great conspiracy" to release the Rebels confined in the nation's Northern prisons. It was perhaps talked about less than any other move ever originated with a view to consummation. The oath was administered to me by a Mr. Waller, who, I thought, was a Texan. We went under my barracks, and, with my hand grasping a Bible, I repeated after him the most terrible, blood-curdling oath ever concocted by the brain of man. Every word seemed branded upon my mind with letters of fire, and for weeks afterwards I hardly knew who or what I was. And yet to-day I can recall but few of its striking features. If any one has it entire, it should be published for the benefit of our politicians who wish to insert strong, emphatic planks in their platforms. Mr. Thomas S. Logwood, now of Chicago, says about two thousand took this oath in Camp Douglas, but my recollection is that the number was fifteen hundred, just enough to supply the eleven thousand prisoners with company officers (the general and regimental officers were on the outside). A Northern writer has said that the destruction of Chicago was the first thing to be done after getting out. There is no truth in this statement whatever. We were to take or destroy munitions of war, but private property was not to be touched. Had we not gone through Indiana and Ohio with the fairest of records ever left by an invading

army? We were not members of the 15th Army Corps, nor had we ever "marched through Georgia." I have seen it stated that the outbreak had actually been started and that we were fired on by the guards. Wrong again. A park of artillery was massed within two hundred yards of the prison, and it was ready for action at all times, but never used. Their guns I often saw.

Mr. Logwood says that Captain Shanks was a member of Morgan's command. God forbid! Where he got such an idea I don't know. Shanks was in Camp Douglas when we arrived there and was clerking in the drug department of the camp. I made his acquaintance in a few days after I arrived. I met him across the counter on business for some of my men. He told me he was from Texas and had been there some time. As soon as I learned that he was trusted by the Federal authorities I resolved to get his aid, if possible, in effecting my escape. I finally asked him one day if there had been an exchange of prisoners since he had been there, and he replied yes, but that he did not care to go South again. From that moment I dropped him as I would an adder and seldom saw him afterwards. Shanks was the man who gave the plot away, and that presentment of Colonel Sweet's is a myth.

The best account I ever had of the outside workings of this affair was from a lecture I heard in Louisville by Gen. John B. Castleman. At the time he was a colonel in Morgan's command and was in and around Chicago for several months. The lecture was before the Louisville Confederate Association, and, knowing of the inside workings of the plot, it was doubly interesting to me. The conception of the scheme was wild and reckless in the extreme.

We could not have gone South on the railroads in Illinois and were too weak and debilitated to walk. When I went around on exchange in February, 1865, and landed from the boat at James Landing, on James River, it took me ten hours to walk to my camping ground for the night, a distance of eleven miles.

A few years ago I rode out to the Confederate Cemetery at Chicago and saw the monument that had been erected on the grounds. It is a beautiful shaft, and all honor to the people of Chicago for rearing it. It has warmed the hearts of the people of the South and stilled much bitterness that once rankled in their breasts. All honor to the many Posts of the G. A. R. who were so active in building this monument! I met many of them while there and remember with pleasure the many courtesies received at their hands.

But as I gazed over that field of the dead, as my eyes rested upon the thousands and thousands of stones that marked the place where rested the ashes of some Confederate soldiers, I wondered what had caused all of this fearful mortality. Before me I saw the headstones of five thousand six hundred Confederates whose lives went out in prison. No fearful epidemic had ever raged there. Was it starvation, neglect, and cruelty? God alone knows.

A worn and weary world in sorrow weeps
For high hopes vanished at life's sunny morn;
Yet Truth with eyes that never falter keeps
Her gaze on Freedom's face, that smiles in scorn
Of death for them who wear the laureled crown—
The early dead, who die with an achieved renown.

—*Armistead Churchill Gordon.*

SURRENDER OF MAHONE'S DIVISION.

BY H. A. MINOR, M.D., MACON, MISS.

I was surgeon of the 9th Regiment, Alabama Volunteers, Forney's Brigade, Mahone's Division (consisting of five brigades, one each from Virginia, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi), A. P. Hill's corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

Early in the morning of the 9th of April, 1865, we were halted in an old field about a mile from Appomattox Courthouse, faced to the right, marched in line about one hundred yards, halted, and stood at ease. Soon afterwards Field's Division came up, were halted, faced to left, marched one hundred yards, halted, and stood at ease. We had heard much of "the last ditch." Here it was. These two divisions contained more than half of the organized troops that General Lee then had. This was the ninth day from the evacuation of Petersburg. During these nine days we had had three days' rations. All our baggage wagons, ambulances, surgical instruments, supplies, artillery, etc., had been captured. As we marched the booming of cannons and the rattle of musketry had accompanied behind, on each side, and before us. But we had kept our alignment, half naked, hungry, and weary; but stern and steady the men marched. Up to this time we knew nothing of what was in our front—had not thought of surrender.

After an hour or two I saw coming from the courthouse a cavalcade with two officers in front, one wearing the gray and the other the blue, and about twenty men behind them, one-half blue and one-half gray. As they came up I recognized Colonel Fairfax, of General Longstreet's staff. Stepping into the road, I asked: "Colonel, what means this?" The answer was: "General Lee has surrendered to General Grant." I was shocked beyond expression. The men of our regiment called to me from the line to come to them at once and tell them what had occurred. I hurried to them and told them the news. No word can express the scene that followed. They had not thought of surrender, but they stood in line. After a while they were allowed to stack arms, but were ordered to remain near the line. A like scene occurred in Field's Division across the road. We camped there until we started home. We were not allowed to wander about. There were no other troops in sight except mounted Federal videttes all around us about a mile away. They all kept in perfect order. A Federal battery did begin to fire half-minute guns, but after a few minutes these stopped. Now and then a squad of Federals went by us, but always on duty with no stop. As they passed they saluted us respectfully and wondered at the small number of our men, showing no evidence of a disposition to crow over us.

Altogether we remained in this "bull pen" four days, the Federals indulging in no boasts, no firing of guns, no cheers that we heard. Never in all history was a captured army treated with so much respect. We were half starved, faint, and weary. We were given one day's short rations while there, the Federals stating that they themselves had very little food.

Those reminiscences that I wish to lay stress upon are the manner in which the Federals received the surrender of our arms and their expressions of admiration. I will now tell of how our (Mahone's) division surrendered. I suppose all the rest of our troops were treated in the same manner.

On the 10th inst. we were marched a mile or more, then came in sight of the United States army, which we then saw for the first time at this place. In front of us was a field with

two ridges or hills running parallel about half a mile apart. A cross ridge connected them, making three sides of a parallelogram, with the end next to us open. On the three sides of this were standing a large Federal army of many thousands, all armed and in serried ranks, with arms at shoulder, flags flying, and officers in their places. It was a grand sight. There was no cheering, no orders audible to us, but perfect silence.

We entered the open end of this parallelogram halfway between the two lines. O the heartbreaking ordeal for us! Every officer alert, arms to right shoulder shift, flags flying! O the poor fellows! I cannot keep from shedding tears now, forty-nine years after. Ragged, dirty, unkempt, many barefooted, many coatless, some hatless, eyes swollen! O so hungry and so weary! Yet as they entered this place, where they were to be disarmed and turned loose moneyless to find their way back to their homes in the various Southern States, where mothers, wives, and children were so poor, so helpless, where houses had been burned and farm animals had died or been carried off, these poor fellows dropped their route step and fell into parade step, threw back shoulders, raised their drooping heads, and looked at the brave array of blue on both sides and in front of them. O how proud of them was I, were all of us! For we were all well-nigh alike in clothing and other essentials.

When General Mahone had progressed so far that the rear of his division was within the parallelogram, he halted his men and faced them to the left, ordered them to close up, then ordered them to stack arms. It must be known that on such occasions it is usual to have the men to "ground arms"—that is, to lay them down on the ground. But here we had no such humiliation. We stacked arms "on the color line," hung our colors on the center stacks, then fell back in line. We looked at our guns, then with eyes blinded with tears we looked for the last time at our colors, the old rags that had been flags. Ragged? Yes, ragged from shell and shot. In place of the original staffs were sticks, makeshifts, for the staffs had been shot off. There we stood.

What of the Federals? General Grant and his men treated us nobly, more nobly than was ever a conquered army treated before or since. The conduct of the Federals on this occasion was soothing and comforting beyond anything that words can express. As the head of the column entered this parallelogram every flag in that great Federal army came to and was held at salute. Every officer's sword was drawn and held in salute, and every man who carried a gun brought and held it at salute as long as we remained there.

We looked in amazement. The army that we had been fighting so long, that we were now surrendering to, had suddenly overwhelmed us with kindly courtesy and high appreciation of our soldierly qualities. They stood thus until our forces had passed out of the parallelogram. It is almost impossible to estimate the comfort and relief this treatment gave us. It relaxed the tension of our nerves. We went back to camp, if that old field barren of tents, blankets, food, horses, or wagons could properly be called a camp. On the evening of the third day we got our paroles. Next morning, lo! there was no army there, no Federals, no Confederates.

On the second day before we had surrendered our arms we saw coming toward us as we were jumping about our camp two horsemen. Soon we knew that the foremost one was our dear old General Lee, with no escort save one orderly. He was riding the old gray thoroughbred, Traveler. As he came up we strung ourselves along both sides of the road. He lifted his hat and kept it up in his usual salute. His eyes were swollen. He looked O so aged and sad! He did not speak. We stood with heads bare and eyes streaming. He passed on until he was out of sight. We never saw him again. We had received his last order, thanking us, praising us, loving us, and bidding us go to our homes, rebuild them, and make good and loyal citizens of the United States. We had submitted our cause to the arbitration of the sword; the game had been played; we had lost. Dear old general! He was the greatest of the great in his prosperity, and in adversity and defeat he displayed the very highest and noblest characteristics of his Christian manhood.

The next day we remained in the "bull pen" awaiting our paroles. About night we (my brother, a friend, and I) got our paroles and our last order from General Lee, his farewell to his soldiers, Order No. 9. Neither of us had a cent of money nor a horse. My horse had some time before become disabled. It was between eight hundred and nine hundred miles to my home, in Macon, Noxubee County, Miss. We were weak from want of food. We had no baggage. We prayed for help and guidance to Him who is able to help and we started home.

I have been practicing my profession in Macon, Miss., since May, 1859. I joined the Confederate army April 30, 1861, as a private in Company F, 11th Regiment Mississippi Volunteers.

"WHO LOST SHILOH TO THE CONFEDERACY?"

BY W. B. ELLIS, IUKA, MISS.

My attention has been called to the article by L. R. Burress in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of September, 1913, entitled "Who Lost Shiloh to the Confederacy?" and the reply thereto by Y. R. Le Monnier, M.D., of Louisiana, in the November issue of that periodical.

I have no desire to be led into a controversy of such importance and magnitude as is raised by this bitterly disputed question, but my long study and extended research of all available literature on the battle of Shiloh may justify me in stating some facts not generally known to the world.

Many years ago, when I first went on this memorable battle field, one of the first things that attracted my attention was the growing cedar bush planted first by Mrs. Cantrell about 1865 to mark the spot where General Johnston fell. This cedar then stood and now stands on a level spot of ground, when, in fact, General Johnston "died in a ravine." I was astonished to find that the resident citizens of the battle field, many of whom resided there before, during, and after the war, could be so much in error as to this interesting though not highly important question. I then began a minute investigation as to how this spot came to be regarded as the place where our illustrious leader fell. Opening correspondence with Senator Isham G. Harris, then in Washington, D. C., I told him of the marked spot and added that I thought he owed it to history to help us locate the exact place. Governor Harris agreed to come, and on the 3d of April, 1896, went over the Shiloh battle field in company with General Buell, Colonel Looney (at that time park commissioners), and a party of us. Senator Harris then located the spot that was adopted by the commissioners and which was marked by the government as the place where General Johnston yielded up his life on that great battle field.

Now to a few of the many facts. Senator Harris and I returned to Corinth, Miss., that night, the Senator being on his way to Washington to resume his Congressional duties. In the interval before train time we were in the Senator's

room discussing the incidents of the Civil War, but more particularly the battle of Shiloh, and Senator Harris made the following statement, which at that time I reduced to writing and had his approval. His statement was as follows: "Immediately after the death of Albert Sidney Johnston I hurriedly sought General Beauregard, whom I found sitting on his horse at Shiloh Church and to whom I reported the death of General Johnston. General Beauregard said nothing in reply to my announcement for some moments, but seemed to be in a deep study. He then said: 'Well, Governor, everything is progressing well, is it not?' I answered that it was as far as my observation extended and then turned my horse and rode away. I had gotten probably three or four hundred yards off when the thought occurred to me, 'Where am I going?' I had been a volunteer aid on the staff of General Johnston, and he was now dead. The fact that I had no command to lead and no chief to whom I could report passed through my mind. I turned my horse and rode back to General Beauregard and tendered him my services. He replied that he would be glad to have me serve on his staff. I answered: 'Then I report now, General, and am ready for orders.' I remained there at that spot for some thirty or forty minutes perhaps, and, having received no orders, I said to General Beauregard that with his consent I would sweep down our lines and ascertain how the battle was progressing. Beauregard replied that he would be obliged if I would do so. I rode rapidly in an easterly direction down our line for some distance. I soon encountered a Confederate regiment deliberately marching to the rear. I ordered them to halt and inquired of them as to where they were going. They replied that they had received orders to 'fall back.' I asked by whose orders. The answer was, 'By General Beauregard's.' I said to them: 'Very well; if you are moving under General Beauregard's orders, I presume you cannot go wrong.' Very soon after this I saw regiment after regiment marching to the rear, from whom I learned that they had received similar orders from Beauregard. In a few minutes I encountered General Bragg, whose whole division was marching to the rear. General Bragg told me that General Beauregard's orders had been delivered by some of his staff 'to fall back to a place of safety and bivouac for the night.' General Bragg remarked to me that had this order been delivered to him personally he should have suspended it until he could communicate with General Beauregard and explain to him the condition of things in the field before putting it into execution, but the order had been announced all along the line to subordinates before being delivered to him. I instantly rode back to Beauregard, whom I found at the same place where I left him, and protested against the execution of this order to fall back. General Beauregard replied: 'Governor, you know as well as I do that these men have been on the march or engaged in battle for the last forty-eight hours and half of them without rations for the last twenty-four. The men must have rest and refreshment.' I answered: 'General, if the vote of these men could be taken now, ninety-nine out of every hundred would say: "Wind this thing up now and seek rest afterwards."' General Beauregard replied: 'It will take but a short time to finish it up in the morning.' I urged that 'by morning' we would find that the enemy had been taken across the river by his gunboats and transports and that we would have this enemy to fight again."

General Bragg says: "The concurring testimony, especially that of the prisoners on both sides, our captured being present and witnesses to the demoralization of the enemy and their eagerness to escape or avoid further slaughter by surrender, left no doubt that a persistent, energetic assault would soon have been crowned by a general yielding of his whole force. About one hour of daylight was left us. To the utter dismay of the commanders in the field, the troops were seen to abandon their inspiring work and to retire from the contest when danger was almost past and victory, so dearly purchased, was almost certain."

"Polk, Hardee, Breckinridge, Whithers, Gibson, Gilmer, and all who were there confirm this statement," says William Preston Johnston.

General Buell told me, as he has also written in his account of the battle, that General Grant had but about 5,000 men left in line of battle around Webster's improvised battery of siege guns when he (Buell) rode down Grant's line late Sunday afternoon. Where were those valiant troops, 41,543 strong, who were present and ready for duty when the battle opened at early dawn? Some twenty-odd thousand of them, routed and utterly demoralized, were congregated in Mr. Hagey's field of thirty-five acres lying before Pittsburg Landing. The writer was told by Mr. Hagey that he lived on the battle field and, with his father, fell back with the routed Federals and was with them Sunday and Sunday night, and that his father often remarked that he did not believe he could work a ramrod up and down among them without touching either a man, horse, or a cannon, so thickly were they crowded in his field.

General Nelson, who served under Buell, describes great masses of Grant's army as "cowering under the river bank, frantic with fright and utterly demoralized." General Nelson begged permission to have his fresh troops fire among them when they refused to be rallied. The authorities quoted by Dr. Le Monnier will not be accepted by the future historian in the face of the cumulative testimony of the thousands on both sides to the effect that the battle was lost by failure to deliver the last blow, and why it was not made is conclusively shown by Beauregard's order to "fall back" when one hour yet remained before nightfall.

Why did Beauregard stop short when victory was within his grasp? The God of battles only knows. But this we do know from Thomas Jordan, Beauregard's chief of staff, that Sunday afternoon "a telegraphic dispatch addressed by Colonel Helm to General Johnston, as well as I now remember from the direction of Athens in Tennessee, was brought me from Corinth by a courier, reporting that scouts employed in observing General Buell's movements reported him to be marching, not toward a junction with Grant, but in the direction of Decatur, Ala." The truth is, General Buell was then personally on the battle field, and Ammen's Brigade of his army got across the Tennessee River before sunset and lost two men killed and one wounded in battle that day.

Buell's friends say he "saved Grant," but does any one believe that a brigade could check the victorious advance of a great army flushed with victory? The only answer to the question, "Who lost Shiloh to the Confederacy?" is that Beauregard did when he issued his fatal order to "fall back to a place of safety and bivouac for the night."

[The preceding article was written as a letter to L. R. Burress, who, in sending it to the VETERAN, writes of his sorrow on account of the death of its honored editor, saying: "I have no words to express the value of his life. The truest life is that which finds and shows the truth of the times in which that life is spent, with malice toward none and good will to all."]

THE BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK, VA.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

This battle, which was fought on the 19th of October, 1864, between the Confederate forces, about 12,000 in number, under Gen. Jubal Early, and about 43,000 Federals under General Sheridan, was the last battle of the Valley Campaign. Until noon this engagement was the most signal victory the Confederates ever won over the overwhelming numbers of the enemy; but by the bad management of some one it turned into our utter defeat, with the loss of all our artillery and that taken from the enemy, about seventy pieces in all. Our success in the morning was due to the foresight and good judgment of that superb leader, Gen. John B. Gordon. Who was to blame for this disaster I shall leave it to others to say.

After the hard-fought battle of Winchester between the same forces on September 19 and the rout of our men at Fisher's Hill a few days later, Early's army reorganized in the upper valley near Weir's Cave, and after resting a while a few reënforcements came from Lee's army, and Early decided once more to try conclusions with Sheridan and even up with him for his wanton destruction of the Shenandoah Valley. We set out on our march and in a few days were in the vicinity of Strasburg on the old Fisher's Hill battle field. Here we camped and rested a few days, while General Gordon reconnoitered and took observations of the Federals left to hold that part of the valley while Sheridan retired with the rest of his forces to Winchester. Here (at Strasburg) the Massanutten Mountain attains its greatest elevation and ends abruptly. Around its northern base one branch of the Shenandoah River winds, flowing toward the east, and, after it passes the mountain, Cedar Creek, a large stream, flows into it from the north.

While resting his men in camp General Gordon was always on the lookout to take some advantage of the enemy. He discovered that the Federals had placed a signal station on the highest point of the mountain, from which they had a fine view of the country to the north, east, and west; but on account of the wooded nature of the mountain they could not see what was going on at its base. Seeing this advantage, he took a few select men and with these he followed the course of the river until he came to the foot of the mountain, where he deployed his men in skirmish formation and advanced up the steep and rocky mountain side. The Federal guard, not suspecting an attack in this elevated and secure place, had stacked their arms at the outside of the camp and, lying around in a careless way, were not aware of the approach of the Confederates until they had passed their guns. They saw that resistance was useless and all surrendered without firing a shot. General Gordon was now able from this commanding position to take in the situation and make his arrangements to surprise and rout the enemy in their breastworks on the north side of Cedar Creek. He conceived the idea of marching the army around the foot of the mountain in single file at night over a trail near the foot of the mountain to a ford on the Shenandoah.

At 4 P.M. on the 18th all the officers of General Gordon's brigade assembled at his headquarters, and he gave them instructions to march without the least noise, as we were to pass very near the enemy's pickets, and to keep every man in place so that at dawn we could rush across the river and fall on the Federal left; the rest of the army at a given signal would cross the creek and enter their earthworks while the enemy were still asleep in their tents.

All this was carried out and proved a perfect success. The entire line of Federal works was carried and all their equipment fell into our hands. The surprise was so complete that thousands of the Federals fled, minus guns, shoes, hats, with nothing to cover their bodies but what they slept in the night before. Had Gordon's plans not been interfered with, history would have been different from what it now is.

Well do I remember how we plunged into the icy waters of the Shenandoah as day was beginning to dawn, the struggle to get to the bank on the other side, and the effort to reach the top of the high embankment, now made slick by our wet clothing; how some comrade jostled me just as I reached the top and I slid back into the cold water and had to try it all over again. We were trotted up the road and formed facing the wagon camps at the enemy's left, where they were trying to burn wagonloads of supplies. We advanced and drove their infantry across a field into a deep ravine and out of this to their works, protected by a formidable abatis of fallen timber, and out of this also to the open fields and woods beyond toward Newtown, halfway to Winchester. Crossing the breastworks at an elevated point on our right, we could see small detached bands of our men still pursuing and driving the enemy, who were keeping up a very effective fight with some artillery they were fortunately able to keep from falling into our hands. This artillery was served with great skill and kept back the few Confederates who were maintaining some sort of a line.

Looking toward the left, we were surprised to see our wagon trains and artillery coming across the bridge onto the battle field. All these that evening fell into the hands of the enemy. Whoever ordered this movement during this temporary lull in battle must have been drunk or crazy, and we all thought so at the time. Finally our scattered fragments were collected and formed some sort of a line to face the hot fire of the artillery; but the spaces between the different units were so wide that it was evident to every one that if the routed infantry of the enemy would only reform and make an effort we would be obliged to give way.

In the meantime the noise of battle and the arrival of the half-naked fugitives at Winchester caused Sheridan to awake from his slumbers and make his celebrated ride toward the scene of battle, bringing with him a fresh army. All this consumed time in which the commander of our army could have made arrangements to meet the storm gathering to crush us; but little or nothing was done, although every private soldier saw the necessity of it.

An order now came to Captain Harrell, of our regiment (31st Georgia), to take his company and two others, in all about thirty men, and go to the extreme left of the line of infantry and assist our cavalry there. When we arrived at that place there were no cavalry to be seen. He deployed his men about thirty steps apart with orders to hold their ground against the enemy, now reformed and reënforced and forming two splendid lines in our front. We maintained our line intact until the entire army had given way, which we could see from our elevated position; and now the advance began in our front, and we were swept away and forced to seek safety in flight. The artillery succeeded in crossing the slender bridge over Cedar Creek, but was overtaken before it reached Strasburg in a sunken place in the road by the Federal cavalry, and the foremost teams were cut down. The entire train of artillery and many baggage wagons had to be abandoned and fell into the hands of the enemy.

General Gordon was so mortified at this turn of affairs which he had planned and carried forward so successfully that he took it upon himself to organize a small force to fall suddenly on the enemy during the night and drive them away and recapture his artillery, but his men were too much exhausted and the night was so far spent that he was obliged to give up the idea. The next morning the army withdrew from Fisher's Hill, south of Strasburg, up the valley to New Market, and went into camp.

General Early was a brave and true man, but he had now lost the confidence of his soldiers; and General Lee in December ordered him to march the army to the railroad and turn his command over to Gen. John B. Gordon, who was loved and admired by every soldier in the army. Under him it did good fighting at Hatcher's Run, Deep Run, Fort Steadman, and at Appomattox. According to official reports of the Confederate and Federal commanders, our little army since we were detached in June from General Lee's army at Cold Harbor had marched over a great part of four States, had killed, wounded, and captured twenty-two thousand of the enemy (about twice as many men as we had), and had carried the war to the very gates of the city of Washington, which we could have entered and destroyed if we had been allowed to do so by General Early. We had fought thirty-five battles and important skirmishes. Thus ended the last valley campaign under Early.

RETRIBUTION FOR THE MURDER OF GENERAL MORGAN.

BY H. L. HEDGCOTH, AUSTIN, TEX.

It may not be generally known that the Federal troops by whom Gen. John H. Morgan was killed were afterwards severely handled and punished, many of them being killed and captured before the close of the war by the same Confederate troops that were under his command at the time of his death, which occurred on the 4th of September, 1864. Some account of this retributive punishment will doubtless be of interest, especially to the many friends of that gallant general.

In September, 1864, Gen. John C. Breckinridge was placed in command of the Department of East Tennessee and Western Virginia, and after defeating a Federal force under General Burbridge at Saltillo, Va., he moved on down the valley, joined General Vaughan, striking the Federal forces under Gen. Alvin C. Gillem on the 10th of November and driving them into their fortifications at Bull's Gap in a spur of the Blue Ridge, through which ran the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. Though that was a natural fortification, our officers concluded that it could be taken by a simultaneous assault from both sides of the ridge. And on the morning of the 12th at early dawn the bugles sounded a charge, and cheer after cheer rent the cold morning air while we clambered up the steep hillside over rocks, brush, and fallen trees which had been cut down to impede our progress. We soon found the enemy's works to be absolutely unapproachable from our side, and we withdrew after losing nine men and one captain.

Our comrades on the south side made a most gallant and desperate assault, fighting hand to hand with the enemy, capturing their works; but being unsupported and exposed to an enfilading fire with grape and canister from the enemy's batteries, they too withdrew after losing one hundred men. Twenty-nine of these men were left dead inside the enemy's works.

Being repulsed, but not defeated, we fell back to await further developments from the enemy, whom we knew to be on very short rations and would soon be compelled to surrender or come out and take chances of fighting us in the open country. They chose the latter, and we attacked their column at Whitesburg about nine o'clock in the night. We had approached within one hundred yards of their moving column without their having any knowledge of our presence. The night was cold and crisp. A bright moon was in the western sky, beautifying the face of nature with its silver rays. The boys in blue were riding gayly on, singing love songs, cracking jokes, and having a merry time. The first intimation they had of our presence was in a few random shots from our skirmishers. They hastily fell back a few hundred yards and formed in line of battle, when we moved our column square across their path and formed in line of battle. East Tennesseeans faced East Tennesseeans. Colonel Ingerton, the Federal officer who was in command of their advance, said: "O, it is nothing but bushwhackers; we will brush them out of our way and continue our march to Knoxville."

What a fatal mistake! Some of his men suggested caution and said that it might be "Old Vaughan." The earth had been well beaten down by the moving army and was frozen, and as the Federal horsemen came thundering over it with wild yells and a mad rush it was evident that they would make a desperate attempt to overwhelm our line. It seemed that it would be impossible to check their impetuous onslaught, but the 1st Tennessee Confederate Cavalry had been tried in many previous engagements, and they gripped their guns and stood firm, anxiously awaiting the terrific clash.

As the head of their column came against ours, a flash of fire like forked lightning leaped forth from our line, and such a scrambling of men and horses! The Federals beat a hasty retreat; and being pressed in their rear by our cavalry, about three hundred threw down their arms and surrendered. With a comrade I advanced a few spaces to look at the wreck. O how cruel is war! The first man I came to was groaning as if in the agonies of death. I dismounted and went to his assistance. Raising him up, I found that he was only stunned from the fall of his horse, from which he soon revived, and I turned him over to the guards. It was Major Deakins, of the 8th Tennessee Cavalry. He and Colonel Ingerton, of the 13th, were leading the charge. A short time before this brigade sent Vaughan's Brigade word by an old lady whom they passed inside our lines that they were grinding their sabers for us. Indeed, their challenge was not to be lightly regarded. They had scored a victory over us at Morristown a few weeks before, but on this occasion they were doomed to a crushing and inglorious defeat.

Foster's Brigade once sent us a similar message, and along in 1863, when the leaves began to turn yellow, we made a night march and swooped down upon them early one morning at Big Creek, near Rogersville, and nearly all of them went south and stayed till the close of the war. This was the only night fight in which I ever participated, and I must confess that I never was anxious to repeat it for two reasons. First, it was a very dangerous business; then it was very discourteous and impolite to punch a fellow in the short ribs with the muzzle of your gun to make him tell whether he was Federal or Confederate before you assumed the responsibility of shooting him or making him surrender. Several times in the night our troops were intermixed with the Federals, and we could not tell one from the other. I captured two Federal officers, the yellow stripes on their arms shining

in the pale light of the moon giving them away. One was Sergt. Lafayette Miller, of the 8th Tennessee Cavalry, who gave me three pictures of ladies to send to him when he went to prison.

All night long we hung upon the rear of their retreating column, capturing prisoners, artillery, and wagons. The enemy rallied their scattered forces on a ridge near the village of Panther Springs next morning one hour by sun and made a gallant but unsuccessful attempt to check our advance. General Vaughan looked through his glasses and said: "Boys, they have one more piece of artillery. If you will take that from them, then we will let our horses rest." They had placed it in position and were working it for all it was worth when our cavalry raised an enthusiastic yell and rushed over it, capturing the gun with a number of prisoners and sending the remainder whirling on down the valley.

General Morgan's death was avenged, and East Tennessee was relieved of Federal forces for a while. I never learned the number killed and wounded on either side. We captured six or seven hundred prisoners, seven pieces of artillery with caissons, over one hundred wagons and ambulances, and several battle flags.

"WAR TIMES IN HEMPSTEAD COUNTY, ARK."

BY J. W. NUTTING, GOODMAN, MO.

In an article appearing in the VETERAN for September, 1913, under the above heading I notice some mistakes, according to my memory of the campaigns of 1863-64, of the Trans-Mississippi Department. I belonged to Company H, 16th Missouri, Colonel Lewis's regiment, Parsons's Brigade, Price's Division. I enlisted early in 1862 at the age of fourteen and was with the army all the time. In attempting to correct an error I wish to make it clear that General Price's division was made up of Parsons's, Clark's, Churchill's, and Tappen's Brigades.

After the Helena campaign and the fight of July 4, 1863, we went back to Little Rock and fortified that place. On August 10 we evacuated after some hard cavalry fighting, withdrawing to Camden, Ark., where we went into winter quarters and made the place a stronghold by our fortifications. Early in 1864 we left Camden and went into camp in Hempstead County, twenty miles from Dooley's Ferry, on Red River. On the 20th of March we marched south to Shreveport. At this time our forces included Price's Division of Infantry, four brigades and the cavalry being detained to keep Steel from advancing south.

After Price's Division took a short rest at Shreveport, we were ordered south on a forced march to meet Gen. Dick Taylor, who was being driven by a large force of Federals under the command of General Banks. Our troops met General Taylor at Mansfield, Price's infantry numbering about 8,000. General Taylor was ordered to fall back to Shreveport. Gen. E. Kirby Smith was commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department at that time, and at two o'clock on the 8th of April, 1864, the fight began and lasted until night, when the Federals began their retreat. General Green, commanding a cavalry brigade of Texas troops, followed up the victory, which was complete for our army. General Banks was completely routed, his losses being thirty-two pieces of artillery and a lot of small arms. General Green followed Banks to Yellow Bayou. It was Banks's intention to join Steel at Shreveport.

The article in the September VETERAN mentions Generals Churchill and Taylor as the only two officers in these engagements, when really Churchill (a brigadier general) and Generals Taylor and Price commanded the Red River campaign. I must not forget to state that the fight, which was begun on the 8th, continued on the 9th of April. Banks took a stand at Pleasant Hill, some two miles south of Mansfield, and our forces followed him to that place, and we had a hard fight. General Banks was reënforced by 12,000 troops under Gen. A. J. Smith. Our army won another great victory. All the way from Mansfield to Pleasant Hill lay the dead and dying, and General Green followed up with desperate onslaught.

Then it was that Generals Price and Taylor were ordered to reënforce the cavalry detained at Camden and north of that place to combat with General Steel. The cavalry forces that had been left to hold Steel in check were Generals Cabell, Fagan, and old Joe Shelby, with General Marmaduke in command. Before we could return to Camden, Steel took possession.

Through our cavalry Steel's forage trains, men, and supplies met with heavy losses, and under Generals Price and Taylor an engagement took place at Poison Springs, twelve miles south of Camden. We camped at this place for some time and had Steel surrounded and cooped in. After Poison Springs, we received double-quick orders to Camden, where a LeSueur Battery threw a few shells at the Federal pickets and drove them in.

At this point General Price right-faced us and took us back to Poison Springs. On the march back old "Pap" and his staff passed us. He was riding through the brush, and I said: "General, you fooled us this evening." He said that was true, but he had fooled the Yankees too. We had thought we were going to take Camden, and we well knew what the LeSueur Battery threw a few shells at the Federal pickets winter.

The next day we were marched back to Camden in haste. The sun had just gone down when our march ended, and we did not find a Federal in the place. All had departed. General Fagan, who was stationed north of the Ouachita River and on guard at that place, had been ordered to Arkadelphia, twenty miles above. It was always thought by our men that some other than our own had made the order or sent the dispatch. Steel got out one night ahead of our army, and we started in hot pursuit and overtook him at Sabine River, and I never saw harder fighting than we had for five hours. It was a victory for the South, but at great cost. Both sides lost several of their best officers and men.

The September VETERAN article failed to mention the prominent part taken by Generals Price, Parsons, and Clark in the campaign. They and their men are entitled to as much credit as any engaged in this campaign. In referring to the Louisiana expedition and the fighting there, only Taylor and Churchill are mentioned, and the same mistake is made in reference to Sabine River. Another mistake was in saying that the purpose of Banks and Steel was to form a junction at Dooley's Ferry. Now, I know there was nothing at Dooley's Ferry on which they could concentrate, while at Shreveport there were valuable government stores.

I have stated the above with perfect good feeling to every old Confederate who may chance to see this article, which is my first attempt at writing on the war.

PRICE'S MISSOURI CAMPAIGN, 1861.

BY J. P. BELL, FULTON, MO.

After Sigel had been driven out of Carthage, Governor Jackson ordered his men into camp. Colonel Burbridge established his camp near the town, and his commissary issued to us a supply of cooking utensils and a part of the bacon and flour that we had captured during the day. Of his four companies that entered the fight in the morning, not exceeding twenty men had kept up with him and were with him in the last charge to the east of the town that sent Sigel skurrying toward Springfield; of the Callaway Guard, only three, two Westminster School boys, eighteen years old, and Jesse Garner, a man whose life of some forty years had been spent in dissipation—the last three that would have been picked the morning we left Fulton as most likely to withstand the fearful heat of that terribly hot July day. Numbers were prostrated and fell by the roadside, while big, strong, muscular young men could not keep the pace Sigel set us.

After a night's rest we leisurely marched to Cowskin Prairie, near Cowskin Creek, where General Price took command, reorganized, drilled, and disciplined us into a sure-enough army, and marched us to Cassville, where we were joined by Gen. Ben McCulloch's Confederates. While in camp on Cowskin Prairie details were sent into the surrounding country, took possession of the wheat fields, thrashed the wheat, took it to the neighborhood mills, had it ground into flour that supplied us with bread, and the young cattle on the prairies supplied us with excellent beef, fat and juicy; but having no salt for several weeks made it hard living. After resting a day, we left "Praying" John Davis at camp to prepare our dinner and went to the creek to wash our clothes, the first washing since we left Fulton. After scrubbing and boiling our clothes, late in the evening we returned to camp tired and hungry, anticipating a good dinner, as John was noted as our best cook; but when we reached camp John's countenance showed us clearly that something had gone wrong. "Boys," he said, "I have spoiled our meat and have nothing but bread for you." Some one had told John that powder would answer every purpose of salt; and though powder was a scarce and valued article, John had put enough into the camp kettle to ruin the beef. Such is overconfidence.

Gen. Ben McCulloch, with his Texas, Arkansas, and Louisiana troops, met us at Cassville, and, after dallying for a few days, marched with us to Wilson's Creek, where we camped the night of August 8, 1861. General Clark, with Burbridge's Regiment, went into camp on the south side of what became noted two days later as "Bloody Hill." We cleared away the brush up to our color line; but above the color line for some fifty yards the brush was thick and a little taller than a man, and there were a few scattering trees, then on to the top of the hill it was almost bald, with scattering brush and an occasional tree.

August 9 we spent molding bullets and making cartridges for our rifles. We trimmed a stick round to fit loosely in the muzzle of our rifles with two thicknesses of strong paper that was issued to us cut the proper shape, and we then inclosed the bullet in the patchen, gathered the edges together, tied it strongly with shoemakers' thread, then wrapped the paper around the stick far enough over the end to stick the tied end of the patchen into the paper until solid against the end of the stick, then tied it securely, withdrew the stick, poured in the charge of powder, mashed the cylinder of paper flat down to the powder, turned in the corners straight to the end, and then, doubling it back solid against the powder, held it securely, with the patchen well greased to start with, and thus we had a fair imitation of a cartridge.

Late in the evening orders were given to fall into line, positions assigned to the several commands, and the march started for Springfield. It was the intention of Price and McCulloch to surprise Lyon in his camp the next morning; but before the several commands were straightened out on the road it commenced raining. Price's Missourians had no cartridge boxes. The riflemen carried their ammunition mostly in their pockets; those with shotguns had their powder horns and shot pouches. Rain was not conducive to keeping the powder dry, so we were ordered back to our camps. We had a good night's sleep, with no dreams of the to-morrow, for we had no conception of what a to-morrow's battle was like, all our so-called battles having been practically one-sided skirmishes. So far we had not met any sure-enough fighting Yankees.

It was my morning to cook the mess breakfast; so at the earliest dawn I was up, started the fire, put oven and lid on the fire to heat, mixed the dough, put in the biscuit, and was in the act of putting coals on the oven lid when boom! went Totten's Yankee cannon. I don't know to this day whether those coals fell on the lid or the ground. I dropped the broad shovel and sprang to the tent to awake my messmates, but they needed no waking. With wide-eyed haste they were throwing off their blankets and reaching for their shoes (they slept in their clothes), and in less time than it takes to write this they had their rifles in their hands and were ready to obey Captain McIntyre's command to fall in line.

Here I want to make one observation. The man with the gun and the one on horseback do not always see alike on a battle field. No less an authority than Price's adjutant general, Speed, in his "Fight for Missouri" says that Clark, with Burbridge's Regiment, took position to the left of Slack; then came Parsons, with Guibor's Battery and Kelley's Regiment and McBride to the left of Parsons. He saw wrong. Guibor's Battery was camped on the extreme east end of the hill near the telegraph road; Clark's was immediately to the left of the battery and occupying nearly two-thirds of the face of Bloody Hill, with General McBride's men to his left. The battery still occupied its camp position, and Clark advanced only above his color line to the upper edge of the thick brush to form his battle line, moving a little to the right to connect with Kelley's line, supporting the battery. McBride's men occupied the skirt of timber to Clark's left and facing Bloody Hill obliquely.

Before our officers had completed dressing our line on the color line, Lyon's men, marching along the crest of the hill, approaching our line obliquely, fired upon us. A ball struck John Davis, passing through both lungs, but, strange to say, did not kill him. He lived through the war, fighting in many battles, returned to his home at its close, married an estimable woman, and reared a family of Methodist preachers.

After Colonel Burbridge had dressed his line, General Clark rode down the line and ordered us to hold our fire until we could see the whites of their eyes, then to aim at their U. S. belt buckles. The Federals had turned over the crest of the hill from us, and we could hear the officers' commands while dressing their line. In a few minutes they came over the hilltop at quick time. When they had gotten about halfway from the top of the hill to the brush, they were then in plain view of Guibor's Battery on our right and McBride's rifles on our left. A simultaneous fire from our rifles, Gui-

bor's Battery, and McBride's men moved down so many of them that they scampered back over the hilltop. As soon as we reloaded our guns General Clark ordered us to charge them. We charged to the top of the hill, where we could plainly see them formed ready to receive us, both front and reserve lines. We exchanged shots with them, then fell back to our friendly brush to reload, with the Feds in hot pursuit; but then we uncovered our battery, and McBride's men opened again their cross fire, enfilading their line with such terrible effect that they broke again and fled over the top of the hill. To the best of my memory, neither Guibor nor McBride changed positions during the battle. Only Burbridge and Kelley maneuvered on that part of the field in the early part of the engagement. After the fourth advance and retreat, I was knocked out of the game by a hot ball taking my scalp. The last thing I remembered was seeing Captain McIntyre pass his immediate front with blood gushing out of both sides of his face and mouth. A bullet had passed through his face, breaking the jawbone.

From my best memory and best information this was about nine o'clock, and we had been playing this bloody game some two hours and had used only four cartridges and the load in the rifle at the start, and but few of the men had used more. The continual caution of our officers was: "Save your ammunition; don't fire without taking steady aim." I think I would be safe in saying that the Yankees fired at least three shots to our one. Had they been as deliberate as we were, Price would have had to stop fighting and sent for more men to be killed. Bloody Hill was, sure enough, bloody as it was. The boys who buried the Federal dead said the majority of them were shot through the head, although General Clark had ordered us to aim at their belt buckles. Discussing this around the camp fires, some one said that was easily accounted for; that when they aimed at the belt buckle it glanced the ball, which was no good; so the boys then returned to their old squirrel-head shooting, which counted.

From the boys who stuck through the game to the end we learned that there was but little change in the maneuvers on Bloody Hill. The Yankee officers were never able to get their men beyond the dead line formed by the cross fire of Guibo's Battery (the guns loaded with buckshot, scrap iron, slugs, and gravel) and McBride's rifles.

At the close of the day's work the Callaway Guards had sixteen men left out of forty-four men and four officers that entered the fight in the morning. The rest had been killed, wounded, or had gone to take care of the wounded, with a sergeant in charge of the company.

Here it is proper to pay the last respect to Lieutenant Haskins. I said in a previous article that he was all soldier. He certainly knew how to fight; and if he enjoyed anything better than drilling men, it was fighting. Our captain was brave, willing, and had learned the art of war rapidly; but from appearances Haskins was born a full-fledged soldier, cool, daring, watchful, and alert, the only man I ever saw on a battle field that filled every duty of a lieutenant. When Captain McIntyre was wounded, he took command of the company with the same eager, watchful care to save the men and still get all the fight out of them possible. Seeing some of his men bunched behind a tree, he rushed to them to scatter them, but too late. His last words were: "Scatter, boys; you are making a target for their cannon." These words had barely passed his lips when a cannon ball was thrown into the bunch, clipping off the heads of John K. Wells and Ike Terrell, two of our very best soldiers, and tearing away one of Haskins's shoulders, exposing the last heartbeat of this brave, mysterious, and unknown soldier.

General McCulloch had not finished Sigel any too soon for our boys on Bloody Hill, for Lyon had fought like a demon and Price's ranks were dangerously thin. The Confederates coming in the nick of time, as Lyon was killed, put the Yankees to flight. Thus ended this strange and bloody fight.

WHY SHERMAN DID NOT GO TO AUGUSTA.

BY H. W. GRABER, DALLAS, TEX.

In the May number of the VETERAN appears a communication from B. H. Teague, of Aiken, S. C., purporting to give General Sherman's reason for not burning Augusta, Ga., on his march of destruction from Atlanta to Savannah, Ga., which should not be accepted as correct and thus pass into history.

The idea of sparing a city, the mainstay of a Southern army, the only arsenal and supply depot left to the Confederacy, simply to protect the investment of a few Union men in connection with Mrs. Helm, a sister of Mrs. Lincoln, in a lot of cotton, turpentine, rosin, and tobacco stored there is too absurd to be considered, particularly that of General Sherman's having received instructions from Washington to that effect.

Some years ago I gave General Bragg's and General Sherman's versions of the reason, which I will now repeat and forever set at rest this question. As stated in my former communication, General Bragg was a guest at my house in Waxahachie, Tex., in 1885 while engaged with his surveying corps in locating the Waxahachie Tap Railroad, of which I was the President, and I had the honor of giving him his first job in Texas. He then explained to me the reason General Sherman failed to burn Augusta, Ga.

When Sherman's infantry were nearing Waynesboro, a point about twenty-five miles west of Augusta, General Bragg instructed General Wheeler, whose cavalry was the only Confederate force disputing Sherman's advance, to notify him when his infantry entered the town; to leave the telegraph instrument intact, but give the office the appearance of having been abandoned precipitately. Waiting a reasonable time for the Federals to take possession of the telegraph instrument, he called for General Wheeler and was answered by some Federals, when he transmitted the following:

"General Wheeler, hold Waynesboro at all hazards. Longstreet's Corps is arriving. I will take the field in person.

BRAXTON BRAGG."

Some time after the close of the war, perhaps as much as ten years, I noticed an interview with General Sherman which gave his reasons for not destroying Augusta, Ga., as follows: "I have often been asked my reason for not burning Augusta, Ga. To set this matter at rest, I will say that my army was without a commissary, depending upon the country for subsistence, therefore not in condition to give battle. When I reached Waynesboro, I learned that General Bragg, with Longstreet's Corps and other troops, was in Augusta prepared to defend the place, which forced me to abandon its destruction and rapidly move to my new base of supplies, Savannah, Ga. Now, if the people of Augusta think that I spared their city for the love and affection I had for them, I will now, if the President will give me permission, take a hundred thousand of my bummers and burn it yet."

Some few years after this I noticed an article in the Scientific American under the caption of "Telegraphy in War" by

a writer who claimed that he was a lieutenant in Sherman's army and in the telegraph service; that he struck and tapped the telegraph wire between Augusta and Waynesboro and took off the following telegram:

"General Wheeler, hold Waynesboro at all hazards. Longstreet's Corps is arriving. I will take the field in person.

BRAXTON BRAGG."

Thus we have General Bragg's own statement on his effective ruse to save Augusta when he had no troops there to defend it, corroborated by General Sherman's interview and the lieutenant's article in the Scientific American; therefore there can be no doubt that this was General Sherman's real reason for not destroying Augusta.

This article was submitted to B. H. Teague, who replied: "I have only put into print what Mr. Charles Estes believes are facts. It is reasonable to suppose, too, that General Sherman knew General Lee was too hard pressed by Grant to be able to send a single man to the assistance of General Bragg, much less a corps of his army."

GENERAL GRANT'S MAGNANIMITY.

BY REV. JAMES H. M'NEILLY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Among the higher Federal military officers, General Grant seemed most kindly disposed toward the Confederates and willing to help them get on their feet again. Generals Buckner and John B. Gordon were on terms of warm friendship with him. I remember a conversation I had with the late Gov. James D. Porter in which he spoke in warmest terms of General Grant's generous kindness to Southerners. He said that on one occasion he went to President Grant to seek a position for a daughter of Hon. A. J. Donelson. She had been turned out of a government position which she had filled admirably because she was a Southern sympathizer. The President at once interested himself in her behalf and had her appointed to a good position, which she held as long as he was in office.

In illustration of General Grant's magnanimity an incident was related by the late Alf Burton, well known in Nashville. Mr. Burton was on the staff of General Longstreet in the Army of Northern Virginia. He said that after the arrangements for the surrender were completed Generals Grant and Longstreet sat by a fire far into the night talking over old times. They had been classmates, probably roommates, at West Point and were devoted personal friends. In the conversation no reference was made to the war, but only to their personal relations and memories. They called each other by their old West Point names, "'Lysses" and "Jim." After a while General Grant said: "Jim, what family have you?" The answer was: "I have a wife and a houseful of girls." Then the question: "Jim, how are you fixed?" Then the reply was: "I haven't a dollar in the world." Burton said that General Grant seemed greatly worried and got up and walked back and forth before the fire in deep thought. Finally, stopping before his old friend but sometime foe, he said: "Jim, I'm sorry that I can't help you now; but it won't be long until I will be in a position to help you, and I will certainly do it if you will promise me that when I offer the help you will not act a fool and refuse to take it." General Longstreet arose and, giving his hand, said: "'Lysses, I promise, and I will accept it in the same spirit in which it will be given." There was no demand for apology or retraction of General Longstreet's Confederate record. The offer and its acceptance were only the expression of loving fellowship between old friends and comrades. When General Grant became President, as is known, he appointed General Longstreet to a lucrative position in the government service. Mr. Burton believed General Grant knew then that he would be President. Mr. Burton also considered the incident and its sequel a fine example of moral courage, for both generals knew that they would be bitterly criticized—Grant by the North for the appointment and Longstreet by the South for accepting it, as was done.

The incident here related was told by Mr. Burton to Dr. W. L. Dismukes, a prominent dentist of Nashville, and Dr. Dismukes told it to me.

THE ORIGIN OF COMPANY Q.

BY J. R. GIBBONS, BAUXITE, ARK.

In November, 1861, the Army of Northern Virginia was encamped around Centerville. "Jeb" Stuart, with the 1st Virginia, 1st North Carolina, and a few independent companies of cavalry, was keeping up a picket line passing near Mason and Munson's Hill, about forty miles long. This heavy picket duty, with a daily scout, kept the small cavalry force with Beauregard's army constantly on the go; so that the only time for drill was in going to and from the picket line. This hard service soon developed some crippled and a great many sore-back horses, and saddle galls can never get well unless the saddle is kept off the sores; for at this stage of the war the most of us were mounted on the old-fashioned shafter saddle, a most excellent instrument for making sore-back horses.

Our camp, being outside of the infantry lines, was subject to attack by an enterprising enemy, and Stuart desired to relieve himself of the burden. He, therefore, issued an order that the senior officer with a crippled horse should take command of all of the crippled and sore-back mounts in the regiment and proceed to the vinicity of Groveton, on the Warrenton Turnpike, and establish a camp to be known as "Camp Cripple." This order took from camp nearly a fourth of the regiment, representing every company.

Just before reaching the camping place for our crippled stock a detail was made to go to some haystacks about a mile off and get a supply of hay for the night. This foraging was performed by lining out a halter or surcingle on the ground and piling hay on, then bringing the ends together tight and tying them so that when the bundle is thrown on the horse's back behind the rider the long end, passing over his shoulder, would enable him to hold and balance his load. In this way a trooper could carry from thirty to fifty pounds of hay.

While the detail was after forage the command went on to camp and bivouacked. When the foragers came in it was dark. The camp was new to them, and they did not know where to find their respective comrades; so on entering the camp they began calling out, "Where is Company B?" "Where is Company D?" "Where is Company G?" all at once, making so much confusion and noise that no one could understand the answers from their friends. In the confusion of calling the various letters of the companies Peter Paul, of Company I, yelled out: "Where is Company Q?" The whole camp took it up and answered: "Here is Company Q." So the camp was called Company Q, and Stuart in his official reports and orders ever afterwards referred to the mounts unfit for service as Company Q, and General Lee recognized it and used it.

THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL.

In the busy sessions that mark the conventions of our patriotic organizations there comes a quiet hour dedicated to those who can no longer lend their helpful presence. It is an hour of sacred memory and loving tribute. The Tennessee Division, U. D. C., in convention at Trenton in May devoted this memorial hour to honoring the memory of a friend who had ever been a devoted associate. Of his work it was said in the resolutions passed:

"In January, 1893, he established the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and had been up to his death actively engaged in editing and publishing this remarkable journal, which has done more to justify the constitutional rights of the Confederate soldier, to truly set forth his heroism, gallantry, and self-sacrifice, than all other publications combined.

"In this unique magazine Mr. Cunningham never failed to extol the virtues, courage, and devotion of the women of the South both during the war and in the trying years that followed. He was always deeply interested in all of the deliberations of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and he missed but one of the annual conventions of the Tennessee Division. He also made a point of attending the general conventions. It is the women of the Confederacy who have preserved most of the romance and reminiscence of the war, and the pages of the VETERAN were always open to them for the publication of these records, which mean so much to the younger generations.

"Mr. Cunningham was also a liberal contributor to all of the enterprises of the Daughters, whether for the memory of the dead or the care of the living soldiers and their descendants; therefore be it

"*Resolved,* That the Tennessee Daughters of the Confederacy have lost a devoted friend and a powerful ally in their memorial and educational work; that we deeply deplore his loss and will ever hold him in grateful memory."

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE FUND.

Previously reported	$1,936 32
W. L. McKay, Nashville	1 00
W. A. Chambers, Husser, La	1 00
Fletcher Buchanan, Shelbyville, Tenn	5 00
J. R. Loflin, Sr., Batesville, Ark	1 00
Miss Kate Garner, Wheeling, W. Va	1 00
Mollie Moore Davis Chapter, U. D. C., Tyler, Tex	1 00
T. C. Harbaugh, Casstown, Ohio	1 00
Mrs. J. F. Hedges, Dalkena, Wash	1 00
Capt. J. N. Thompson, Tuscumbia, Ala	2 00
W. A. Johnson Camp, U. C. V., Tuscumbia, Ala. (donated by Mrs. W. A. Johnson)	5 00
Bibb Grays Chapter, U. D. C., Centerville, Ala	5 00
I. R. Mehen, Parkersburg, W. Va	1 00
Gen. C. Pennypacker, Philadelphia, Pa	5 00
Mrs. Ellen Collins, Maxey, Tex	1 00
R. H. Moore, Culberton, Ga	50
C. J. Rucker, Granite Hill, Ga	1 00
John M. Hightower, North Augusta, S. C	50
Capt. W. S. Baker, Sedalia, Mo	50
Miss Sue White, Sedalia, Mo	50
D. Streigler, Menard, Tex	1 00
E. B. Estes, Kermit, Tex.	1 00
Paducah Chapter, U. D. C., Paducah, Ky	5 00
Kansas City Chapter, U. D. C., Kansas City, Mo	5 00
T. B. Boothe, Lexington, Miss	2 00
M. Z. Hankins, Martin, Tenn	1 00
W. E. Thomas, Sharon, Tenn	$ 1 00
Mrs. M. M. Force, Denver, Colo	1 00
G. T. Higginbotham, Lexington, Ky	1 00
Col. W. C. Gorgas, Washington, D. C	5 00
Jacob Warden, Berryville, Va	1 00
John Tonkin, Oil City, Pa	2 00
R. L. Long, Kansas City, Mo	1 00
Mrs. Lucy A. Scott, Meridian, Miss	1 00
John A. Watts, Selma, Ala	1 00
J. M. Myers, Fisherville, Ky	1 00
Camp Cabell, No. 125, U. C. V., Vernon, Tex	5 00
Mrs. M. E. Davis, Houston Heights, Tex	1 00
Capt. Joseph Philips, Nashville	5 00
C. S. McDowell, Jr., Eufaula, Ala	1 00
R. E. Lee Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, Augusta, Ga	1 00
Jeff Rogers Chapter, U. D. C., Cameron, Tex	1 00
Camp Bill Atkins, U. C. V., Goodwater, Ala	5 00
J. A. Yeager, Tulsa, Okla	1 00
Emma Sansom Chapter, U. D. C., Santa Ana, Cal	1 00
W. E. Bevens, Newport, Ark	5 00
A. C. Terhune, Danville, Ky	1 00
H. C. Towler, Valley Falls, Kans	1 00
Miss Sue H. Owen, Washington, D. C	1 00
Richmond Grays Chapter, U. D. C., Fayette, Mo	5 00
R. E. Williams, St. Louis, Mo	2 00
Capt. M. S. Cockrill, Nashville	5 00

The following contributions were reported by Mrs. R. B. Dickinson, Treasurer Alabama Division, U. D. C., from Chapters in Alabama:

Troy Chapter, Troy	1 00
R. E. Rodes Chapter, Tuscaloosa	1 00
Bessemer Chapter	1 00
Selma Chapter	1 00
W. H. Forney Chapter, Anniston	1 00
E. Semmes Colston Chapter, Mobile	5 00
Father Ryan Chapter, Greenville	2 00
Lowndesboro Chapter	1 00
J. H. Turpin Chapter, Newbern	1 00
Charter Chapter, Camden	5 00
E. A. Powell Chapter, Northport	1 00
Dixie Chapter, Montgomery	2 00
William Brightman Chapter, Haynesville	2 00
Total	$2,065 32

Mrs. John P. Hickman, Director for the U. D. C. and Chairman of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., to raise funds for the memorial, reports the following contributions:

Heretofore reported	$110 00
Col. R. M. Russell Camp, Trenton, Tenn	20 00
Russell-Hill Chapter, Trenton, Tenn	5 00
Lewisburg Chapter, Lewisburg, Tenn	5 00
Sam Davis Chapter, Morristown, Tenn	5 00
Joe Wheeler Chapter, Stanton, Tenn	5 00
A. J. Harris Chapter, Nashville, Tenn	5 00
Mary Leland Hume Chapter, Spring Hill, Tenn	5 00
Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter, Chattanooga, Tenn	5 00
Gen. John C. Vaughn Chapter, Sweetwater, Tenn	5 00
Mrs. M. T. Williams, Sweetwater, Tenn	1 00
Mrs. B. A. C. Emerson, Denver, Colo	5 00
Newnan Chapter, Newnan, Ga	1 00
Total	$177 00

SOLDIER, ORATOR, STATESMAN.

Col. Charles E. Hooker, far famed as one of the great men of Mississippi and the South, died at his home, in Jackson, Miss., on January 7, 1914, after a short illness. Few of his friends realized that he was nearing his ninetieth year. His mentality was alert and vigorous to the last, and age could not change his courtly manner. He wore always the air of a gentleman, and his empty sleeve told silently a story of heroism on the field of battle.

Charles E. Hooker was born April 9, 1825, in Union District, S. C., and was the son of Zadock and Amelia (Allen) Hooker, both natives of South Carolina. In 1837 his father removed to Copiah County, Miss., where he died January 9, 1861. His wife was the daughter of Charles Allen, a Revolutionary soldier, who served under Washington. Charles Edward Hooker lost his mother when he was an infant and was reared by his grandparents, Charles and Susan Allen. He received his early education at Lawrence Courthouse, S. C., and after his literary course was completed he pursued the study of law at Cambridge (now Harvard), where he graduated with distinction in 1846. He then went to Mississippi and immediately entered upon the practice of his profession, locating in Jackson, where he soon won a reputation as a brilliant attorney. The young lawyer was very popular with the people of his section, and a close observance of all the courtesies and amenities of life distinguished him as one of the best-bred and best-mannered men of his day. In 1850 he was elected district attorney in the River District, which position he filled with marked ability.

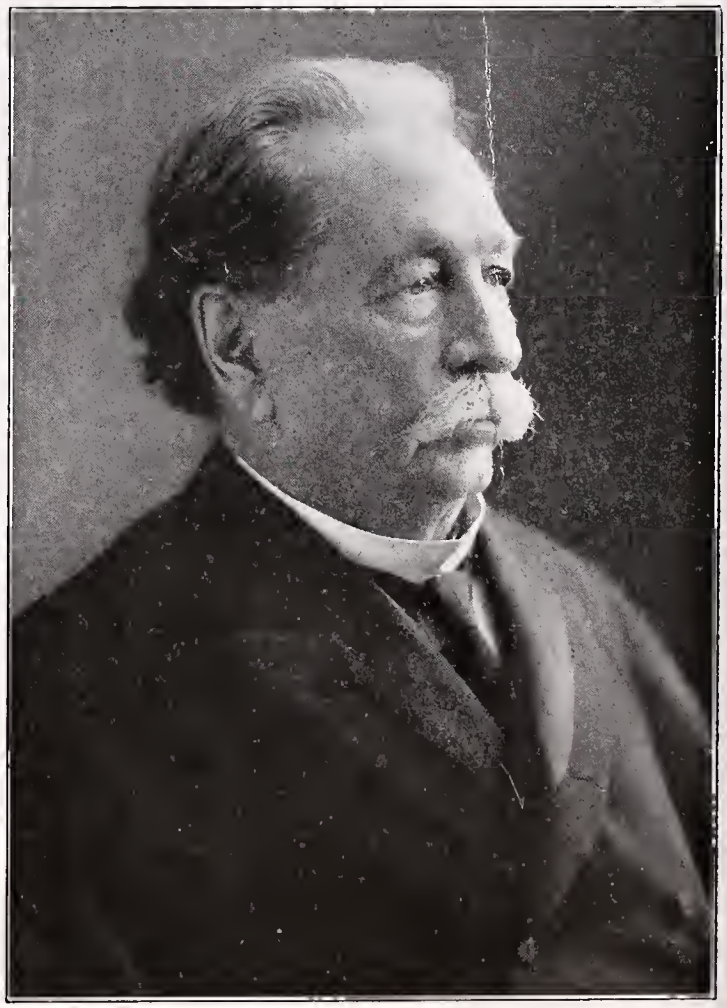
Colonel Hooker was married to Fannie Cecilia Sharkey, the brilliant young adopted daughter of Judge and Mrs. William Lewis Sharkey, May 21, 1851. Miss Sharkey was the daughter of Benjamin and Frances Cecilia (Lebreton) Jannison, of Vicksburg, Miss. Her parents went to Mississippi from Pennsylvania in 1853, having emigrated from France to that State after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Both parents died in Vicksburg during an epidemic of cholera, and Fannie was immediately adopted by Judge and Mrs. Sharkey, who spared no pains in her education and culture. Their efforts were richly rewarded. Stories are still told of this lovely woman's youthful charms. Her gay, vivacious disposition, her rare accomplishments in music and the languages, her brilliant conversational powers, and her sincere kindness and helpfulness to others were some of the many charms of her young womanhood. As she advanced to her prime the powers of her brilliant mind grew richer and stronger, being heightened by a long residence in Washington with her husband.

Colonel Hooker began early in his career to take part in the political affairs of Mississippi, speaking often during the opening chapters of secession, which movement, with the majority of the public men of his State, he indorsed. In 1859 he was elected to the State legislature, from which body he resigned in 1861 to enter the Confederate army. He enlisted as a lieutenant in Company A, Withers's Mississippi Light Artillery. On the death of Capt. J. S. Ridley, who was killed in the battle of Champion Hill, he succeeded to the captaincy. During the assault on Vicksburg he received a severe wound which resulted in the loss of his left arm. He was afterwards promoted to the rank of colonel of cavalry and assigned for duty on the military court attached to the command of Lieut. Gen. Leonidas Polk. He made a brave and gallant officer, and his unfailing kindness and courtesy won the love and confidence of his men.

After the war Colonel Hooker returned to his home, in Jackson, and upon the reorganization of the State government in 1865 he was elected attorney-general of Mississippi and served until 1868, when he, with the other State officials, was removed by the military authority of the Federal government.

When Jefferson Davis was indicted for treason in the Federal courts of Richmond, Va., Colonel Hooker was appointed from Mississippi to defend him, and, with other able lawyers from the South, was associated with Charles O'Conner, of New York, in the case, which never came to trial. Between Colonel Hooker and Joseph and Jefferson Davis there had always existed a warm friendship, with many acts of kindness extended the young lawyer by his distinguished friends in his early career. The time had now arrived when he could make some return, and the able and loyal manner in which he responded in the case of Jefferson Davis in his hour of misfortune and upon numerous subsequent occasions is proof of the strength of their attachment.

About this period the fame of Colonel Hooker as a public speaker was rapidly increasing, and everywhere in the State he was called upon to address large audiences. Though an ardent Democrat and an enthusiastic worker for the success of his party, so powerful was his influence that in many contests he was often supported by voters of the opposite party. After the overthrow of Radical rule in the State, to which he contributed some of the best efforts of his life, he was elected to the Forty-Fourth Congress and served continuously to the



COL. CHARLES E. HOOKER.

Forty-Seventh. After an interval he was again elected and served from the Fiftieth to the Fifty-Third Congress, and later returned to the Fifty-Seventh.

During his service in Congress Colonel Hooker was known as the "silver-tongued orator of Mississippi." His oratorical efforts were typical of the Old South, and no public speaker of his day was more effective with the people of Mississippi.

Combined with his powers of oratory was his ability for clear, logical reasoning, which, strengthened by a thorough legal training, made him a speaker of great force and power. Though always courteous in debate, he was never known to swerve from his convictions, and his convincing argument rarely failed in the accomplishment of his purpose. His famous speech in presenting the name of Thomas F. Bayard for the Democratic nomination for President in 1880 and his part in the debate on the Chinese exclusion act in 1878 were among many brilliant efforts which won for him great reputation as a public speaker. Last January, when a discussion of the old French spoliation claims arose again in the United States Senate, reference was made to a speech upon the subject by Colonel Hooker in a manner that is proof, after all these years, of the magnetic powers of Mississippi's brilliant representative and of his participation in the country's affairs.

Colonel Hooker's last public address was made at the State Fair Grounds in Jackson, Miss., in October, 1910, in introducing Senator LeRoy Percy, whose father had been his friend. Despite his severe vocal affliction, he delivered an address that contained much of the old fire and eloquence.

After death his body lay in state in the rotunda of the Capitol at Jackson, and all legislative business was suspended while tribute was paid to the memory of him who had so actively participated in the rebuilding of the State. He was buried with Masonic honors.

SCENES OF JACKSON'S BOYHOOD.

BY REV. W. D. BARGER, HAGERSTOWN, MD.

In the golden days of October I thoughtfully walked over the ground near Weston, in Lewis County, W. Va., where the feet of young Jackson in the early days of his boyhood raced and tramped. In those days there was nothing prophetic of the coming greatness of one of the greatest soldiers the world ever produced. As a boy he walked the humble ways of country life, fished in the beautiful stream that ran his uncle's mill, and climbed the hills which stood in majestic and cone-shaped beauty all about him and stretched farther away in all directions than the eye could reach.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson knew what it was to be poor, and the hardships he endured made him strong and rugged. He learned and knew how to work with his hands and dressed in homespun and homemade clothes. He ate bread earned by the sweat of honest toil. He, like many other great and noble souls, felt the sting and spur of poverty, but his poverty constituted no part of his humility. He traveled the rough paths that many good men had trod before, trusting in God and believing in a future.

From the experiences of early hardships and trials was molded that strong manhood which met with unflinching courage the foe on many bloody battle fields, winning for him the admiration of the world. The barefooted boy of this hill country became the splendid leader of a magnificent army, made up of the brave men of Virginia (the Stonewall Brigade), which was well-nigh invincible on many bitterly contested fields. No doubt young Jackson while working in the fields and mill often dreamed of the brilliant things which came to pass in the future. His brain was filled with pictures of public life in the service of his country. Neither poverty nor adversity could shake his faith in his plans. He set his face like a flint toward the goal of his ambition.

Looking across the vista of years, I saw this noble youth, just past sixteen, in homespun clothes on his way to Washinging—part of the journey on foot. His Congressman had secured his appointment to West Point and loaned him money to get there, every cent of which he repaid in later years. In the great military school on the Hudson he worked hard and succeeded.

The war with Mexico came on. We see him, a handsome young lieutenant of artillery, in action at Saltillo Roads, Buena Vista, and the siege of Mexico City, bearing himself like a man, which he was. The war ended, he was called to the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, as one of the professors. A few years of faithful and efficient service there, then the War between the States came on with a terrific shock felt to the ends of the earth. Jackson in the very beginning went to the front as colonel of one of the Virginia regiments of volunteers, and the brilliant career of one of the bravest soldiers of the modern world began. At Manassas, July 21, 1861, he saved the day for the Southern cause. General Bee, of Georgia, in rallying his men at a critical moment, pointed his sword toward the strong, steady line and said: "Men of Georgia, look at Jackson and his Virginians standing like a stone wall. Resolve to die here to-day, and victory is ours." See his flashing sword in the marvelous campaign of 1862, beginning at McDowell, beating Fremont's army there, then to Cross Keys and Port Republic, Winchester, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, near my home here, the blood-soaked heights of Fredericksburg, and the sad ending of his life at Chancellorsville, in the month of May, 1863. He was missed at Gettysburg a few months later. He died on the verge of a great victory over General Hooker's grand army at the age of forty-two years.

Can such a man die? No. He will always live in his country's history and in the hearts of his countrymen, who love and honor his memory. Shall those who followed him through blood and strife see him again? Unless they do, there can be no hereafter, no immortality, only oblivion, only the dreamless rest. The ages have added nothing to our knowledge of the countless dead, yet we cannot believe that the light of a splendid intellect goes out in eternal death. We cannot believe that the pure and fearless soul of Jackson went into an endless night of forgetfulness.

When the grand marshal of France, Duroc, was dying on the field of battle, the old Napoleon, kneeling and weeping by his side, said: "Duroc, you are going before; I will follow. We shall meet again." Jackson was a man of prayer, and I have heard some of his men say they had seen his uplifted hand and moving lips praying when the missiles of death were flying thick in the air. He was a Christian soldier and believed in a conscious life beyond the grave. When dying, he seemed to hear the roar of the battle and was heard to murmur in the delirium of death: "Tell A. P. Hill to bring up the infantry."

"He never failed to march breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break."

THE LAST ROLL

"He is not dead, but sleepeth. Well we know
The form that lies to-day beneath the sod
Shall rise what time the golden bugles blow
And pour their music through the courts of God."

MAJ. THOMAS L. BROUN.

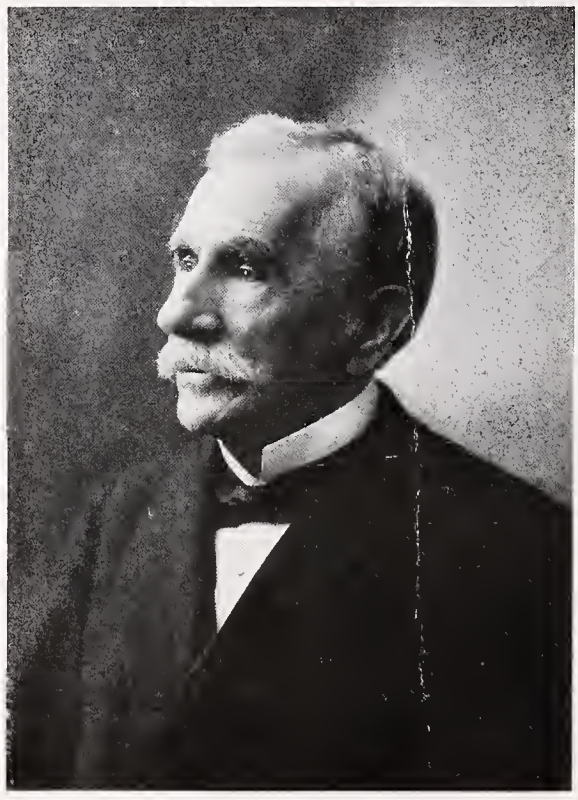
In his ninety-first year Maj. Thomas Lee Broun died at his home, in Charleston, W. Va., on the 3d of March, 1914. He was born in Middleburg, Loudon County, Va., on the 26th of December, 1823. His parents were Edwin Conway Broun and Elizabeth Channel Broun. His grandfather, William Broun, was a native of Scotland and practiced law in Westmoreland County, Va., during colonial times.

In 1844 Thomas L. Broun became a student in Dickinson College, at Carlisle, Pa., for two years, and in 1846 he entered the University of Virginia, graduating in the class of June, 1848. After graduation he taught school in Middleburg for two years, and in September, 1850, went to Charleston, W. Va., then a part of the Old Dominion, and studied law in the office of Hon. George W. Summers. In October, 1851. he was admitted to the bar at Charleston. In 1857, through the aid of William S. Rosecrans, he was made President of the Coal River Navigation Company and became its attorney. He was also attorney for other companies engaged in mining and transporting cannel coal to New York by way of New Orleans, and he was identified with journalistic interests as one of the editors of the Kanawha Valley Star, a strong advocate of State rights Democracy prior to the Civil War.

Thomas L. Broun entered the Confederate service in April, 1861, as a private in the Kanawha Riflemen, which became the nucleus of the 22d Virginia Infantry. In May, 1861, he was detailed as recruiting officer with authority to raise a battalion in Boone and Logan Counties, Va. After this he reported to Gen. Henry A. Wise at Charleston, and a second time was ordered to the same counties to make up another battalion. He succeeded in this, but the Union troops drove the Confederate soldiers out of the Kanawha Valley before he could return to Charleston. With his battalion he retreated up Big Coal River and joined General Wise's command at White Sulphur Springs, in Greenbrier County, early in August, 1861. The General then made him major of the 3d Regiment of the Wise Legion, subsequently known as the 60th Regiment of Virginia Infantry. In this capacity he served under Gens. H. A. Wise, John B. Floyd, and Robert E. Lee in the summer and fall of 1861. In November he was taken sick with camp fever on Big Sewell Mountain, Va., and remained disabled until February, 1862, when he reported for duty at Richmond.

His regiment had been removed from the Wise Legion and ordered to South Carolina, and he was assigned to Dublin Depot, in Pulaski County, Va., as post commandant and major quartermaster. In this capacity he continued efficiently caring for the large interests of the Confederate government at that point until May 9, 1864, when he went into the battle of Cloyd's Mountain as a volunteer aid-de-camp upon the staff of Col. Beuhring Jones, then commanding the 60th Virginia Regiment. In that battle the Confederates numbered about 2,500 and the Federals about 7,500. It was hotly fought and about one-tenth of the men engaged were either killed or wounded. Upon the retreat to Dublin Depot Morgan's Kentuckians checked the advance of the enemy. Gen. A. G. Jenkins, Maj. Thomas Smith, of Virginia, and Maj. Thomas L. Broun were all wounded and taken to the residence of Major Guthrie. After the battle a squad of Federal cavalry paroled General Jenkins and Major Smith. The Federal surgeon said to his clerk in the presence of Major Broun: "Report him dead, for he will die to-night." And so Major Broun was reported as killed in that battle. Some days later he was removed to the residence of Mr. David McGavock, where he was carefully nursed day and night for six weeks, and his recovery was largely due to this care and attention.

In January, 1865, while convalescent, Major Broun was ordered to Wilmington, N. C., to take charge of the paper mills in the Carolinas and Georgia, which were supplying the government printing establishment at Columbia, S. C. This duty he discharged until the occupation of that territory by Sherman's army, when he proceeded to Richmond. After the evacuation he followed our retreating army, but at Amherst Courthouse he learned of the surrender at Appomattox. Shortly after he was taken in a crippled condition to Loudoun County, Va. It was understood that Mosby's command would not be paroled, but treated as outlaws. Major Broun went



MAJ. THOMAS L. BROUN.

to General Carroll's headquarters, near Middleburg, Va., to be paroled, where he was questioned very closely as to where he was wounded and to what command he belonged. After a consultation among the staff officers, it was concluded that Major Broun was certainly killed at Cloyd's Mountain, Va., and he was suspected of being one of Mosby's men trying to escape. After discussing what should be done with the crippled officer, General Carroll decided that he was the identical Major Broun as represented and gave him his parole.

Early in June, 1865, Major Broun returned to Charleston and found that his valuable law library and other personal property had been confiscated, but he at once began preparations for resuming the practice of law. There were several indictments in the United States court against him as a recruiting officer in Boone and Logan Counties for the Confederate army. Officials of the new State of West Virginia were bitterly opposed to the so-called "Rebels" returning to their homes. Major Broun was ordered to appear before General Oley, then in command of troops stationed in Charleston, W. Va. He presented his parole from General Carroll and claimed protection, but this was not granted him. Thereupon his friends and other Confederates telegraphed to General Grant, who at once replied that the soldiers and officers of the Confederate army should have all rights and privileges granted to them by their paroles without any interference whatever by State or local United States authorities. This reply brought much quiet and satisfaction to Confederates in West Virginia. Shortly after Major Broun was reëlected to the position of President of the Coal River Navigation Company, which he had relinquished in 1861.

As ex-Confederate soldiers were not permitted to practice law in West Virginia for some time after the war, Major Broun removed to New York City in 1866, and while there he devoted himself to Virginia law and West Virginia law and land titles. In 1870 political disabilities were removed from Confederates by the West Virginia Legislature, and they were thereafter permitted to practice law in that State.

In November, 1870, Major Broun returned to Charleston, and was thereafter considered one of the leading members of the bar in West Virginia. He was a director in the West Virginia Historical Society and also in the Sheltering Arms Hospital at Hansford, W. Va., and an officer in the Stonewall Jackson Camp, U. C. V., of Kanawha County, W. Va. Camp Thomas L. Broun, No. 193, U. S. C. V., of Charleston, W. Va., was named in his honor. It was from Major Broun that General Lee obtained his famous war horse Traveler. Major Broun was a man singularly without fear. Casting his lot with the State of Virginia, he was a soldier and a citizen without reproach. He was a devout Christian, a devoted husband, a loving father, and a loyal friend. He was for more than forty years a vestryman of St. John's Episcopal Church, of Charleston, W. Va., and prominent in diocesan affairs. He was also an active Mason from 1846.

Major Broun was a profound student of history, especially of Southern history, and had collected during his long life a large and valuable library of historical works. He was the oldest member of the Kanawha bar and probably the oldest practicing lawyer in the State of West Virginia. In spite of advanced age and feebleness, he continued to give his personal attention to business affairs until almost the end.

On June 7, 1866, Major Broun married Mary Morris Fontaine, daughter of Col. Edmund Fontaine, of Hanover County, Va., the first President of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. He is survived by one son (Edmund Fontaine Broun, of Charleston, W. Va.) and two daughters (Mrs. Malcolm Jackson, of Charleston, and Mrs. P. S. Powers, of Richmond, Va.).

Major Broun's life and character have left an example of gentlemanly and courteous behavior and honest and faithful dealings in all business transactions, of a high standard in the ethics and practice of law, in the principles and discharge of our duty to our country, and in the belief and observance of religious duties to our God and our fellow men.

Thomas W. Timberlake.

Thomas W. Timberlake died on April 1, 1914, at his ancestral home, Sherwood, on the Shenandoah River. His father was Capt. Richard Timberlake, and his mother was Amelia H. Andrews, of Spottsylvania County, Va. He was a medical student at the University of Virginia in 1861, and would have graduated in a short time; but when the tocsin of war sounded he left the school and at once volunteered for the war in Capt. William Nelson's company, G, 2d Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade. He was a tall, delicately constituted man, yet by force of will was in Jackson's famous Valley Campaign and on to Seven Pines, below Richmond, thence to Cedar Mountain, where his brigadier general, Walker, was killed; on to Second Manassas, where he was severely wounded in the neck (which bullet was never extracted) while fighting in the railroad cut on August 28, 1862. He was again wounded at Mine Run on November 27, 1863, in the left leg, and this incapacitated him for further infantry duty. He then joined Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry, Gen. Turner Ashby's old brigade, commanded by Rosser, then known as the Laurel Brigade. While defending the middle ford in the Cedar Creek fight on October 19, 1864, he was shot through the right lung. He soon recovered from this and rejoined the company. In the last of February, 1865, he captured Lieut. S. H. Draper, of Sheridan's staff, a noted Jesse scout of the Union army, clad in gray, defeating his twenty-five men with eleven.



T. W. TIMBERLAKE.

[J. R. Rust, of Haymarket, Va., sends this tribute to his comrade, to which he adds: "I am proud of his heroic, patriotic life. We were reared on adjoining farms, were friends in boyhood, comrades in many hard-fought battles and starving, strenuous marches in snow, heat, and dust from 1861 to 1865. Never a cloud or blot on his manly character reached my ear. He is survived by a lovely Christian wife, who was Miss Fannie Greggs. He was an elder in the Presbyterian Church for years. As a Christian neighbor and devoted husband he had few peers. Peace to his noble dust!"]

W. W. Batey.

W. W. Batey was born in Rutherford County, Tenn., in 1840; and died at his home, near Tunnel Hill, Ga., on the 20th of March, 1914. As a member of Company E, 20th Tennessee Infantry, he served in that command throughout the entire war. He was a valued member of Frank Cheatham Bivouac, of Nashville, Tenn., and also of Company B, Confederate Veterans, of that city. He was a devout member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and a good man in all the walks of life. As a soldier he was always at the post of duty, cheerful and willing.

Comrade Batey reared a large family and educated them well. He stood high in his community, having filled several

positions of honor and trust. His wife and seven children (five daughters and two sons) survive him, with several brothers and sisters.

The writer of this sketch was in the same mess with Comrade Batey during the entire war and noted his manifold good traits of character. He was several times severely wounded and was left for dead on the field at the battle of Nashville, but recovered and lived to a ripe old age.

[From sketch by R. J. Neal.]

James H. Bozarth.

The death of Comrade James H. Bozarth records the passing of a Confederate veteran whose services to the South in the great War between the States were not surpassed by the services of any one in the splendid body of young men Kentucky contributed to the Confederate cause. He enlisted in Daviess County on September 30, 1861, and to the close of the war he followed with undiminished loyalty the shifting fortunes of the Confederacy with a splendid courage that stamped him as a model soldier and a patriot. Whether in camp, on the march, or in battle, he discharged his whole duty and won for himself the esteem and confidence of his superior officers. Serving with Company A, 1st Kentucky Cavalry, he participated in all the great battles in which the Army of Tennessee was engaged from the battle of Perryville to the battle of Bentonville, N. C., the last battle fought by that splendid army. His honorable record as a soldier is equaled by his record as a citizen in times of peace.

After the close of the war, Comrade Bozarth held various important public positions, in all of which he acquitted himself with credit and to the satisfaction of the public whose servant he was. He was in the best sense of the term a desirable citizen, a steadfast and loyal friend. To the day of his death he entertained the profound conviction that the cause of the South was right.

Committee: W. T. Ellis, A. B. Bosley, T. M. Murphy.

Col. Benjamin Morris.

Benjamin Morris was born in Virginia in 1829, and in that State grew to manhood. In 1856 he was married to Miss Roxana Blair, of Clayton, Ala., and a year later he removed to Clayton and was the first man in his community to enlist in the Confederate cause. He went out as captain of the Clayton Guards, and in due time was promoted to the colonelcy of his regiment, the 29th Alabama Infantry. It was his good fortune not to receive the slightest wound during his service. After the war he went to Eufaula, Ala., and was a successful merchant. In 1882 he went to Texas and settled at Rhome, in Wise County, where he spent the rest of his life. He died on the 17th of March, 1913, survived by his faithful wife and eight of their twelve children. He was a member of the Methodist Church.

Deaths in R. E. Lee Camp.

John T. Fitzpatrick, Adjutant R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1386, U. C. V., Royse City, Tex., reports the following loss in membership: R. M. Kilgore, Company I, 2d Louisiana Infantry; P. A. Hill, Company A, 1st Tennessee Infantry; T. D. Chambers, Company A, 42d Tennessee Infantry; Rev. A. N. Keene, Company E, 18th Texas Cavalry; J. A. McCarty, Company C, 2d Mississippi Infantry; M. R. Clack, Company B, 43d Tennessee Infantry; J. F. Houser, Harrison's Louisiana Regiment; W. H. McLendon, Company B, 1st Alabama Cavalry.

Rev. Samuel Davies Boggs, D.D.

The death of Rev. Samuel Davies Boggs occurred in Danville, Ky., November 27, 1913, following a severe surgical operation. Dr. Boggs was born in Lowndesville, Abbeville County, S. C., August 21, 1845, hence he had just completed his sixty-eighth year. His father, George Washington Boggs, was the first foreign missionary to go out from the Synod of South Carolina, and after his marriage to Miss Isabella Ellison Adger in 1831 he went to India.

Samuel D. Boggs was the youngest of four brothers. At the first call to arms the three oldest sons volunteered, enlisting in Jenkins's Brigade, 6th Regiment, S. C. V., Colonel Brattor commanding. In the spring of 1862 they were ordered to Virginia, engaging the enemy in several battles. At the battle of Seven Pines one of them, George Emmet fell with his right arm badly shattered, from which wound he never entirely recovered. Just thirty days afterwards another brother, Thomas Alexander, fell in the Seven Days Battles at Frayser's Farm, near Richmond, Va., in the heroic act of storming a battery. His body was found the next day by the remaining brother, Chaplain William Ellison Boggs, who alone survives.



REV. S. D. BOGGS, D.D.

Though under military age, the youngest son could no longer be restrained from service, and, volunteering in the Rutledge Mounted Riflemen of the 7th South Carolina Cavalry, Cary's Brigade, he participated in the most desperate battles of the war. Although a mere boy, he was never known to shrink from danger or from duty. In the stern discipline of army life he learned those lessons of courage and fortitude, of self-command, and of endurance which fitted him for the toils and hardships he was to endure in after life in other spheres of service.

At the end of the war he returned home and, being still young, sought an education and entered the South Carolina College and afterwards pursued his studies in the University of Virginia. Having decided on the gospel ministry as his life work, he entered Columbia Theological Seminary, and in 1874 became pastor of the Church of Covington, Tenn.

In 1879 he removed to Clintonville, Ky. On September 13, 1881, he married Miss Sallie Morton Weathers, of Fayette County, Ky., who, with five of their seven children (four daughters and one son), survives to cherish his memory.

In 1885 he removed to Catlettsburg, Ky., where he was destined to do the great work of his life. During this pastorate of more than twenty-two years much of his time was given to the work of home missions in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky and West Virginia. There he founded

many mission stations, organized about a dozen Churches, and gathered many souls into the kingdom of Christ.

In 1907 the Synod of Kentucky called him to be the superintendent of its evangelistic work. Since that time he removed to Danville, Ky., where his family now reside.

A short while before his death the Kate Morrison Breckinridge Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy applied for a Southern soldier's cross of honor. The cross came too late for the soldier himself to receive it, but it remains in the family as a sacred and cherished possession.

Jesse H. Guinn.

Jesse Hamilton Guinn was born at Decatur, Tenn., January 5, 1842; and enlisted in Company I, 3d Tennessee, on May 2, 1861. During the first year of the war he served in Virginia and took part in the first battle of Manassas, the engagement at New River Bridge, and others. In the spring of 1862 the regiment was sent to East Tennessee, and later Comrade Guinn was transferred to Company D, 43d Tennessee Infantry. He was in the siege of Vicksburg and later in the campaigns in East Tennessee until captured near Rogersville and sent to prison at Camp Chase, Ohio, where he remained until the close of the war.

After the war he returned to Meigs County, Tenn., and lived in the same community until his death, on May 31, 1914. He served one term as register of the county and was an active member of John M. Lillard Camp, No. 934.

[Sketch by J. W. Lillard.]

Vincent W. Haizlip.

Vincent W. Haizlip, whose death occurred on May 19, 1914, was born in Pittsylvania County, Va., January 7, 1836. At the outbreak of the War between the States he was in the prime of young manhood, with a wife and two children. In May, 1861, he enlisted in Company G, 21st North Carolina troops, and served in all the principal campaigns and engagements in which the Army of Northern Virginia took part up to the second battle of Manassas, where he was twice wounded. From a private he rose to a first lieutenant and was commanding his company when he fell severely wounded. At the same time fell also his major, Saunders Fulton.



VINCENT W. HAIZLIP.

Comrade Haizlip was off duty about a year on account of his wounds, but again entered the service in 1863 as a member of Company H, 2d North Carolina Cavalry, commanded by William Henry Lee, son of Gen. R. E. Lee, and served as an officer in this command until the surrender. At the close of the war he returned to his desolated home. Like many another, broken in fortune, he turned his footsteps to the undeveloped West. With his wife and children he began life anew in Illinois. Success crowned his honest efforts, but there was little room for a veteran of the Stars and Bars in that State. After a residence of seven years, he moved to Texas in 1873 and located in Grayson County, where he had resided continuously since.

He was married four times. The twelve children of the first three wives survive him, with the last wife, who was faithful and devoted in his long illness.

Capt. Augustus L. Zollinger.

Capt. A. L. Zollinger, who commanded Company A, 2d Regiment Missouri Cavalry (Col. Robert A. McCulloch's regiment), died at his home, in Otterville, Mo., on March 30, 1914, in his eighty-ninth year. Captain Zollinger joined the Confederate army in 1861 and served the entire war, following the fortunes of Price's army while in Missouri. After his command was transferred to Memphis, Tenn., he served the remainder of the war chiefly with Forrest's command. Returning to his home after the war, Captain Zollinger became one of the most active men in his section as merchant and banker. He was a member of the "Missouri Fraternity" for fifty years and an Odd Fellow for sixty-seven years. To his efforts was largely due the early organization of the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Higginsville, Mo., of which he was a trustee for many years. He was a most useful citizen and noted for his many acts of charity and assistance to the unfortunate and needy. From his earliest childhood Captain Zollinger was a member of the Church and died in faith of the resurrection. He leaves a family of four sons and two daughters.

[Sketch by George M. Buchanan, Holly Springs, Miss.]

Maj. Selden Longley.

Headquarters Second Brigade, Virginia Division, U. C. V., Ivanhoe, Va.

General Order No. 7.

With a heart full of sorrow the Brigadier General commanding the Second Brigade, Virginia Division, U. C. V., announces the death of Maj. Selden Longley, Judge Advocate General on the staff of the Brigade.

Major Longley died on May 17, 1914, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. A. Baird, in Radford, Va., surrounded by his family and friends, at the age of sixty-eight years.

As a boy he enlisted in the War between the States and was a gallant soldier. After the war he studied law and was the able judge of the Pulaski County Court for many years.

As soldier, jurist, and citizen Major Longley had a record of which any man might feel justly proud. He is survived by his wife and three children, to whom the heartfelt sympathy and condolence of the Brigade is hereby extended in their deep affliction.

Commanders and Adjutants of the Camps composing the Second Brigade will cause this order to be read and spread upon the minutes at the next meeting as a memorial to our deceased worthy and beloved comrade. M. W. Jewett,

Brigadier General Commanding Second Brigade, Virginia Division, U. C. V.

Mrs. Betty Keyes Chambers.

Mrs. Betty Keyes Chambers was born in Decatur, Ala., March 20, 1834; and was called from our midst February 21, 1914.

Mrs. Chambers was the daughter of Col. Washington Keyes, to whom the people of Alabama have recently erected a beautiful monument at Athens. Her grandfather, John Wade Keyes, was of Revolutionary fame. In 1851 at New Orleans she married Col. Joseph M. Keyes, who died a few years later, leaving her with two little girls. This was about the beginning of the war. She was living at Carrollton, Miss. Her home there became a refuge for the sick and wounded soldiery. She cared for all who came, whether they wore the blue or the gray. She went farther than this, daring to go and to do what others feared to do. To know she was needed meant to her but to go. Many did she save through her strategy. At one time when the Union army was about her home she knew the Confederate army would soon be coming that way, so she sent her trusted old negro "mammy" out to gather information concerning both forces. When "mammy" returned she found her mistress's home filled with Union officers. She feigned sudden illness that her mistress might kneel close enough to hear alone her report in time to save the Confederate soldiers. This is only one of many deeds that might be told and only meagerly tells of a life so beautifully lived.

In 1864 she married A. M. Hunter, of Mississippi. The terrible years of the war had given little time for her literary work, but now she felt compelled to send forth her earnest yearnings to the world. Thus it is that we have some of her most beautiful poems expressing so nobly the suffering and sacrifice of the South, especially of Southern women. She not only became well known as a poet in America, but many of her works were published in Europe. Thus she was generally known as the poet of the South. She finished her longest and most beautiful poem, entitled "Eva Landeneau," in 1878. It can well be called an epic and is often spoken of as the "Evangeline of the South." Her ode to Bayard Taylor, composed at his death, she sent to his dear friend, John G. Whittier, who wrote a touching reply of thanks for her tender tribute to their mutual friend. Other men of note among her friends were Jefferson Davis, J. G. Holland, and many of the Confederate and Union officers. Her "Idylls of the South" contains most of her poems written from early girlhood to her last declining days in California.

In 1878 she was married to Judge William Chambers, of Texas, who died in 1892, leaving her again a widow. She then went to California to spend her remaining days with her daughter, Mrs. Charles Hunter, in San Diego.

Mrs. Chambers was a charter member of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 476, U. D. C., and one who never failed in devotion to the work of our cause, which she so dearly loved and to which she had given almost her entire life.

[From sketch by Kathryn Carter Blankenbury.]

H. A. Lemay.

H. A. Lemay died at Ponder, Tex., on March 10, 1914, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Henry Lively, where he had lived for the past two years. He was born at Murfreesboro, Tenn., in 1839, and served as a soldier in Company D, 18th Tennessee Regiment. Several years after the war he was married to Miss Rosa Reeder, and to them were born eight children, six of whom survive him.

James A. McCarty.

James A. McCarty was born in South Carolina October 8, 1833; and died November 17, 1913, at Royse City, Tex. In young manhood he moved to Itawamba County, Miss. A few years ago he removed to Rockwell County, Tex., where he died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. B. Ballard.

James McCarty enlisted early in 1861 in Company C, 2d Mississippi Infantry, and served the entire war in the Army of Northern Virginia, in Archer's Brigade, Jackson's Division. He marched and fought until the surrender at Appomattox, Va. He was a consistent member of the Baptist Church for thirty-five years and a zealous Mason for more than fifty years.

Douglas Hamilton Knox.

Douglas H. Knox, who died on the 20th of February, 1914, was one of the prominent business men of Fredericksburg, Va., a devout member of the Church, a Mason, Royal Arch Mason, and member of the Royal Arcanum. He is survived by his wife (who was Miss Brokenbrough, of Richmond County), two sons, and a daughter.

During the early part of the war Douglas Knox was a student in the Virginia Military Academy, at Lexington, and later, while yet a boy, with other students, he enlisted in the Confederate army and served until the close.

Capt. E. M. Henderson.

Capt. E. M. Henderson, a member of Camp No. 405, U. C. V., of Lagrange, Ga., departed this life on February 22, loved and respected by all who knew him. In July, 1861, Captain Henderson went out in Company F, 21st Georgia Regiment, as orderly sergeant and remained in the service for four years, closing his military career at Appomattox as captain of his company.

He was a fearless and faithful officer, very considerate of the wants of his men, often making great personal sacrifices for their comfort; hence he was greatly beloved by them. He was present in all the general engagements fought by the Army of Northern Virginia except when prevented by wounds received in battle. He was a man of tender and sympathetic nature, kind and considerate, and no harsh criticism of others ever escaped his lips.



CAPT. E. M. HENDERSON.

After the war Captain Henderson served faithfully and efficiently his native county as sheriff and his retirement was greatly regretted by the people whom he had so long and faithfully served. His courtesy and politeness to women were characteristics of the old cavaliers of the South, and he was always their defender and protector. Captain Henderson represented a type of civilization which was the greatest in achievement, the grandest in lofty ideals, and the most productive of all that goes to make up the most intelligent and exalted citizenship.

George R. Gibbs.

G. R. Gibbs was born September 23, 1843, at Brownsville, Tenn.; and died May 1, 1914, at Covington, Tenn. His father was one of the early settlers in West Tennessee and was extensively engaged in the river traffic on Hatchie River He established the Brownsville Landing, and in 1854 moved to his farm, in Tipton County, where he lived until his death, in 1874. His son, George R. Gibbs, made for himself a name that will be prized by those who were near and dear to him.

When only a lad of seventeen years George R. Gibbs enlisted in the service of his country, and for four long years served under the leadership of General Forrest. In the camp, on the march, and on the red field of battle George Gibbs was at all times ready to perform his duty, courageous and brave. Surrendering with Forrest at Gainesville, Ala., he returned to his home to rebuild the waste places, and his success in life is evidence that the same courage and fortitude shown in war was manifest in his peaceful pursuits. In February, 1874, he was married to Miss Martha B. Owen, of North Carolina. His wife and their two children, Thomas Owen Gibbs, of Chicago, and Mrs. Mary Owen Wilson, survive.

Robert S. Henry.

Robert S. Henry was born in Rhea County, Tenn., near Washington, in 1836, the son of Hiram Henry, and was reared on a farm. At the outbreak of war he joined Capt. W. E. Colville's company, which was the first of seven companies to leave the little county in defense of the South. His company became a part of the famous 19th Tennessee Regiment of Infantry, and he participated in every battle in which the regiment was engaged, from Fishing Creek to Bentonville, N. C., where he surrendered with only six surviving comrades.

Comrade Henry died suddenly of heart failure at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Foster, on the 30th of May, 1914, and was buried by N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V., of Chattanooga. His captain, the gallant and noble-hearted S. J. A. Frazier, and his first lieutenant, R. W. Colville, a son of his first captain, were two of the pallbearers. No braver nor better soldier ever served the Confederacy and no truer Christian gentleman ever went to his reward.

[Sketch by J. L. Henry, Dayton, Tenn.]

Lieut. J. J. Oglesby.

On January 6, 1914, Lieut. J. J. Oglesby died at Hampton Springs, Fla., after a long illness. He was born in Wilkes County, Ga., August 14, 1838.

When the call to arms was made in 1861 he volunteered with Company D, the first company organized in Burke County, and was elected lieutenant. His company joined the 2d Georgia Regiment and went to the front. He remained with that regiment until sent back to Georgia and made foreman of the Macon machine shop, where he was engaged in making firearms for the Confederate government to the end of the war. He was buried at Quitman, Ga.

Deaths in Woodside Camp, No. 751, U. C. V.

The following members of Woodside Camp, U. C. V., at Alton, Mo., have died since the first of this year:

F. M. Harper, Company H, 1st Tennessee Infantry, died January 18.

David Johnson, private in Jeffries's Missouri Regiment, died January 15.

D. L. Brewer, Company G, Fristoe's Missouri Cavalry, died May 4.

Abraham Nations.

On January 4, 1914, Abraham Nations died at his home, in Lincoln County, Miss., aged seventy-nine years. He enlisted as a Confederate soldier on April 15, 1862, leaving Brookhaven in Company C, 33d Mississippi Infantry, under Capt. R. O. Burns and later Capt. L. C. Maxwell. From the beginning to the end that company mustered about one hundred and forty men, and Comrade Nations was one of those who went through all the service with his command, surrendering with Johnston at Greensboro, N. C., with only ten men of the old company, one lieutenant, one litter bearer, the bass drummer of the regiment, and seven guns. Seven of the ten still survive. Comrade Nations was not only a good soldier but a noble citizen as well. He was born and reared in the community where he died. He was married four times and is survived by his wife and one daughter. He was a devoted Church member and a comrade of Sylvester Gwyn Camp, U. C. V., of Brookhaven, Miss.

Maj. W. V. Johnson.

Maj. Willa V. Johnson, born at Georgetown, Ky., March 4, 1837, was a son of Gov. George W. Johnson, War Governor of Kentucky, who was killed in the battle of Shiloh. He entered the Confederate service April 20, 1862, as aid-de-camp to Gen. John C. Breckinridge. Later he was transferred to the western division of the army under Gen. George Crosby and afterwards to Gen. Frank Armstrong, with whom he served till the close of the war. His promotion to the rank of major occurred shortly after the battle of Jackson, Miss., where General Johnston was attacked by General Grant soon after the capture of Vicksburg. He was paroled at Vicksburg. Miss., May 3, 1865.

In 1884 Major Johnson moved to Colorado, Tex., where he died May 6, 1913, leaving a wife and four children. He was a member of Sterling Price Camp, U. C. V.

J. D. Powell.

J. D. Powell was born in Tennessee in 1843. He moved to Vernon County, Mo., in 1856, and enlisted in the State service on May 26, 1861, at Nevada Mo., joining R. H. William's company of the 7th Regiment of Cavalry, 8th Division, and was discharged six months later. He then entered the Confederate service and continued throughout the war, serving in Missouri and Arkansas. Returning to Vernon County, Mo., after the war, he later removed to Cedar County, near Eldorado Springs, where he lived to the end, which came on September 21, 1913, at the age of seventy years.

James M. Mull.

James M. Mull died on February 10, 1914, at his home, in Frederick, Md., aged sixty-nine years. He was one of the few remaining Confederate veterans in that section, having served during the entire war as a member of White's 1st Maryland Cavalry. He is survived by his wife and five children. He was buried at Mount Olivet Cemetery, Frederick, attended by the Alexander Young Camp of Confederate Veterans and the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, U. D. C.

Maj. Charles R. Irving.

Maj. Charles R. Irving, who served with the 1st Virginia Cavalry, died at his home, at Amelia Courthouse, Va., on May 3, 1914. He was a soldier, not from the love of war, but from a patriotic sense of duty to his beloved South. He was modest, gentle, and lovable.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE SENTINEL.

When the Editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN laid his pen aside in December to answer the call of the Leader of all men, every city, town, and hamlet throughout the Southland felt a sense of loss; while at many remote country firesides near the twilight hour of winter aged veterans wiped their glasses and voiced their sorrow that they might read no more "the news of the war" from the treasury of truth and loyalty over which Comrade Cunningham had stood guard for twenty-one years. From Baird, Tex., Mr. J. F. Russell wrote with tearful gratitude: "With unflinching fidelity he sustained the post of sentinel over the cause we all loved so well."

It has not been the habit of living Confederates to admit death for those who have put on immortality; and just as the principles that created a cause are not dead, and just as Lee and his generals and the beloved army of unknown privates are not dead, so may we feel secure that still at his post stands the sentinel of Confederate truth—the spirit of Comrade Cunningham.

In his solicitude for the camp the vigilant sentinel peers into the night to be ready for what may come, and with the prophetic soul that was surely his the VETERAN's sentinel made ready. Truth is an inexhaustible quantity, and stored away by the hand of its sentinel-editor is enough historical data in the VETERAN office to supply the living official monthly organ for many years to come. To this invaluable treasury Veterans and Sons and Daughters continue with faithful regularity to add their contributions to history, placing themselves on record as worthy survivors of a rich inheritance.

Unique in the annals of journalism is a paper without an editor, but the VETERAN lives under the vigilant direction of trustees appointed by its founder-editor, and these are such men as Col. V. Y. Cook, of Arkansas; Gen. K. M. VanZandt, of Texas; Gen. Bennett H. Young, of Kentucky, Commander in Chief U. C. V.; while the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and Sons of Veterans are represented by their official heads. All these, recognizing the sacredness of their trust, are striving to do their share of picket service for truth in the happy reign of peace as a tribute to the Confederate cause and its sentinel-editor.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF TRUST.

The Board of Directors of the corporation organized to conduct the CONFEDERATE VETERAN under the will of Col. S. A. Cunningham met at the offices of the VETERAN, in Nashville, June 27.

There were present Gen. V. Y. Cook, Maj. R. H. Dudley, Gen. Bennett H. Young, and Miss E. D. Pope. The selection of General Cook as President and Generals Van Zandt and Young as Vice Presidents and Miss Pope as Secretary and Treasurer, heretofore made, was confirmed. General Van Zandt, Mrs. Behan, and Mrs. Stevens were represented by proxy.

The corporation is chartered under the name of the "Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN," and the financial statements showing the results of the publication since January 1 were most satisfactory. The monthly receipts compared favorably with those for the same period in 1913. The circulation is holding up well, and the Board felt greatly encouraged at the outcome. The fear that with the removal of Colonel Cunningham's personality there would be a material lessening of the income was not realized, and a vote of thanks was returned to the Secretary and Treasurer for her successful administration.

It is necessary to add largely to the list of subscribers, and it is hoped that a large increase in the subscription list can be made. The Executive Committee was authorized and directed to make an appeal to all the Camps of Veterans and Sons and Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy to secure from these organizations at least three thousand new subscriptions before the close of the year.

The Executive Committee, composed of Major Dudley, General Young, and Miss Pope, was constituted to represent the Board in all the ordinary matters of business.

Mr. John H. De Witt, who was Colonel Cunningham's personal attorney, is the legal adviser and prepared the necessary papers for the full organization of the corporation.

The question of an editor for the VETERAN was referred to the Executive Committee with directions to consider such matter and report to the Board at a subsequent meeting. The Board deemed it wise to be cautious in making any decision about this until sufficient opportunity had been given to consider the matter thoroughly before putting an additional charge upon the income of the publication.

Friends and patrons of the VETERAN can show their appreciation of the effort that is being made by the Board of Trust to carry out the last wishes of its founder in continuing the publication along the lines he established by keeping up their own subscriptions and by interesting others who may not know the VETERAN. The many expressions of continued interest are very gratifying to the management and give encouragement to continued effort to make this the most valuable historical journal in the whole country. Send for sample copies and distribute wherever possible. Help to make this the record year of increase in subscriptions. Every patron should take a pride in this.

THE ARLINGTON MONUMENT.

Unusual space is given in this number to the account of the dedication of the Arlington Confederate monument, an occasion of such deep significance that it was thought proper to give the fullest report. It is regretted that all the addresses could not be given. Mrs. Stevens promises hers for the August number. General Young's speech follows the account of the unveiling in this number. It was largely copied in the Washington papers and reproduced in many other papers throughout the country. Confederate soldiers everywhere will feel that the Commander in Chief voiced the sentiments of all men surviving who wore the gray.

The ceremonies connected with the unveiling closed that night with a brilliant reception in the Pan-American Building, Washington, by the Arlington Monument Association and Secretary of State Bryan to the Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, members of the Cabinet, and others prominent in government circles.

PATRIOTIC WORK OF DR. S. E. LEWIS.

BY E. W. ANDERSON, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

The solemn and patriotic undertaking resulting in the attentive care now being given by the government to the graves of the thousands of soldiers of the South who died while prisoners of war and the marking of these graves with the proper inscription of a soldier of the Confederate States army was commenced by the establishment of the beautiful Confederate Section in Arlington Cemetery, the great national burial ground near Washington, and was brought about by Camp No. 1191, United Confederate Veterans, under the leadership of its Commander, Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, now the United States Commissioner for this great work.

Dr. Lewis, who is on the staff of the Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans and is Chairman of its Committee on Monuments and Graves, originated this memorable movement, and he has devoted himself to it in all the years since 1898, when he investigated the graves of such Confederate soldiers as were buried at Arlington and in other places around the capital. Finding them in unsuitable locations, neglected, and without a soldier's mark, in 1899 he, in conjunction with his Camp Committee on Confederate Dead, brought the matter by petition before President McKinley and received his sympathy and support, which resulted in an appropriation by Congress in 1900 and in an order for reburial and proper marking by the Secretary of War April 25, 1901. This work received immediate attention from Col. T. E. True, then depot quartermaster, whose courteous attitude and ready agreement to the suggestions of Colonel Lewis should never be forgotten.



DR. S. E. LEWIS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

These Confederate dead, numbering one hundred and twenty-eight in the National Soldiers' Home Cemetery, in the District of Columbia, and one hundred and thirty-six in the older part of Arlington Cemetery, were reburied in Arlington Cemetery in a separate plat now named the "Confederate Section." This plat and the plan of this new section was, with the consent of Colonel True, selected by Colonel Lewis, who also designated the new headstones and the inscriptions thereon, consisting of the name and rank of the Confederate soldier, his company, regiment, State, and, finally, the letters C. S. A., signifying "Confederate States Army." The work received the entire attention of Colonel Lewis, who saw the old graves excavated to their original extent, the remains removed and placed in new coffins, the reinterments in the Confederate Section of Arlington Cemetery, and the setting of the new white marble headstones. And because of the defections found by him in the cemetery records and the attention directed thereto in the petition to President McKinley, triplicate registers, corrected from the original muster rolls in the War Department, have been prepared, in which there is no error that could have been avoided.

The completion of this work in Arlington Cemetery opened the way for his design to extend the same attention to the graves of all Confederate soldiers and sailors, over thirty thousand, who died as prisoners of war, providing these graves with similar headstones to those at Arlington and inscribed in the same way to the memory of soldiers and sailors of the Confederate States army, an undertaking for which he appealed to Congress in 1902 and in which he is now engaged as Commissioner of the United States.

This work of rescuing and marking soldiers' graves under such circumstances has no parallel in history, and those whose knowledge of Confederate soldiers and sympathy with their families in our Southland led them to initiate and prosecute this great memorial have earned the lasting gratitude of every Confederate veteran and should be held in the highest esteem by all who value the honor of the South to the end of time.

[The VETERAN acknowledges with grateful thanks the kindly courtesies of Dr. Lewis in connection with the account of the Arlington monument dedication. The pictures were personally contributed by him, and he was also active in procuring the best reports of the proceedings.]

A CONFEDERATE GRAVE IN THE NORTH.

A pleasing ceremony was enacted at Casstown, Ohio, on May 30 when the grave of George Boswell, of the 16th Virginia, C. S. A., was decorated by the Daughters of the Confederacy. Veteran Boswell lost his life in the great Ohio flood of last year. His remains were interred in the G. A. R. lot in the cemetery at Casstown and a suitable marker had been provided by the Daughters of the Confederacy. On May 30 Mesdames Sells and Fenner, of Columbus, Ohio, representing the Chapters of that city, journeyed to Casstown and suitably decorated the mound. They also placed floral tributes on the Federal graves in the plot. These ladies were made welcome by the citizens and royally received by the Woman's Relief Corps, and while the floral tributes were being placed members of the G. A. R. stood by with uncovered heads. It was a beautiful ceremony, never witnessed before in that part of Ohio, and the two ladies were heartily thanked by many who witnessed the pathetic scene.

RESOLUTIONS OF APPRECIATION.

HEADQUARTERS JOHN B. HOOD CAMP, No. 103, U. C. V.,
AUSTIN, TEX., May 25, 1914.

The following preamble and resolutions were, on motion of H. G. Askew and seconded by W. B. Walker, Z. T. Fulmore, J. M. Brown, and Mrs. H. L. Spain, unanimously adopted on a rising vote by John B. Hood Camp, No. 103, U. C. V., of Austin, Tex., at a regular meeting held on May 24, 1914:

Whereas Maj. George W. Littlefield, a veteran survivor of the famous Terry Texas Rangers, the 8th Texas Cavalry, in the army of the Confederate States of America, a resident of Texas since 1850, and, we are proud to add, a member of John B. Hood Camp, U. C. V., of Austin, Tex., has made a munificent donation of $25,000 to the University of Texas for the purpose of bringing about, to quote his words, "a history written of the United States with the plain facts concerning the South and her acts since the foundation of the government, especially since 1860, fairly stated that the children of the South may be truthfully taught and persons matured since 1860 may be given opportunity to inform themselves correctly"; and whereas the Board of Regents have accepted this generous gift and in doing so stated that "the colleges and universities of the South have found it impossible to secure a text on American history containing a true and correct presentation of the South's attitude and accomplishments in the development of the nation, that was at the same time otherwise at all suitable"; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That we are extremely gratified that the University of Texas has officially stated as a fact that which we have claimed to be a fact practically during the entire existence of this Camp and to correct which lamentable situation has been one of the chief objects to which this Camp has devoted its energies, at times apparently against hopeless odds.

2. That we also have gratification from the fact, among others, that this action on the part of our worthy comrade, Maj. George W. Littlefield, connected with the action of the Universiy of Texas in accepting the gift and in doing so using the language which its Board of Regents employed, makes it practically certain that the efforts will now cease to impose upon the children and youth of Texas histories of the United States written by biased and partisan authors, either as originally prepared by them or after futile efforts to divest them of their numerous falsehoods and misstatements unfair and prejudicial to the South.

3. We feel a pardonable pride that the man of whom the Board of University Regents in accepting the gift have further said, "While there have been many men who possessed the necessary means, it has remained for you [Major Littlefield] to recognize the need and the opportunity and to respond thereto in a thoroughly adequate way," is a citizen of the Lone Star State.

4. In our opinion, no greater deed has been done by any son of our Southland since the fateful day of Appomattox, for it will be more far-reaching and lasting in its effects than the building of Confederate Homes or the pensioning of Confederate veterans (as the occasion for these will in time pass away) or the building of monuments and battle abbeys, for the latter are passed heedlessly by or merely regarded as objects of curiosity by those who have been taught that they are memorials of a mistaken though valiant people "who tried to destroy the best government under the sun." We are satisfied to rest our case on the verdict of posterity whenever a true, fair, and impartial history has been written, and by the munificence and generosity of our comrade this has now been provided for.

5. As a partial recognition of this eminent service to the South, as well as of his patriotic services as a member and officer of Terry's Texas Rangers, we commend Maj. George W. Littlefield to the attention of our Commander in Chief, Gen. Bennett H. Young, and respectfully suggest that one of the rapidly occurring vacancies in the position of Brigadier General on the general staff be bestowed upon our comrade.

6. That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to Major Littlefield and sent to our commanding Generals, Bennett H. Young, K. M. Van Zandt, and Felix H. Robertson, and to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, our official organ.

H. G. ASKEW, *Commander.*

Attest: J. M. BROWN, *Adjutant.*

RESOLUTIONS BY THE CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION ON THE DEATH OF MAJ. CHARLES COFFIN.

Whereas, in view of the loss sustained by the Confederated Southern Memorial Association by the passing from earth of our friend and counselor, Maj. Charles Coffin, of Batesville, Ark., and the still heavier loss sustained by those nearest and dearest to him; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That it is but a just tribute to his memory to say that in regretting his removal from our midst we mourn for one who was in every way worthy of our respect and regard, whose every act bespoke the true Christian gentleman, of whom it has been truly said by one who knew him best that, having known him in war and in peace, he had "never met a truer, manlier man."

2. That this Association is deeply sensible of its debt of gratitude to him for bringing our Confederation, its object and aims, before the United Confederate Veterans in convention assembled in Louisville, Ky., in May, 1900, for his helpful suggestions and assistance in its organization, and for his continued loyalty and interest in our work.

3. That, while we bow in humble submission to the will of Almighty God, we keenly miss at this reunion the cheering smile and genial greeting of our friend.

4. That we sincerely sympathize with his brother, the Hon. James P. Coffin, and other relatives in their sorrow and commend them to the one great Comforter "who does not willingly afflict the children of men," whose chastisements are meant in mercy.

5. That the Secretary of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association be requested to forward a copy of this heartfelt testimonial of our sorrow and sympathy to Hon. James P. Coffin, Batesville, Ark., to Mrs. J. T. McTeer, Knoxville, Tenn., and to the Commander of Ashby's Tennessee Cavalry Brigade, of which our friend was a beloved and honored member.

Respectfully submitted by Committee on Resolutions.

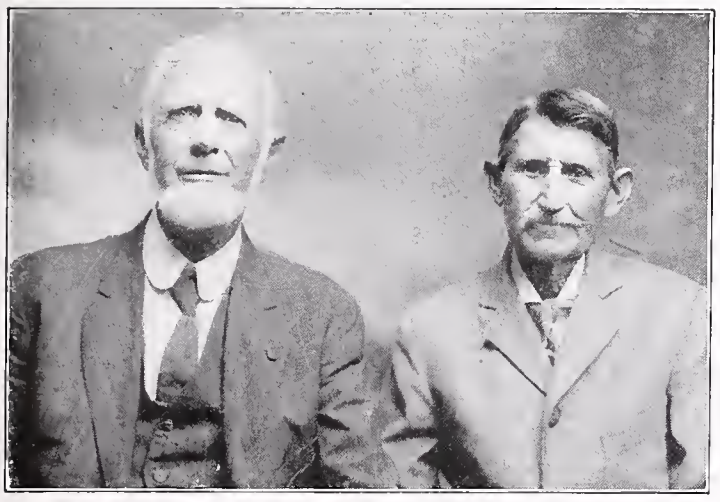
SUE H. WALKER, *Chairman.*

To Widows of Soldiers, Sailors, and Officers of the Mexican War: I shall be pleased to render the ladies any assistance I can without cost to them and advise them how to proceed to obtain an increase of pension. Inclose addressed stamped envelope for reply. PERRY M. DELEON,

910 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

FRIENDS NOW WHO ONCE WERE FOES.

The friendship between these two veterans of opposing armies began when they were doing picket duty at Fredericksburg, Va., on the Rappahannock River, in May, 1863. The picket lines were close and there was a general exchange of tobacco for sugar and coffee, and the river would fill with



F. H. COBB AND W. H. SANDERS.

swimmers from both sides. F. H. Cobb, on the left in this picture, belonged to the 1st Regiment, Berdan's Sharpshooters, and he formed a friendship with W. H. Sanders and three other comrades of Company C, 11th Alabama Regiment. An agreement was made that if either were wounded in the other's lines he would be looked after as best could be done. A year later, in the battle of the Wilderness, Mr. Cobb was wounded and lay upon the field when his regiment fell back and the Confederates advanced until he was within their lines. When he learned that he was with his friends' regiment he sent them word of his unfortunate condition, and they had him given the best of care. Their regiment soon moved on, and Mr. Cobb was sent to the hospital and afterwards paroled. The two men never met again until the gathering at Gettysburg in July, 1913, though keeping up correspondence. Mr. Sanders fought the three days of the Gettysburg battle. He was wounded at Gaines's Mill and at two other times slightly. After the Gettysburg meeting he visited for a week at the home of his war-time friendly foe at Hudson, Mich.

CAMP BEAUREGARD MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. GEORGE T. FULLER, CHAIRMAN, FROM NOVEMBER 1, 1913, TO JUNE 1, 1914.

Alabama: Tuskegee Chapter, Tuskegee, $1.

Arkansas: Henry G. Bunn Chapter, Eldorado, $1.75; D. C. Govan Chapter, Marianna, $1.40.

Kentucky: Paducah Chapter, Paducah, $2; Col. Ed Crossland Chapter, Fulton, $1.14; Tom Johnson Chapter, Princeton, $2; Richard Hawes Chapter, Paris, $1.30; Virginia Hanson Chapter, Winchester, $2; sale of post cards by Mrs. Jennie K. Hill, Fulton, $1.

Louisiana: Bunkie Chapter, Bunkie, $2.50.

Mississippi: Mary E. Snipes Chapter, Gunnison, 82 cents; Frank A. Montgomery Chapter, Rosedale, $2; Ben G. Humphrey Chapter, Lexington, $2.50; McComb Chapter, McComb, $5; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Swan Lake, 65 cents.

Missouri: George Edward Pickett Chapter, Kansas City, $1

Tennessee: Giles County Chapter, 55 cents.

District of Columbia: Beauregard Chapter, Washington, $5.

Total collections since last report, $33.61.

Cash on hand November 1, 1913, $213.25.

Expense for postage and printing circular letters, $31.93.

Cash on hand June 1, 1914, $214.93.

Again I earnestly appeal to the Daughters and all those who love and honor the men and boys of the sixties who wore the gray to assist in building the monument at Camp Beauregard, Ky., where lie between 1,200 and 1,500 of "the unknown dead" of our own Southland, of whom it has been so beautifully written:

"O gentle mother of the quick and dead,
O Southland, hold these closer, dearer yet,
The unknown dead who wrote in living flame
A name that glory never can forget."

ADDRESS ON LINCOLN APPROVED.

Resolved, That the United Confederate Veterans, in convention assembled, do approve the speech of Hon. George L. Christian, of Richmond, Va., before the R. E. Lee Camp, of Richmond, in 1909 on Abraham Lincoln and recommend that the same be procured and read by the veterans and all organizations connected with the same and by the people of the whole United States.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., May, 1914.

SOCIETY AND THE VETERANS.

The suggestion voiced by Capt. Perry M. DeLeon, formerly an officer of the Confederate navy, that the few remaining years of veterans and widows and orphans of the Confederacy be made easier by the aid of annual society functions on Washington's birthday is unique and impressive.

Captain DeLeon suggests the formation of a national association among the best women of the country, with headquarters in Richmond, Va., and a department in each State, which will promote the observance in every city of this one day devoted to Confederate widows and veterans. He refers to the annual charity ball in Washington, usually attended by the President, and which last year netted $2,340.34, half of that sum being turned over to a Confederate Veteran Camp in Washington, the other half being reserved by the ladies for the relief of widows and orphans. He suggests that some society function patterned after this charity ball be given in every Southern city, with other forms of entertainment in rural communities, the proceeds to be expended as the trustees deem best.



MISS E. WRAY WHARTON,
Sponsor Stonewall Jackson Camp, Charleston, W. Va., Jacksonville Reunion, 1914.

This appeal will not fail to find response in the hearts of loyal Southern women and men.—*Atlanta Journal.*

The Direct Route to

Washington Baltimore
Philadelphia New York

and all Eastern Cities from the South and Southwest is via Bristol and the

NORFOLK & WESTERN RY.

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

The Direct Line

to Antietam, Md., Gettysburg, Pa., Manassas, Va. (Bull Run), and other famous battle fields in the Shenandoah Valley and other sections of Virginia.

Best Route to

Richmond Norfolk
and all Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, General Agent Passenger Department, Chattanooga, Tenn.
W. C. SAUNDERS, General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.
W. B. BEVILL, Passenger Traffic Manager, Roanoke, Va.



Miniature Pins, Battle Flag, Finest Cloisonne Enamel Brooch, Button, or Hat Pin :: :: :: ::

No. 2270.

Gold Plated	$0.25
Rolled Gold	.50
Solid Gold	1.00
Solid Gold, Heavy Weight	2.00
14 Kt. Gold, Heavy Weight	3.00

POSTPAID

Special prices on half dozen or more. Illustrated price list of Flags and Confederate Novelties sent on request.
Catalogue of Medals, Class Pins, Rings, Trophies, and Banners now ready.

MEYER'S MILITARY SHOP
1231 Pennsylvania Ave. N. W., Washington, D. C.

The South in History and Literature

By Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford
ATHENS, GA.

850 pages. Price, $1 net; postage, 21 cents.

(Writers since 1906 will be found in supplement being prepared.)

THE
Central Bureau of Education
PARIS, KENTUCKY
Miss Kate Edgar, Proprietor and Manager

Is still engaged in securing teachers for Superintendents, Presidents of Colleges and Secondary Schools, and solicits their continued generous patronage.

Edward R. Auschutz, writing from Philadelphia, Pa., would like to ascertain if Maj. John Moore Orr, C. S. A., of Leesburg, Loudoun County, Va., is still living. If so, he is the oldest living graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. Response may be made to this office.

Mrs. Laura B. Matthews, of Mt. Pleasant, Tex., is trying to establish the war record of her husband, Dr. L. S. Matthews, who was a surgeon in the Confederate service and supposed to have been in the Confederate service on the Galveston coast. He enlisted from Mt. Pleasant or Mt. Vernon, Tex.

J. M. Borders, of Fayetteville, Ark., wishes to secure information of his father's service for the Confederacy. J. M. Borders, Sr., was assistant surgeon of the 55th Tennessee Infantry, having enlisted with that regiment; but it is thought that he was transferred more than once. Any information will be appreciated.

Mrs. Helen Scarcy, of Eufaula, Okla., writes in behalf of the widow of S. J. Bashears, who was a Confederate soldier from Decatur, Tenn., as was also her father, Nathan Willett, who enlisted from Arkadelphia, Ark. Any information of their service will be helpful in securing a pension for her, of which she is in need.

N. Lee, of Ackerman, Miss., writes: "I want to hear from some of my old soldier friends. I was born in Bibb County, Ala., and enlisted in September, 1861, at Centerville and served in Company D (Captain Pratt), 20th Alabama. The company had one hundred and ten men; but, so far as I can hear, there are now but three or four left. I was taken prisoner at Fort Gibson, Miss., in 1863 and taken to the penitentiary at Alton, Ill. My command was in the siege of Vicksburg, and I was exchanged in time to take part in the engagements at Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, and on back South. I am now seventy years old."

TEETHING BABIES
SUFFER IN HOT WEATHER
USE
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
A SPLENDID REGULATOR
PURELY VEGETABLE—NOT NARCOTIC

Bronze Memorial Tablets
of the Highest Standard

Our experience of 27 years is our guarantee of results.

Paul E. Cabaret & Co.
120-126 Eleventh Avenue
New York
Illustrated booklet sent on request.



WE WANT
Parties to Sell
MONUMENTS
Exceptional Proposition
Write
For Particulars

U. S. Marble & Granite Co.
718 Fourth National Bank Bldg.
ATLANTA, GA.



Bronze Memorial Tablets

Designs and estimates free.

Jno. Williams Inc., Bronze Foundry
554 W. 27th St., New York

Cast Bronze Medallion, 6 1-2 inches high, Gen. Robert E. Lee, 75 cents each (postage extra) to readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

"The medallion of Lee is a beauty and much valued."—*Murfreesboro Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy.*

Our President and His Generals

A photo-engravure 22x30 inches: plate size, 15x23. One hundred and fifty of these pictures having been found in New York, without register. After search, the register was found in Richmond. For sale for benefit of Confederate Museum, $2. Mailed, $2.25. Address

Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Richmond, Va.

Wanted--War Relics

I want to purchase Confederate War Relics—Books, Letters, Curios, etc. I want Buttons and Belt Buckles. Will exchange Naval for Army Buttons. Give description and price of what you have to sell. Address **DR. GEORGE BROWN, Austell Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.**

AGENTS WANTED

For atlas work, map work, and Mexican War Map. Unusual opportunities for intelligent men with ability to sell. Write for particulars.

Rand McNally & Co., Dept. B, Chicago, Ill.

MEMOIRS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

Beautiful and Just Tribute by His Wife

No one was so well prepared to write of the exalted character of this grand man as his wife, who in the close comradeship of over a quarter of a century had seen that character develop through success and failure, through joy and sorrow, in shadow and sunlight.

Mrs. Davis had kept her finger upon the pulse of the exciting times of war, and thoroughly understood the bearing of events upon the life of Mr. Davis; and her book portrays these scenes in a masterly manner, leaving out no side lights that are needed for a thorough comprehension of things as they were.

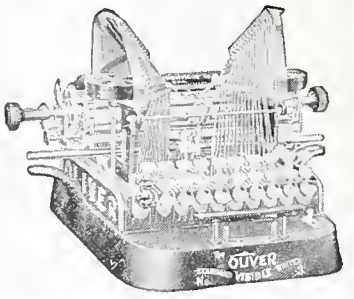
The VETERAN has the sole agency for these books, only a limited number of which can be had, as they are out of print. While the edition lasts they will be sold at a bargain. They are in two volumes, octavo, richly illustrated.

PRICES, WITH BINDINGS, PER SET

Best English Cloth	$ 5 00
English Grained Cloth	6 50
Half Morocco, Marbled Edges	7 50
Half Russia, Gilt Top, Uncut Edges	8 00
Half Calf, Marbled Edges	10 00
Full Turkey Morocco, Full Gilt	12 00

The VETERAN will supply them at 20 per cent off, paying the postage or express.

Terms You Cannot Ignore!



Read the unusually liberal terms and features on which we sell this high-grade, modern, visible-writing, down-stroke Oliver. Then see if you can match them anywhere. You've been looking for a *real* typewriter opportunity. Here it is!

1. Genuine Oliver—most celebrated typewriter in America.
2. Free Trial. Don't send a cent until you try the machine.
3. Lowest Monthly Payments. Let the typewriter earn its own cost.
4. Low Price—about half catalog price. Sold direct. No salesmen's or agents' salaries, commissions, or expenses to pay.
5. No chattel mortgage—no collectors. Extra time when needed. Privilege of returning typewriter at any time and cancelling remaining payments.
6. Life guarantee—no limit—we will make good a defect *at any time without charge.*

The Oliver has the features that you need

Full Standard Size—the same dimensions and weight as used in 99 per cent of business offices.
Visible Writing—you see what you print.
Universal Keyboard. Lightest Action—proven by actual mechanical test—smoothest operation.
Dependability—15 years' unequaled success. *We guarantee for life.*
Unlimited Speed—No trick to learn to operate the Oliver. 10 minutes devoted to the instruction book will do.

Two Free Books! Without cost or obligation of any kind we will mail you our two interesting books, "*Your Final Typewriter*" and "*Cutting Selling Costs.*" Just write your name on the margin of this page or on a postal. No salesman will call on you. Write to-day for to-day's terms.

TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE
166-T-90 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Woodland Bronze Works

DEPARTMENT OF
ALBERT RUSSELL & SONS COMPANY

Bronze Memorial and Inscription

ESTIMATES AND DESIGNS FURNISHED UPON REQUEST

TABLETS

105 Merrimac St.
Newburyport, Mass.



THE BEST PLACE to purchase all-wool

Bunting or Silk Flags

of all kinds

Silk Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps

and all kinds of Military Equipment and Society Goods Is at

Veteran J. A. JOEL & CO., 63 Nassau St.
Send for Price List New York City

CONFEDERATE VETERAN UNIFORMS

Highest Quality Lowest Prices

Tailor-Made to Your Measure

Send for Catalogue No. 341 and cloth samples.

The Pettibone Bros. Mfg. Co.
CINCINNATI

T. M. Braley, of Simms, Tex., wishes to learn of J. W. Braley, who served with Company F, 6th Alabama Regiment, A. N. V., and asks that surviving comrades will kindly respond in behalf of the widow, who seeks a pension.

Mrs. T. E. Corbin, of Bowling Green, Ky., Route No. 3, makes inquiry for comrades of her husband, Thomas Edward Corbin, who served in Morgan's command.

Will Colonel Booker, of Richmond, Va., who, accompanied by Lieut. Loney Miller, visited Jacksonville, Fla., during the recent Reunion, U. C. V., kindly send his address to Mrs. Mary L. Nolan, 208 East Ashley Street, Jacksonville?

Mrs. Mary I. Betts, of West Point, Miss., has a Bible, "presented to Harry McMichael by his friend Susan Anderson," which she wishes to return to the family of the Federal soldier from whose body the book was taken. The above inscription is on the flyleaf with, "Please remember the giver."

J. M. O'Neal, who served in Dobbin's Brigade under Colonel McGee, Captain Godby's company, operating in Northeast Arkansas principally, wants to correspond with any member of the company who remembers him. He was in the same company with Lieutenant Godby, a brother of the captain. Address him in care of the Confederate Home, Little Rock, Ark., Route 4.

SUPREMACY

The thousands of artistic memorials dotting all sections from Maryland to the Mexican line represent the effort of an organization of twenty-three years under one management. These, with the kindly and deeply appreciated indorsements of our patrons, have made for us the name Premier Builders of artistic memorials.

We wish to thank our patrons for all the kind words said, the result of which has been the building of the South's largest factory.

Our policy shall continue to be such as we hope will merit the same confidence and result in the same satisfactory relations that we have enjoyed so much.

C L Willoughby Aug 1914
Lakeland Fla

The McNeel Marble Company

THE SOUTH'S LARGEST PLANT

Marietta, Georgia

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXII. AUGUST, 1914 NO. 8



973.705
C748

THE

Al G. Field Greater Minstrels

All America's Representative Organization

29—Triumphal Years—29

An Entirely New Production for This Season's Tour

A Company of Entertainers Such as Never Assembled under One Management

65—MERRY MINSTREL MEN—65 **A SPECIAL TRAIN OF CARS**

30—With Billy Busch's Banner Band—30

AS AN ADDED FEATURE

EXCURSIONS ON ALL LINES OF TRAVEL

Will Exhibit as Follows

Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 31-Sept. 5
Louisville, Ky., Sept. 7 and 8
Lexington, Ky., Sept. 9
Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 10, Matinee
Knoxville, Tenn., Sept. 11
Asheville, N. C., Sept. 12, Matinee
Greenville, S. C., Sept. 14
Spartanburg, S. C., Sept. 15
Columbia, S. C., Sept. 16
Charlotte, N. C., Sept. 17, Matinee
Greensboro, N. C., Sept. 18
Danville, Va., Sept. 19, Matinee
Lynchburg, Va., Sept. 21
Richmond, Va., Sept. 22 and 23
Petersburg, Va., Sept. 24
Norfolk, Va., Sept. 25 and 26
Wilmington, N. C., Sept. 28
Charleston, S. C., Sept. 29, Matinee
Augusta, Ga., Sept. 30, Matinee
Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 1, 2, 3
Birmingham, Ala., Oct. 5 and 6
Nashville, Tenn., October 7 and 8
Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 9 and 10

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Date given to subscription is the month of expiration.
All remittances should be made to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and all communications so addressed.
Published by the Confederate Veteran Company, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XXII. | NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1914. | No. 8. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, FOUNDER.

NUMERICAL STRENGTH OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

BY R. T. BEAN, WICHITA, KANS.

The number of soldiers in the Confederate army is still an unsolved problem, and many a man both North and South has racked his brain and wasted much ink and paper in trying to overcome his prejudices and at the same time show the accuracy of his own figuring and the errors in the other fellow's. This subject has had a new impulse given it by the speeches made by Gen. Bennett H. Young and Col. R. E. Lee at the unveiling of the Confederate monument in the National Cemetery at Arlington. These speakers stated that the number of soldiers in the Southern army was 600,000 and, without attempting to show there were no more, left it at that. The estimates made by different Northern writers varies from 1,100,000 to 1,277,000.

The population of the so-called Northern States in 1860 was 19,127,948, while the so-called Southern, or slaveholding, States had a population of 12,315,373. Of that number, 3,500,000 were negroes, leaving the number of whites in the South 8,815,373, and from this population the South was to get her soldiers, civil officers, and mechanics.

From the best statistics I can get the South actually had 660,000 soldiers in the army. Upon the face of this statement it would show that the South furnished less than eight per cent of her population to the armies, which would be most discreditable for a people with the military prestige the South bore. But I have before me the figures from the War Department at Washington showing that the Southern States furnished the Federal army with 350,062 white soldiers. Every State in the South, save South Carolina alone, sent some troops across the border to fight against their State. The 660,000 I give to the South and the 350,062 that joined the Northern forces from the Southern States make 1,010,062 soldiers who were actually in the armies of the North and South, and this number is almost eleven and one-half per cent of the white population of the South.

The document referred to above also shows that the Federal army had 2,865,028 soldiers, and let us see where they came from. A distinguished Northern historian states that 494,000 were foreigners; then add the 350,062 whites from the South and the 186,000 negroes, and we have 1,030,062 in the Federal army outside of the Northern States, leaving 1,834,966 soldiers drawn from the North entirely, which is less than ten per cent of the population of the North in 1860; while the number furnished by the South was eleven and one-half per cent. I have never seen this estimate in print and use it because I think it a good one. The estimate of the foreigners in the Federal army is out of reason to me, but the huge bounties offered tempted many a son of Erin and our German brothers from the Fatherland to cross over, get the bounty, go to the front, and fight "mit Sigel and run mit Schurz."

But why are Northern writers always enlarging the numbers of the South and ridiculing the estimate Southern writers place upon our numbers? Do they wish to detract from our glory, our bravery, and our heroism?

The South was ninety-five per cent pure English or American, while the North was only fifty-five per cent pure. English blood always has and will ever tell in all that is great, good, and heroic. Was any Federal army inferior in numbers to their adversaries ever victorious over them? I mean in the big pitched battles. If so, I would like to know when and where. History is full of victories won by the South with inferior numbers.

For the best-prepared statistics on this subject I refer the student of history to a small volume given to the public by Dr. Randolph H. McKein, formerly of Lee's army. "The Numerical Strength of the Confederate Army" is the style of the book.

Mr. N. W. Harris writes from Waco, Tex.: "In a back number of the VETERAN I notice a statement that Major Semper was the only living veteran who went from Colorado to join the Confederate army. About July 22, 1861, I left Denver and traveled by stage to St. Joseph, Mo. When I reached Kearney, Nebr., I heard of the battle of Manassas. After a trying journey I reached my father's home, near Richmond. Finding a younger brother already in the army, I joined Company G, 1st Virginia Cavalry, in order to be with him. This company was raised in Amelia County, Va., and there are still some of its survivors who can be addressed at Amelia Courthouse."

MONUMENT TO NORTH CAROLINA WOMEN.

The women of the Confederacy, whose faith has never faltered, whose zeal has never grown cold, even though men have proved recreant to the cause.—*Henry E. Shepherd.*

Beautifully located on Capitol Square at Raleigh, N. C., facing the Administration Building, is a monument to the women of the Confederacy, the gift of Col. Ashley Horne to the women of his State. It is the tribute of a veteran who thus expressed his appreciation of the noble ministrations of the women of the South. It was the great desire of Colonel Horne that the State of North Carolina erect this memorial in recognition of the loyalty and devotion of the women of the State; but failing to secure the needed legislation, he determined to erect it himself and gave from his own means the $10,000 for the monument to present to the State. It was not his privilege to see it completed; but the monument, which was first built in his heart, was dedicated on the 10th of June in the presence of a multitude, many of whom had fought in the ranks of North Carolina soldiery. This event was the crowning feature of the annual reunion of North Carolina veterans, and it happened that this last day of the reunion represented also the first real day of the war in that State and the day that marked the death of Henry Wyatt, the first soldier to give up his life for the Confederate cause, a monument to whom also graces this city of North Carolina. There were present a number of those who had fought at Bethel under Col. D. H. Hill, commanding the 1st North Carolina Regiment, who later became one of the leading generals of the Confederacy. The son of that gallant commander was orator of the occasion and paid high tribute to the women who so nobly bore their part in the war.

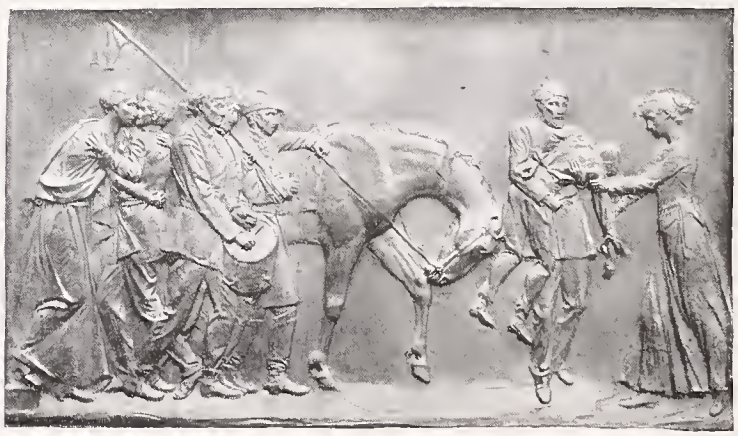
The exercises were held at the auditorium, with Senator Long presiding and with several prominent speakers on the program. Rev. E. A. Osborne, who commanded the 4th North Carolina Regiment, gave the invocation, and a short address was then made by Maj. H. A. London, who as a courier had carried the last message between the two armies. He concluded with the introduction of Daniel Harvey Hill, son of Gen. D. H. Hill and President of the State Agricultural and Mechanical College, who spoke of and for the women of the war whose loyalty and devotion this monument commemorates. The address by Mrs. Daisy McLaurine Stevens, President General U. D. C., was received with great enthusiasm. Dr. Henry Jerome Stockard then read his splendid poem dedicated to the women of the South and which so vividly portrays the bitter part that was theirs through those "ensanguined years."

With music by the bands and banners flying, the march to the monument was then begun, led by prominent veterans of the State—Gens. Julian Carr, H. A. London, P. C. Carlton, and others. There were pretty maids in the line with young officers, Daughters of the Confederacy with their distinguished visitors from over the State, Mrs. Marshall Williams, State President, and other officers of the Division, veterans, and young soldiery. At the monument Senator Long made the speech in presenting it to the State, and Gov. Locke Craig received it in appreciative spirit, making a special hit with the old soldiers in the closing paragraph of his speech. Rejoicing in the peace of victorious industry, he said: "Speaking for myself, I would welcome the time with a gratitude that cannot be measured by gold when a just government accords to every brave soldier, North and South, the same treatment and the same pensions."

Ashley Horne, the grandson of Colonel Horne, drew the veil from the monument, revealing the sublime beauty of the artist's conception. The story is written well in the expressions of grandmother and boy. With open book, she is telling him of the glory of the war, while he listens with the intentness that makes him a part of the story she is telling, grasping the sword that would lead him to those battle fields. The work is by Augustus Lukeman, the noted sculptor of Richmond, Va. On the granite base of the monument are two bronze bas-reliefs—one depicting the leave-taking, women speeding the soldiers on; the other shows the welcome home of the worn and weary band. The monument faces south, and on that side is the inscription: "To the North Carolina women of the Confederacy." On the north side, facing the Administration Building, is inscribed: "Presented to the State of North Carolina by Ashley Horne, 1914."

Following the exercises of the unveiling there was a short ceremony, in which the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., presented the portrait of Colonel Horne to the State. This was presided over by Mrs. M. O. Winstead, who told of the desire of the women to honor Colonel Horne, and she introduced Mrs. Marshall Williams, the artist and donor of the portrait, who spoke feelingly of the "knightly Confederate soldier and gallant friend of womanhood." Governor Craig received the portrait from Miss Melba McCullers, who unveiled the portrait of her grandfather. The artist received many compliments on her splendid work. Representatives of the various Chapters, U. D. C., of the State came forward and presented flowers and leaves of the long-leaf pine. A short talk by Mrs. F. M. Williams, of Newton, closed the exercises of the day.





BRONZE TABLETS ON BASE OF MONUMENT.

Col. Ashley Horne.

The life of Ashley Horne was an inspiration. As a Confederate soldier and as a citizen he took high place, and the news of his sudden death in October, 1913, carried with it a shock of grief throughout the State.

Returning from the battle fields of the war, he went to work to help rebuild the South. He was successful in his business and amassed a large fortune; but he did more, for he won a high place in the hearts of the people of North Carolina. He was prominently known in the political life of the State and as President of the North Carolina Agricultural Society. He was reared a country boy, and farming was his main work in early life. Like many other boys of the South, his education was cut short by the war. As a stripling of twenty years he answered the call of his country in 1861 and was first assigned to Company C, 15th North Carolina Regiment, but was later transferred to the 53d Regiment, of which his older brother, Sam, was lieutenant, in Grimes's Brigade, Rodes's Division, Except for a short period in Eastern North Carolina, his service was with General Lee in the Army of Northern Virginia around Richmond and included such notable events as the evacuation of Richmond, the charge at Fort Stedman, or Hare's Hill, the retreat from Richmond to Appomattox, and the surrender, the momentous news of which, with authentic parole, he as orderly sergeant with nine men was the first to bring to Johnston's army at Greensboro and Sherman's at Durham.

With the heroic training of hard labor, self-sacrifice, and devoted loyalty to a noble cause he began life after the war. His character was his only capital then, for the blight of war had reduced plenty to poverty. But he had been taught the art of resourcefulness by the four years of army life, and he began to do whatsoever his hands found to do and gradually made his way to success in the world of business.

The Survivors of Bethel.

During the day the survivors of the battle of Bethel held a meeting and permanently organized the Bethel Battle Survivors' Association, that being the fifty-third anniversary of the battle. Col. C. W. Broadfoot, of Fayetteville, was elected Chairman, and Maj. L. Leon, of Wilmington, Secretary.

The roll of the companies that were in the battle was called. Companies B, D, E, G, K, L, and M were not represented. Company A was represented by R. H. Bradley, J. H. Thorpe, R. H. Hicks; Company C, whose members were known as the "spring chickens" because they were so young, was represented by J. M. Sims and L. Leon; representing Company F were D. M. McClaian, J. H. Currie, and D. J. Harrell; Company H, W. E. Kyle, J. M. Williams, C. W. Broadfoot; Company I, F. C. Pittman and J. C. Arrington.

A suitable badge will be devised, and representatives of the Association will meet in Richmond, Va., next year during the General Reunion, U. C. V. Only North Carolina and Virginia were represented on the side of the South in the battle of Bethel, North Carolina having about twelve hundred men there and Virginia about four hundred.

"Manly's Battery."

Manly's Battery, of Raleigh, fired the salute which announced the secession of the State from the Union. Its membership is now composed of little girls in their early teens, descendants of the men who fought in that command, who are very active in their work for the old soldiers. They contributed in many ways to the entertainment of veterans at the late Reunion.

MONUMENT AT WINTON, N. C.

Standing on the Courthouse Square at Winton, N. C., is a handsome monument erected to the memory of the Confederate soldiers of Hertford County. The credit for securing this monument is largely due Mrs. Roswell Carter Bridger, who, faithfully assisted by Miss Willie Boone, daughter of Capt. Thomas D. Boone, worked untiringly in soliciting subscriptions throughout the county, and she also secured from the legislature an appropriation of $1,000 for this object. Six little girls, members of the Anne Virginia Jackson Chapter, Children's Auxiliary to the Hertford County Chapter, U. D. C., assisted in the unveiling, led by nine-year-old Marietta Randolph Bridger.



MONUMENT AT WINTON, N. C.

The Hertford County Chapter, U. D. C., was organized by Mrs. Bridger in 1909, and the corner stone of the monument was laid by the Masonic Lodge in August, 1910. Mrs. Bridger also organized the Children's Auxiliary, which is named in honor of Mrs. Thad W. Thrash, Recording Secretary of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C.

The Old North State has not been slow to commemorate the heroism of its soldiery. The second monument to the Confederate soldier in the South was erected at Fayetteville, N. C., in 1866, and now throughout the State, in cities, towns, and villages, may be found these shafts of stone that mutely tell of the love and admiration that is felt for those who went forth to battle for their country. The Daughters of the Confederacy are ever active in this work and have made a record unsurpassed in their patriotic zeal. Not only monuments, but hospitals and memorial halls also, have been built to honor the Confederate soldier, and coming generations should be inspired to noble action by these testimonials to a manhood that held principle above self-interest.



MARIETTA RANDOLPH BRIDGER.

MEMORIAL TO LOUISIANIANS AT SHILOH.

A monument to the memory of heroes of the "Kid Glove" Regiment is being erected on Shiloh battle field by a private of Company B, of the famous Crescent Regiment, "that Louisiana may always live." Although the losses by this State were of the largest on the gory field of Shiloh, no memorial yet marks the altar of her sacrifice; and now it is the loving tribute of one of the "boys in gray" who fought there to the comrades who fell.

The inscription on the Crescent Regiment monument says: "On left of Confederate line Sunday morning to guard bridge over Owl Creek. At 2 P.M. ordered to center near Duncan House to engage right of enemy under General Prentiss, where at about 5:30 P.M. he surrendered. On Monday joined the 19th Louisiana, here in support of Washington Artillery. Later with Colonel Wheeler's command formed rear guard of retreat. Casualties, both days, 127. Erected by a private of Company B." The monument is very unique in design.

The following account of the departure of the Crescent Regiment and its engagement in the battle of Shiloh was recently contributed by Dr. Y. R. LeMonnier to the New Orleans Picayune. This comrade was a private of Company B, of the Kid Glove Regiment, and was with the colors in every battle:

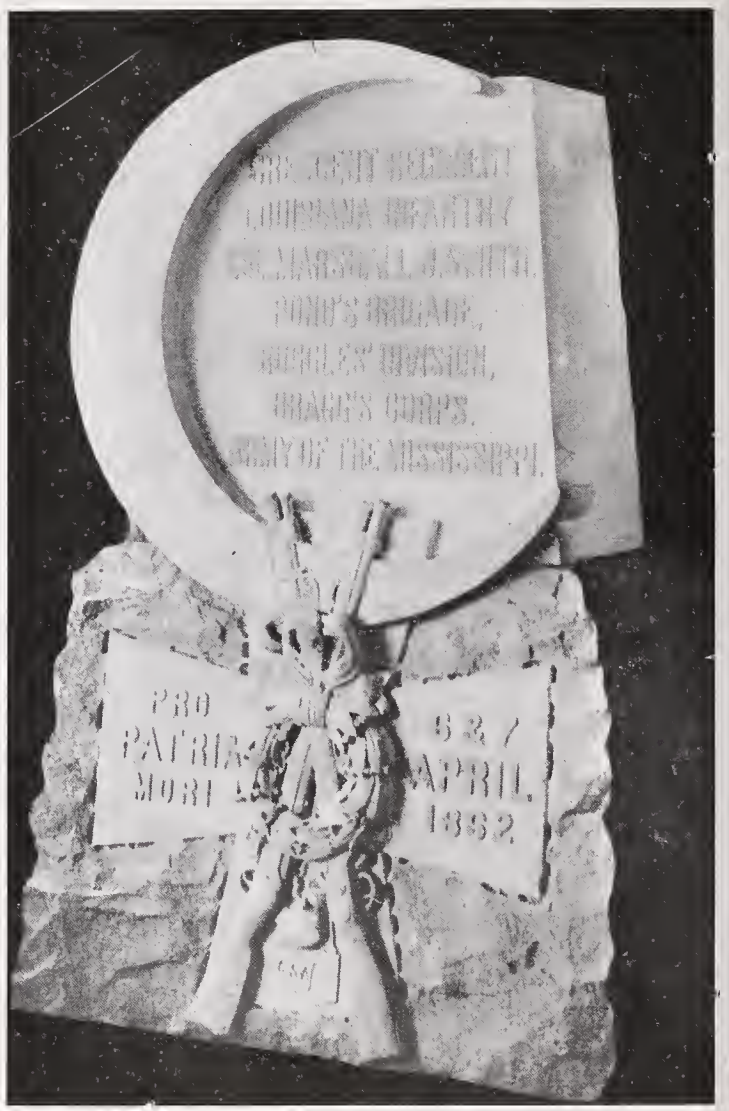
"The Crescent was a regiment composed of eleven companies, the elite of the young men of Louisiana society, all between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five years. Our company was from Alexandria, La. The officers were: Colonel, Marshall J. Smith; Lieutenant Colonel, G. P. McPherson; Major, A. W. Bosworth; Adjutant, Richard S Venables; Surgeon, B. Stille; Assistant Surgeon, S. R. Chambers; Quartermaster, R. D. Gribble.

"Our regiment left New Orleans for the seat of war, Corinth, Miss., March 5, 1862. During our first month of service our military life was a glorious picnic, one to be envied by a Lucullus. We had enlisted for only ninety days, but when we came to settle accounts later we had to serve four years. At the beginning we were dressed to kill and had an abundance of rations and servants galore. We returned home in rags, skinny and maimed, but happy and with an abundance of fight left in us.

"Exactly one month after our departure from New Orleans the long roll sounded and we were on the march. We had forty rounds of ammunition and three days' cooked rations for each man. Our destination was the field that was to become the battle ground of Shiloh, where 23,000 men were slain.

"Men of birth, education, and wealth, we had been surnamed the Kid Glove Regiment; but from infancy we had been taught that death is always preferable to dishonor, and recollections of this early teaching helped us through many a weary day, for in a few days we were for the first time in our lives to know what it was to be hungry.

"On Sunday, April 6, long before daybreak, we were placed in the rear of the army on the left, guarding the Owl Bridge, where an expected flank movement did not materialize. At 4 P.M. we entered a dense wood, in front of which there was an open, four-acre field. Beyond this there was a thick virgin forest in which the enemy was safely ensconced. Presently a terrific cannonading took place. This was the 'hornets' nest,' without which Shiloh would have been a skirmish. Here General Ruggles had massed sixty-two pieces of artillery. His concentrated fire drove away the Union batteries, but did not dislodge their infantry from the old road. We were then ordered to charge, when



TO HONOR LOUISIANIANS AT SHILOH.

"'We closed in clouds of dust and smoke,
With sword and bayonet's thrust,
And such a yell was there
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth
And fiends in upper air.
O, life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.'

"It was here, under such unfavorable circumstances, tha our regiment in its virgin assault charged with such éclat anc fiery spirit that one could say: 'These men were born under the jaws of belching cannon.' And who after this charge would dare say of the Kid Glove Regiment, 'Let the galled jade wince'?

"Our baptism of fire we received in Duncan field; and our Crescent boys soon made it a crimsoned, hallowed spot. Bu O the comrades who here in a few minutes were laid cold in death!

"General Prentiss surrendered at 5:30 P.M. with some two thousand prisoners. About half an hour later the sun was setting, and the long-drawn shadows of the trees told of the approach of night that would put a stop to this terrible carnage, which had commenced at 4:55 in the morning in the Frawley field and lasted for thirteen hours uninterrupted We advanced again in the direction of the Tennessee River

but before we could reach it night had spread its mantle of darkness over the land, and for want of light the combat ceased.

"We camped where we were; and after a long night, with a drenching rain and shells from the enemy's gunboats adding to our misery, we were summoned to battle by the booming of cannon. During the night the enemy had received 25,000 fresh troops, Gen. Lew Wallace's corps of 8,500 and General Buell's army. Our regiment was soon in rank and, 'Forward, march!' we left for another 'frolic.' We entered a wheat field, which brought us face to face with the enemy. We had scarcely taken position when an officer came up at breakneck speed, crying out at the top of his voice: 'For God's sake, boys, hurry up, or our battery is gone!' We recognized Adolph Chaleron, of the Washington Artillery. Without waiting for orders we charged in the direction of the battery, and up the hill we went, driving back the enemy and saving the guns.

"Opposed to us were the fresh troops that had reënforced Grant during the night. We fought them in this wheat field until three o'clock in the afternoon. Every time we drove back one of their commands a fresh one took its place, and in turn would drive us back. We would run down to a little stream at the foot of a hill, and, lying on our faces with our muskets cocked and our fingers on the triggers, we would await the enemy's coming. After surprising them with a volley, we would charge them with our bayonets. In this gentle pastime of eight hours' duration two Louisiana commands, the 19th Regiment and the Washington Artillery, were with us.

"During these two fights the regiment sustained a loss of twenty-three killed, eighty-four wounded, and twenty missing, a total of one hundred and twenty-seven."

THE IMPORTANCE OF ACCURACY.

BY SAMUEL WILL JOHN, MASSILLON, ALA.

The Confederate Veteran has always stood for the truth of history, and to this is due in great measure the high position it has occupied, and it always pains me to see an incorrect statement in its columns. That a very erroneous statement of a most remarkable occurrence on the battle field of Manassas, July 21, 1864, may not be taken as correct, I give the true account of General Bee's last words to the 4th Alabama Infantry Regiment which gave to Gen. T. J. Jackson the name of "Stonewall," by which he is better known than his own name and by which he will go down in history.

After the 4th Alabama had been under a very hot fire for hours and had lost very heavily, it was forced back by overwhelming numbers of the enemy, leaving Colonel Jones, Lieutenant Colonel Law, and Major Scott wounded on the field. As it fell back a regiment in gray uniforms came from the direction of Manassas Junction and was at first mistaken for Confederate reënforcements till they poured a deadly fire into the ranks of the 4th Alabama, which broke around and went farther to the rear and there halted to collect its men; while Capt. Richard Clarke, Capt. Porter King, and another were standing in front counseling together as to their duty under the circumstances, as the senior captain, Thomas J. Goldsby, had gone back on the field to the relief of a wounded brother.

In this attitude Gen. Barnard E. Bee, of South Carolina, who commanded a brigade in which was the 4th Alabama, rode up and asked these captains, "What regiment is this?" to which Captain King replied: "Why, General, don't you know your own troops? This is all that is left of the 4th Alabama."

General Bee asked for the field officers and was told that they had all been wounded, left on the field, and that probably Colonel Jones was dying. He then said: "Form your men. I will lead them where Jackson stands like a stone wall."

They immediately formed and were marching in column of fours, with Bee at the head, when he was wounded and died in a few moments, surrounded by men of the 4th Alabama.

These facts can be shown to be true substantially by the authorities cited below; yet your correspondent, Rev. W. D. Barger, on page 323 of the July number of the Veteran, wrote: "General Bee, of Georgia, in rallying his men, at a critical moment pointed his sword toward the strong, steady line and said: 'Men of Georgia, look at Jackson and his Virginians standing like a stone wall. Resolve to die here to-day, and victory is ours.'"

General Bee did not address his remarks to the Georgians, who were commanded by Colonel Bartow, who also fell in that battle, nor did he say anything about the Virginians.

Had your correspondent consulted the official report of this battle made by General Beauregard, under date of August 26, 1861, he would have seen that the 4th Alabama was in General Bee's brigade, and the 7th and 8th Georgia Regiments were under the command of Colonel Bartow.

I was not a member of the 4th Alabama, but was well acquainted with Capt. Thomas J. Goldsby and the men of his company, with Capt. N. H. R. Dawson and his men, with Capt. Richard Clarke and most of his men, and with Capt. Porter King and many of his men, and several times heard Captains King and Clarke repeat the very words of General Bee to them and their replies.

At the first Reunion of the Confederate Veterans, held in Birmingham, Ala., there were quite a number of the survivors of the 4th Alabama, who held a meeting and appointed a committee composed of men who were present and heard those memorable words. This committee heard the statements of every survivor present who had heard the colloquy with General Bee, and that committee reported their conclusions as to the exact words spoken by General Bee and by their captains. After it was considered at the meeting, it was adopted as the true account of that memorable scene and published, and the above is a substantial extract from that report.

In one of Miss Mary Johnston's books she makes General Bee call on his men to rally behind the Virginians. Perish the thought that the 4th Alabama should be called to rally behind any other men!

General Beauregard's official report shows his estimate of the valor and soldierly qualities of this famous regiment and that Gen. Joseph E. Johnston rode beside its colors as it returned to the charge.

Why is it that men will essay to write history without consulting the authoritative, official documents which are recognized as the original sources of information, such as John Esten Cooke's "Stonewall Jackson," page 68; "Official Reports of Battles," published by the Confederate Congress, pages 5-31; "Johnston's Narrative," page 48; Roman's "Beauregard," page 103?

An old negro at Crawfordville, Ga., when asked by a stranger if he knew the master of Liberty Hall, said: "Yas, suh, I knows Mars Aleck; I knows him mighty well. He's kinder to dogs 'n other mens is to people."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

OUR SOUTHERN DEAD.

Dark grew the night above our sacred slain,
Who sleep upon the mountain and the plain;
But darker still the black and blinding pall
That whelmed the living in its lurid thrall.

But, taught by heroes who had yielded life,
We fainted not, nor faltered in the strife;
With weapons bright, with peaceful reason won,
We cleaved the clouds and gained the golden sun.

And so to-day the marble shaft may soar
In memory of those who are no more;
The proudest boast of centuries shall be
That they who fell with Jackson rise with Lee.

—*James Ryder Randall.*

THE MONUMENTAL SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH.

Year by year with increasing rather than decreasing devotion all over the Southland monuments are rapidly being erected to the heroes who died in the effort of the Confederate States to win a national life.

The recent dedication of the Confederate memorial at Arlington emphasizes the spirit of the people of the South in this regard. No event of a similar character is recorded in history, and there can be neither a parallel nor a reproduction of this wonderful occasion. The monument dedicated there on June 4 is the largest bronze monument ever cast; and while it surpasses all similar structures in size, it also surpasses all others in its mission and surroundings.

When the historian comes to count the monuments builded to perpetuate the memories of heroes of the Confederate States, he will pause and question if his figures be really correct. He may visit other lands and make calculations as to what other peoples have done; but in the end the sentiment, the loyalty, that marks those who constituted the Confederacy stands out as the most remarkable instance of love and gratitude and devotion of which human annals give an account.

Gen. Bennett H. Young in his masterful address at Arlington, when discussing this phase of the past, enlarged upon this characteristic of Southern constancy and thus phrased the facts: "It has been said, and it is probably true, that there are more monuments erected to commemorate Confederate valor than were ever built to any cause, civil or political or religious. Whether this be correct or not, it can be asserted without possible contradiction that, in proportion to population, the Confederate States have more memorials to their dead than any kingdom or commonwealth that has ever maintained or sought to create a national life."

There has never been a period since the end of hostilities that monument-building was more active and incessant. If the memorials all over the South were counted, the number would run close to a thousand. True, some of these are neither pretentious nor costly, but they emphasize all the same the grateful recollection of a brave and chivalrous people of the heroism and valor of both those who fought and those who died under the South's ensign. If the people of the North had builded proportionately as many monuments to its dead as the South, the numbers would reach into the thousands. Some careful and accurate statistician would render a great service if he would take up this subject and give a proper estimate of what has been done along these lines.

The exploiting of this phase of the war's after results would prove not only instructive but helpful. Everything that encourages patriotism is creative of a better and nobler citizenship, and these silent and voiceless testimonials to a nation's gratitude are bound to promote a higher and truer national character. When the living read the inscriptions on these structures they fully realize that the deeds of brave men and noble women live long after the actors have gone to be with the immortals.

The Romans placed in their homes the busts of their illustrious dead to acquaint the young with the names and features of those who had won for their country fame and renown. The time will come when in half the counties of every State that was represented in the Confederacy some kind of indestructible monument to the women and men who figured in the tragedies and calamities of the war from 1861 to 1865 will rise up as silent witnesses of a glorious and heroic past. All over the land for which their forefathers fought they will see these witnesses of a great and glorious record, and in their minds must be enkindled lofty aspirations which will lead to a truer and better discharge of the duties that face them in every department of life's work.

This abounding of monumental plans and work is one of the greatest tributes that can ever come to magnify the splendor of Southern character and glorify Southern manhood and womanhood. There are many aspects in which Southern character stands high on the scale of human records, but there are none that tend to make better men and women than this constant and enlarging demand of the Southern people for the erection of monuments which speak to coming generations of what the nation's heroes did from 1861 to 1865. There are now more than one hundred new monuments in course of erection, and with one voice the South bids this splendid work go on until no battle and no hero shall be without some testimonial of the South's courage and patriotic sacrifice.

SOCIETY ELECTS HONORARY MEMBERS.

At its annual meeting held in Jacksonville, Fla., May 6, 1914, the society Immortal Six Hundred, composed of the survivors of the six hundred Confederate officers who, while prisoners of war, were placed under fire from their own guns on Morris Island, S. C., expressed their appreciation of the efforts made in their behalf by the Hon. Claude A. Swanson and Hon. James Hay, of Virginia, by electing them as honorary members of the society. Both are sons of brave and true Confederate soldiers. A vote of thanks was also given them for their courage in presenting the bill for relief of these survivors of the six hundred officers, and the Secretary was directed to have the names of these honorary members engraved on the official badges of the society and presented to them with the good wishes and respect of the members of the society. No compliment was ever paid to truer friends of the Confederate soldier than these.

TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Official absences from home have prevented my sending you a message for the past two months. First, I went to Savannah, Ga., and from there to the great and splendid Reunion in Jacksonville, Fla., where not only Veterans and Sons of Veterans, but Florida Daughters and the whole city did all within their power to make my stay a most happy one. *En route* to Tuscaloosa, Ala., to be present at the convention of the Alabama Division, I spent two days in Opelika, Ala., and enjoyed a day with your First Vice President General in her hospitable home in Auburn, Ala. I found new delights in my presence at the Alabama State Convention, as that was my first official appearance before a State Convention as President General.

Stopping over in Meridian, within the borders of my own State, I addressed the H. M. Street Chapter. Reaching home, my time at my desk was limited, for on the 1st of June I left for Washington to present for you the Arlington Confederate monument to the United States government. I need not dwell upon this magnificently splendid occasion, the realization of our seven years of patriotic toil, as it was given to you in the last issue of the VETERAN, and I shall dwell at length upon it in my report of the year's work.

Other joy was awaiting me. Leaving Washington, I spent two charming days with the President of the North Carolina Division and journeyed from there to Raleigh, N. C., to be present at the reunion of North Carolina veterans, during which time a most beautiful monument to the women of the Confederacy, the gift of Col. Ashley Horne, was unveiled and a picture of Colonel Horne and Mrs. Marshall Williams, President of the North Carolina Division, the artist, presented to the State of North Carolina. You shall hear more of all this at Savannah.

Even though the warm days are upon us, my daily mail brings me reports of much work accomplished, and I am hoping that the coming autumn days will bring us increased interest and effort. My attention has been called to the fact that some Chapters are working under charters that contain errors. Earnestly I urge you to see that your charters are perfect, that each and every member is properly registered and has a certificate of membership. In fact, Daughters, have your Chapters in perfect order for splendid representation at the General Convention to be held in Savannah, Ga., in November. I also ask committee chairmen and members to be very active in their labors, that our reports may show fruitful efforts.

Faithfully,

DAISY MCLAURIN STEVENS,
President General U. D. C.

VIRGINIA DIVISION NOTES.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL.

The meeting of the Fourth District at Warrenton as the guest of Black Horse Chapter was graced by the presence of Mrs. I. W. Faison, of North Carolina, Third Vice President General U. D. C., who added much to the occasion. In the absence of Mrs. Cabell Smith, the District Chairman, who was detained by illness, the Recording Secretary of the Virginia Division, Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, presided most acceptably. Eleven Chapters, represented by sixteen delegates, responded to the roll call, and there were a number of visitors. The day was the fifty-third anniversary of the death of Capt. John Q. Marr, of the Warrenton Rifles, the first soldier killed in the War between the States. The Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. James E. Alexander, responded eloquently to the greeting of Mrs. Taylor Scott, President of Black Horse Chapter. Chapter reports showed fine work in all departments. Mrs. Alexander and Miss Yowell spoke of the new Chapter which they had organized at Remington, and they were given a vote of thanks on motion of Mrs. Randolph. The meeting was concluded by a beautiful reception given by the hostess Chapter at the residence of Mrs. R. Taylor Scott.

At the Richmond Convention a motion was carried that each Chapter of the Division should send one dollar to the Joseph White Latimer fund to erect a suitable monument to the "Boy Major," whose grave is at Harrisonburg. The treasurer of this fund, Mrs. Arthur W. Sinclair, of Manassas, reports that only forty-two Chapters have contributed. On page 25 of the Virginia Division Minutes will be found the appeal of Mrs. Sinclair, and Chapter Presidents are requested to ascertain if their contributions have been sent in as was pledged at the Convention.

At several district meetings the question of raising the State *per capita* tax was discussed, and a constitutional amendment will be offered at Bristol making the State dues fifteen cents instead of ten cents. The object in view is the development of the educational work by providing additional scholarships. Chapters will pay to the State Treasurer twenty-five cents per annum instead of twenty cents. In addition to the *per capita* tax, Virginia Division Chapters pay one dollar to the Educational Fund, one dollar to the Confederate Museum, and not less than one dollar to the President's expense fund, making a compulsory assessment of at least three dollars; but with Arlington paid for and Shiloh nearing completion, the experienced workers of the Division think that the small increase of only five cents per member will not necessitate any change in Chapter dues and will add at least four hundred dollars to the State treasury. The enthusiasm for Division scholarships and U. D. C. scholarships is growing, and with sufficient funds in the treasury it is hoped to establish a scholarship in each of our normal schools.

Amelia Chapter held a charming historical evening recently, at which two medals were awarded for the best essays on General Lee. Both were won by members of the Junior Chapter, and were presented by Mrs. Randolph in her forceful and felicitous manner. Mrs. Thomas Hardaway, President of Amelia Chapter, is untiring in her efforts to promote interest in U. D. C. work.

An interesting feature of all the district meetings has been the informal talk given by Mrs. Randolph on the Confederate Museum and its priceless collection of relics. Through her efforts several valuable contributions have been sent to the Museum, interesting papers have been located with the ultimate hope of securing them, and the Daughters are beginning to realize the importance of preserving every manuscript record, every scrap of evidence, which shall finally be wrought into that great future history of all the South endured and suffered in its struggle for constitutional liberty. The loan collection of the Museum is extensive, and persons who do not wish to relinquish absolutely their claims to valued articles can deposit them as loans and thus preserve them from destruction by fire or by negligence. Much has been lost that can never be replaced, and therefore the necessity for saving what is left is urgent.

No truth is lost for which the true are weeping,
Nor dead for which they died. —*F. O. Ticknor.*

THE ARLINGTON MONUMENT.

ADDRESS BY MRS. DAISY McLAURIN STEVENS, PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C., AT THE UNVEILING JUNE 4, 1914.

Behold its glorious beauty, one moment moving us to ecstasies of delight and again touched by its soulful pathos, wringing from our eyes tears for the anguish that has been! As President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy I would that I could find words to express for our organization the deep gratitude we feel to the Arlington Confederate Monument Association of the United Daughters of the Confederacy for the untiring efforts in harmonious love to give for us to the nation this exquisitely magnificent monument, wrought by our own, the South's greatest sculptor, Sir Moses Ezekiel. Colonel Herbert, in receiving this monument from your hands I am not unmindful of the labor of love that has been yours and must needs breathe a prayer to the great God that the sunset rays of the evening of life have lengthened out your blessed days that you may praise with us.

"Yon lofty column, reared in air
To him who made our country great,
Can almost cast its shadow where
The victims of a grand despair
In long, long ranks of death await
The last loud trump, the judgment sun,
Which comes for all and, soon or late,
Will come for those at Arlington."

To-day marks the completion of our seven years of patriotic toil. Ours is the rapture born of duty done, of hope deferred but at last fulfilled. We present to-day this monument in memory of our Confederate dead, though they need no pyramid to lift them to the ages. Though nearly half a hundred years have passed since they gave their souls back to the God of battles, they are as much alive in our hearts and memories as when first with glad faces they marched forth to the wild, sweet music of war beneath the Stars and Bars. They sleep within the shadow of the home of Lee and in sight of the dome of the Capitol of their fathers and their sons. Above floats the flag they fought, and it does not wave above their dust in jeering triumph but in loving protection. It seems to send from each stripe and star benediction upon their graves.

We have erected to their memory a monument unsurpassed in beauty in all the world. But fair and noble as its beauty, that beauty is less fair and noble than the lives and deeds of those whose memory it proclaims and commemorates. Stanch and strong as its enduring bronze were their undaunted hearts. Lasting as its material, matched with their memory, it is as fading mists of morn on mountain top.

In this universe of chance and change, in this world of birth and death, nothing material is immortal. Mountains sink to level lands, and stars grow cold and die. Great ideas and righteous ideals are alone immortal. The eternal years of God are theirs. The ideas our heroes cherished were and are beneficial as they are everlasting. These were living then; they are living to-day and shall live to-morrow and work the betterment of mankind. Thus our heroes are of those who, though dead, still toil for man through the arms and brains of those their examples have inspired and quickened to nobler things.

Across the river stands the Congressional Library, domed with gold. Leading American artists were commissioned to decorate its marble walls. Their pictures were not only to charm the eye with the lure of color and the grace of form, but were also to purify the soul and touch the heart by the ideals they symbolized and portrayed.

None of these frescoes attract more than Alexander's curtain series illustrating the evolution of the book. In the first picture of the series we see half-clad, semisavage men building with rough, unhewn stones a monument to some dead sea king's life and deeds. From the dawn of time until the present men and women have built memorials to those they esteemed great, to those whose memories they hoped to perpetuate.

Dull and hectic reds proclaim upon the pyramids the triumph of long-forgotten kings, but bleeding prisoners walk between the chariot wheels. At Rome the Trajan column strives to lift unto the stars that buried Cæsar's name, but around its haggard shaft great trains of captives wind in sculptured grief and wring from gazing eyes the sympathetic tear. In Paris in their marble mausoleum at last the ashes of the great Napoleon are at rest in a sarcophagus "fit for a dead deity," but the torn and blood-stained banners waving there show that his towering throne was built upon the bleeding hearts of men.

Such monuments mock and sadden each thoughtful heart. They hold aloft ideals of force and fraud. They show how in a pitiless, mistaken past success could gild a crime. They teach that great talent even selfishly used could evoke men's applause and shut the "gates of mercy on mankind." But not all monuments are like these. Some are like the monument the Daughters of the Confederacy dedicate to-day. They show the future how noble the past has been and place it under bond to prove of equal worth.

More than two thousand years ago Æschines, standing in the Agora of Athens, warned the citizens that they would be judged by the men they honored. Seven decades since Wendell Phillips, standing in Boston, said: "The honors we grant mark how we stand."

We of the South accept the test. We are willing to be judged by the honors we accord to-day. All government before America's birth rested on the principle that the masses of men were unfit to govern themselves. All past government had gone upon the idea that certain men were by divine right another's lords. Our fathers believed that the aim of government was not the upholding of the thrones of certain kings, not the carrying of banners to unconquered lands, but that the sole, legitimate aim was the promotion of the welfare of its citizens. They believed there was no treason except disobedience to duty, no disloyalty except disloyalty to noble ideals and institutions nobly won.

They had seen these American ideals of self-government and freedom of thought not only at home, but they had seen them leap the sea and topple down the throne of Bourbon kings in France, and where the Bastile loomed they beheld a shaft with freedom's statue crowned.

They saw these ideas shake the stolid Englishman from his lethargy and kings and Parliament grant an ever-widening right of suffrage with ever-resultant good. They saw these ideals light again in Grecian hearts the fires that burned so brightly at Thermopylæ and Salamis and beheld the opening of the conflict that yet shall cast the Turk across the Syrian sea and place the cross of Constantine on Stamboul's towers. They saw these ideas working in the industrial world a change yet more marvelous. They saw the human mind, unchained at last from restraining fetters, display itself in a thousand material conquests. They saw all things that ministered to the

comforts and luxuries of the common people, greater advances made during the seventy years following the proclamation of the Declaration of Independence than had been achieved in all the thousand years of the past. Freedom of thought, freedom of expression proved, as Jefferson predicted, a magic key that opened a thousand doors where for centuries hidden treasures had lain untouched and unknown.

Rights so valuable they would not lose. Such rights they felt should be prized by all and made everlasting. Strange as it may seem, the great mass of soldiers in both armies of the War between the States fought for the same ideals. Thus our war presents the unique spectacle of men fighting in opposite ranks for ideals with like courage and persistence. As they fought for the same ideals, as they each displayed courage, as they won immortality of fame, is it not well that their dust is laid side by side under the same flag? Is it not also well that to-day their sons and their grandsons are wearing the same uniform and not only in America but in the distant islands of the sea are fighting for their fathers' form of government and their ideals? Is it not also well that the representatives of the survivors of both armies are with us here to-day? Is it not also well that there comes from the White House a President Southern by birth and breeding and Northern by choice of residence and training?

It would be both useless and impertinent for me to try to praise or appraise our Southern dead—useless because the world has done and will do that. Soldiers have laid laurels on their biers. Divines have quickened listening multitudes to nobler things by the recital of their deeds. Poets have embalmed their memory in the honey of immortal verse. It would be impertinent because only lips inspired of God could tell how Southern hearts feel unto their Southern dead.

And now, Mr. President, I surrender this monument into your keeping and through you to that of the nation. When Jefferson was contemplating the Louisiana purchase, did he think of the material greatness it would add to the republic? Did he think of its mountains breasted with marble and veined with gold? Did he think of the living gold of wheat and corn that would flash on its bosom capable of supporting an army that could dwarf to nothingness a dream of Cæsar's or Napoleon's? Not so! He said he desired this territory in order that it might become the home of happy men and women living under American institutions. Yours, Mr. President, was Jefferson's spirit when at Mobile you said the United States had no interest in Mexico or any other foreign lands except to see that the citizens enjoyed the right to the pursuit of happiness under a constitutional and just government. As long as the government shall rest in your hands and hands like yours we feel sure that American institutions will not pass from the earth and that this monument will be not only a memorial of the past, but a symbol of the present and the future.

In after years, when American boys and girls shall look with reverence upon this bronze, they shall thank God that they are Americans and shall resolve that, whether our flag shall float from pole to pole, whether our drumbeat circles the sea, at least American ideals shall shape the future and the empire of civic world be ours.

Around me blight where all before was bloom!
And so much lost, alas! and nothing won
Save this—that I can lean on wreck and tomb
And weep and, weeping, pray—Thy will be done.

—*Father Ryan.*

CONFEDERATE POSTAGE STAMPS.

BY J. L. HOWE, WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY, VIRGINIA.

The articles on "The Last Issue of Confederate Money" by W. F. Spurlin in the December number of the VETERAN and by D. H. Russell in the March number suggest some of the unsolved problems regarding the postal service of the Confederacy.

It is well known that the plates of the engraved ten-cent Confederate postage stamp were carried to Columbia, S. C., during the latter part of the war, and many stamps were printed there bearing the Columbia imprint. These stamps can be generally distinguished from those printed in Richmond by poorer printing and brown gum, though brown gum was sometimes used in Richmond. Two questions have never been authoritatively settled: When were the plates taken to Columbia, and why? It is stated by Mr. Spurlin that the lithographic stones of Confederate money were taken to Columbia when Richmond was threatened by Grant, and it may have been at the same time that the stamp plates were removed; but it has also been suggested that the cause was cheaper bids for printing.

A puzzle much more difficult of solution is presented regarding the ten-cent lithographed stamp with the head of Jefferson. This stamp was first printed about November, 1861, in blue, later in red, and later still again in red. The cut was a crude one, and during the time the stone was used for printing with red ink the plate is supposed to have been retouched. The stone was apparently abandoned early in 1863, when the engraved stamps appeared.

Now, there has recently come to light a sheet of these lithographed stamps bearing the imprint "J. T. Paterson & Co, Augusta, Ga." Why and when were these stamps printed? It is plausible that when the engraved plate was sent from Richmond to Columbia the old lithograph stone was resurrected and sent to Augusta in the hope that one or the other of these cities might escape the fate which Columbia later suffered. But other points indicate that this may not be the fact. I have been unable to locate the firm of J. T. Paterson & Co. in Augusta in 1864 or 1865. The stone from which the Columbia stamps were printed does not appear to be identical with that used at Richmond. Is it possible that the retouched stamps are in reality those printed at Columbia? It is certainly possible that the authorities let a second contract for printing the lithographed stamps to a Columbia firm simply for economic reasons, but no record of this seems at hand.

Another problem of interest connected with the postal service is the exact date when the first ten-cent and two-cent stamps were issued. I have been able to show from contemporary evidence that the first five-cent stamp—the first Confederate postage stamp—was issued on October 16 and not on October 18, a date which has been accepted over fifty years. Of the ten-cent stamp it is only known that it was probably issued in November, and of the two-cent merely that it appeared somewhat later. Curiously there seems to be no mention of either in the Richmond daily papers.

A further point which has interested me is how late United States stamps were used to pay postage and how early provisional local stamps were used. For example, I have an envelope on which a United States stamp paid postage (3 cents) postmarked "Lynchburg, May 30" (1861), and a Lynchburg provisional envelope postmarked June 7. In several of the cities farther south, however, provisional envelopes and stamps were used at an earlier date.

The material regarding the postal service and postal conditions during the war form an interesting chapter in the economic history of the Confederacy, but unfortunately most of this chapter remains to be written.

MEMORIAL TO WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Mrs. Maggie Stone, of Fayetteville, Tenn., sends the following account of the dedication of the memorial fountain at Fayetteville:

"The Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter, U. D. C., of Fayetteville, Tenn., has taken the initiative among Tennessee Chapters in honoring Southern womanhood by erecting a handsome drinking fountain in memory of the women of the Confederacy. The memorial, which stands facing the soldiers' monument in Confederate Park, was unveiled with appropriate ceremony Monday afternoon, May 4, and a beautiful program of music, readings, and short addresses was given before a large number of representative citizens, many of whom had contributed liberally to the fund raised by the U. D. C. for the erection of the fountain. As the audience heard the beautiful presentation address by the Chapter's President, Mrs. Eleanor Molloy Gillespie, and listened to the familiar strains of 'Dixie' and other Southern airs, many eyes were wet with tears as heart and soul were stirred by the memory of that vast body of noble Southern women whose courage, fidelity, and devotion during the four years' struggle were an inspiration to all the world. No soldier facing the cannon's mouth ever displayed truer courage or more loyal devotion to the cause than did those wonderful women of the Old South as they bore uncomplainingly the burdens, cares, and sorrows of that bloody siege and proved themselves under all circumstances worthy wives, mothers, and daughters of the 'boys who wore the gray.'

"This memorial fountain is of unusual beauty of design and displays the bronze statue of a woman standing upright on a handsome pedestal, on each side of which are two sanitary drinking founts. In one hand the figure bears a water pitcher and in the other a bowl for bread, the whole being beautifully symbolic of the ministering spirit of the women of the Confederacy. The pedestal bears the following inscription: 'To the women of the Confederacy, who kept intact the homes of the South while the men of the South were fighting her battles, and who gave to their soldiers, their children, and their land the water of life, hope, and courage, this fountain is erected by their grateful descendants, the Daughters of the Confederacy.'"

In connection with the usual observance of Memorial Day, the Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter, U. D. C., of Fayetteville, Tenn., held an interesting service at the unveiling of a stone marker erected by the Chapter in memory of William Pickett, Frank Burrough, and John Robertson Massey, who were shot by order of General Payne June 15, 1864. The circumstances under which the three men were arrested and executed were peculiarly sad, especially in the case of John Massey, who gave his life to save his brother.

At that time Federal troops under General Payne occupied the town, and the citizens were greatly annoyed by the soldiers, who made arrests upon the slightest pretext. Strict orders were given to arrest any bushwhackers or any one harboring a bushwhacker, and pickets were stationed about the town to see that no one went by without the required pass.

John Massey had served faithfully as a member of Turney's Regiment, had received an honorable discharge, and returned to his home at Fayetteville. William Pickett, a member of Forrest's Cavalry, was at home on furlough and was arrested, it is said, for riding a horse whose bridle was decorated with the letters C. S. A.

Frank Burrough had been wounded in the cavalry service and had gone to his home at Winchester to recover. He was



THE MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN AT FAYETTEVILLE, TENN.

Little Lucile Hiller and Henry Austin Gillespie unveiled the memorial.

making his way back to his regiment when he was arrested on some slight pretext.

In some way a rumor was started that a man by the name of Massey was a bushwhacker, and Payne's men at once went to the home of Tom Massey and arrested him. The cries of his wife and children reached the ears of John Massey, whose home was near by, and he at once went to his brother's aid. Turning to the soldiers around him, Massey said: "If you must have a Massey, take me." "Are you a bushwhacker?" asked the Federal officer. "No," replied Massey; "but I'd shoot you from the bushes or anywhere else."

The three men were marched to the top of the hill on which now stands the eighth district school and a squad of soldiers ordered to fire the fatal shot. When some one suggested that the men kneel with their backs to the guns, Massey faced them with a defiant and fearless air and exclaimed: "I never turned my back on you in life, and I won't do it now. Then baring his breast to the enemy, he cried, "Shoot here!" and his garments were soon drenched with the lifeblood of one of the bravest men that ever followed the Stars and Bars. Pickett was shot while offering his last prayer, and Burrough, who was only wounded by the bullets, was dispatched by a sword thrust.

Not satisfied with the killing of three innocent men, Payne and his officers still further persecuted the citizens by refusing to give up the bodies of the murdered men before sundown. All day the three lifeless forms lay stretched out in the blazing June sun, while friends and relatives with aching hearts counted the hours until they might claim and bury their dead.

The marker erected by the Fayetteville Chapter bears the names of the three men and the following inscription:

"Without trial or justice,
Without fear or reproach."

At the unveiling ceremony the stone was draped in a Confederate battle flag and was unveiled by Laurence Raines Jones, the grandnephew of John Massey.

Mrs. J. J. Jones, wife of Postmaster Jones, of Fayetteville, is a niece of the martyred Massey and still has in her possession her uncle's papers showing his honorable discharge from the Confederate army.

WHY AM I A U. D. C.?

BY MRS. A. L. LINCECUM, EL CAMPO, TEX.

First, we are citizens of the United States, have been and were by the Constitution of the United States at the beginning of our government. The South molded the Constitution by the hand of Jefferson, fought for it through Washington, and suffered defeat for it through Lee. It was abolished by the Lincoln administration, and we were disfranchised. Then the Constitution was amended; we were reconstructed by the amnesty oath, and again we became citizens under the changed Constitution, and now we are one nation. All patriots are willing to do justice to a cause when they understand it; so, to gain the ear of the world and to tell in history the truth about the War of the States and to leave this honorable heritage to our children that they could face the world and say, "We are not traitors," this great organization of the women of the South was perfected. Some people say: "The war is ended; forget it." If we were to leave it alone, enough has been said that is untrue to brand us as traitors.

The U. D. C. was organized by a band of patriotic women to teach our children the truth, to deny and obliterate what they can that is detrimental to our cause. Eventually our four years' struggle will be looked upon by the entire world as just and holy. We made the dear old flag, we served it faithfully and well; but when the hand of Fate plucked the stars and stripes from the Constitution and placed it above the Constitution, our beloved leaders and thousands of others bade farewell to "Old Glory" and placed another in its stead and fought for the Constitution, defended it with toil, privation, hunger, imprisonment, defeat, and death. If such men could die for our cause, it is right for us mothers to teach our children the truth and to be honored for it. We women gave fathers, brothers, sons, friends, sweethearts, homes, money, our all; and when our Southland was in defeat, it was our women who loved on and trusted still our boys.

To-day we help the dear old soldiers and their widows to gain homes; we have secured a small pension through our State for them; we help mark their graves, and we build monuments to their memory. We keep alive a true patriotic spirit for the South. The North says, "Forget it"; but the United States government puts monuments and verse to the glory of the North, and the revenue collected from the South as well as the North is used to build marble slabs to their glory; while in the South the States or individuals have to pay for all that honors our dead.

Go North and see what the government is doing for her sons, then come to our Lone Star State and see our Soldiers' Home. The dear old veterans, scarred and maimed, have but little comfort and little room, with no show or glory for our dear cause.

A VISION OF THE GRAY.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

I hear the old bugles that blew on the hill
  And the drum's rataplan by the river;
I see through the day the long ranks of gray
  Whose memory will be with us ever;
The olden camp fires now are burning anew;
  There's a call from the fringe of the thicket,
A sharp challenge sounds on the ghost-haunted ground;
  'Tis the voice of the keen, watchful picket.

I see through the smoke cloud the legions that stood
  And met the fierce rush of the foemen;
Their banners of glory still whisper the story
  Of the South and her valorous yeomen.
Now "Charge!" is the cry, and the gallants in gray
  Rush into the vortex of battle;
And the comrades who fall have heard the last call
  'Mid the fire and the roar and the rattle.

I see the stern night swooping down on the field
  Where perished the true and the tender,
And many a home 'neath the star-studded dome
  Forever will miss a defender.
The river sings low as it rushes away
  To the heart of the pearl-sprinkled ocean;
On the thrice-taken hill all the war drums are still,
  And the battle has lost its commotion.

And there 'neath a tree is the white plume of Lee,
  Beloved in the years that have perished.
The ranks that he led are the ranks of the dead
  To-day by all humankind cherished;
The old "Rebel yell" echoes far and away,
  But still is recounted the story
How his paladins stood in the battle-struck wood
  And won immortality's glory.

"RYTE ME" CALENDAR SALE.

Mrs. Alexander B. White, Director General of the Shiloh Monument Association, reports the amount secured for this monument fund by the U. D. C. through sales of the "Ryte Me" Calendar. The report was delayed through the slowness of some Chapters in making settlement. It is regretted that the list cannot be published in full so that each Chapter credit could be shown, but for lack of space only the leading Chapters in each State can be mentioned in the VETERAN. However, all will have due credit and be reported at the next General Convention at Savannah, Ga., in November. The report gives not the amount each Chapter paid for the calendars, but the commissions going to the Shiloh Fund.

Mrs. White says: "I wish every Chapter of the organization had done as well as the five leaders in the sale. William P. Rogers Chapter, Victoria, Tex., is first with $56.34; second, Agnes Lee Chapter, Decatur, Ga., $44.10; third, Corinth Chapter, Corinth, Miss., $36.30; fourth, J. T. George Chapter, Greenwood, Miss., $33.06; fifth, Fifth Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, Tenn., $28.30. Of the States, Georgia leads with $266.40, Mississippi is second with $232.05, and Tennessee is third with $212.12. I thank the Chapters for their efforts in this sale and ask that every Chapter in the organization renew its zeal for Shiloh and contribute all possible to this great work this year that the monument may be speedily erected."

REPORT OF CALENDAR SALES.

Alabama, $136.63. Leading Chapters: Sidney Lanier, Alexander City, $17.82; Barbour County, Eufaula, $15.84; John H. Forney, Jacksonville, $12.60.

Arkansas, $97.48. Fannie Scott Chapter, at Harrison, leads with $9.84.

California, $18.72. The R. E. Lee Chapter, Los Angeles, has the largest credit—$5.76.

Colorado, $13.86. Robert E. Lee Chapter, Denver, $9.

Florida, $59.43. Southern Cross Chapter, Miami, $18.

Georgia, $266.40. Agnes Lee Chapter, Decatur, $44.10; Atlanta Chapter, $15.12; Chickamauga Chapter, Lafayette, $11.88.

Illinois, $5.40, from Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Chicago.

Kentucky, $163.85. Crepps-Wyckliffe Chapter, Bardstown, $19.46; Richard Hawes Chapter, Paris, $17.04.

Louisiana, $29.48. Stonewall Jackson Chapter, New Orleans, $7.02.

Maryland, $9.14. E. V. White Chapter, Pooleville, $6.50.

Mississippi, $232.05. Corinth Chapter, $36.30; J. Z. George Chapter, Greenwood, $33.06.

Missouri, $43.67. Independence Chapter, Independence, $9.23.

New York, New York Chapter, $6.48.

North Carolina, $111.08. Emeline J. Piggott Chapter, Morehead City, $20.34.

Oklahoma, $29.24. John H. Reagan Chapter, Wynnewood, $4.50.

South Carolina, $67.89. John C. Calhoun Chapter, Clemson, $6.12.

Tennessee, $212.12. Fifth Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, $28.80; Musidora C. McCorry Chapter, Jackson, $25.74; Neeley Chapter, Bolivar, $20.82; Francis M. Walker Chapter, St. Elmo, $19.80.

Texas, $161.99. William P. Rogers Chapter, Victoria, $56.34.

Virginia, $197.73. Henry A. Wise Chapter, Cape Charles, $15.28; Winnie Davis Chapter, Buena Vista, $11.16; Surrey Chapter, Surrey, $10.26.

West Virginia, $58.67. Lawson Batts Chapter, Fayetteville, $18.

Total, $1,921.31.

SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM MAY 20 TO JUNE 30, 1914.

Alabama: Charter Chapter, Camden, $5; Pelham Chapter, Birmingham, $2; Stephen D. Lee Chapter, Luverne, $2; John Ryan Chapter, Greenville, $5; Barbour County Chapter, Eufaula, $5; W. H. Forney Chapter, Anniston, $2; Sophie Bibb Chapter, Montgomery, $2; Clayton Chapter, $2; Franklin Chapter, $2; Mrs. Adams, $1; Loundess Chapter, Fort Deposit, $2; Union Springs Chapter, $5; Stonewall Chapter, Ensley, $1; Merrill Pratt, Prattville, $2; Shiloh papers sold to Mrs. Martin, 65 cents; E. A. Powell Chapter, Northport, 50 cents; Tuscumbia Chapter, $5; John H. Turpin Chapter, Newbern, $1; "Heroes in Gray," 40 cents; Bessemer Chapter, $5; Charter Chapter, Camden, $1; Avondale Chapter, $2; Secession Chapter, $2; Yancy Chapter, $2; Virginia Clay Clopton Chapter, Huntsville, $3; William Brigham Chapter, $1; "Heroes in Gray" and post cards, 14 cents.

Arkansas: Memorial Chapter, Little Rock, $15; John R. Homer Scott Chapter, Russellville, $5; Elliott Fletcher Chapter, Blytheville, $10; Hiram Grinstead Chapter Camden, $10; Charles Bouree Chapter, Osceola, $5.

California: Mrs. S. C. Dunlap (personal), in memory of her grandfather, Gen. Tyree H. Bell, Los Angeles, $5; Southland Chapter, No. 1511, $5; N. B. Forrest Chapter, No. 907, $1.

Georgia: Charles T. Zachry Chapter, McDonough, $1.

Kentucky: Col. Ed Crossland Chapter, Fulton, $1; Mayfield Chapter, $2.45.

Mississippi: John T. Fairley Chapter, Mt. Olive, $5.

New York: Mrs. John S. Wise (personal), $5.

Ohio: Mrs. Briggs ("Heroes in Gray" and post cards), Dayton, 25 cents.

Tennessee: Mary Latham Chapter, $10; Gen. J. C. Vaughn Chapter, Sweetwater, $2.75; Russell Hill Chapter, Trenton, $6.90; Gen. Cheatham Chapter, Memphis, $5; Mrs. A. H. Lankford (personal), Paris, $5; John W. Morton Chapter, Camden, $10.

United Daughters of the Confederacy, $500.

Virginia: William Watts Chapter, Roanoke, $10; Bristol Chapter Auxiliary, $3; Dabney H. Maury Chapter, Philadelphia, $5; Hanover Chapter, Ashland, $5; J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Staunton, $10; Old Dominion Chapter, Lynchburg, $5; Isle of Wight Chapter, Smithfield, $10; Greenville Chapter, Emporia, $1; Fincastle Chapter, $5; Turner Ashby Chapter, Harrisonburg, $5; Mary Custis Lee Chapter, Lexington, $2; Danville Chapter, $10; Elliott G. Fishburne Chapter, Waynesboro, $5; Halifax Chapter, South Boston, $5; Robert E. Lee Chapter, Falls Church, $5; Amelia Chapter, $5; Kirkwood Otey Chapter, Lynchburg, $5; Bethel Chapter, Newport News, $20; Capt. J. Jarratt Chapter, Jarratt, $5; Powhatan Chapter, $10; Alleghany Chapter, Covington, $1.

Balance on calendar sale, $559.61.

Interest, $101.50.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, $29,147.37.

Expense: To checks returned unpaid, $25.

Total in hands of Treasurer since last report, $1,444.15.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, $27,703.22.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, $29,147.37.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robes of night
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

—*Joseph Rodman Drake.*

THE STORY OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.

BY MRS. L. C. B. HILL, BETHESDA, MD., PRESIDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL CALDWELL SOCIETY.

The American flag is a growth rather than a creation. Its history can be traced back to the twelfth century, or nearly six hundred years prior to the first Flag Day, June 14, 1777.

During the first crusade in 1195 Pope Urban II. assigned to all of the Christian nations as standards crosses varying in color and design, emblematic of the warfare in which they were engaged. To the Scotch troops was assigned the white saltire, known as the white cross of St. Andrew, on a blue field. The British used a yellow cross, but a century and a quarter later they adopted a red cross on a white field, known as the red cross of St. George.

When James VI. of Scotland ascended the throne of England as James I., he combined the two flags and issued a proclamation requiring all ships to carry the new flag at their mainmasts. At the same time the vessels of South Britain were to carry at their foremasts the red cross of St. George and the ships of North Britain the white cross of St. Andrew.

The new flag was known as the "King's Colors," the "Union Colors," or the "Great Union," and later as the "Union Jack," and it was the one under which the British made all their permanent settlements in America. It was the flag of Great Britain only by proclamation, however. Not until 1707 did Parliament pass an act definitely uniting the two countries and their flags. In the same year the government issued regulations requiring the navy to use what was known as the white ensign, the naval reserves the blue ensign, and the merchant marine the red ensign. Owing to the fact that the British merchant vessels were everywhere, the colonists in America came to look upon this red ensign as the flag of Great Britain.

The people in the New England colonies were bitterly opposed to the cross in the flag. In 1635 some of the troops in Massachusetts declined to march under this flag, and the military commissioners were forced to design other flags for their troops with the cross left out. The design they adopted has not been preserved. In 1652 a mint was established in Boston. Money coined in this mint had the pine tree stamped on one side of it. The pine tree design was also used on New England flags certainly by 1704 and possibly as early as 1635.

At the outbreak of the Revolution the American colonies had no flag common to all of them. In many cases the merchant marine flag of England was used with the pine tree substituted for the Union Jack. Massachusetts adopted the green pine tree on a white field with the motto: "An Appeal to Heaven." Some of the Southern States had the rattlesnake flag with the motto, "Don't Tread on Me," on a white or yellow field. This flag had been used by South Carolina as early as 1764. Benjamin Franklin defended the rattlesnake device on the ground that the rattlesnake is found only in America and that serpent emblems were considered by ancients to be symbols of wisdom.

In September, 1775, there was displayed in the South what is by many believed to be the first distinctively American flag. It was blue with a white crescent and matched the dress of the troops, who wore caps inscribed "Liberty or Death."

The colonists desired to adopt a common flag; but they had not yet declared independence and were not at first seeking independence. They took the British flag as they knew it and made a new colonial flag by dividing the red field with white stripes into thirteen alternate red and white stripes. This is known as the Cambridge flag, because it was first unfurled over Washington's headquarters at Cambridge, Mass., on January 1, 1776. It complied with the law of 1707 by having the Union Jack on it; it also represented the thirteen colonies by the thirteen stripes.

As the colonists gradually became converted to the idea that independence from the mother country was necessary they began to modify the flag, first by leaving off the Union Jack and using only the thirteen horizontal stripes. The modified flags were not always red and white, but regularly consisted of combinations of two colors selected from red, white, blue, and yellow. The final modification was the displacement of the Union Jack by the white stars on a blue field.

The stars are the only distinctive feature of the American flag. The charming story which credits Betsy Ross with making the first flag of stars and stripes is still accepted by historians. When Washington suggested the six-pointed star, she demonstrated the ease with which a five-pointed star could be made by folding a piece of paper and producing one with a single clip of the scissors. Some writers are of the opinion that both stars and stripes in the flag were derived from the coat of arms of the Washington family, but this theory is not generally held.

The official adoption of our first flag was in 1777. On June 14 of that year the Continental Congress passed an act providing that "the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation." The thirteen stars were arranged in a circle to symbolize the perpetuity of the union of the States.

Vermont was admitted to the Union in 1791 and Kentucky in 1792. It was felt that these two new States ought to be recognized on the flag; so in 1794 Congress passed an act making the flag fifteen stars and fifteen stripes. This remained the flag of the United States throughout the War of 1812, until there were twenty States in the Union. In 1816 an effort was again made to modify the flag so that all the new States would be represented on it. To be continually adding stripes would make the flag very awkward in shape and appearance; so after arguing the matter for two years Congress decided to return to the original thirteen stripes and one star for each State. Congress has never determined the arrangement of the stars nor the shape and proportions of the flag, and there has been great variation, especially in the grouping of the stars. There are still many who believe that the symbolic circular grouping of stars should be restored.

STUART'S DEATH WOUND.

BY B. J. HADEN, UNION MILLS, VA.

Having seen so many accounts of the wounding of General Stuart, all different and none correct, I feel that I would be derelict in my duty were I to fail to tell what I know about it. I was orderly sergeant of Company E, 1st Virginia Cavalry, Wickham's Brigade. I was never wounded, captured, or sick, consequently was never absent from my command except to procure fresh horses. I followed General Stuart as colonel first and then as brigadier and until his death. I have been waiting for a wiser head and abler pen than mine to tell of General Stuart's death; but as I am now in my seventy-fourth year, I will not procrastinate longer.

The starting point, Spottsylvania Courthouse, is well known. Sheridan was on the Old Mountain road. Stuart was just in the rear, and he had several skirmishes with Sheridan's rear guard; but finding that nothing could be accomplished by following in the rear, Stuart sent a small force to retard Sheridan's movements as much as possible. With the rest of his command Stuart turned to the left and marched rapidly parallel with the Cincinnati and Ohio Railroad in order to gain Yellow Tavern. He struck the Brook road, turned to his right, and reached Yellow Tavern in advance of Sheridan, then turned on the mountain road and met him at the point where the fight took place. General Lomax was in advance, and when his column met the enemy the fight commenced.

The head of General Wickham's column was at a point on the Brook road, and he was turned across the field up a short steep hill. On reaching the top of the hill the 2d, 3d, and 4th Regiments were marched on to the battle ground, and the 1st was marched back down the hill and put in position near the Brook road, with the right of the regiment resting against a body of old field pines in order to be ready to strike the enemy should they repulse Lomax and pursue him to that point. However, instead of coming back by way of the tavern, as they went, they fell back in the angle formed by the two roads. After the fighting was all over on the mountain road and things had quieted, heavy firing was heard up the Brook road in the direction of Yellow Tavern.

Being an orderly sergeant and not confined closely to ranks, I rode up to the edge of some pines to see if I could make any discovery, but the pines were so dense that nothing could be seen through them. I had been there but a very short time when General Stuart rode up right by my side and seemed deeply interested in the firing, which was getting closer every second. Suddenly the bullets commenced to come through the pines thick and fast all around us. As the place was not healthy and I had gone there without orders, I hurriedly left and joined my command, thinking we would have to charge. I had been at my post only a minute or two when word was passed down the line that General Stuart was wounded.

Now, you will observe that he, standing near the pines, was directly in line with the straight part of the road toward the tavern and that the man who shot him had no knowledge of his presence. I learned afterwards that he had come over from the battle field to where the 1st was stationed and, not being satisfied with his day's work, had sent Capt. Wesley Hammond with his squadron up in the direction of the tavern to attack and draw the enemy down so that the 1st could get a chance at them, but failed, as they came only as far as the crook in the road, then retired.

The only Federals seen by the 1st Regiment that day were a few mixed up with Captain Hammond's men. He was killed, and his men came back at full speed. Cooke says in "Mohun" that the General seemed to be desperate after being repulsed and rushed into the enemy's lines, firing right and left with his pistol, when a Federal put a pistol to his side and fired the fatal shot. The fighting was all over at that point before he came over to our position.

Another account is that Stuart gathered a handful of men and charged Custer's Brigade and was taken back like chaff before the wind, when the 1st Regiment appeared and charged Custer and took him back flying; but a Yankee close to Stuart fired and killed his horse, and the second shot struck him. When a lieutenant ran to him and said, "General, you are wounded," he replied: "Yes, I am done for, but don't let my men know it. Get me another horse." They soon had another horse for him, but in attempting to rise he was unable to do so; so they put him on the horse and rode on each side of him to hold him on, and in that way he kept the field and continued to give orders. I shall contradict none of this, except to say that the 1st did not charge Custer or anybody else that day. The only fighting done by the 1st was what Captain Hammond's squadron did in trying to draw them down to give us a chance at them.

Mrs. Lee says in her little school history that Stuart was shot by a man who took rest on an iron fence. Now, I have ridden over the greater part of Virginia and portions of Pennsylvania and Maryland and have no recollection of seeing an iron fence in all my travels.

I am very much of the opinion that I was the last man who saw General Stuart before he was shot. He was very near the rear of the 1st, but behind them. The enemy were charging Captain Hammond, coming right toward us, and of course every eye was fixed on the road in front of them. Stuart was entirely alone, not one of his staff with him, and there were no troops anywhere in sight of us.

THE BEVERLY RAID.

BY W. A. L. JETT, MURRAY HILL, N. J.

In the May (1913) VETERAN the Rev. Leslie H. Davis gives an account of the capture of Beverly which, I think, is substantially correct. He says that, in addition to General Rosser's brigade, there was "a small detachment of General Payne's brigade." There were two regiments of General Payne's brigade, the 6th (of which I was a member) and the 8th, his other regiment, the 5th, being left behind to recruit their horses and gather up deserters. Mr. Davis gives only one killed. Mr. Young gives the names of several others, and I will now add that of Brock Pierce, of the 12th Regiment.

In the fight it fell to my lot to get as a prisoner Capt. Frank Moores, of Company D, 8th Ohio Cavalry. In coming out with the prisoners Captain Moores's feet became very sore, so I let him ride my horse for several hours while I walked beside him. I was carrying the colors of the regiment at the time; so when I dismounted I told Captain Moores that he would have to take them, as I could not walk and carry them. He took them, but in a few minutes said: "What would my friends say if they could see me—yesterday a captain in the Union army and to-day carrying the colors of a Rebel regiment?" Captain Moores died about seven years ago.

The Federal troops had built huts, and my recollection is that Fontaine Hite, Brock Pierce, and one other, whose name I cannot now recall, were killed by the same man shooting through the crack of the door of one of the huts. Two men of my company (B, 6th Virginia), Silas Atkins and Thomas Spicer, were wounded. Brock Pierce's body was taken to his home, in Rappahannock County, and buried in the family plot.

A VIEW OF THE CONSTITUTION.

REPORT OF THE HISTORICAL COMMITTEE OF THE UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN CONVENTION ASSEMBLED AT JACKSONVILLE, FLA., MAY, 1914.

"In the Eastern District of Pennsylvania: Be it remembered that on January 29, 1825, William Rawle, Esq., deposited in the clerk's office the title of a book the right whereof he claims as author in the words following—to wit: 'A View of the Constitution of the United States of America, by William Rawle.'

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of Eastern District of Pennsylvania."

A prized copy of this lucid, luminous, and old-time standard authority, printed in Philadelphia by Philip Nicklin, law book seller, is in my library. My volume is of the second edition, issued in 1829 by William Rawle, LL.D. In the preface he says: "In this edition the principles laid down in the first remain unaltered. The author has seen no reason for any change of them." But since 1829 the times are changed, and in the North folks are not now encouraging the circulation of "Rawle's View." This book, long out of print, was obtained after a diligent search in many cities among dealers in second-hand books.

Concerning this rare work and its now famous author, Hon. Charles Francis Adams, a Boston man, son of our American Ambassador to England, a Harvard graduate, a lawyer of eminence, a Union cavalry soldier and brevet brigadier general, says in his "Constitutional Ethics of Secession," pages 16 and 17: "It is a noticeable fact that anterior to 1840 the doctrine of the right of secession seems to have been inculcated at West Point as an admitted principle of constitutional law. Story's Commentaries was first published in 1833. Prior to its appearance the standard textbook on the subject was Rawle's 'View of the Constitution.' This was published in Philadelphia in 1825. William Rawle, its author, was an eminent Philadelphia lawyer, a man of twenty-nine at the time the Constitution was adopted, and already in active professional life. In 1792 he was offered a judicial position by Washington. Subsequently he was for many years Chancellor of the Law Association of Philadelphia and the principal author of the revised code of Pennsylvania. He stood in the foremost rank of the legal luminaries of the first third of the century. His instincts, sympathies, and connections were all national. Prior to 1840 his 'View' was the textbook in use at West Point."

"The Republic of Republics" (the fourth edition, 1878, in footnote 1, page 33) has this record: "The above work ('Rawle's View') was a textbook at West Point when Lee and Davis were cadets there. They were at West Point during the administration of John Quincy Adams, who as late as 1839 essayed to teach the whole American people that the people of each State have a right to secede from the Confederated Union. These are his very words."

Remembering the reputation and teaching of this book and the part that it had in the making of the man R. E. Lee, it would seem to be a patriotic duty of Southern soldiers to establish beyond controversy and hand down to coming generations the facts related above—viz., that this volume was taught in the course of study at West Point during the cadetship of Davis, Lee, and other boys of the Southland. This important service was successfully rendered some ten years ago by Supt. Robert Bingham, of Asheville, N. C. He obtained by voluminous correspondence the documentary evidence herewith given, evidence that is decisive and conclusive.

"HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY,
WEST POINT, N. Y., November 18, 1904.

"In the forthcoming memorial volume of the Military Academy now being printed will appear the following note regarding the book: '342. 73 R. 20 Rawle (William): "A View of the Constitution of the United States of America." Philadelphia. 1825, Iv., O. The textbook of the law department from (?) to (?) —. The copy of this book owned by Library, United States Military Academy, makes it very probable that it was used as a textbook.

A. L. MILLS, *Brig. Gen., U. S. A., Supt.*'"

"LIBRARY UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY,
WEST POINT, N. Y., November 23, 1904.

"The copy of Rawle (William), 'A View of the Constitution of the United States of America,' Philadelphia, 1825, Iv., O., owned by the Library U. S. M. A., contains manuscript notes which make it very probable that this book was used as a textbook at the Military Academy, inasmuch as there is a list of sections and lessons marked. The book contains no information as to just the period during which it was used as a textbook, nor have we been able to find this out up to the present time. EDWARD S. HOLDEN, *Librarian.*"

"LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, WASHINGTON, Dec. 3, 1904.

"I find on examination of the annual catalogues of the West Point Military Academy that no textbooks appear to be named until A.D. 1842. A. R. SPOFFORD."

"211 S. SIXTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 13, 1904.

"The book entitled 'A View of the Constitution of the United States of America' was written by my great-grandfather. The book was, I think, the first treatise upon its subject in America. The author, after having studied law in New York under the Royal Attorney-General and later in the Middle Temple in London, was admitted to the Philadelphia bar September 15, 1783. He was therefore of an age to appreciate the doings of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, which sat in this city, where he resided. Doubtless he attended its sittings, although I do not find among his papers any statement to that effect. The work, I have always understood, was for many years used as a textbook at the United States Military Academy at West Point.

WILLIAM BROOKE RAWLE."

"NATCHEZ, MISS., January 27, 1905.

"In re. William Rawle, my grandfather, I am aware that his 'View of the Constitution of the United States' was used as a textbook at West Point, but I do not recollect in what years it was. Gen. R. E. Lee et al. said that they were taught by that book while at West Point. * * * General Lee told Bishop Wilmer, of Louisiana, that if it had not been for the instruction he got from Rawle's textbook at West Point he would not have left the old army and joined the South at the breaking out of the War bteween the States. JOHN RAWLE."

"RAPIDAN, VA., February 10, 1905.

"I have a distinct recollection of my father's statement that General Lee told him that 'Rawle' was a textbook during his cadetship at West Point. JOSEPH WILMER."

"NEW ORLEANS, LA., January 19, 1905.

"I am positive that the work of my grandfather, William Rawle, was used as a textbook at West Point. I have heard this from my own father, Judge Edward Rawle, who died in 1880, son of the author of the book. MRS. M. J. LEEDS."

"Christian & Christian, Law Offices,
Richmond, Va., December, 1904.

"I have frequently heard Gens. D. H. Maury and Fitzhugh Lee state the fact that 'Rawle on the Constitution' was one of the textbooks used at West Point when they were students there. I have also heard the same statement iterated and reiterated time and again without any suggestion that there was any question about it. I saw General Lee last night, and he again told me there was no doubt about this being the fact.

George L. Christian."

"Norfolk, Va., December 5, 1904.

"My recollection is that Rawle's 'View of the Constitution' was the legal textbook at West Point when Generals Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, and Stonewall Jackson were cadets there and later on was a textbook when I was a cadet there.

Fitzhugh Lee."

In Volume VI., page 249, "Southern Historical Papers": "It [Rawle] remained as a textbook at West Point till ———, and Mr. Davis and Sidney Johnston and Gen. Joe Johnston and General Lee and all the rest of us who retired with Virginia from the Federal Union were not only obeying the plain instincts of our nature and dictates of duty, but we were obeying the very inculcations we had received in the national school. It is not probable that any of us ever read the Constitution or any exposition of it except this work of Rawle, which we studied in our graduating year at West Point. I know I did not. Dabney H. Maury."

"Lynchburg, Va., June 21, 1904.

"*John R. Deering, Reverend and Dear Sir:* Undeniably 'Rawle on the Constitution' was a textbook at West Point when General Lee was a cadet and for many years afterwards. It teaches the right of secession positively and emphatically. It was acknowledged in the early days of the republic. See Rawle's book. The West Point catalogue shows that it was long a textbook there.

"Very truly yours, John W. Daniel."

Accepting these testimonies as relevant, competent, and true, and as firmly establishing the fact that "Rawle's View" was taught to Cadets Davis, Lee, the Johnstons, Stonewall Jackson, and others, let us now turn to the "View" itself to see what that instruction is and was concerning secession.

Chapter XXXII. is entitled "Of the Permanence of the Union." In this chapter of sixteen pages there are seventeen clear and distinct discussions or recognitions or mentions of the right or fact of secession. We quote the gist of several of these in Rawle's own order.

Rawle begins his treatment with the quotation of "an emphatical clause in the Constitution"—viz., "The United States shall guarantee to every State in the Union a republican form of government," etc. Then, commenting on this clause, he says: "If a faction should attempt to subvert the government of a State for the purpose of destroying its republican form, the paternal power of the Union could thus be called forth to subdue it; yet it is not to be understood that its interposition would be justifiable if the people of a State should determine to retire from the Union, whether they adopted another or retained the same form of government or if they should, with the express intention of seceding, expunge the representative system from their code." (Page 296.)

In the next paragraph he declares: "It depends on the State itself to retain or abolish the principle of representation, because it depends on itself whether it will continue a member of the Union. To deny this right would be inconsistent with the principle on which all our political systems are founded, which is that the people have in all cases a right to determine how they will be governed." (Page 296.)

Writing, then, as a man naturally would who lived at the time when, and in the city where, the work of making our Constitution was daily going on, Mr. Rawle continues: "This right (of secession) must be considered as an ingredient in the original composition of the general government which, though not expressed, was mutually understood." And, further, he says: "That allegiance (to the United States) would necessarily cease on the dissolution of the society to which it was due." (Page 297.) Again he says: "The States, then, may wholly withdraw from the Union, but while they continue they must retain the character of representative republics." (Page 297.)

Pursuing this thought, he says: "If the majority of the people of a State deliberately and peaceably resolve to relinquish the republican form of government, they cease to be members of the Union." (Page 299.)

Treating next of the exercise of the right and power of secession, Rawle declares: "The secession of a State from the Union depends on the will of the people of such State."

In other words, the power must be original and sovereign, not delegated—the people's own will. He continues: "The State legislatures have only to perform certain organical operations. To withdraw from the Union comes not within the general scope of their delegated authority." (Page 302.)

Next, this prudent expounder of the Constitution tells us in what mode and spirit this power of the people should be exercised: "But in any manner by which a secession is to take place nothing is more certain than that the act should be deliberate, clear, and unequivocal." (Page 302.) Again: "The people of the State may have some reasons to complain in respect to acts of the general government. They may in such cases invest some of their own officers with the power of negotiation and may declare an absolute secession in case of their failure. The secession must in such case be distinctly and peremptorily declared to take place on that event and in such case, as in the case of an unconditional secession the previous ligament with the Union would be legitimately and fairly destroyed. But in either case the people are the only moving power." (Page 303.)

Discussing another question, the refusal of a State to elect Senators, he remarks: "It was foreseen that there would be a natural tendency to increase the number of States with the increase of population. It was also known, though it was not avowed, that a State might withdraw itself." (Page 304.)

Concluding his statesmanlike treatment of this constitutional question, Rawle observes: "To withdraw from the Union is a solemn, serious act. Whenever it may appear expedient to the people of a State, it must be manifested in a direct and unequivocal manner." (Page 305.)

He contemplates also the possibility of the reduction by secession of the number of States remaining in the Union "to the smallest integer admitting combination," and says: "If two or more determine to remain united, although all the others desert them, nothing can be discovered in the Constitution to prevent it." (Page 305.)

Such, my comrades, is the "View of the Constitution" given the world by a Northern man, a lawyer of reputation, the Chancellor of the Law Association of Philadelphia, principal author of the Code of Pennsylvania, a recognized legal

light in that galaxy of glorious intellects and patriots living when our Union was just born; a man who, when but thirty-four years old, was offered by President Washington a high judicial position; a man "whose instincts, sympathies, and connections were all national." That this book was used at West Point in classroom instruction when in 1825 our beloved Lee and our only President, Jefferson Davis, were there to be taught political duty and military science naturally raises the question, Can any man wonder that these soldiers practiced in manhood the doctrines that their Federal preceptors had taught them in boyhood?

But let no comrade suppose that Rawle favored secession or that he undervalued the benefits of the Union or that he was prejudiced by the peculiar institution and legislation of the South. O no; his birth, antecedents, environment, education, associations, and interests were all Northern. He simply brought to the exposition of our Federal Constitution an acute and legally trained intellect, and he found and published the opinion, held everywhere at that time, as to the lawfulness of secession. He surely recollected the strong words used by Virginia in her act of ratification of the Constitution—namely, "Virginia does declare and make known that the powers granted under the Constitution, being derived from the people of the United States, may be resumed by them whenever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression and that every power not granted thereby remains with them and at their will."

So in substance had said New York and Rhode Island, while Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and South Carolina, as well as Virginia, demanded certain amendments as a more explicit guarantee against consolidation. South Carolina used these words: "This Convention doth also declare that no section or paragraph of the said Constitution warrants a construction that the States do not retain every power not expressly relinquished by them and vested in the general government of the Union." North Carolina said: "Each State in the Union shall respectively retain every power, jurisdiction, and right which is not by this Constitution delegated to the Congress of the United States or to the departments of the general government." New Hampshire explicitly declared that all powers not expressly and particularly delegated by the Constitution "are reserved to the several States, to be by them exercised." Rhode Island ratified "in full confidence that Congress shall guarantee (by amendment) to each State its sovereignty, freedom, and independence, and every power, jurisdiction, and right which is not by this Constitution expressly delegated to the United States."

These declarations and conditions in the acts of ratification by the several sovereign States could not have escaped such an expounder of the Constitution as Rawle, living at the time when they were being made, nor was it possible for him to forget the Tenth Amendment adopted to secure and satisfy these States as to their reserved rights and powers—viz: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people." Rawle knew that this safeguard of liberty was almost coeval with the Constitution itself.

So far from denying or doubting the right of a State to secede, it was openly admitted and sometimes strongly asserted; nor did South Carolina lead in the thought or intention of disunion. In 1796 and in 1803 and in 1807 and in 1811 and in 1814 and in 1844 New England had the lead, and upon one ground or another wanted, advocated, and threatened to use it. These are historic and undeniable facts, and they were facts fifty years before South Carolina passed an ordinance dissolving her union with her sovereign sisters. There is no need here of further specification or reiteration.

That the Southern States were clearly within their constitutional rights in enacting secession appears conspicuously in the fact that their leaders, civil and military, were held immune from punishment for their conduct. They were never even brought to trial for treason, although charged with it and imprisoned. The explanation is given briefly in the following quotation from "The Republic of Republics":

"Another event of great historical interest in which Judge Clifford participated was a solemn consultation of a small number of the ablest lawyers of the North in Washington a few months after the war upon the momentous question as to whether the Federal government should commence a criminal prosecution against Jefferson Davis for his participation and leadership in the war of secession. In this council, which was surrounded at the time with the utmost secrecy, were Attorney-General Speed, Judge Clifford, William Evarts, and perhaps half a dozen others, who had been selected from the whole Northern profession for their legal ability and acumen, and the result of their deliberations was the sudden abandonment of the idea of a prosecution in view of the insurmountable difficulties in the way of getting a final conviction.

"'The Republic of Republics' is understood to have given some of the lines of defense by Jefferson Davis's counsel if the case had been brought to trial, and these had the approval of Mr. Davis himself. The book is very highly spoken of by Charles O'Connor, one of Mr. Davis's counsel and one of the most distinguished lawyers in the United States in his day, who wrote to the author in 1865 (see page 4): 'With so admirably prepared and so overwhelmingly conclusive a brief as his book, my task of defending Mr. Davis would be easy indeed.'

"'4117 Pine Street, Philadelphia, March 25, 1884.

"'*Dear Colonel Bingham:* While the question of Jefferson Davis's trial for high treason was pending Mr. William B. Reed, counsel for the defense, was a member of my brother's congregation at Orange Valley, N. J. He told my brother, after it had been decided that the trial was not to take place, that if the case had come to trial the defense would have offered in evidence the textbook on constitutional law (Rawle's 'View of the Constitution') from which Davis had been instructed at West Point by the authority of the United States government and in which the right of secession is maintained as one of the constitutional rights of a State. You are quite at liberty to refer to me for this statement, which is given according to the best of my recollection. L. W. Bacon.'

"It thus appears that Robert E. Lee was taught by the United States government at West Point that the Union was dissoluble and that if it should be dissolved allegiance to the Union ceased, reverting to the States by which the Union had been created. And when at the beginning of a great war Robert E. Lee subordinated his loyalty to the flag under which he had served so long and with such distinction to his sense of duty and to his native State, when he stopped his ears to the call of ambition from the strong and opened them to the cry of help from the weak, when he refused to accept the command of the armies of the United States and took a subordinate position offered him by Virginia, he set an example of self-sacrifice and devotion to duty for duty's sake unequaled in the history of soldiers and of armies.

Robert Bingham, *Superintendent.*"

From "Lee and His Cause," by John R. Deering: "In the face of these facts how monstrous would have been the attempt to punish for treason Mr. Davis or General Lee, who had only put into practice the doctrine taught them at West Point! And how cruel to accuse President Davis of it, imprison and indict him for it, and then deny him a hearing in which he might prove himself innocent! How would such a record as this have looked on the page of history? Cadet Jefferson Davis taught at West Point in 1825 the lawfulness of secession. The said Davis practices in 1861 the said doctrine with the people of Mississippi. The United States government charges with treason the said Davis and tries him at Richmond, Va., in 1866 for doing what it had taught him was lawful when he was at West Point. And the said Davis was acquitted for the sole reason that the jury could 'find no fault in him.'"

All of which is respectfully submitted.

JOHN R. DEERING, D.D., *Chairman.*

LAST STRUGGLES AND SUCCESSES OF LEE.

BY JOHN COXE, LILLIA'S LAKELET, GROVELAND, CAL.

After victory at Chickamauga, failure at Knoxville, more victory at Bean's Station, and pleasant winter quarters at Morristown, New Market, Russellville, and Greeneville, East Tennessee, the detached divisions of Hood and McLaws under Longstreet returned to Lee's army on the Rapidan about the middle of April, 1864. These divisions did not at once take position on the front line, then held by Ewell and A. P. Hill, but stopped and camped in and around Gordonsville, Va., Kershaw's old brigade, to which I belonged, camping right in the little town. After getting settled down I recalled with interest that late on July 20, 1861, the five infantry companies of Hampton's Legion, in one of which I was then a private, arrived there by train from Richmond on the way to Manassas, expecting to find a sumptuous dinner awaiting them, which indeed had been promised. But there was no dinner, and we were much disappointed as well as very hungry. We stopped long enough to change engines and then rushed on to Bull Run.

Late in April General Lee reviewed the returned divisions and seemed pleased with the appearance of the men, although the ranks were thin, tattered, and slipshod. It was known that Grant had been given the chief command of the Federal armies and would have his headquarters with the grand and well-organized Army of the Potomac, and that during the impending campaign he would be put up to Lee in a deadly struggle for military supremacy, and in the Confederate army generally it was felt that the current year would witness the end of the war one way or the other.

The 5th of May dawned hot and sultry. About noon hurried orders to march arrived, and soon afterwards we were going in quick time toward the lower Rapidan. The heat was very oppressive, and late in the day there was some straggling, particularly after we got into that ever-memorable maze of small trees and undergrowth known as the Wilderness. We heard no noise of battle, although at that very time A. P. Hill was in bloody conflict with the Federal advance, which had crossed the Rapidan earlier in the day. There was no halt for night bivouac. We kept on over rough roads till near daylight of the 6th, when we found Hill and his battle field of the day before. There was every indication that hot work was just ahead of us. Staff officers galloped all about, and without a moment's delay we were thrown into line of battle. And it was none too soon, for just at the peep of dawn here rushed forward the Federal infantry through the tangled mass of thick woods, and immediately the bloodiest day of the Wilderness was begun.

Kershaw's old brigade, being in advance, bore the full force of the first collision, and after a time it was pushed back a little, although still doggedly firing at the enemy, and many of our men fell, including the gallant Colonel Nance, of the 3d South Carolina. But other brigades arrived quickly and swung into line of battle, and then our line rushed forward and, after much hard fighting, drove the Federals back to and across the plank road at that point; but they still held their ground to our right. Soon after this Wofford's Brigade arrived and, forming on our right, vigorously assaulted the enemy in the thick woods in his front, advancing from an old railroad embankment, and drove the enemy back across the plank road in his front. But during Wofford's fight another brigade advanced somewhat, wedging its way between our brigade and Wofford's. As it was entering the thickest



JOHN COXE, AUGUST, 1860.

woods a little in front of our right it fired a solid volley to the front, and then our brigade advanced to the plank road. By this time the heavy fighting on our front had ceased, and we were much surprised to find Generals Lee and Kershaw and many staff officers on the plank road almost directly in our front engaged in re-forming some of our tangled lines. While this was going on Wofford galloped from the right along the plank road, and after conferring a few minutes with Lee and Kershaw he galloped back. Then we soon saw some of the work the wedging brigade had done. A part of its volley had reached a group of our own officers, including Generals Longstreet, Kershaw, and Jenkins and their staffs. Kershaw, who was in command of our

division, escaped; but Longstreet was badly wounded, and Jenkins was killed. Lieutenant Doby, of Kershaw's staff, and headquarters Commissary Baum also were killed by this unfortunate mistake.

For the rest of the day there was only desultory firing on our part of the line, but up to a late hour Ewell, on the Confederate left, was successfully engaged in repelling and driving the Federals. Thus at nightfall Grant had been repulsed at all points and driven back at some.

Just before opening the campaign Grant had announced that Lee's army was to be his objective. No more simply "on to Richmond," but Lee's army was to be found and destroyed. Well, Lee's army was found in the deep recesses of the Wilderness, and in two days Grant got all the fighting he wanted there; so at the end of the first battle he turned away from his objective and tried to rush by Lee by way of Spottsylvania Courthouse.

On the 7th our lines were reconstructed, advanced a little, and the afternoon passed in burying our dead and making breastworks. The losses on both sides were heavy, but necessarily heaviest on the Federal side. The nature of the ground made it impracticable to use artillery to advantage, and I remember well that during the whole battle of the Wilderness I heard only two cannon shots. In the re-formation of our lines on the 7th our brigade was placed on the extreme right and my own regiment, the 2d South Carolina, on the right of the brigade. Quietness prevailed during the afternoon, but a little after sunset we heard, off to our right front, some sharp rifle-firing, followed by a Rebel yell. It lasted but a few minutes, and then all was quiet again. We made a fair supper on the contents of the haversacks of the dead enemy, and as darkness came on we began to "go to bed" between earth and sky. But the "dull god" sleep was not to preside over us that night. At about half past seven a mounted officer dashed along the line and in sharp but suppressed speech said: "Attention, men! Fall into line!" Of course we privates jumped into line of battle and were sure the enemy was creeping up to us through the bushes. But the next moment the command, "By the right flank, march!" was given, and away we went in quick time through the thickets as best we could. Never before nor afterwards did I experience such a trying night march. On we went, with never a halt, over rough places, little streams, swamps, and through next to impenetrable thickets. The stars were bright, but there was no moon. A little before dawn we struck a road at a left oblique angle and followed the left end, thence on to a bridge over a little stream, and thence on to a crossroads, where at the first show of dawn we found Gen. J. E. B. Stuart and staff in the saddle.

Stuart was smiling, and in a moment he was all action. He turned the head of our regiment at right angles to the left and into the road leading north up a gentle slope. Open fields were on the right and thick pine woods on the left. Halfway up the slope Stuart and his staff wheeled our brigade into line of battle and double-quicked us up to the top of the low hill. There we found some of Stuart's cavalry dismounted behind fence rail breastworks in the open on both sides of the road, and advancing up the other side of the hill there was a heavy Federal line of battle. The dismounted cavalry quickly fell back through our ranks, and we as quickly occupied their position behind the rails. Our regiment, the 2d, was on the left and the 3d on the right of the road. Large fields were in our front, except some open pines on the right, where the 3d Regiment took post. In the field directly in our front were a large two-story farmhouse and outbuildings.

At this time Stuart was the only Confederate general officer in sight and, figuratively speaking, just as cool as a piece of ice, though all the time laughing. He rode right along the lines and, with the help of his staff, personally posted all the regiments of the brigade. On rushed the solid lines of the enemy with every apparent confidence of rushing over us and capturing that hill, which was in truth the key of that route to Richmond. Stuart rode along our line, continually cheering us and telling us to hold our fire till the Federals were well in range. "And then," he said, "give it to them good and hold this position to the last man. Plenty of help is near at hand." He also told us that we had been sent to him to hold that hill at all hazards.

The position of the 3d Regiment on the opposite side of the road was a little in advance of ours, and when the Federal line got up to a large wild cherry tree on the right side of the road the 3d fired a solid and withering volley into it, and this was quickly followed by a similar volley by our regiment. The Federals seemed completely surprised, staggered, and as we continued our rain of lead into their ranks broke and retreated in great disorder down the hill and took shelter in a woods in their rear. But before they got back to the woods we saw one of their men turn back and run up the road toward us, and when he got near the cherry tree he stooped down and picked up the body of one of his comrades, put it on his shoulder, and rapidly walked back into his own lines. No Confederate gun was trained on that man. We all admired his pluck and imagined the picked-up body was that of his kinsman or friend. If he is still living or any of his comrades who saw this incident, I would like to hear from him or them.

The field in our front was blue with the dead and wounded Federals. They were Grant's van, under Warren, with orders to seize these heights of Spottsylvania Courthouse, and as prisoners they told us they imagined that the hill was held by a small force of our cavalry. And that was about where the little fight we heard the evening before took place. Stuart during this sharp fight was riding back and forth along our lines, cheering us with such words as, "Give it to them, boys!"

In this first fight at Spottsylvania the 3d Regiment lost one killed, and the 2d had three wounded. After the bloody repulse of the Federals some of the 3d called over to us and said: "Nance's death is avenged." But very soon after this the forces of both armies began to arrive and take position under the eyes of skilled engineers. A strong Federal line of battle developed in the woods back of the farm buildings, marched up to them, and at once put into them a force of sharpshooters to annoy us. Up to this time no artillery had been used by either side, but a moment later a Confederate battery of four Enfield guns and one brass howitzer, personally directed by Stuart, dashed up and, planting their guns at intervals along our line, opened a rapid fire into the advancing enemy, and this checked them near the farmhouses, behind which many of them crowded for refuge. Then Stuart ordered the artillery to burn the buildings, and the very first incendiary shell from the brass cannon fired the main building. And then I saw a sight I never wanted to see again. A woman bareheaded, her long hair streaming behind, ran out of the big house and across the field to the left between the two fighting armies and reached shelter in the woods on the Po River.

Now both sides rushed their legions to this great key to the route to Richmond. Hood's old division, under Field, arrived in line of battle and joined our left in the woods on the Po,

and this completed the Confederate left. Entirely against his will, Grant found his objective again here at old Spottsylvania. By the middle of the afternoon, thousands of troops of both sides having arrived, we took position, began to build breastworks, and settled down to a death struggle. Bullets and shrieking shells filled the air, and one had to be very careful or stand a good chance of being picked off.

Stuart, after the arrival of other general officers, flew away to foil a Federal cavalry raid elsewhere and, a few days afterwards, to meet his death at Yellow Tavern. In every way Stuart was a grand man and every inch a true soldier. In the early morning of that day we privates thought him more than the equal of any other living man in cool bravery, dashing heroism, manly beauty, and all that went to make up our ideal of a military chieftain. He wore a full red beard, had searching eyes, a towering presence, was quick and ubiquitous in a fight, and sat his horse to perfection. I shall never forget the inspiring effect his presence had on our men on that bloody early morning and our regret when he galloped away to other fields.

Cannonading, sharpshooting, and digging went on till the afternoon of the 12th, when Grant began his famous series of assaults on Field's Division in the woods on our left. The first assault was handsomely repulsed with great loss to the enemy and but little to us. But even before it was over Lee's great mind and trained eyes felt through Grant's well-planned game to suddenly overwhelm the Confederate left and seize the key of the battle ground. Therefore he rushed other troops and artillery to that point and double-ranked Field behind his strong works. So strong was our left made that the four subsequent Federal assaults were not only easily repulsed, but the forces making them were simply slaughtered. Our brigade was behind works in the open field next to the right of Field, who was in the woods. All was quiet in our front while this awful carnage went on only a stone's throw to the left. We stood there ready for any emergency and with much anxiety listened to the incessant roll of musketry and thunder of artillery on Field's front. But at the end of each assault we were thrilled by tremendous Rebel cheers, by which we knew each assault had been repulsed.

It was after dark when the last attack was repelled, and when things got quiet I slipped out of ranks and made my way down to Field's line. O what a sight in the woods in front! Federal dead and wounded in all shapes and positions encumbered the ground. The loud groans and exclamations of the wounded were simply awful. And then, to add to the trying scene, fire broke out in the woods, probably kindled by our artillery, and many of the Federal wounded lost their lives in that way. For the numbers engaged, many regarded this the bloodiest fight of the war, but nine-tenths of the losses were on the Federal side.

To reënforce Field our lines were weakened next to the right of our division at what is now known as the "Bloody Angle." Apparently Federal spies found out this, and early next day the Federals fiercely attacked the angle, and there was hard fighting there for part of two days and all of one night. But amidst the dead and dying and against fearful odds the Confederates held the point till new works were constructed immediately in the rear. After these bloody conflicts at close quarters, Grant fought us day and night at a distance. His cannon and rifle shots chewed up and cut down the timber all about us; but as we were well protected, we were content to let the Federals fire away for a few more days.

Thus Lee was successful in two big battles, and once more Grant turned away from his objective and wrote to Washington that he would "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." Lincoln and the North had expected that Grant would crush Lee at the first blow. After continuing uselessly to shoot and let his dead rot and his wounded die in front of our works for some days longer, Grant, heavily reënforced, again thought to go around the threadbare and half-starved old Confederate skirmish line. And so, after maneuvering some and after the small affair of Anna Bridge, where my captain, Powell, was severely wounded, Grant tried to rush by Lee at Cold Harbor; but, just as always hitherto, he found his unwelcome objective there and ready.

During the first days of June there was digging again by both parties and some small affairs in which Colonel Keit, commanding our brigade, and Girard Dyer, of my company, were killed. Then came Grant's big assault on our works. It completely failed, and thus for the third time his troops were slaughtered, while our losses were small. And then something happened to Grant. Some of his less unfeeling officers demanded that he apply to Lee and get permission to recover his dead and wounded, and he did so reluctantly. He ought to have done so both at the Wilderness and Spottsylvania Courthouse. Evidently he thought the report that he had to apply to his weak adversary for such permission would look bad at the North and not at all help his own reputation. By Federal blundering there was a hitch and some delay in the negotiations. Lee simply required Grant to conform to the usual official routine governing such matters. Let no one dare say that Lee in any way was to blame for the hitch and consequent delay. Gen. Horace Porter, a confirmed great admirer of Grant, did not, so far as I found, refer to this truce in his "Campaigning with Grant"; and, in common with others on both sides of the fence, I think there is little doubt that there was an understood disposition on the part of those very close to Grant to minimize as much as possible the importance of the affair. Anyway, the truce began at 2 P.M. and closed at eight by a blank shot from a Confederate cannon. Officers of both armies conferred and mingled on the field between the lines, the Federal dead and wounded were recovered, soldiers of both armies laid down their arms, mounted their respective works, cheered each other, enjoyed a few hours of peace and recreation, while their respective brass bands alternately played several airs, among them being "Dixie" by the Federals and "Yankee Doodle" by the Confedcrates.

After this there was very little more bloodshed at Cold Harbor. Again, and for the third time, Lee was successful and Grant badly beaten by his tiresome objective. After a few more days Grant, reënforced and refreshed, sidestepped to the James and Appomattox and did his best to steal a march on Lee and seize Petersburg. But at Petersburg he found old men and boys and sufficient of the Lee squad to meet and repulse his first advances. In a few more days the theater of the conflict was transferred to the James, Appomattox, Petersburg, and vicinity. And there Grant was halted, not only for all the remaining summer, but for all the following fall and winter as well. After the fiasco of "blowing up" the Confederate works in which the "blowers up" got the worst of it, Grant sat down and was content to extend his left a little and await the inevitable results of the work of "attrition." He had enough of his objective as far as fighting was involved.

In July Early was sent to meet a small threat against Lynch-

burg, and after driving the Federals down the Kanawha he entered on the foolish and so-called "Washington campaign." It greatly weakened our thin forces, did no good, strengthened the enemy, and subsequently brought on the disastrous valley fighting.

About the middle of August, and after Early's return from Washington, our division was detached and sent to reënforce Early, then in the lower valley. On the 26th of August I was severely wounded in a sharp little fight on the outskirts of old Charlestown, W. Va. For nearly a month I was nursed by a kind-hearted family in Winchester. During this time there was little or no fighting. So about the middle of September the division was ordered to rejoin Lee's fortified skirmish line below Richmond and Petersburg, and I was with it in an ambulance. At Culpeper Courthouse we headed off and destroyed a small force of Federal raiders returning from burning some mills down on the Rapidan. The Federals had no idea of our presence, so it was very easy for Bryant's Brigade to ambush and shoot them to pieces from the thick pine woods on both sides of the road leading east. An ambulance in their rear tried to get away by turning into a field on the right, but even that was overhauled near the foot of Pony Mountain. At Gordonsville we heard of the battle of Winchester and the death of General Rhodes and received orders returning the division to Early in the valley. I was sent to friends farther south, but it was December before I got strong enough to return to the army.

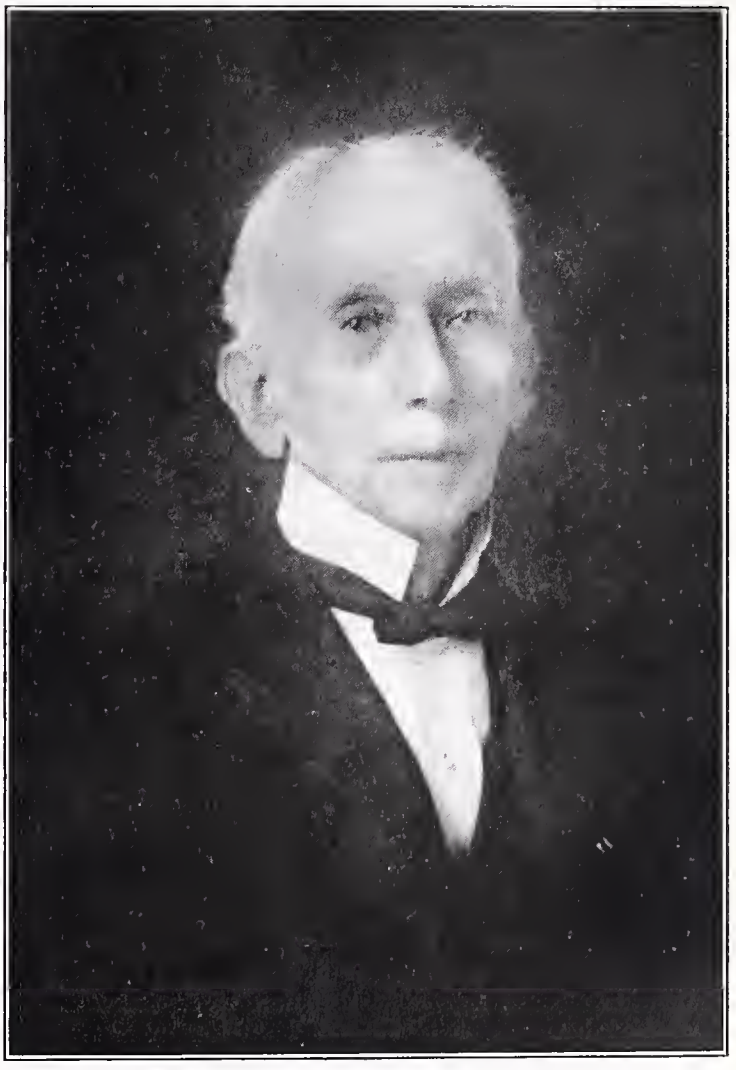
In the meantime I had been transferred to the 18th Georgia, so as to be with near relatives. I found the old command in poor winter quarters and hungry squalor on the lines below Richmond a little east of the James. In due time the medical examining board assigned me to light duty at brigade headquarters.

After Christmas it was announced that the women of Richmond would give Lee's hungry army a New Year's dinner, and then our mouths "watered" till January 1, 1865. On that day all who were able to do so got up very early. The army was to do nothing. The ladies were to do all. They would provide all vehicles, and the "goodies" would be taken right along the lines and distributed to the half-famished men by dainty hands. And we waited. What a long day that seemed to be! We whiled away the tedious hours by telling stories and cracking jokes. Noon came, then two, four, eight, ten, and twelve o'clock, and still no "goody" wagon. Being still a little weak, I became tired out and lay down and went to sleep with the understanding that those on watch would call me when our dinner arrived. It was after 3 A.M. when a comrade called and told me that a detail had just gone out to meet the precious wagon and bring in our feast. But O what a disappointment when the squad returned and issued to each man only one small sandwich made up of two tiny slices of bread and a thin piece of ham! A few men ventured to inquire: "Is this all?" But I think they were ashamed of themselves the next moment. After the "meal" was finished a middle-aged corporal lighted his pipe and said: "God bless our noble women! It was all they could do; it was all they had." And then every man in that old tent indulged in a good cry. We couldn't help it.

But ah me and ah all! The old gray skirmish line was on its last shaky underpinning. Actually it was starving. And when lovely spring appeared Grant felt and found the work of "attrition" fully accomplished. Then quickly came the fall of Petersburg and Richmond, Sailor's Creek, the "last ditch" and the last living death at Appomattox, and thus the last struggles and successes of Lee and of the Southern Confederacy. Then so-called Reconstruction with its damnable and worse-than-war results. This was the "plan" of the so-called "wise" and "eminent" statesmen then in power for ruin. But it ignominiously failed, and to-day the South is free again and prosperous.

A VETERAN OF TWO WARS.

George A. Porterfield was born in Berkeley County, Va., November 24, 1822. His paternal ancestors were Scotch-Irish, and his maternal English. He graduated from the Virginia Military Institute in 1844. Two years later, in January, 1846, while in Richmond, he united with Edward C. Carrington and Carlton R. Munford, his classmates at the V. M. I., in organizing one of the first companies formed in Virginia for service in the Mexican War; and of this company Carrington was elected captain, Porterfield first lieutenant, and Munford second lieutenant. The company sailed from Old Point Com-



GEORGE A. PORTERFIELD, CHARLESTOWN, W. VA.

fort the last of January, 1846, and landed at the entrance to the Rio Grande River while the battle of Buena Vista was being fought.

This regiment, of which John F. Hamtramck was colonel, Thomas B. Randolph lieutenant colonel, and Jubal A. Early major, sailed up the Rio Grande and its tributary, the San Juan, to Camargo, a miserable place, then to Saltillo. At this place George A. Porterfield was appointed adjutant of the Virginia regiment and later assistant adjutant general to Gen. John E. Wool, in which capacity he served till the close of the war.

LIEUT. GEN. WILLIAM JOSEPH HARDEE.

[A paper read by W. J. Milner before Camp Hardee, Birmingham, Ala.]

In the galaxy of glorious names from which it is permitted to choose one to reflect credit upon our Camp, and upon whom we may in turn properly bestow honor by such appropriation, none is more worthy than that of William J. Hardee.

Notwithstanding his great military ability and his faithful and eminent services to the cause which we all held so dear, it is astonishing that now, nearly half a century after the curtain fell upon that greatest tragedy of modern times, and nearly forty years after his death, General Hardee has found no biographer, no Du Bose, or other gifted writer who has fittingly set down a record of the character and the deeds of this great soldier, unless a small pamphlet written by a former member of his staff, Col. W. D. Pickett, now living at Lexington, Ky., may be called such. It is necessary, therefore, in order to gain information concerning him, to search the official records or the biographies and reminiscences of others, his contemporaries and associates, for he himself left none such.

He was born, so states his daughter, Mrs. Anna Hardee Chambliss, on his father's plantation, in Southeast Georgia, October 10, 1815. He was graduated from West Point at the age of twenty-three and entered the army, as have so many others both before and since who were destined, like himself, to achieve distinction. Soon after his graduation he was sent by the government to the cavalry school at Saumur, France. In 1840 he married Miss Dummett, of St. Augustine, Fla. He was made first lieutenant in 1839 and served in the Florida Indian War of 1840. In 1844 he was promoted to captain and in 1847 was brevetted major for gallantry in the battles around the City of Mexico. For the same service he was also presented by the State of Georgia with a handsomely embossed saber and scabbard.

During President Pierce's administration, Jefferson Davis being Secretary of War, 1852-56, there was, largely through the influence of Mr. Davis, created by act of Congress a cavalry organization designated as the Second Dragoons, which became one of the most celebrated of the pre-bellum regiments in the history of the government. Its field officers were: Albert Sidney Johnston, Colonel; Robert E. Lee, Lieutenant Colonel; William J. Hardee and George H. Thomas, Majors. Among its captains were E. Kirby Smith, Earle Van Dorn, N. G. Evans, J. N. Palmer, and George Stoneman, all of whom became distinguished generals in the Civil War. John B. Hood also was a lieutenant in it.

In 1856 Hardee was promoted to lieutenant colonel, and from 1856 to 1860 he was commandant of the Cadet Corps at West Point, and here he introduced his system of tactics which had been adopted and published by the government. The same system of tactics was also later adopted by the Confederate government and became both the Bible and prayer book of many of us.

After Alabama and Georgia seceded from the Union, in 1861, Lieutenant Colonel Hardee tendered his resignation as an officer in the United States army and was immediately commissioned colonel of cavalry in the Confederate army and assigned to the command of Fort Morgan, which had some weeks previously been taken possession of by the State of Alabama. His services here were valuable in organizing and drilling the raw recruits under his command. In June he was made brigadier general and put in command of the Department of Western Arkansas and Missouri, with headquarters at Greenville, Mo., coöperating with Price and McCullough, commanding Missouri State troops.

There were four or five thousand troops under Hardee's command at that time. Gen. Basil Duke says of those troops: "There were very many gallant men in the little army then in camp at Greenville, nearly all of whom became in a brief time excellent soldiers, and among the officers several attained just distinction. I first saw and made the acquaintance there of two who were subsequently ranked only a little below the ablest and most famous of the Confederate leaders. These two were Hardee and Cleburne. General Hardee was a thoroughly educated and an exceedingly accomplished soldier. No one in the old army, perhaps, was more perfectly versed in either the more important or the minutest details of professional knowledge. I believe it is admitted that he had no superior as a corps commander, and his capacity for handling troops on the battle field and his skill as a tactician were unsurpassed. * * * I believe that he possessed every quality which is necessary to make an able general, unless it may be self-confidence. His grasp of a strategic question or situation was clear and comprehensive, and as an army leader he was prompt, bold, and alert."

When Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston assumed command of the Confederate forces in Kentucky, the troops under Hardee west of the Mississippi were ordered to Kentucky, and the latter, having been promoted to major general, was placed in command of the advanced position at Bowling Green, with about twenty or twenty-two thousand troops, confronting Buell's army of forty thousand effectives at Mumfordsville. It was a position of honor worthily bestowed by his old commander.

Upon the retirement of Johnston's army, made necessary by Grant's operations in Western Kentucky and Tennessee and the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson, Hardee's command became the rear guard. He conducted his command safely and without loss through Nashville, Murfreesboro, and Decatur, and thence to Corinth, the point selected by Johnston for assembling his army preparatory to the intended battle of Shiloh.

The army collected here consisted of Polk's command from Columbus, Ky., Hardee's from Bowling Green, Crittenden's from Fishing Creek, and Bragg's from Pensacola. Hardee's command, increased by the additions of Gladden's Brigade and a few other troops, constituted the 3d Corps and formed the advance line of the army which moved out from Corinth April 3, 1862. Owing to the almost impassable condition of the roads, it was the evening of April 5 before Hardee came in touch with the enemy. So late was this that General Beauregard, second in command, believed it was too late to make the attack; but General Johnston, with whom Hardee was in thorough accord, overruled the objection and ordered the attack early the next morning. At daylight on the morning of that fateful day Hardee's line moved to the attack with irresistible force, completely surprising and driving Sherman's line before it. Nor was its progress checked until about noon. The battle field of Shiloh was in places thickly wooded. Through a portion of it ran a sunken road nearly parallel with the enemy's line in such position as to afford him protection and enable him to check the Confederate advance. Later the enemy was flanked out of this position.

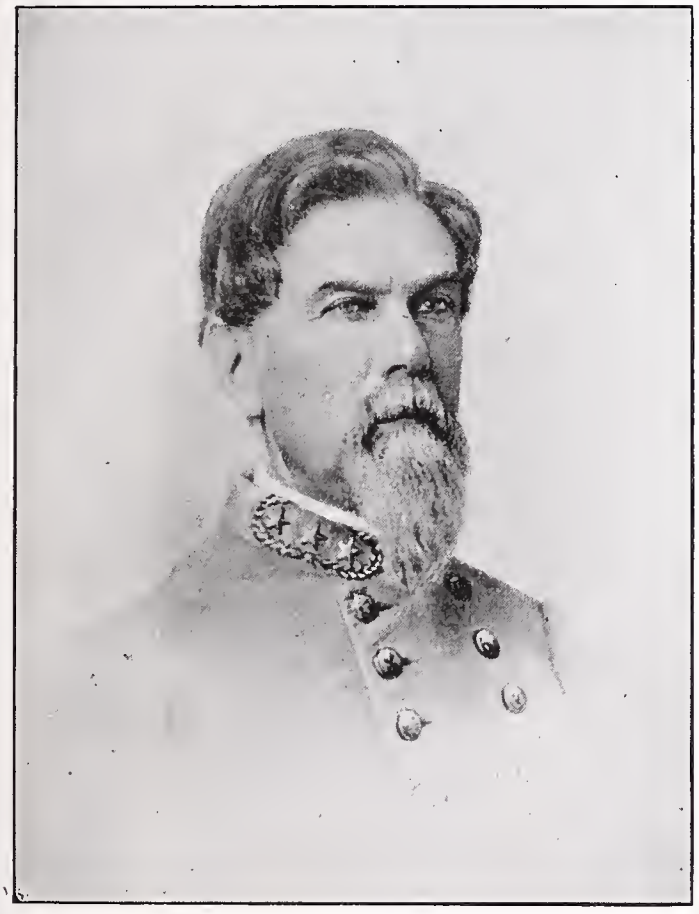
I will not stop to tell you how the victorious Confederates swept on until they at last, with lines re-formed, stood confronting the enemy in his last position, whence they were preparing to drive him, when the fatal order came to retire. Johnston had fallen, and Beauregard was now in command.

It has been said that Gettysburg was the turning point, the crisis, in the fortunes of the Confederacy. I believe it was here. Had Johnston lived, had his genius continued to direct, and this first day's victory been made complete, there would have been no Gettysburg.

It is not my purpose, nor would time permit me, to write a biographical sketch of this distinguished soldier, but merely to give an outline of his services. At Corinth and later at Tupelo his corps, comprising Patton Anderson's and Buckner's divisions was brought to a high state of efficiency. He had the power to inspire in those he commanded their love and trust and at the same time to retain the confidence of those above him.

His corps constituted the left wing of Bragg's army in the Kentucky campaign. Hardee's Corps and Cheatham's Division of Polk's Corps, fifteen thousand altogether, fought the battle of Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862, winning a decisive victory over largely superior numbers. The battle began about noon and lasted until five o'clock, at which hour the enemy had been driven from the field. For his services in this battle Hardee was promoted to lieutenant general.

Bragg after this battle retired from Kentucky by way of Cumberland Gap, taking with him an immense quantity of quartermaster's and commissary supplies, including many head of live stock.



LIEUT. GEN. WILLIAM J. HARDEE.

The army was then transferred to Middle Tennessee, again to confront Buell's army, now commanded by Rosecrans, who had relieved the former. Here Brig. Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne was made a major general and assigned to the command of Buckner's Division, the latter having been transferred to a higher command.

At the battle of Murfreesboro Hardee's Corps, now consisting of Breckinridge's and Cleburne's Divisions, was at first placed on Bragg's right, the latter expecting Rosecrans to endeavor to turn his right; but on December 30 Bragg determined to take the initiative on the left, and therefore, leaving Breckinridge still on the right, he sent Hardee with Cleburne's Division to the left of his line, placing also under his command McCowan's Division, which had been held in reserve. Hardee moved upon Rosecrans at daylight on the morning of December 31, and so impetuous was his assault and so complete the surprise of the enemy that Brigadier General Willich and many of his brigade were made prisoners and a battery of artillery taken. Hardee's advance continued its swing to the right without check until its line occupied a course of about one hundred degrees to the right of its direction at the beginning of the battle and more than three miles distant from its first position. In this movement McCowan's Division became detached from Cleburne and extended too far to the left, leaving a wide gap. In order to rectify the alignment, a halt was made about three o'clock. Before the line could be reorganized, darkness closed upon the scene. The exhausted men, who had been fighting since daylight, slept under arms and in line of battle. As later events proved, this also closed the battle with the exception of Breckinridge's brilliant charge and subsequent repulse on the right on the evening of January 2.

Bragg here, as in Kentucky and later at Chickamauga, was fated not to reap the benefit of his victory. Rosecrans having received large reënforcements, thereby greatly outnumbering Bragg, the latter deemed it prudent to retire, which he did unmolested by the enemy, and went into winter quarters at Tullahoma.

After the fall of Vicksburg, with the surrender of its garrison and their subsequent exchange and dispersement to their homes, it became necessary to collect and reorganize these troops into command, which required the services of a capable and efficient officer. General Hardee was chosen by the President for this important duty, and Enterprise, Miss., was selected as the camp for such reorganization. Lieut. Gen. D. H. Hill was temporarily assigned to the command of Hardee's Corps while the latter was engaged on this duty, which engagement prevented his presence with the command during the campaign and battle of Chickamauga.

Having successfully accomplished his mission to Mississippi, General Hardee, to the delight of his old troops, was recalled and resumed command of the corps while on the Missionary Ridge line. Buck says (Cleburne and his command): "General Hardee, who had three times been shifted from one extreme of the army to the other as the exigencies required, was on November 24 placed in command of the right, consisting on the 25th, the day of the battle, of Cleburne's, Walker's, Cheatham's, and Stewart's Divisions." Thus it was that his superiors always selected him to command where they were expecting the most serious work, and in this instance this confidence was fully justified by the results. Hardee quickly made his dispositions, ably assisted by the gallant and brilliant Cleburne, whose division occupied the extreme right. The right was held all day against the furious assaults of Sherman's veterans.

Buck says: "The sun was sinking, and General Hardee, being satisfied as to the security of his right, now proceeded up the ridge to his left, as the ringing cheers of victory raised by Cleburne's men were taken up and reëchoed by the entire line. Hardee reached the end of his command only to find that the left center of the army had been pierced and carried by assault, and a force of Federal infantry was bearing down

the crest of the ridge against his left flank." This appalling information was conveyed to General Cleburne by General Hardee, who ordered him, in addition to his own, to take command of Walker's and Stevenson's Divisions and form a line across the ridge, so as to be prepared to meet the oncoming attack. His orders were promptly and efficiently executed, and these measures saved Bragg's army from a still greater disaster. The only two bridges over the Chickamauga were in the rear of the right. Had they given way, the army as an organized body could not have escaped. Time will not permit further comment. Hardee committed the details of protecting the rear to his able and trusted lieutenant, General Cleburne, and the army safely passed, with its trains and artillery, on toward Ringgold.

It may not be amiss to mention briefly here one of Cleburne's most noted achievements, for which he and his command received the commendation of the commanding general and a vote of thanks from the Confederate Congress.

The village of Ringgold lies on the western side of Taylor's Ridge, almost opposite Ringgold Gap, through which runs a tributary of the east branch of the Chickamauga River, the Western and Atlantic Railroad, and the public highway. During the night of November 26 General Cleburne, whose division of four thousand one hundred and fifty-seven men was covering the rear of the retreating army, received an order from General Bragg to take position in Ringgold Gap and hold the enemy in check until the trains and other troops could be gotten safely to the rear. Believing the order meant the destruction of his division, and saying he was in the habit of obeying orders, he requested the staff officer bringing the order to put it in writing for his protection, which was done.

The command reached the west bank of the Chickamauga River just north of Ringgold during the night and halted until morning. At daylight, a bitter cold morning, the troops waded the stream, nearly waist-deep, and each portion of the command was conducted rapidly to the position previously selected for it. We had several cavalrymen who were stationed in the town near the river. A section of Semple's Alabama Battery, commanded by Lieutenant Goldthwaite, was placed in the gap and masked. The infantry were placed in concealed positions in the gap and on the ridge on each side. These dispositions having been made, Cleburne in person and on foot took position in the gap near the guns of Lieutenant Goldthwaite.

In his official report Cleburne says: "I had scarcely half an hour to make these dispositions when I was informed that the enemy's skirmishers were crossing the Chickamauga, driving our cavalry before them. Immediately after the cavalry retreated through the gap at a trot, and the valley in front was clear of our troops; but close in the rear of the ridge our immense train was still in full view, struggling through the fords of the creek and the deeply cut-up roads leading to Dalton, and my division, silent, but cool and ready, was the only barrier between it and the flushed and eager advance of the pursuing Federal army." The enemy's infantry soon followed in columns of fours with skirmishers a short distance in front. When they had become sufficiently near, Cleburne gave the order to Goldthwaite to fire. The pieces had been charged with canister, and the effect was terrible, checking the advance. They soon re-formed, however, for these men were veterans and brave men. They re-formed and came again in splendid order, only again to be driven back. Failing to run over the small force visible in the gap, they attempted to scale the ridges on each side. Assault after assault by ever-increasing numbers of Grant's victorious army was repulsed with great loss. Thus the battle continued for more than five hours. Practically Grant's entire army seemed to be massed in front of us and were visible from our position.

About twelve o'clock General Cleburne was informed by General Hardee that the retreating army and the trains had reached a place of safety and that he could now retire. About one o'clock, during a lull in the firing, the section of the battery was again masked and rolled by hand down the road, while the troops in line retired to the plain below and along the road, leaving a skirmish line in position to follow. Half an hour later we could see a long blue line winding down the mountain slope following in our wake. We halted about a mile distant from the gap and again offered battle, but they kept a respectful distance. We saw no more of them until the next spring.

An incident of the battle when told to General Cleburne amused him greatly. His younger brother, Christopher, a boy in his teens, came to us at Missionary Ridge. Cleburne said to him: "I can give you a position on my staff, but my advice to you is that you enlist as a private, and if worthy of it you will win promotion; if not, I do not want you around my quarters." This advice was taken, and the boy enlisted in Polk's Brigade. During the progress of the battle, when ammunition ran low, the men, as they had done two days before at Missionary Ridge, resorted to throwing rocks down the hill upon the enemy, which proved to be a very effective defense. One of the prisoners brought in by our men, an Irishman, who had been wounded by one of these missiles, seeing "Kit," as the men called young Cleburne, said: "Ah! you are the little divil that smashed me jaw with a rock."

Poor Kit, like his famous brother, shortly afterwards gave his life to the cause while at the head of his company, of which he had been promoted to the command, in Morgan's Cavalry.

General Bragg, in his report of the battle of Missionary Ridge and the retirement from Dalton, says: "Lieutenant General Hardee, as usual, is entitled to my warmest thanks and highest commendation for his gallant and judicious conduct during the whole of the trying scenes through which we passed."

On November 30 at Dalton General Bragg, at his own request, was relieved of the command of the army and was succeeded by General Hardee.

While at Dalton Hardee, taking with him his warm friend, General Cleburne, as best man, went to Mobile and was there married to his second wife, Miss Mary F. Lewis. While there General Cleburne met a beautiful and accomplished lady to whom he became engaged, but his tragic and heroic death less than a year later prevented their marriage.

On December 16, 1863, General Hardee having declined permanent command of the army, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was assigned to it. Johnston's Dalton to Atlanta campaign opened May 5, 1864, Johnston's effective force numbering less than forty-five thousand, while that of Sherman was about ninety-eight thousand. These figures as the campaign proceeded were slightly changed by the casualties of war and by recruits to both sides, but the relative proportion remained substantially the same so long as Johnston continued in command. Hardee's Corps consisted of Cleburne's, Cheatham's, and Walker's Divisions. Johnston retired before Sherman's flank movement to Resaca, where he gave battle, inflicting loss upon the enemy. A repetition of the flanking process caused his further retirement to near Cassville. Here a line was selected

and the troops placed in position for the purpose of giving battle. Hood's Corps was on the right, Polk's in the center and Hardee's on the left. General Johnston issued his battle order, dated May 19, and the men were expecting the next day to meet the enemy. Hardee's troops were enthusiastic for the encounter. At 12:30 A.M. that night (May 20) orders were given to retire. The order was a great mystery and disappointment to Hardee's men. The explanation is found in the statement during the night by Generals Hood and Polk that neither could hold his line more than an hour or two against the enemy's enfilading fire, and they therefore urged Johnston to abandon the position at once. General Johnston stated that Hardee's line was much more exposed and difficult to hold than either of the others, but with two-thirds of his corps commanders unwilling to fight he did not wish to take the responsibility of ordering the battle, although he says in his official report: "It was a step I have regretted ever since." In justice, however, to both Generals Hood and Polk it cannot be denied that their lines were greatly exposed to the fire from the enemy's long-range guns posted upon the crest of the ridges to their front and right and somewhat higher than the positions held by their troops.

I can only refer briefly to the events of this remarkable campaign—the battles of the New Hope Church Line, Cleburne's battle of Pickett's Mill, the Lost Mountain Line, the Kennesaw Line—in all of which great loss was inflicted upon the enemy with small loss to the Confederates. On the last-mentioned line Hardee's Corps was on the extreme left and sustained a number of desperate assaults, only one of which I will mention in detail. On June 27, after a furious cannonade of several hours by the enemy, he made a general advance in heavy columns, but was repulsed at all points with great loss. Their assault, seven lines deep, was vigorous and persistent on Cheatham's and Cleburne's Divisions of Hardee's Corps and French's and Featherstone's of Loring's Corps. The Confederates, being covered by strong rifle pits which could not be carried by front attack, coolly and rapidly poured a murderous fire into the Federals, causing losses to them entirely out of proportion to those inflicted on the Confederates. This is substantiated by the report of General Hardee, which states that the loss in Cleburne's Division was only eleven and that of the enemy in his front was one thousand.

After the repulse of the second desperate assault, the dry leaves and undergrowth in the forest in front of Cleburne's intrenchments were set on fire by the shells and the gun wadding and began burning rapidly around the Federal wounded, exposing them to a horrible death. This danger being observed by the Confederates, they were ordered to cease firing and a call made to the enemy to come and remove their dead and wounded. The battle was suspended while friend and foe alike joined in the work of removing the wounded to a place of safety, "an occurrence perhaps unparalleled in the annals of war." After all the wounded had been removed, the battle was renewed on both sides with determined vigor and zeal. After Kennesaw, Sherman made no further attempt upon Johnston's breastworks, adhering rigidly to his flanking operations.

Johnston crossed the Chattahoochee on July 9, and on the night of the 17th he was relieved of the command of the army, Gen. John B. Hood being named by the President as his successor. Generals Hood, Hardee, and Stewart, the three corps commanders, joined in an urgent message to the President, requesting at least a suspension of the order until Johnston could fight the battle planned for the next day. But the President was obstinate and refused their request. Sherman expressed great gratification when he heard of the change, and his army rent the air with shouts of joy, with corresponding depression and discouragement on the part of the Confederates. Well might Sherman's men rejoice. The change of commanders at this critical moment proved to be a fatal blunder.

Hood abandoned Johnston's tactics with disastrous results. Nor did he possess the nobility of character to shoulder his own blunders, but endeavored to place the responsibility of his failures upon others. Hardee, who up to this time had received only commendation from his superiors, did not escape his censure. Not only did Hood endeavor to shoulder upon Hardee and others the blame of his failures, but he even pronounced a slander upon that gallant body of men, the Army of Tennessee. To repel such a slander, it is only necessary to recall that it was a remnant of this same army who, at the command of Hood, upon the blood-stained field of Franklin rushed with zeal and heroism to slaughter and death unequaled in any battle of the war.

Pickett's spectacular charge at Gettysburg has for half a century been held up to the world as the acme of valor and heroic effort. Every intelligent schoolboy has been told of it and many such have declaimed upon the theme. Nor would I wish for one moment to withhold from the actors in that mighty drama any glory that is theirs. They are entitled to it all and more.

But here is one of which the world is in ignorance, the actors in which are entitled at least to equal praise and glory. Indeed, excepting in valor and bravery, in which all are equals, these are entitled to greater honor if we are to take into consideration the conditions and results of the two. Comparing the field of Franklin with that of Gettysburg, the ground passed over at Franklin to the enemy's breastworks was open and exposed and two and a quarter miles distant; at Gettysburg, sixteen hundred yards. At Franklin the aggregate number of bayonets was 15,551; at Gettysburg, 15,511. The works of the enemy at Franklin were formidable and complete on both sides of the river and were protected in part by abattis; at Gettysburg the only protection to the enemy was a low stone fence or wall on part of the line and piled rails from a fence on the other part. At Gettysburg the enemy were armed with the old muzzle-loading guns; at Franklin one brigade of them were armed with magazine breech-loading guns. At Gettysburg the assaulting column was totally repulsed; while at Franklin a portion of the breastworks was captured and held against all efforts to dislodge the assailants. Pickett's loss was twenty-one per cent; the loss at Franklin thirty-six per cent of all infantry engaged, "vastly more bloody than Gettysburg." Says Colonel Dinkins in the New Orleans Picayune: "From whatever point we view it, the charge at Franklin exceeds in interest and tragic and dramatic results any event in modern war. History will surely place it where it belongs as the greatest drama in American history. * * * It has been said that war ever devours the best. At Franklin perished unhappily and without profit some of the choicest officers of the Confederate service. * * * The fearful onslaught of the Confederates was in vain, because under the circumstances no number of troops could have carried the position; but the display of superb valor in officers and men was as great as ever signalized a battle field."

Although Hardee himself did not in this battle command his old corps, commanded by him in so many engagements and trained to war so largely under his direction, this corps was

a conspicuous and important factor in the battle; and this is my excuse for this digression.

To attempt to give the details of General Hardee's further service would prolong this paper to too great an extent. He continued in command of his corps in all the battles around Atlanta. At Jonesboro, August 30 and 31 and September 1, he held his thin line two days, a portion of the time, it afterwards developed, against five corps of Sherman's army, enabling Hood to withdraw without serious loss all his troops and trains from Atlanta. As the battle progressed the enemy continued moving large bodies to our right in their effort to turn it. To meet this Hardee's line was prolonged and thrown back somewhat in a curve until it assumed nearly the form of a fish hook, so that the enemy's shot and shells fired at the front of a portion of the line took another portion in reverse. But in spite of this the line was held until night put an end to the battle, and Hardee safely withdrew his command to Lovejoy, a few miles south of Jonesboro.

After this he was, at his own request, relieved of command under Hood. He was then assigned by the President to the command of the Department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. He left at once for his headquarters at Charleston. His command extended over a wide area, but included very few troops. With a portion of these he confronted Sherman, but could do little against so large a force. When Savannah was about to be invested by Sherman, he skillfully withdrew his troops toward Charleston. Later he also withdrew all the troops from Charleston and the adjacent forts and marched them to a junction with Johnston in North Carolina, reaching there March 17. On March 18 his command participated in the battle of Bentonville, the last battle fought by the Army of Tennessee. Here also he lost his only son, William J. Hardee, Jr., a promising young man of twenty years. He had formerly served on his father's staff, but was now by his own desire a private in the 8th Texas Cavalry. At a critical period during the battle the enemy had taken possession of a bridge which the General wished to recover. In the successful charge of his regiment by which this was accomplished young Hardee was mortally wounded. General Hardee commanded a component part of Johnston's army surrendered April 26, 1865.

The war having ended, General Hardee made his home in Alabama. He was at one time President of the Selma and Meridian Railroad. Subsequently he engaged in business in Selma. He died in Wytheville, Va., November 6, 1873, and is buried in Selma.

CAPTURE OF THE ALICE DEAN.

BY A. R. YEISER, OWENSBORO, KY.

Having seen accounts of the capture of the Alice Dean so at variance with my memory of it, I would like to tell the story of its capture. I was one of Capt. Sam Taylor's company and was with him when both the McCombes and Alice Dean were boarded.

On July 6, 1863, Morgan had captured a stockade at the Lebanon junction, L. and N. Railroad. Late in the evening Capt. Sam Taylor was detailed with his company of about fifty men to go to Brandenberg and capture boats, in which the command could cross the river. We arrived on the outskirts of the town about 11 A.M., and three or four squads were detailed to go in different directions with orders to let no one leave town, but to allow all to enter who wished to do so. After the details were made, Captain Taylor, at the head of the men, left him and rode into town. We left our horses at a stable with guards to care for them. We then went down to the river, where we found a small wharf boat. Soon we saw the smoke of a boat coming up the river, and we concealed ourselves on the wharf boat before the whistle sounded from the boat, which proved to be the McCombes with a large number of passengers. When the boat was cabled we were ordered to board her, and the captain of our squad demanded of the clerk the keys to the safe. He opened the safe, and I saw him take out a package of greenbacks labeled forty-four thousand dollars. Captain Taylor told his men that if we did not cross the river at this point the money would be equally divided, otherwise it would be returned to the clerk as private money. Passengers and crew were sent ashore, with the exception of a fireman and engineer.

Shortly after taking possession of the McCombes another boat was reported coming up the river. She was hailed from the Indiana shore, but she ignored the signal to land, whereupon Captain Taylor ran up to the pilot house and ordered the cable cut, crossing the river to intercept the boat. We had concealed ourselves behind the Texas, and I think there were about fifteen men aboard when we got within range of the boat. Orders were given us to step in front of the pilot house so that the pilot on the other boat could see us. When he did he turned his boat and ran alongside. Boarding the boat according to orders, we found nothing except a sufficient crew to man her. The two boats were lashed together and run back to the Brandenberg wharf, where they were cabled. The cooks of the McCombes were ordered to prepare supper for Captain Taylor's command, and the men were all ordered off the McCombes after supper. Atelles Jones, Jack Lucket, John Field, and A. R. Yeiser were ordered on the Alice Dean, as there was nothing aboard the other boat to drink.

I was on guard shortly after midnight when General Morgan and staff came aboard, got something to drink, and went into the clerk's office to write letters. Later they departed. I think the command had been left back of the town. I saw nothing more of them until the next morning, when Duke's Regiment, 2d Kentucky, and Smith's Regiment were marched down to the boat. Duke's Regiment, men and horses, boarded the McCombes, while Smith's Regiment was consigned to the Alice Dean. Just as the last horse was driven on board a piece of artillery opened on us from the north side of the river. Men and horses left the boats according to immediate instruction and were ordered over the hill back of the town.

About this time a gunboat appeared around the bend of the river coming from above. Morgan soon had a Napoleon gun in front of the town and a rifle piece on the hill above. The Napoleon had fired two or three ineffective shots in response to the fire from across the river, when Captain White came riding down and asked permission of General Morgan to sight that gun. General Morgan gladly consented. And from an order from Captain White nearly the whole end of the barn was blown off, and the Yankees dispersed like a bunch of quail. By this time the gun on the hill had the gunboat steaming rapidly up the river. After it had disappeared the 2d Kentucky and Smith's Regiment were ordered on the boats without their horses. Duke's Regiment was on the McCombes and Smith's on the Alice Dean. When ready to start Captain Taylor took me into the pilot house of the Alice Dean and told me to report anything treacherous I might see about the pilot, who, I think, was thoroughly scared by the orders given me.

A regiment of militia was stationed on the hill in the woods

on the north side of the river, and when we had gotten about halfway across the river balls commenced to pass through the pilot house, and it was equal to a monkey show to see the fat pilot dodging. After passing the Texas the McCombes landed below, and the Alice Dean turned upstream a short distance and landed. Smith's Regiment marched up under the bank quite a distance, while the 2d Kentucky went down the river under the bank. Smith's Regiment struck the enemy above, and the 2d Kentucky struck them below and closed in on them. It was my understanding that they captured four hundred, although most of them escaped, but were captured at Corydon, Ind., the next day. We continued to put the command over the river and got the last of them over about daylight of the 9th. The McCombes was turned loose, while the Alice Dean was set on fire.

I state these things as I saw and understood them. What I say of the capture of the boats is correct. I was a member of Capt. Sam Taylor's company, E, 10th Kentucky Cavalry, at that time.

MEMORIAL DAY AT NASHVILLE.

Typical of its observance throughout the South was the program for Memorial Day at Nashville, Tenn., on June 3. Little girls representing the Confederate States scattered flowers over the graves in the burial plot surrounding the monument in Mount Olivet Cemetery, singing "Cover Them Over with Beautiful Flowers." An address was made by Dr. H. M. Hamill, Chaplain General U. C. V., who was one of the "boy soldiers" of the Confederacy and none the less loyal now to the principles which fired his youthful enthusiasm.

Address by Dr. Hamill.

Fronting the Capitol at Columbia, S. C., in the ancient track of the storm of fire and battle, stands a Confederate monument on the face of which is carved that most exquisite and pathetic of all Confederate soldier epitaphs: "This monument perpetuates the memory of those who, true to the instincts of their birth, faithful to the teachings of their fathers, constant in their love for the State, died in the performance of their duty; who have glorified a fallen cause by the simple manhood of their lives, the patient endurance of suffering, and the heroism of death; and who in the dark hours of imprisonment and the hopelessness of the hospital, in the short, sharp agony of the field found support and consolation in the belief that at home they would not be forgotten."

In the spirit of these words, with the inexpressible pathos of this sacred scene upon me, I come to address you, yet with such a spell of tenderness and peace and of loving remembrance that my heart calls out for silence rather than speech. I count it a time for hallowed memory rather than for words of oratory and for grateful retrospect of the tragic years of the Confederacy and of its brave men who for fifty years have found rest in this holy place. With the twin angels of love and mercy hovering above me, with the beauty of memorial flowers, "God's thought incarnate," around me, with the memory of the fierce days of old softened and hallowed by the half century that has gone, with the sweet faces of women uplifted before me as with dewy eye and tender touch they exercise their holy ministry to the dead and their care and comfort of the living soldiers; and, saddest of all to the speaker, these outstretching lines of Confederate dead, sleeping serenely after life's fitful fever, all unheeding the tributes of love and remembrance we bring them and all unconscious of the beauty and fragrance of the flowers of their native Southland that shall lie scattered upon their graves—in such a presence no citizen of the South or soldier of the Confederacy could speak to you other than in words of grace and gentleness.

I was a boy under Lee. For a year I belonged to the crack fighters of Mahone's Division in the Army of Northern Virginia. When our cannon were silenced and the Stars and Bars were furled at Appomattox, parole in pocket, as a lad of fifteen, I returned to the ruined homes and devastated fields of my people, put reverently aside my gray cap and jacket, and began to make ready for the burden that each vanquished Confederate soldier must bear. Around me were ruined cities and impoverished communities and a brave people who, in the darkest hours that ever fell upon them, had no word of repining nor cry of reproach for the cruel fate that had blasted their hopes and left them in utter poverty and distress. The millions of bewildered blacks, who for generations had toiled contentedly in the fields of corn and cotton, now demoralized by a freedom for which they were wholly unfit, had as their leaders and corrupters the swarming birds of prey, whose carrion scent inevitably led them where they could riot amid the helpless victims of a great war. Not a little of the heavy burden of the returned Confederate was imposed by these conscienceless plunderers of the South, who brought a bitterness to it beyond even the defeat of its armies and the despoiling of its homes in the shame and vileness of their presence among us in time of our trial and sorrow. Let others forget and condone their scoundrelism and seek to palliate their evil with mawkish sentiment if they will, for my own part I shall have now or hereafter no words of apology or forgiveness for those who robbed and tortured a defenseless and vanquished people and with alien helpers and native "scalawags" left a mark of destruction and pollution upon the South that a hundred years cannot efface. If the New South cares to compromise the cause that filled these soldier graves with the sons of the Old South and to shame their sacrifice by heaping latter-day honors upon the sons of the men who, though native and to the manner born, betrayed the South to carpetbaggers and political banditti, it should be done, not by wearers of the gray, but by degenerate Southerners who were citizens in war and are now soldiers in peace. Time, the great healer, has softened the resentment of my old comrades and has taught our people the needed lesson that post-bellum persecution and robbery of the South under whatever guise it masked had only the contempt of the true and brave soldiery of the North, who now after long years hold common ground with the soldiers of the Confederacy both as to courage and devotion of blue or gray and the vileness of those, native or alien, who wore the colors of the one that they might plunder and put to shame the other. Times change, while we change with them, and it is something to be said with added pride and pathos of these dear boys of the Confederacy that the slow-moving years have united all sections and all true soldiers, whatever their country or flag, in paying the tribute of admiration and honor to the matchless heroes of the Confederacy.

Fifty years have indeed wrought changes in the attitude of men who were once our enemies to the death and have brought to all of us, I trust, a nobler vision of duty as citizens and patriots. To great soldiers and statesmen, North and South, who in battle or council room were our chosen leaders much of these kindlier changes are due. To Grant, whose last plea

at Mount McGregor, where he died, was for peace, and who in his last days took pains to pay loving tribute to General Lee; to William McKinley, the soldier and gentleman, who at Atlanta dared to say with patriotic spirit that the nation was under equal bonds of love and reverence to lay memorial flowers upon the graves alike of gray and blue; to John B. Gordon, the last great fighter of the waning Confederacy and its stalwart defender and illustrious representative for forty years after Appomattox; and especially to Gen. Robert E. Lee, whose world-confessed greatness as a soldier was unsurpassed by his greatness as a citizen in the stormy years that followed the Civil War—to such men and others unnamed we owe the spirit of gentleness and tolerance and ever-deepening conviction that the South even out of the defeat of her armies and the furling of her Stars and Bars has won in the hearts of the world and on the pages of history an incomparable record of victory and renown.

Note the significance of three recent events. At the Memphis Confederate Reunion of 1910 Gen. Fred Grant, distinguished son of the commander of the Union armies, was the guest of the Confederate veterans and the recipient of unstinted honor and courtesy as, filing past their visitor in grand parade, they gave again and again the Rebel yell as a token no more of hostility, but of soldierly esteem.

Three years ago at the Little Rock Reunion came a message from President Taft conveying in rare words of courtesy his personal and official greetings to the Confederates. Mark the generous response of the old fighters of the Confederacy as they thus made answer to the presidential message. "No patriot," they said, "would change the spirit of peace and unbounded faith felt by all Americans in the superb destiny of the republic and which fills the hearts of true men. Intensely loyal to the memory of our gallant and chivalrous dead, we cheerfully accord those with whom we battled due praise for what they did in the course of the most dreadful war of modern times. As Confederates we cannot forget the splendid sentiments which prompted you while Secretary of War to set aside in Arlington Cemetery a lot for the burial of our comrades who died in prison or fell in the vicinity of Washington, nor can we fail to think gratefully of your appointment of our distinguished sons to high office. In your association with Southern people you have always manifested a spirit which has won our esteem and which assures you of a welcome in the Southland of the most cordial kind. You can rest assured that the spirit and sentiment of your message are fully appreciated by every living Confederate."

Last of the three incidents, recall and ponder over the singular fact that when Commander in Chief Bennett H. Young, of the United Confederate Veterans, guest and speaker of honor at Gettysburg's memorable reunion of the blue and gray, came to the platform, located in the very midst of that fiercest and most deadly of all battles to the Confederacy, he was received not as of a conquered but of a conquering host; and although speaking with the utmost frankness and fearlessness in defense of our fallen Confederacy and its heroes, yet from the throats of the veterans in blue again and again broke thunders of applause.

How well the men in gray have redeemed the hard fate that confronted them as they came face to face with the wreck and ruin of war, let other less disinterested lips than mine declare. Their past is eternally secure, and their victories of peace are not less renowned than those of war. The old artillery horse and the patient army mule were loosened from gun carriage and camp wagon and hitched to the plow; bayonet and sword were laid away or rewrought into implements of toil. Half-clad, half-starved, without money, without even grain for seed, with liberated slaves who, in the delight of freedom, disdained and forsook their old masters to follow the beck of political bandits; with wives and children rejoicing in their home-coming, yet heavy with the burden of poverty and the sorrow of countless new-made graves that billowed hillside and valley, with all but honor and pride and unconquerable manhood swept away, these defeated soldiers of Lee and Johnston began the building of a New South that in a half century would far eclipse the Old South in material progress and productiveness, while retaining at their best the cherished and long-honored traditions and characteristics of the past. The war horse patiently trod the furrow with a Confederate soldier behind the plow. The fields began again to grow corn and cotton, and the mocking bird's song, hushed by the drum and cannon so long, was again lilting from the tree tops. Sun and rain came gratefully and copiously to the call of the old soldier. Towns and cities sprang up as by magic, the earth gave forth her long-hidden store of iron and coal, mountains were tunneled and rivers were bridged, railroads were multiplied, forests of primeval trees were leveled, and the whir of myriad saws and wheels and the call to labor of innumerable factory whistles lifted the South into world-wide observation and interest. Labor and love conquered all things, rebuilding the South, restoring more than her old prosperity, opening a thousand commercial avenues, removing the reproach upon manual labor among the younger generation, creating untold millions of wealth in field and factory and forge, and sounding the trumpet call to all sections and nations and invoking all worthy settlers to come to Dixie and here make good that shibboleth of the twentieth century, "Back to the farm." A few months ago I had the honor and pleasure of sending to the daily press the story and picture of a South Carolina boy of sixteen who on an acre of ground belonging to his father's town parsonage had raised two hundred and fifty-six bushels of corn, receiving $1,000 and the honors of the United States government in reward.

How well the old soldiers of the Confederacy have been aided in their empire-building by natives and aliens I can acknowledge with profound gratitude to God and to all who have been helpers in our long campaign. Men have brought capital among us and shared with us in our patient toil, often becoming partners in our earlier distress. Moved both by financial instinct and genuine brotherly sympathy, they have put their backs with ours under the heavy burdens we have borne. Better than all else, inexpressibly dearer than money or investment, has been their tenderness to our soldier dead and their frank and manly recognition of the sincerity and constancy of our convictions as soldiers of the Confederacy. By every like token we have shown our honor to their dead and our respect for the brave soldiery of the Union. One need not be reminded that it was the women of the South who first conceived the beauty and sacredness of this annual memorial tribute of love and remembrance, and as one whose heart is ever in sympathy with their devotion and tenderness I bear witness that whenever spring, with singing bird and blossoming flower, has come to our Southland the graves of men in blue have shared with those of the gray. Whatever the final judgment of the one infallible Judge of all men shall be as to how far this or that cause was right or wrong, we can patiently await it "with malice toward none, with charity for all." It was ours in God's providence to fight

to a finish the battle that began with the first breath of the republic and that divided sections and statesmen into opposing camps for nearly a hundred years. What the founders of the nation began in wordy strife on the hustings and in the halls of Congress we brought to a close amid the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry as predestined participants in the greatest war of modern times. They of the blue and we of the gray had nothing to do with bringing it on. The "irrepressible conflict" had opened before the wood had grown out of which our cradles were fashioned. They grew up under one set of opinions, we under another, and with our mother's milk we each drank in the traditions and convictions of the past. If they believed as they were reared, so surely did we. If they followed conscience and duty as they saw it, so truly did we. If they invoked the aid of Almighty God upon their cause, doubly so did we upon ours. If they were free from personal hatred of their foes, with hand ever ready to clasp hand in brotherly interest, so, thank God, were ever the gallant and chivalrous heroes of the Confederacy. And if after the lapse of half a century they have begun to pay homage to our dead and sincere tribute of respect to surviving Confederates, let it be ours to prove the worth of our cause and the glory of our past.

Especially would I charge you to teach and train and indoctrinate the youth of the South in the ways of their fathers and mothers and in the traditions that have inspired and guided us for a hundred years. Teach them the old-fashioned ideals that our Southern ancestors set before us when the golden age of childhood was ours. Let their old-time rule of honor and gentleness, of unfailing courtesy and high breeding, become the law of life to our boys and girls. Let their manliness and womanliness be our high ambition and let our children shun as sacrilege the false social and ethical ideas that are being thrust upon the New South.

Let the standards of the past in all things as set by the fathers be maintained—socially, educationally, politically, and religiously. Let no such words as "rebel" and "treason" be applied to the men and the cause we cherish. Let every attempt to stigmatize the one or the other be swiftly challenged and condemned. We who made history demand of you, a younger generation, that you shall receive it lovingly and loyally from our hands and maintain it against our perverters and enemies. Take one familiar illustration as testimony of the need of vigilance and constancy on your part as trainers of the generations to come. For nearly fifty years tongues and pens of envenomed hatred have essayed to make the Southern Confederacy and its people odious in the eyes of the civilized world because of the cruelties and starvation of Andersonville prison. Now, at last, after years of patient and proud denial, unpartisan history has shown beyond all challenge that when the Confederacy again and again, without food and medicine for its own soldiers, urged an exchange of all prisoners on behalf of the Union sufferers in Southern prisons, the plea was brutally repelled by the Federal authorities, who left their men to die that they might in this way keep thin the ranks of the Southern Confederacy.

Be watchful, I pray you, over the books and magazines that come, often insidiously and with malice aforethought, into your homes and schools. Changed as conditions have become, not all the old hate and prejudice that inspired such books as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has passed away. Enough of it abides in current literature to demand and justify your vigilance. Build in a thousand places your Confederate monuments, first of all for the men who died for us. Looking down from the center of every village and city, let the Confederate soldier in bronze or marble attest to your devotion and become an object lesson in patriotism to your children. And stay not your hands when the silent statue of the Confederate is set before the rising generation. Side by side in purest Parian marble place the saintly figure of the Southern woman, whose long martyrdom and heroism hallowed even the courage and patriotism of her husband and brother, her father and son. Let the hearts of our youth for generations to come grow tender and loyal to the brave old days of war as they look up into the imaged face of that noblest example of patience and suffering and fortitude and courage—the Southern woman of 1861 to 1865.

Will you pardon your speaker a personal plea near to the closing moment of his address? For many years one familiarly and lovingly known to you as a fellow citizen, a Confederate soldier, a writer and conservator of Confederate history, an ever-present friend of the gray-clad veterans of the South, has served at scenes like this by tongue and pen, by hand and heart. Since our last Memorial Day this good soldier has laid aside his sword, the pen of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN lies unused on his office desk, and the generous hand and kindly tongue and devoted heart are dust. For many brave years he has been mouthpiece and defender of our dead. More than an army with banners to our fallen cause have been the brave spirit and the untiring labor of this dear absent comrade. Let head and heart be therefore bowed in one moment of remembrance for Sumner A. Cunningham, who has passed before us into the ranks of the immortals.

For one thing most of all I plead, because my plea is for those who cannot speak for themselves. They sleep in these quiet graves which your loving hearts and hands have cared for in honor and affection, and nothing you or I can say or do will break their dreamless sleep. Let the love you have shown for them grow even tenderer with the passing years. Let the flowers that bloom in the springtime continue to brighten their graves. Let no word of compromise or apology be ever spoken above their heroic dust, but let your children and grandchildren hear over and over the proud story of how and why they suffered and died, and let it be said above them year by year: "These were the brave men, soldiers of the Southern Confederacy, who died for us." Their graves we leave to you as our holiest trust; their good name and fame we will together guard and perpetuate. Be sure, dear friends, that in our hearts and homes these dear boys of the Confederacy will not be forgotten, nor will spring with dewy touch and fragrant blossom ever come this way but in her wake as long as the Southland endures will follow veterans and their sons with tear-dimmed eyes and women with chaplets of flowers to bedeck this holy place.

Father Ryan, the poet-priest of the Confederacy, has truly expressed it: "A land without ruins is a land without memories; a land without memories is a land without history; a land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see; but twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and, be that land barren and beautiless, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow, and it wins the sympathy of the heart and of history. Crowns of roses fade; crowns of thorns endure. Calvaries and crucifixions take deepest hold of humanity. The triumphs of might are transient; they pass and are forgotten; the sufferings of right are graven deepest in the chronicle of nations."

THE MOUNTAIN CAMPAIGN FAILURE.

BY CAPT. A. C. JONES, THREE CREEKS, ARK.

Readers of my article in the July number of the VETERAN on the Cheat Mountain expedition will be surprised to learn that this was the second attempt to capture the place, the first having occurred about two weeks previously. If the second act in the drama was an ill-advised fiasco, the first may be termed an act of reckless folly ending in a farce.

As soon as Colonel Rust got permission from the authorities to make the attempt, without making arrangements for the coöperation of other troops, he took his own regiment, with what volunteers he could get (probably about one thousand men), and with what he supposed to be a competent guide, and set out to capture a strongly fortified position garrisoned by at least two, perhaps three, thousand men.

After marching about twenty-five miles over a comparatively easy route, about eight o'clock on the morning of the second day the guide reported that we were close up to the enemy. Pointing ahead, he said: "You have but to march up that gorge and climb that hill and you will find them just beyond." Perhaps it will be well to pause right here and state something of the feelings and sensations of these green soldiers upon the eve of what they knew must be a desperate conflict. Up to this moment not one of us had fully realized what we were up against. For my own part, I have to confess that there came suddenly over me an awful dread. For a moment my very heart seemed to freeze within me, and it required all my powers of self-control to proceed about my duties and set an example to my men. Looking into the faces of these men, they were deathly pale and a little nervous; but this, I believe, was the dominant sentiment: "I'd give the world to be out of this; but inasmuch as we are into it, we'll stand up to the rack, live or die."

Well, we marched bravely up that gorge and ascended that hill and emerged upon the plateau above, but we found no enemy. As there was open ground here, we marched bravely across, and still we found no enemy. And then it dawned upon us that it was all a fake, that the guide had misled us, and that there was no enemy. So ludicrous was the situation that the whole command as by one common impulse burst into a roar of laughter. History had repeated itself.

"The king of France with a hundred thousand men
Marched up the hill and then marched down again."

One characteristic of the Confederate soldier was always in evidence. No matter how great the danger nor how imminent the peril, some fellow would have his joke. While marching up that gorge, when every heart and mind was strained to its utmost tension, one of the men, somewhat religiously inclined, uttered a short prayer, "Lord, help us," when his waggish lieutenant said: "Ah, Joe, you needn't call on the Lord now. Too many of us; the Lord can't attend to all."

It developed afterwards that we were at least fifteen miles from the enemy's works, five miles farther than when we left our camp. Of course there was nothing to do but to return, and so we straggled back to camp, feeling very much like the little boy who had misbehaved and begged his mamma not to whip him this time.

Reverting to my former article, there are some questions that will naturally arise in the reader's mind which I will endeavor to answer.

First, why was it that the firing that undoubtedly occurred on our side was not heard by the troops on the other side awaiting the signal? I think this is easily explained. We were half a mile down the mountain side in a dense forest, which no doubt muffled the sound, and it must have been at least two or three miles on an air line intervening, and the sound did not carry that far.

The next question, Why was it that even the government never knew the true reasons for the failure? is easily explained. Colonel Rust, who was solely responsible, was deeply mortified at the failure and bitterly resented the storm of criticism poured upon him. If he ever made any report at all, I never heard of it. If he made any, it was only to announce the failure without giving any particulars.

Before closing it is but just that I should say a word in behalf of Colonel Rust. He was an extraordinary man in many respects, physically a giant in size and strength, with powers of endurance beyond any man I ever saw. He was also a man of great mental ability and fine attainments; but he was not a good soldier, too impatient of restraint, and he never learned the lesson that the first quality of a soldier is to obey orders unquestioned. His principal fault, I think, was his domineering disposition; but it was impossible not to admire his magnificent courage. I believe he was absolutely without fear, always at the point of danger. I believe that but for being restrained by his officers he would have hurled himself into that death trap on Cheat Mountain could he have found any reasonable number of men to follow him. But he had better qualities still. With all his roughness, he had a kind heart. He shared equally with the soldiers in their hardships. Many times on a long march I have seen him dismount and give his horse to a sick or disabled soldier.

These expeditions served one good purpose: they furnished an exhaustible theme for letters written home by the boys, in which they drew largely on their imagination. Here is a specimen. It was written by a big corporal who prided himself on rivaling Rust in his physical powers. In describing the ascent of Cheat Mountain he said the mountain was so precipitous that it was impossible for ordinary men to climb it; so it was arranged that Rust should lead and he take firm hold on his coat tail and every man to fasten himself to his file leader, and thus they scaled the heights. But, unfortunately, just as Rust put his foot upon the summit the tail hold broke, and the line fell back half a mile!

W. P. Barnes writes from Austin, Tex.: "I am one of the boys who never got higher than orderly sergeant. I was in the 8th Mississippi, Company C. One of the boys once said I could not get a promotion because I was too good an orderly. The survivors of my regiment are sadly scattered now. I last heard of my captain, H. W. Crook, at Bessemer, Ala. A letter from any of the comrades whom I knew in the old days would lessen the monotony of my declining years. I was in the Murfreesboro fight and at Chickamauga and other battles, but I make no boast of these struggles. Our captain used to say, 'Boys, there are better days ahead,' and, thank God, I have seen many of them. I am not seeking proofs for a pension, as I own Texas lands and the State is caring for me. I was reared in Shady Grove, near Crystal Springs Depot, Miss. I married in 1859 and enlisted in the 8th Mississippi in October, 1861. I was never captured, never paroled, never took the oath, and never belonged to a Camp of Veterans. The first vote I ever cast was for John Bell and Everett. As I sit here with my memories, I am waiting till the Lord shall come, but my spirit is patient until his time is ready."

WHY SHERMAN SNUBBED AUGUSTA.

Following the articles that have recently appeared in the VETERAN concerning the reasons why Sherman did not visit Augusta, Ga., when making his march to the sea, a letter from Sherman himself on this subject, published in the Augusta Chronicle some years ago, is appropriately given. The letter was written to Mr. Pleasant A. Stovall when he was managing editor of the Chronicle, and this paper says: "The rather sharp criticisms and digs and harsh comments in the letter are overlooked in the interest of historical accuracy, it being taken that the best statement of General Sherman's motive in not burning Augusta would be the words of that general himself." The letter is as follows:

"NEW YORK, October 21, 1888.

"*P. A. Stovall, Esq., Augusta, Ga.—Dear Sir:* I am just back from a visit to my daughter, who resides at Rosemont, near Philadelphia, and found your letter of the 18th. I was temporarily attached as a lieutenant of the 3d Artillery, Company B, John R. Vinton, for about six months in the year 1844, forty-four years ago, to the Augusta Arsenal.

"'The march to the sea' from Atlanta was resolved on after Hood had got well on his way to Nashville. I then detached to General Thomas a force sufficient to whip Hood, which he did in December, 1864, very handsomely and conclusively. Still I had left a very respectable army and resolved to join Grant at Richmond. The distance was a thousand miles, and prudence dictated a base at Savannah or Port Royal.

Our enemy had garrisons at Macon and Augusta. I figured on both and passed between to Savannah. Then, starting northward, the same problem presented itself as to Augusta and Charleston. I figured on both and passed between. I did not want to drive out their garrisons to accumulate ahead of me at the crossings of Santee, Catawba, Peedee, Cape Fear, etc. The moment I passed Columbia your factories, powder mills, and the old stuff accumulated at Augusta were lost to the only two Confederate armies left—*i. e.*, Lee's and Hood's.

"So, if you have a military mind, you will see that I made a better use of Augusta than if I had captured it with all its stores, for which I had no use. I used Augusta twice as a buffer; its garrison was just where it helped me.

"If the people of Augusta think I slighted them in the winter of 1864-65 by reason of personal friendships formed in 1844, they are mistaken; or if they think I made a mistake in strategy, let them say so, and with the President's consent I think I can send a detachment of a hundred thousand or so of Sherman's Bummers and their descendants who will finish up the job without charging Uncle Sam a cent.

"The truth is, these incidents come back to me in a humorous vein. Of course the Civil War should have ended with Vicksburg and Gettysburg. Every sensible man on earth must have then seen that there could be but one result. The leaders in the South took good care not to die in the last ditch, and left brave men like Walker, Adams, Pat Cleburne, etc., to do that.

"Yours truly, W. T. SHERMAN."

The following extract from a letter appearing in the paper next day by way of reply to General Sherman is expressive enough: "The war is over and few Southerners want it fought over again, even on paper, or its results changed; but I fancy there are a good many Georgians who would vastly enjoy having the old General with his one hundred thousand bummers—if, indeed, he could find so many actuated by his malevolent, vindictive spirit—attempt to carry out his boast and that without the help of another Southern State. He might find 'marching through Georgia' a different kind of business than it was when all the Georgians were off fighting Thomas and Grant. X."

John Witherspoon Du Bose, the author, adds another chapter on this subject. Referring to Mr. Graber's letter in the VETERAN, he says:

"Mr. Graber's fellow townsman, a business man, Mr. Alva F. Hardie, could have given him some points corroborative of a part of his own statement. Mr. Hardie was one of the company of scouts attached to Wheeler's Corps, and he won for himself, although merely a lad, a most valuable reputation for daring and success. Wheeler's scouts were under command of Capt. J. M. Shannon, of Texas, and Lieut. H. C. Reynolds, of Alabama, and composed of, say, forty choice spirits. Mr. Graber quotes the following dispatch as sent from Bragg in Augusta to Wheeler in the field near Waynesboro, twenty-five miles out on the road to Savannah—to wit:

"'*General Wheeler:* Hold Waynesboro at all hazards. Longstreet's Corps is arriving. I will take the field in person.

BRAXTON BRAGG, *General.*'

"General Wheeler wrote the above dispatch himself. I have a letter from him explaining in full all the circumstances and details. Wheeler left the vicinity of Atlanta on November 16, 1864, with 4,100 men to follow on the flank of Sherman, who with 65,000 men started from that place the day before for Savannah or for Pensacola. He had not then determined which. Of Sherman's sixty-five thousand, five thousand were cavalry under Brig. Gen. Judson Kilpatrick, a young officer of approved fitness.

"I quote from Du Bose's history, 'Gen. Joseph Wheeler and the Army of Tennessee,' page 414: 'There was renewed effort to go to Augusta. On December 2, protected by the 14th Army Corps, Kilpatrick marched back to Waynesboro. Wheeler met the combined force at Rocky Creek, but was easily flanked and driven back. * * * Wheeler threw up barricades as rapidly as possible. The enemy attacked with vigor along his entire front. Thus two thousand dismounted Confederate cavalry faced Kilpatrick, supported as he was by ten thousand infantry. Wheeler fell back, but with difficulty, from barricade to barricade. The enemy was again headed for Augusta, and something had to be done that had not yet been done. Five days' continuous fighting had nearly worn out the hungry Confederates. A staff officer's leather bag was packed with miscellaneous papers of no value. On top of these were placed certain letters of Bragg to Wheeler, of no importance except in the circumstance that Sherman knew Bragg's handwriting in the old army times.'

"Among the Bragg letters was laid the dispatch which Mr. Graber quotes in a clerk's hand presumably, but signed by Bragg—that is to say, by a successful imitation of Bragg's hand. The narrative of the book is resumed: 'With the leather bag and contents on his shoulder, Major Burford, adjutant general, rode out on the skirmish line. The skirmishers, already instructed in the trick, ran away. Burford followed behind, and in his haste he dropped his leather bag. The enemy in hot pursuit stopped to capture it. In a private residence near by General Sherman and several of his officers opened the bag and examined its contents. The resident family overheard the talk resulting from the discovery that Bragg had been reënforced at Augusta, and the decision announced that the army of invasion would resume its course for Savannah at once.'"

DISTINGUISHED SON OF THE SOUTH.

The death of Hon. Thomas Goode Jones, Inspector General, U. C. V., and formerly major and aid-de-camp to Lieut. Gen. John B. Gordon, A. N. V., C. S. A., which occurred at his home, in Montgomery, Ala., on April 28, 1914, is a loss to his State, the South, and the nation.

Thomas Jones was born near Macon, Ga., November 26, 1844, the son of Samuel Goode Jones, one of the early railroad builders of the South, a civil engineer of distinguished attainments and a liberal contributor to the cause of the Confederacy. For many months during the war his residence in Montgomery was used as a hospital for wounded Confederates, while he himself devoted his time and means to the developing of the Alabama and Florida Railroad, a line which was very helpful to the Confederate navy yard at Pensacola in the transportation of supplies.

In the fall of 1860 young Jones entered the Virginia Military Institute, where "Stonewall" Jackson was then a professor, and, upon the breaking out of the war, was ordered to Richmond as a drillmaster of recruits for the Confederate army. He returned to the Institute later and was given an honorary diploma, and in 1862 he joined Jackson's army and took part in the movement against Banks. At the end of that campaign he enlisted in an organization which later became Company K, 53d Alabama (Partisan Rangers), under Col. M. W. Hannon, and was appointed first sergeant. While serving with the 53d Alabama, Gov. Thomas H. Watts, then Attorney-General of the Confederacy, brought his merits to the attention of Gen. John B. Gordon, inclosing with his letter a recommendation which Stonewall Jackson had given him. In January, 1863, General Gordon appointed him 1st lieutenant and aid-de-camp, and, serving on the staff of that gallant officer, he took part in all the great operations of the Army of Northern Virginia after the battle of Fredericksburg. He was wounded at the battles of Spottsylvania Courthouse, Second Kernstown, Hare's Hill, and Thompson's Station, where for a time he commanded a battalion and, though wounded, refused to quit the field. He was commended for conspicuous bravery at the battle of Cedar Creek and Bristoe's Station and promoted from captain to major. At the battle of Hare's Hill Major Jones received the personal thanks of Gen. Robert E. Lee for carrying orders, in the face of a terrible fire from the enemy, for the withdrawal of the Confederate forces from Fort Steadman. As major he rode out from Gordon's lines on that fateful April day in 1865 with a flag of truce to set the stage for the great drama at Appomattox, and on the 11th of that month he was paroled and set out on his long ride back to Alabama. In General Gordon's "Reminiscences" and Whetstone's "History of the Fifty-Third Alabama" may be found many instances of this gallant young soldier's bravery and daring.

Upon his return home Major Jones engaged in planting operations for a short while; and later, having studied law in his spare moments under Chief Justice A. J. Walker, on January 9, 1868, he was admitted to the bar and at once began the practice of law, editing at the same time the Daily Picayune, a Democratic journal published at Montgomery. Major Jones took a prominent part in opposition to the Reconstruction acts and during those seven trying years (1867-74) was always ready to fight or work, speak or write for Democracy.

On December 20, 1866, Major Jones was married to Georgena Caroline, eldest daughter of Dr. Marshall Henry and Caroline Moore Bird and granddaughter of Mrs. Eliza Clitherall Moore, a devoted Confederate woman. Mrs. Moore was President of one of the Ladies' Aid Societies in Montgomery during the war, and she and her coworkers did much for the alleviation of suffering among the wounded.

Major Jones was one of the South's most eloquent and gifted orators, and during his lifetime he delivered many scholarly addresses. His first memorial day address at Montgomery in 1874 brought him into national prominence. Although the speech was full of dignity and firm in the vindication of the Confederate cause, it was a powerful protest against the creation of sectional vendetta between the North and the South. A few years later the Union veterans, assembled at Marietta, Ohio, presented to Major Jones a handsome gold medal as a token of appreciation of his manly words; and later a Northern woman, describing herself as "widowed and bereft of her sons by the war," sent him out of the little she had a handsomely engraved silver cup "as a token of her appreciation of the soldierly words spoken in kindness of the Northern dead." Major Jones also delivered the memorial day address in Atlanta Ga., in 1887; the oration upon the unveiling of the Confederate monument at Montgomery in 1897; the oration at Grant's tomb, in New York, May, 1902; an address in Richmond in 1893 on "The Last Days of the Army of Northern Virginia"; and also the address in memory of Gen. John B. Gordon at the Nashville Reunion in 1904.

Probably no man in all the history of Alabama has filled so many positions of trust and with such distinction as Major



MAJ. THOMAS G. JONES, OF ALABAMA.

Jones. He was reporter of the Alabama Supreme Court for ten years; a member of the City Council of Montgomery for nine years; a member of the Alabama House of Representatives for four years, and during his last term was Speaker of the House; Governor of Alabama for two terms of two years each; colonel of the 2d Regiment Alabama State troops for ten years; a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1901; President of the Alabama State Bar Association and author of its "Lawyer's Code of Ethics," a document since adopted with very little change in almost every State in the Union. In October, 1901, Governor Jones, a stanch Democrat all of his life, was appointed by President Theodore Roosevelt as Judge of the United States Court for the Middle and Northern Districts of Alabama. His profound legal learning, his experience, and his thorough grasp of legal principles won him high rank and an enduring place as one of Alabama's greatest jurists. He was occupying this station at the time of his death.

Funeral services for Judge Jones were held from St. John's Episcopal Church on the evening of April 30 in the presence of his old war comrades and a large assemblage of Alabamians. The long funeral procession was headed by Governor O'Neal, of Alabama, and his entire staff, accompanied by a battalion of the Alabama National Guard and a regimental band. In Oakwood Cemetery the casket, draped in the battle flag of the Confederacy and the flag of the United States, containing all that was mortal of Alabama's distinguished son, was laid away. Three volleys rang out from the military, taps sounded mournfully over the hills, and Thomas Goode Jones, warrior, statesman, and jurist, through with the conflicts of life, was left in peaceful sleep.

CAPT. THOMAS I. SHARP, OF MISSISSIPPI.

Referring to the article in the VETERAN for July giving "Little War-Time Incidents," by H. W. Henry, Capt. E. T. Sykes, of Columbus, Miss., who commanded Company K, 10th Mississippi Regiment, says:

"The officer whose grave on the battle field of Ezra Church, near Atlanta, Ga., next following July 28, 1864, with an inscription on a crudely marked headboard purporting to read, 'Here lies Captain ——, of the —— Mississippi Regiment, buried with the honors of his brother Masons of the —— New Jersey Regiment,' was Capt. Thomas I. Sharp, of Company G, 10th Mississippi Infantry, Tucker's Brigade, Johnson's Division, Lee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. The inscription on the headboard gave name, rank, and company, and was sufficiently distinct to enable Brigadier General Sharp, a younger brother of the dead captain, in the fall of 1865 to identify the grave of his brother and remove the body to this city, where it was finally interred.

"Should this communication come to the attention of any Mason of the New Jersey regiment thus caring for and burying the body of Captain Sharp, I wish him to know that one speaking from personal knowledge assures him that they buried a Christian as well as a military hero. To both his God and the Southland he was as true as the needle to the pole. And I will add that they buried a scholarly gentleman of the first order, one who in a class of the early forties of the last century at the University of North Carolina shared its first honors with the learned (afterwards Brig. Gen.) James J. Pettigrew, of that State, who as such general lost his life as the result of wounds received in action at Falling Waters, Md., July 14, 1863."

THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL.

Previously reported	$2,065 32
Mrs. J. F. DeMoville, Misses Mary and Annie DeMoville, Nashville	5 00
Mrs. M. A. Spurr, Nashville	5 00
George J. Stubblefield, Nashville	5 00
T. M. Vass, Montgomery, Ala	25
T. J. Oliver, Kilmichael, Miss	50
A. P. Bourland, Washington, D. C	2 00
J. P. Bryan, Freeport, Tex	1 00
V. B. Swisher, Slater, Mo	1 00
A. T. Swisher, Slater, Mo	1 00
R. L. Waller, Platte City, Mo	1 00
W. M. Nixon, Chattanooga, Tenn	1 00
H. Moorman, Owensboro, Ky	1 00
T. J. Burton, Auvergne, Ark	2 00
Chester Chapter, U. D. C., Chester, S. C	5 00
Mrs. W. T. Bridwell, Canon City, Colo	2 00
Mrs. Alice W. Crampton, Canon City, Colo	1 00
Hart Goodloe, Canon City, Colo	1 00
J. M. Anderson, Canon City, Colo	1 00
R. L. Reed, Canon City, Colo	50
W. B. Reuben, Canon City, Colo	50
W. J. Lindenburger, Canon City, Colo	1 00
Mrs. W. E. Spencer, Canon City, Colo	25
Miss Fannie Morrison, Canon City, Colo	1 00
J. M. Gilbert, Lewisville, Tex	1 00
L. H. Denny, Blountville, Tenn	1 00
G. S. Byrns, Lexington, Ky	1 00
Mrs. Dora Allbright, McArthur, Ohio	1 00
Shackelford-Fulton Bivouac, Fayetteville, Tenn	5 00
Winnie Davis Camp, Van Alstyne, Tex	3 50
William B. Conrad, Summit Point, W. Va	1 00
James S. Neil, Huntsville, Ala	1 00
M. B. Jones, Brunswick, Tenn	1 00
C. M. Burch, Fancy Farm, Ky	1 00
Mrs. M. B. Waties, Tallahassee, Fla	1 00
A. F. Amerman, Houston, Tex	3 00
Basil Duke Chapter, U. D. C., Fort Thomas, Ky. (contributed by J. M. Arnold, of Covington, Ky., and Brent Arnold, of Cincinnati)	2 00
J. W. Gilboy, St. Paul, Minn	1 00
D. E. Stalnaker, Wheeling, W. Va	1 00
R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Houston, Tex	5 00
Sophia Ezzell, Newsom Station, Tenn	2 50
John Moran Ezzell, Newsom Station, Tenn	2 50
Total	$2,138 32

CORRECTIONS.—The contribution of the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, U. D. C., in the list for June should have been credited to that Chapter in New York City instead of Newark, N. J. In the same list appears the contribution of J. Hop Woods, whose address is Philippi, W. Va., instead of Beverly. He contributed also the $5 in the name of the Beverly Chapter. In the May list another error credits Dr. R. H. Roux, of Savannah, Ga., twice, when his father, E. T. Roux, Sr., of Plant City, Fla., should have had credit for the $2, having contributed that for himself and a dollar each for his three sons.

It is regretted that any errors occur in this list, but it seems impossible to have it perfectly correct. Contributors are asked to write names and addresses as clearly as possible. It is hoped that the next report will show a greater increase.

THE LAST ROLL.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY PHEBE KINDRICK THOMPSON, POET LAUREATE, FLORIDA DIVISION, U. D. C.

(W. H. H. Witten, Adjutant George T. Ward Camp, U. C. V., Inverness, Fla., was born in Tazewell County, Va., in October, 1843; and died in Inverness, Fla., in May, 1914.)

Once again our hearts are saddened,
For a friend has passed away,
And another place is vacant
In the thinning line of gray.
When the South he loved so dearly,
Startled, heard war's dread alarms,
He was quick to answer "Ready!"
To the stirring call "To arms!"

Many years of storm and sunshine
He has answered Duty's call.
Faithful still to friend and comrade,
He was honored, loved by all.
Now the tired feet are resting,
For the weary march is done;
And the last hard battle over,
Peace is his, the victory won.

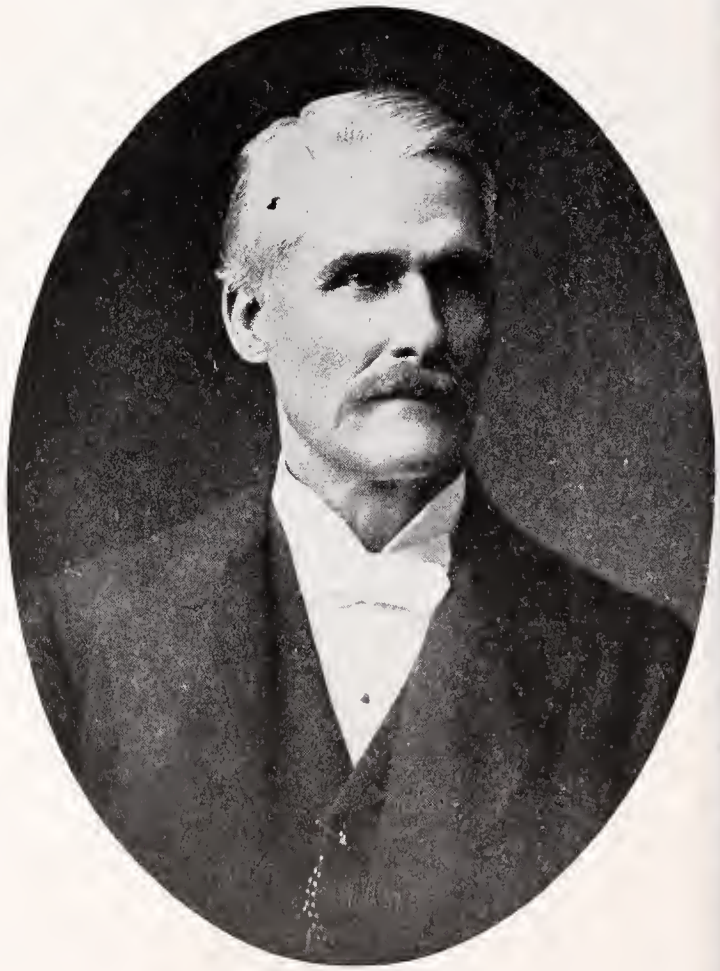
Never once his courage faltered.
Soldierlike he stood the test
Till he crossed the silent river,
There beneath the trees to rest.
Few are left who stood beside him
In those thrilling days of yore.
Soon the army all will answer
Roll call on the other shore.

DR. CHRISTOPHER HAMILTON TEBAULT.

A notably distinguished career was closed with the death of Dr. C. H. Tebault at his home, in New Orleans, on the 24th of May, 1914. His service as a surgeon in the Confederate army ranked him among the most prominent of those who served throughout the war, and the esteem in which he was held was evidenced by his appointment as Surgeon General U. C. V. in 1896, and as such he served on the staff of every Commander in Chief, Gens. John B. Gordon, Stephen D. Lee, Clement A. Evans, George W. Gordon, and Bennett H. Young. The body of Dr. Tebault was interred in the tomb of the Army of Tennessee, Louisiana Division, in Metarie Cemetery, New Orleans, beside that of his old friend, General Beauregard.

Dr. Tebault was born at Raymond, Miss., November 12, 1838. His father, Maj. Edward John Tebault, banker and planter, was born at Charleston, S. C., and his mother, Miss Caroline Hall, daughter of Christopher Hall, born in New York City, was a direct descendant of the Gautier, Duychinck, Stille, Webber, Van Vorst, and Bogert families, of New York City, the very earliest families that settled New York City and from which are descended Ex-President Roosevelt and the Vanderbilt family. Major Tebault took his son to New Orleans when only six years of age, and there he was educated in private schools and the State high school, completing his edueation at Georgetown University, District of Columbia, although he was of Protestant faith. While a student at Georgetown he had the honor of having a gold medal placed around his neck by the President of the United States, Franklin Pierce, as a reward in his studies. Returning home, he matriculated as a medical student in the University of New Orleans, and when the war broke out he entered the medical department of the Confederate army.

The military career of Dr. Tebault began at Fort Pillow as the surgeon of the 21st Louisiana Regiment. He shared the entire siege and bombardment of that fort and was its medical director. After the evacuation of Fort Pillow he rejoined his regiment at Tupelo, Miss. General Villepigue insisted upon retaining him in his regiment at Corinth, Miss. Soon after rejoining the 21st Louisiana it was merged with several other Louisiana regiments because of their depleted numbers, and Dr. Tebault was ordered as surgeon to the 10th South Carolina (Manigault's) Regiment, then numbering more than eleven hundred muskets. In charge of this, the then largest regiment in the Kentueky campaign under General Bragg, he shared its fortunes and continued to be the surgeon in charge until General Bragg fell back to Tullahoma, when he was assigned to the more important duty of a hospital post and connected with the Quintard Hospital. In this capacity, after severe service in the Kentucky campaign from Columbus, Ky., along the Mississippi River to Corinth and thence to Tupelo, until the battle of Murfrees-



DR. CHRISTOPHER H. TEBAULT.

boro, and detailed hospital service at Cleveland, Tenn., he served in the hospitals at Calhoun, Griffin, Albany, and Macon, Ga., of the Army of Tennessee, until the last-named city was surrendered to Wilson's Raiders, after the capitulation of Gens. Robert E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston and the capture of President Jefferson Davis. His performance of duty was so faithful and devoted and marked by such professional skill as to win for him the love and admiration of many soldiers now scattered throughout the South.

It was while in charge of the Quintard Hospital that he met Miss Sallie B. Bailey, daughter of David Jackson Bailey, first colonel of the 30th Georgia Regiment, at her palatial home in Griffin, Ga., whom he married on December 27, 1866. To them were born three children: Dr. C. H. Tebault, who was the personal physician of Gen. Leonard Wood and General Lawton and a member of their staffs in charge of the Officers' Hospital and Centro Beneficio Hospital at Santiago de Cuba during the Spanish-American War; Miss Corinne Tebault, now Mrs. Howard Harper, who was sponsor in chief of the United Confederate Veterans and the Sons of Veterans in the year 1904, the only time this ever happened; Grantland L. Tebault, a lawyer and member of the New Orleans bar.

After the surrender of Macon, Surgeon Tebault walked from there to Mobile, Ala., where he met his old friend, Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard, and returned with him to New Orleans. For the first two years after the war Dr. Tebault taught anatomy in the medical college where he had graduated and also served as health officer, and later he became one of the leading practitioners of the city. He was a man of great public spirit, always interested in the advancement of good. In 1874 he and his three brothers were in the fight that drove the carpetbaggers from power. Dr. Tebault also organized in New Orleans the Real Estate and Property Holders' Union and was the first man as its president to launch in 1878 active opposition to the Louisiana State Lottery. This action resulted in the call for a Constitutional Convention in 1879, which did much to reduce taxation. In 1898 he was a prominent member of the Constitutional Convention. When the body of President Davis was taken from New Orleans to the tomb in Richmond, Va., Dr. Tebault was one of the guard of honor.

The following tribute by Dr. Stanford E. Chaille, Dean of the Medical Department of Tulane University, who was also a surgeon in the Confederate army, and who for twenty years was the personal physician of President Davis and his attending physician when he died, expresses only what is the due of one who rendered such notable service in every field of endeavor. Concluding his address to the medical officers of the Confederacy at the Reunion, U. C. V., in New Orleans in 1903, Dr. Chaille said: "But while your armed comrades were dying for the South, where were the noncombatant medical officers of the Confederacy? Close by their sides, whether sick, wounded, or dying; whether on the bare ground, in tent, in hospital, or on the battle field. How close you clung to your suffering comrades, let this small fraction of the woeful truth testify. The war record of only a small portion of the graduates of the Medical Department of Tulane University has been traced. [Surgeon Tebault was a graduate of this university in 1861.] Yet of this fraction of this one medical college twenty-four died or were permanently disabled by wounds received and thirteen were killed in battle. Medical officers still living incurred like risks, and of these not one was more unselfish, efficient, and faithful than the present Surgeon General of the Confederate Veterans, Dr. Christopher Hamilton Tebault."

Thomas A. Harris.

Thomas A. Harris was born in Spottsylvania County, Va., in 1844; and died at Spottsylvania Courthouse in January, 1913. He was an early volunteer in the Confederate service, enlisting in May, 1861, with Company D, 30th Virginia Infantry, and serving with that command until after the seven days' fighting about Richmond in 1862. He then returned home and in a few days reenlisted, joining Company E, 9th Virginia Cavalry, and was with General Stuart in his raids into Pennsylvania, Maryland, and West Virginia. During the battles about Spottsylvania C. H. in 1864 he was detailed as a guide for Stuart's scouts and was afterwards permanently detailed to that service, in which he served to the close of the war, having many hairbreadth escapes. In the battle of Five Forks, when Gen. W. H. F. Lee asked for volunteers to rescue some ladies from the Gilham House, which was between the lines, Comrade Harris was one of five who went to their rescue, which was accomplished at great risk. He was severely wounded in this battle and was also wounded at several other times.



T. A. HARRIS.

Comrade Harris held many important positions in his county from 1870, and at the time of his death he was filling his second term as Clerk of the Circuit Court. He was prompt and efficient in the performance of his duties, a courteous, accommodating, and popular official. In addition to his official positions, he was a farmer. Four sons and two daughters survive him.

Capt. A. P. McCord.

Capt. A. P. McCord was born in Upton County, Ga., November 20, 1843; and died at Temple, Tex., June 30, 1914. He went into the Confederate service early in the war and was captain of Company C, 17th Georgia Regiment, Benning's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps. He was engaged in all the battles fought by this general, known as the "bulldog fighter" of General Lee's army.

Captain McCord went to Texas in the early eighties, settling in Cameron, where he lived until within recent years, when he made his home in Hill County, Tex. Comrade McCord was one of God's noblemen, a patriot true to the principles and traditions of our Southland, a man of marked ability in business matters, yet always generous and liberal to a fault. He was laid to rest in Oak Hill Cemetery at Cameron by the side of the wife of his young manhood. Several sons and daughters survive him.

[Sketch by D. A. McLane, Adjutant Ben McCulloch Camp, No. 29, U. C. V.]

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Vasser.

Mrs. Elizabeth Arthur Vasser, daughter of Dr. A. B. and Mary Atkinson Arthur, was born in Baldwin County, Ala., November 22, 1837; and died in Selma just after she had passed her seventy-sixth birthday. Losing her mother at the age of six years, she was adopted by her maternal grandparents and by them reared to womanhood, surrounded by all that made life so ideal on the plantation of ante-bellum days. Her early education was received in historic old Cahaba and later at the Camden Institute.

Early in life she married Dr. E. M. Vasser, a leading physician and prosperous planter. Their home life was ideal, and they dispensed old-time Southern hospitality before and after the war when old Cahawba was the abode of much of the real aristocracy of South Alabama. After Dr. Vasser's return from the war, with health impaired, slaves set free, and fortune shattered, his noble helpmeet accepted the situation with beautiful resignation and cheered his declining years as he faithfully followed his profession. The loss of two children within a few days of each other, followed soon by the death of her husband and a little later by that of her last remaining child, a lovely daughter just budding into womanhood, and the necessity of seeking her own livelihood—all these afflictions seemed only to deepen her faith in the wisdom of her Creator.

Bravely she took up her cross of sorrow and with cheerful spirit lived as a shining light of Christian endeavor. Her Church services and her Sunday school work in St. Paul's Episcopal Church were always her highest duty. In all the walks of life she was thoughtful, considerate, and just. It seemed her wish to plant the flower of hope in every despairing heart, believing that in the great bank of eternity those who contributed most to the sum of human happiness would have the largest credit. Her private life was blameless and a beautiful example of cheerfulness and contentment.

Next to her Church, she loved the cause of the South, and she denied herself constantly that she might give liberally toward perpetuating the memory of its heroes. The Daughters of the Confederacy in Alabama have lost a most valued member, but her example will always urge them to still greater effort in their work of befriending the veteran and honoring his memory. This self-sacrificing woman, poor in this world's goods, contributed $70 to the Morgan-Pettus Memorial Fund, an offering on the altar of her devoted patriotism.

Many a young man in Selma to whom she ministered in hours of sickness with the tenderness of a mother will deeply feel the loss of "Mother Vasser." It is consolation to know that she has gone to wear the crown of immortality won through long years of service to God and her fellow man.

It was fitting that the members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the veterans of Camp Jones should attend her funeral in a body, for she was loyal to two things above all others—her Church and the South of her fathers.

[This sketch of Mrs. Vasser is from the tribute by Camp Jones, U. C. V., of Selma, at the memorial exercises on the night of June 3.]

E. K. Hillyer.

E. K. Hillyer was born January 19, 1840; and died February 25, 1914. He enlisted at French Camp, Miss., serving with Company I, 15th Mississippi Infantry, and was made lieutenant in the second year of the war. He surrendered at Vicksburg. He was married in 1863 to Miss Mary E. Love and is survived by three children. His death occurred at Ennis, Tex.

Maj. John Wesley Dixon.

John W. Dixon was born in Macon County, Ga., February 24, 1840; and enlisted in Company C, 12th Georgia Regiment, June 5, 1861, serving in the Army of Northern Virginia. He was elected second lieutenant of his company June 15, 1862, promoted to first lieutenant in September, 1863, and was promoted to major for gallant service on the field just before the close of the war. This valiant soldier took part in forty-one decisive battles. He was the true type of man and soldier—as brave as a lion and as gentle as a woman, firm in his convictions, and loyal to his friends. Above all, he was a high-toned Christian gentleman. His heart was full of love and charity toward his fellow man. There was no guile in him.

Major Dixon moved to Birmingham, Ala., in the spring of 1902 and soon thereafter joined Camp Hardee, No. 39, U. C. V. He was faithful in the discharge of every duty, kind and courteous to all his comrades, by whom he was highly respected and loved. He has erected a living monument to himself on the basis of love and truth that will outlive the bronze and marble that may be fashioned to make his name illustrious. He died April 28, 1914. Peace to his ashes!

[Committee: W. E. Yancey (Chairman), J. T. S. Wade, J. T. Garrettson.]

Lieut. Alfonzo F. Smith.

On March 24, 1914, at his home, in Clarksville, Tenn., Lieut. Alfonzo Frederic Smith rested from earth's long warfare and passed to "where beyond these voices there is peace." His record as a Confederate soldier was one to be proud of. He enlisted in November, 1861, in Company A, 49th Tennessee Infantry, under Col. J. E. Bailey, and was elected lieutenant. He was captured with his regiment at Fort Donelson in February, 1862, and was a prisoner at Johnson's Island until September, 1862, when he was exchanged. On the reorganization of the regiment he was again elected a lieutenant in Company A, but was afterwards transferred to the staff of Brigadier General Quarles as acting inspector general; and after a year he was made acting inspector general on the staff of General Walthall, commander of the division. He was actively engaged in the campaigns and battles of his commands at Port Hudson, Jackson, Miss., in Georgia in 1864, at Franklin, Nashville, and Bentonville, N. C., where he was wounded in 1865. Throughout all he bore himself with conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty.

After the war Comrade Smith engaged in the tobacco business at Clarksville and Louisville, Ky. In New York for fourteen years he was inspector of tobacco, and he had held the same position at Clarksville since 1890. On April 22, 1861, he was married to Miss Imogene Herring at Paris, Ill. To them seven children were born, only two of whom (Miss Mabel Walton Smith and Mrs. James S. Imogene Lupton), with their mother, survive. In 1911 his golden wedding was celebrated very happily, his wedding suit and Confederate uniform being in evidence.

It was my privilege to know "Fonz" Smith for many years in camp, on the march, on the field of battle, in civil life and business, and I never knew a more thorough gentleman, courteous, courageous, chivalrous, brave without bluster, gentle and kind without ostentation, honest and upright. His word was his bond. He was devoted to duty as he saw it, yet withal charitable in his judgments of others. He was deeply interested in his old comrades and anxious to secure a true history of their sufferings and sacrifices for our righteous cause. He was a man I could count on.

[Sketch by Rev. James H. McNeilly.]

Milton McLaurine.

Milton McLaurine, a gallant Confederate soldier and Christian gentleman, died at the home of his son-in-law, Dr. A. J. Hurt, in Chester, Va., April 3, 1914. He was born in Powhatan County, Va., January 11, 1843.

He was in his second year at Richmond College, looking forward to graduation, when, in April, 1861, the fall of Fort Sumter and the secession of Virginia from the Union broke up the school. He returned to his home, in Powhatan County, and enlisted in the Powhatan Troop, which became Company E, 4th Virginia Cavalry, Wickham's Brigade, Stuart's Division. His company marched to Richmond, was mustered into the service of the State and ordered to Culpeper, then to Manassas, where it was the bodyguard of General Beauregard. Drilling and picket duty occupied the interval till the battles of Bull's Run, July 18, and Manassas, July 21, 1861.



MILTON M'LAURINE.

At Centerville he was a victim of typhoid fever. After recuperating at home and refusing to be discharged as disabled, he returned to his command, rode around McClellan's army with Stuart, fought in the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, and pursued Pope into Maryland. At Boonsboro, at Sharpsburg, at Fredericksburg, at Chancellorsville, at Kelley's Ford, at Stevensburg, in the great cavalry fight of Brandy Station, the greatest cavalry engagement of the war, and at Aldie, which battle General Munford said was "one of the hottest of the war," he was in the thickest of the fray, using his saber to good purpose.

He lost a brother at Gettysburg, Lewis McLaurine, who fell in the charge of Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade, and he was captured and confined in Fort McHenry, then in Fort Delaware. Solicited, as he was passing through Baltimore, to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, he replied: "I would not take it if all the guns in the Yankee army were pointed at me." He was later taken to Point Lookout; and after being threatened by Major Brady with detention to the last, he, under an assumed name, passed to the exchange steamer, was paroled, and returned to his home. Having been exchanged, he returned to his command at Amelia Courthouse, Va., and fought night and day in the retreat to Appomattox Courthouse. Firing the last shot from his company, he went as far as Lynchburg with General Rosser, then tore up the battle flag, divided it among his comrades and returned home.

He was unhurt during the four years of war. His five brothers served in the army. William was wounded, Christopher was killed at Franklin, Tenn., Lewis at Gettysburg, George was severely shot at Spottsylvania Courthouse, and Henry was wounded near Richmond. George W. is the only survivor of the six brothers; and though a lame Confederate veteran, he is a respected and beloved citizen of Washington, D. C.

Milton McLaurine married on December 15, 1869, Miss Rosa E. Frayser, who survives him, with two sons and four daughters. At the age of ten years he became a Christian, and throughout a long life he was a leader in good deeds in his community.

[From sketch by Rev. J. M. Pilcher.]

Dr. Henry St. George Hopkins.

Following an illness of two months, Dr. Henry St. George Hopkins, the oldest practicing physician in Fresno, Cal., in point of service, died on the 25th of May at the age of eighty years. He went to Fresno thirty-three years ago and had since been actively engaged in practice except for a short period in 1900, when he went to the gold fields of Nome. Dr. Hopkins was born at Winchester, Va., and was a descendant of John Hopkins, of Revolutionary fame, and a cousin of Gen. R. E. Lee. In his early twenties he graduated from the University of Virginia and later from the University of Pennsylvania, after which he became the United States naval surgeon on large liners between New York and Liverpool. He was practicing medicine in Baltimore at the outbreak of the war, when he gave up his practice and went South, enlisting as a private in Company H, 27th Virginia Infantry, under Captain Kertz. He made a fearless soldier, and for acts of gallantry he was rapidly promoted from the ranks to lieutenant colonel under command of Gen. William Pendleton. He was later transferred to the 2d Virginia Battalion of Artillery, thence to the 3d Virginia Battalion, under Col. William P. Nelson, and then served on the staff of Col. William P. Nelson. Upon personal order of General Lee he was transferred to the medical department and appointed surgeon in charge of the ambulance corps and also of the general hospital, No. 19, at Richmond. He became one of the corps of surgeons to regulate operations in the field, in charge of the surgeons' bureau of exchange, surgeon in charge of bureau hospital at Richmond, and surgeon in chief on the staff of Maj. Gen. Daniel Ruggles, Middle Medical Department. Dr. Hopkins was at Augusta, Ga., when the surrender was made to General Upton, U. S. A.

Dr. Hopkins had many narrow escapes during the war. He was with Stonewall Jackson when he was killed, and a bullet struck a watch that he was carrying in his pocket over his heart. He always kept the bullet and the watch.

After the war Dr. Hopkins settled in Philadelphia, where he practiced medicine for a short time, and then moved to Nevada and to Oakland, Cal., in 1875. In 1881 he removed to Fresno.

Dr. Hopkins was a thirty-second degree Mason and a member of Sterling Price Camp, U. C. V., of Fresno. In its early days he took active part in the progress of Fresno, and he was once county health officer. At the time of his death he was Secretary of the United States Pension Bureau. He is survived by his wife, two daughters, and five sons.

T. H. Booth.

After a long illness, T. H. Booth passed to his reward on the 10th of February, 1914. He was born in Ohio in 1832, and went to Louisiana about two years before the war. He enlisted in a cavalry company and was attached to the 3d Arkansas Battalion, under General Price. He was in the battle of Corinth, where he was taken prisoner, and on being exchanged he joined Whittaker's Scouts in Mississippi. He was badly wounded at Concord, in Yazoo County, in 1864. Since the war he had resided in Hinds County, Miss., and he was a good citizen, loved and respected.

Mrs. Virginia Hale.

[From a tribute by committee of Mayfield Chapter, U. D. C., composed of Mrs. Delia M. Patterson, Mrs. Mamie Dismukes Harris, and Mrs. George T. Fuller.]

On April 30, 1914, at Mayfield, Ky., the messenger of death summoned to the eternal world the spirit of our beloved friend and counselor, Mrs. Virginia Adelaide Gregory Hale, wife of Maj. Henry S. Hale.

She was gentle, cultured, and unselfish. Her genial spirit pervaded not only the home circle in which the light of her Christian life shone with special splendor, but extended throughout the community, both the rich and the poor testifying to the loveliness and saintliness of her character.

She loved the South, never wavering in her devotion to its sacred cause. She was instrumental in the organization of the Mayfield Chapter, U. D. C., and was elected its first President, serving in that capacity until failing health caused her to resign. Her spacious home was thrown open as a "meeting place" for the Daughters in their first years and a gracious hospitality dispensed that lingers as a beautiful memory.

Mrs. Hale was a devoted Christian. She loved her Church and took an active part in its various benevolent and missionary enterprises. She was fond of reading and liked to keep up with events of the day. She loved flowers and passed many hours in her garden, which she made also a source of pleasure to others. The world has been made brighter and sweeter by her pure spirit having dwelt among us.

Granville Henderson Crozier.

Granville Henderson Crozier, aged seventy-four, died at his home, in Dallas, Tex., March 11, 1914. He was the eldest son of the late Col. Arthur R. Crozier, pioneer statesman of Tennessee, and was born near Knoxville, Tenn., September 18, 1840. When fifteen years old he entered Burrett College, at Lebanon, Tenn., and finished his education there. In 1859 the family removed to Texas and settled at Austin.

At the beginning of the Civil War Mr. Crozier was among the first to enlist, entering the Confederate army as a private in the Tom Green Rifles, which was organized as Company B, of the 4th Texas Infantry, of Hood's famous brigade, serving with General Hood throughout a number of conflicts, the most important of which were Eltham Landing, Seven Pines, Gaines's Mill, and Second Manassas. For his commander Mr. Crozier felt the deepest affection and admiration, and he wrote of him in reference to the battle of Gaines's Mill, saying: "Hood always looked grand in battle, but in this one he looked sublime." In the memorable charge made by the 4th Texas Regiment Mr. Crozier was the first to fall. It was thought his wound was fatal, but he recovered and was furloughed. He returned to Texas and served with a company of "Exempts" as a lieutenant, resigning this position to return to his command when he had regained his strength, arriving just in time to take part in the battle of Second Manassas. In this battle he was again wounded, being permanently disabled by having an arm broken. He again returned to Texas and served along the Rio Grande River with Col. John S. Ford's expeditionary forces. He was paroled at Austin, Tex., at the close of the war.

In 1875 the family removed from Austin to Graham, Tex., and there on January 25, 1887, Mr. Crozier was united in marriage to Miss Clara Bertha Roane, of New Orleans, La. To this union were born five children. His wife, three daughters, and a son, all of Dallas, survive him.

J. L. Morgan.

Comrade J. L. Morgan was born December 19, 1844; and died at his home, in Knoxville, Tenn., on May 13, 1914. He was one of the best-known Confederate veterans in East Tennessee. Entering the Confederate service as a member of Company A, 2d Georgia Infantry, Glenn's Brigade, in the early period of the Civil War, he continued in active service until the surrender. When mustered out at Augusta, Ga., he returned to his home, at Madison, Ga., where his mother, one brother, and four sisters had been left dependent through the ravages of the war struggle. His father had met death in the strife, having been captured and dying in prison at Point Lookout. After a few years spent in Madison, during which time he laid the foundation of a successful business life, he went to Atlanta and entered the service of Col. E. T. White, a Confederate veteran and a hotel proprietor. He continued in the hotel business until four years ago, when he retired, having successively and successfully operated hotels in Atlanta, Nashville, Humboldt, and Knoxville, and had been in the latter city for just thirty years at the time of his death.

Comrade Morgan was one of the most active members of Fred Ault Camp, U. C. V., of Knoxville. The confidence and esteem of his comrades found expression in their retaining him as Commander of the Camp for six consecutive years, and he also represented the Camp at the general Reunions at Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Nashville, Memphis, Louisville, and Chattanooga.

As a testimonial to his memory Fred Ault Camp held a formal service in memorial, at which official announcement of his death was made by Commander W. W. Carson.

Comrade Morgan is survived by his wife and three sons—Wiley L. Morgan, managing editor of the Knoxville Sentinel; Cole E. Morgan, Southern news editor of the Atlanta Georgian; and F. B. Morgan, a merchant of Knoxville.

Dr. George F. Mellen, a warm personal friend of Comrade Morgan, said: "The life of such a man as James L. Morgan is a priceless heritage. He filled no exalted public office. He occupied no extraordinary place in the public eye. With dignity he pursued the even tenor of his way. Where possible he lent the helping hand. With opportunity he served his country nobly and well. He enjoyed the respect and confidence of all who came in the circle of his acquaintance, and the number is multitudinous. He was a genial, royal soul, always steady, loyal, and true. Behind him he leaves the memory of a fragrant and fruitful life."



J. L. MORGAN.

Thomas G. Duncan.

Thomas George Duncan was born at Bridgeville, Pickens County, Ala., November 6, 1843. He entered the Confederate service at seventeen years of age and served throughout the war. With the 40th Alabama Regiment he went through the memorable siege of Vicksburg and was a prisoner at Rock Island for nine months just prior to the close of the war.



THOMAS G. DUNCAN.

On the 23d of October, 1866, he was married to Miss Alice Giles, daughter of Capt. Milton Giles, and to them were born four sons and one daughter.

Comrade Duncan died suddenly of heart trouble at his home, near Benevola, Ala., January 29, 1914. His wife and two sons survive him. He was a devoted husband, a fond father, a good soldier, a loyal friend, and a noble Christian gentleman. He had been a ruling elder of his Church for thirty-six years.

John Coffee Harris.

Taps was sounded for John Coffee Harris, Jr., at his home, in Smyrna, Tenn., on May 18. He was born June 1, 1842, and was the youngest son of J. C. Harris, a wealthy landowner of Rutherford County, and was a direct descendant of the famous Indian fighter, Gen. John Coffee. Mr. Harris was twice married, first to Miss Annie Green, who left one daughter; his second wife, who was Miss Maggie Green, with one daughter also, survives.

John C. Harris enlisted in the Confederate service in November, 1861, as a member of Company E, under Capt. Bill Sykes, 45th Tennessee Regiment, Colonel Searcy. He was made first lieutenant under Captain Brents. He was captured and imprisoned at Camp Chase, Ohio, in December, 1863, remaining there until March 7, 1865. Among his cherished treasures were his parole and cross of honor. He was buried, by his request, in a Confederate gray casket and with his cross of honor on his coat, where he had long proudly worn it. It was said of him that he had assisted and secured for deserving Confederate soldiers more pensions than any man in Rutherford County.

John C. Harris was a Mason and a lifelong member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, of which he was an elder. Love for his fellow man was his dominant trait. He was charitable to his own hurt and was loved and honored everywhere known. He had reared and cared for seven orphan children, this worthy charity alone being a splendid life work. His decline in health was rapid since his ancestral home near Walter Hill was burned, less than a year ago. His grief was pathetic over the destruction of the home where he was born, reared, and had spent his entire life except the years he was in the Confederate service. Three elder brothers went into the Confederate army and made enviable records—Simpson, Robert B., who went with Isham G. Harris, his kinsman, to Mexico, and G. J. Harris.

Sterling Henry Pettus.

Sterling H. Pettus was born in Haywood County, Tenn., in 1842; and at the age of nineteen enlisted in the 6th Tennessee Infantry, serving throughout the war. His regiment was attached to Cheatham's Division and was in all the great battles of the Army of Tennessee from Shiloh to the end of the war. He was married to Miss Drucilla Coleman at Fulton, Tenn., in 1866, and removed to Arkansas in 1870, locating first at Austin and then at Cabot in 1875. His death occurred at the home of his son in Texarkana on January 29, 1914. He is survived by four children—two sons and two daughters.

The Christian life of Comrade Pettus drew about him many friends and admirers, and in every phase of life he measured up to the full standard of noble manhood.

Deaths in Granbury Camp, U. C. V.

W. D. Shaw, Adjutant, reports the following members of Granbury Camp, of Temple, Tex., who have died since July, 1913:

A. F. Jones, Company D, 17th Mississippi Regiment, December 22, 1913.

Bennett Wood, Company C, 4th Texas Infantry, March 25, 1914.

W. T. Holcomb, Company C, 24th Texas Infantry, April 14, 1914.

W. D. Farrish, Company B, 9th Virginia Cavalry, June 7, 1914.

Deaths in Prairie Grove Camp Since August, 1913.

J. M. McCoy, Company K, 34th Arkansas Infantry, aged 84; T. J. Campbell, Company H, 12th Alabama Infantry, 81; J. T. Hale, Company F, 34th Arkansas Infantry, 78; T. W. Davis, Company A, Poindexter's Missouri Cavalry, 79; J. M. Bell, Parsons's Missouri Regiment, 82; K. C. Cummings, Company K, 34th Arkansas Infantry, 73; A. D. Strickler, 34th Arkansas Infantry, 76; Robert A. Madearis, 17th Arkansas Infantry; Thomas Kirby, Beatthy's Company, Brown's Battalion of Cavalry.

James H. Williams.

James H. Williams died suddenly at his home, in Shawmut, Chambers County, Ala., in January, 1914. He was born at Lafayette, Ala., in 1842, and enlisted as a Confederate soldier in April, 1862, joining Company I, 47th Alabama Infantry, and was faithful to his duties as a soldier. He was married to Miss Knight a year or so after the war, and six of their children survive him. Comrade Williams was a member of Camp Muse, of Lafayette, and was also a Mason.

Deaths in Healy-Claybrook Camp.

D. B. Dutton, Commander, reports the following deaths in membership: B. Frank Hart, John W. Hart, and Sandy Parker, 55th Virginia Infantry; Edward S. Vaughan, Norfolk Grays; Charles E. Hobday, 5th Virginia Cavalry.

S. H. Gammill.

S. H. Gammill was born in Bedford County, Tenn., in April, 1837, and in 1843 was taken to Missouri, and there grew to manhood in Lawrence County. In June, 1861, he espoused the cause of the South by enlisting as a Confederate soldier, and rendered faithful service under all circumstances, surrendering at Shreveport, La., in 1865.

[John Logan, of Logan, Mo., sends this notice of his "bedfellow all during the war."]

HUMOR OF DIFFERENT NATIONALITIES.

Al G. Field, the minstrel manager, claims that there is a character in the humor of different nationalities difficult to define. American and English humor are most often in contrast, with us at least. That the American and English people differ widely in humor can be best substantiated by the manner in which impersonations of character by actors are received. It seems that Americans have developed a humor in accord with their proverbial quickness, a sort of fragmentary humor that is difficult for many to comprehend. The Englishman in his jests is more deliberate and thoughtful, yet in certain phases of humor the same sort is common to both nations. The Englishman seems to make up in thought for the more fanciful imaginations of his Yankee brother. The character actor who strives for laughter will tell you that in some sections his efforts will meet with approval, while in other localities the laugh will not come, no matter how strenuously he may exert himself.

Denman Thompson in his impersonation of Joshua Whitcomb, in "The Old Homestead," never won the plaudits of the Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes of the Northwest, although successful in all other sections. Nor did Joe Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle" appeal so strongly to the nationalities named. It is noticeable that the two leading comedians of their time, Joe Jefferson and Sol Smith Russell, were never appreciated in New York City. Their engagements in that city were not frequent nor profitable. The Irish, Jew, Dutch, and Yankee funmakers' popularity may be restricted.

Heretofore the negro minstrel comedian has had a wide scope, except in Minnesota, Wisconsin, and a few other States in the Northwest where the Scandinavian element predominates (fifty-five per cent of Minnesota's population are foreign-born). The humor in these people has not been aroused as yet by the funny man on the stage.

Charles Dickens was a humorist who was as greatly appreciated on this side of the water as in England. Mark Twain was the foremost of American humorists, yet he was never accepted by England as such. Charles Farrar Browne (Artemus Ward), famous throughout the English-speaking world, lectured in the Egyptian Hall, London, for weeks, convulsing his audiences. Bill Nye was never popular as a humorist in England. Petroleum V. Nasby was less popular.

English audiences, particularly in the music halls (vaudeville), are difficult to fathom. The Three Lyres, minstrel-musical comedians lately returned from England, were successful in London and in all large cities in Ireland and Scotland. Frank Tenny and other minstrels were big hits in the vernacular of actors, while McIntyre and Heath, regarded in America as the foremost impersonators of the Simon-pure negro, were failures. The Georgia Minstrels, a negro classic, an offering the American public never tires of, was hooted off the stage in London.

The man who deals out fun for the public is mighty lucky, no matter how talented, if he does not find localities where his humor is not understood. The jokes in the comic papers of England, Germany, and France are based mostly upon the same subjects—conviviality of man, indiscretions of woman, dishonesty of the rich, the makeshifts of the poor, the fat, the lean. They say that one touch of humor makes the whole world kin. This is true, in one respect at least—when one comes across a minstrel joke forty years old rehabilitated.

Field claims that there were but thirteen original jokes, and all others have been compounded from the original thirteen.

FAITHFUL IN HIS DEVOTION.

J. M. Williams, of Memphis, Tenn., writes the VETERAN of an instance of the devotion and loyalty of a slave to his master's family which was related to him by G. E. Patteson, of the same city, in the following:

"In the battle of Shiloh my father, William Guy Patteson, of Grenada, Miss., was a boy lieutenant commanding a company in the 25th Mississippi Regiment, afterwards known as the 1st Battalion of Mississippi Sharpshooters. He was desperately wounded there in two places, one ball crippling his hand and another passing entirely through his body. Back of the firing line his negro body servant, Martin, a boy of about twenty, awaited anxiously the issue of the battle. After the firing ceased he found his young master and protected and cared for him in his helpless condition. Through the long, torturing ride in a rough wagon back to Corinth this boy remained at his master's side and never relaxed his vigilance until my grandfather came to his relief.

"After the war this boy, ignorant and unlearned, began farming on his own account, and in time he built up a substantial competence for himself and his wife. He had no children. In his comfortable farmhouse he reserved a room exclusively for his white friends when business should take them into his section of the country. This room was frequently occupied by my father, whose affection for his old servant ended only with his life.

"Surviving his master by two years, Martin also died a few weeks ago. His wife had gone before him, and he had no direct heirs. After his death it was found that his careful business methods had caused him to make a will in due legal form, bequeathing his farm and stock to some nieces of his wife who had been reared by him, thus providing handsomely for them. In addition to this, all the money he had on deposit drawing interest—no inconsiderable sum—he bequeathed to Misses Emma Percy and Madge Patteson, daughters of the master who had reared and trained him and whose life he had probably saved at Shiloh.

"Martin was a negro, but in all the essentials that go to make up the true measure of a man he was not found wanting."

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF VICKSBURG VETERANS.

Soldiers of the Great Armies of the North and the South: Your valorous deeds are not yet forgotten. Once again, as at Gettysburg last year, the veterans of the war of 1861-65, the old boys who wore the blue and those who wore the gray, hope to clasp hands in amity at Vicksburg in October, 1915.

For this "gathering of the clans" from the north, the east, the west, and the south, possibly for the last time on earth, we have the invitation of the Governor of the State of Mississippi, the approval of other States, as well as of military and civic organizations, and we have applied to the Congress of the United States for an appropriation to provide the necessary facilities for making this fraternal occasion at Vicksburg as great a success as was the Gettysburg gathering.

To this end this appeal is sent forth now in order that each and every man who reads it shall write at once to his Senator or Representative in Washington, D. C., urging him to support any bill introduced in Congress at this present session which will provide needed funds for the Vicksburg celebration, particulars concerning which are hereinafter related.

The National Association of Vicksburg Veterans has selected the early part of October, 1915, in the belief that the most desirable weather conditions obtain in the South at that season of the year. The National Military Park at Vicksburg, where the national celebration and peace jubilee will be held, will then be at its best and tent life will be comfortable. Magnificent military roads will make hill- and ravine-climbing unnecessary in your meanderings amidst the grandeur and beauty of historical monuments. Clothing appropriate for the month of June in the North will be about right for October in Vicksburg.

The Vicksburg celebration in 1915 commemorates:

1. The semicentennial of the close of the War between the States.

2. The centennial of the close of the last war between Great Britain and the United States.

3. The continued growth of fraternal feeling between the South and the North.

The foregoing is a brief outline of what is proposed for Vicksburg in 1915; but more details will be furnished from time to time.

As previously stated, the main purpose of this notice is to enlist interest not only among all old soldiers, but with citizens of the present age and their representatives in State legislatures and in Congress assembled. Your personal effort will accomplish much.

The National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic held at Chattanooga last September by unanimous vote adopted resolutions in support of this celebration. Last October the Mississippi Division of the United Confederate Veterans at their annual reunion unanimously adopted like resolutions, and on May 6-8, 1914, the grand annual Reunion of the Confederate Veterans at Jacksonville, Fla., also adopted resolutions in support of this proposed peace jubilee.

For further information address F. A. Roziene, President National Association of Vicksburg Veterans, 4316 North Kildare Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

"A DEAD ISSUE AND A LIVE ONE."

The little book by B. F. VanMeter, Sr., with the above title is the earnest, conscientious protest of a Southerner on Biblical grounds against the abolition theories which freed the negro by a cruel and bloody war and a solemn warning against the results of the same theories, which are making white men the slaves of a greedy plutocracy. The dead issue is African slavery; the live issue is the conflict of labor and capital.

The author holds that the Bible presents a definite program of human society and that abolition set aside that theory in its war against the South, and the result is a new order in which white slavery is threatened contrary to the Word of God. He presents an array of facts that men will have to consider some day, although they may ridicule him now as a belated representative of the Old South.

[See advertisement in this number.]

HOOD'S "ADVANCE AND RETREAT."

The Veteran has some copies of General Hood's "Advance and Retreat" in the original binding—the edition that was published for the Hood Memorial—which will be sold at $2, postpaid. The book is now very rare. The covers are soiled, but the reading matter is in good condition.

"CONFEDERATE WIZARDS OF THE SADDLE."

Being Reminiscences and Observations of One Who Rode with Morgan. By Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veteran Association. Boston, Mass.: Chapple Company (Ltd.). 1914. Pages 633. 8vo.

Here we have a most inspiring and delightful book on the achievements of the Confederate cavalry in the war between the sections of the United States. General Young handles the pen in these piping times of peace as effectively as he used saber and revolver in the stern exigencies of battle. In his descriptions of charge and countercharge there is the lilt and rush of eager squadrons warring to the death.

It is not a continuous and connected history of the Confederate cavalry. But taking the great leaders of the cavalry, Stuart, Hampton, Wheeler, Forrest, Morgan, Mosby, Shelby, Marmaduke, he gives the story of one or two of the most noted campaigns of each as representative of the marvelous skill, daring, and resourcefulness of these leaders and the courage, endurance, and loyalty of the bold riders who followed them without question or hesitation on enterprises that often seemed hopeless and reckless, but which ended in brilliant success. It is a book for which there was need; for while there are valuable histories of the various cavalry commands, such as Major McClelland's "Stuart and His Campaigns," Dr. Wyeth's "Life of Forrest," Du Bose's "History of Wheeler's Campaigns," yet this book gives a general view of the splendid service of the whole body of our cavalry.

It seems to me that in the various histories, addresses, and articles on the war by Southern writers full justice has not been done to this wonderfully effective arm of our service, which set a new pace for the cavalry of the world. While no praise is too great for the matchless infantry of the Confederacy, yet the cavalry was entitled to equal honor for achievements equally daring, wrought with equal fortitude. It may be that a certain good-humored bantering of the cavalry by the infantry may be responsible for some of the ignoring of their services. It is said that the Federal General Hooker, after his crushing defeat at Chancellorsville, was disposed to charge the disaster to the failure of his cavalry to keep him informed of the Confederate movements, and he said with a sneer: "Who ever saw a dead cavalryman?"

But the reading of this book will show that those hard-riding, fierce-fighting, ardent young horsemen not only did some of the most desperate fighting, but endured the most trying hardships of the whole war. Long marches in the burning heat of summer or amid the snow and ice of winter, in pouring rain or under blazing suns, in dust that choked and blinded, or in mud and slush to their horses' knees, wading or swimming rivers or making their way through rough regions where no roads had ever been, often half starved, urging their weak and weary beasts to utmost dying strength to reach the battle field in time, fighting now on foot as infantry and again in the wild charge with saber and revolver, "getting the bulge" on the enemy, there never has been nor ever will be again such a body of fearless, dashing, long-enduring horsemen as the cavalry of the Confederacy. They won for themselves and their country immortal glory and renown.

This book is a splendid specimen of the printer's art and is embellished with fine portraits of the great cavalry leaders and has a number of maps of various battle fields.

James H. McNeilly, D.D.

Orders for General Young's book should be sent to the Veteran. Price, $2.50, postpaid.

A NEW BOOK ON THE NEGRO QUESTION.

"A DEAD ISSUE AND THE LIVE ONE" is the title of a book recently published by B. F. VanMeter, Sr., of Lexington, Ky.

A DEAD ISSUE IS BIBLE SLAVERY sanctioned, indorsed, and justified by Holy Scriptures both in the Old and New Testaments. THE LIVE ISSUE is the bitter and interminable conflict between capital and labor, and this as an inevitable effect and result of a cause, which was the abolition of BIBLE SLAVERY.

This book will be sent by parcel post to fill any order in the United States—single copy for $1.50, five books for $6, ten books for $12, or at this rate for any number of books over ten, accompanied by a money order for the amount due.

Hon. Boyd Winchester, of Louisville, Ky., Cleveland's Minister to Switzerland and an author of note, says of this book in part: "I found myself from the very preface deeply engrossed and interested. I found it a very remarkable production both for the very careful study and investigation given the subject as well as the felicity of style, etc."

The Hon. A. C. Quissenberry, an author of several books, originally from Kentucky, but later of Washington City, and now of Maryland, says of this book: "I have read it with the very greatest interest. Whoever accepts your premises will be bound to accept your conclusions. The most interesting part of the book to me are your reminiscences of slavery days in Kentucky. This interested me intensely because I had some recollections of life in Kentucky in those old days."

Mrs. J. H. Holloway, the only child of Gen. and Ex-Senator John S. Williams, of Kentucky, a hero in two wars, for whom Lincoln's emancipation proclamation freed one hundred slaves, says of this book: "I have read it several times with the deepest interest." She gives it the fullest and unqualified indorsement at considerable length.

An article in part from the Winchester (Ky.) News says: "Mr. VanMeter's book is a charming discussion of Bible slavery (the dead issue) and the capital and labor war (the live issue). He approaches slavery from the viewpoint of the old-time slave owner and gives as his arguments those which were used to uphold the institution in the days of long ago. Most of his arguments are Biblical, and he announces on the first page that the Bible is the final word on every subject it touches. His argument is that slavery was the only way to prevent the labor question and that had it continued we would have had no labor strikes, because labor would have been a part of capital. It is one of the books of which we have too few, because they preserve for us the ideals of the past. The stories of the way the masters and slaves got along is especially pleasing and show how overdrawn and untrue to fact are such books as "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Dr. George H. Wilson, of Lexington, Ky., says he has read this book with great interest, and he thinks it deserves much more than a passing interest. He wishes that every intelligent and thoughtful person in the United States could read this book. He says it is the only book he ever read which shows the original cause of the bitter strife between capital and labor and points out how it could have been prevented.

Such notices could be much extended, but we will make these suffice. The author has a few volumes left of "Genealogies and Biographical Sketches" at $2.25 each. A list of the families contained in this book, more than twenty-five, will be sent free to any address on application directed to 225 Ashland Avenue, Lexington, Ky. Both books sent for $3.

A NEW HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

Many have won the plaudits of the world by some special act or achievement, but it remains for a Southern man to send out a book—and that book a history of the United States—that arouses no unfavorable comment. Matthew Page Andrews, M.A., of Baltimore, Md., is the author of this history, and he has made it thoroughly national and just to every section of the country. It is true that Ex-Governor Pennypacker, of Pennsylvania, criticizes the publishers for issuing a book from which certain things are omitted and in which is given "a portrait and sketch of a mere swashbuckler like 'Napoleon' B. Forrest, whose career was both sectional and limited as well as mistaken and unsuccessful," but a little fling like that is not really a criticism. Evidently the Governor does not admire the Napoleon of the Southern Confederacy.

Many good things have been said of this history both North and South. It is intended as a textbook for secondary schools, but it makes a fine book of reference and is also interesting as a narrative. The Philadelphia North American comments most favorably, saying: "An excellent textbook, continuous in narrative, with due historical proportions and brought down to date with commendable accuracy, is Matthew Page Andrews's 'History of the United States.' There is no surplus detail of early explorations, but rather a connected account of colonial achievement. Through successive records of administration the course of national progress is made plain without confusion of authorities or suggestions or partisanship. It is not only a superior textbook, but also a valuable desk companion for the busy citizen."

The Baltimore Sun comments at length upon its many special features, from which a paragraph is taken: "It is interesting to note that, basing his assertions upon researches conducted at the Hopkins, the author controverts earlier historians and maintains that slavery was not introduced into this country when negroes were brought here from the West Indies in 1619. 'These were apparently not regarded as slaves,' he says, 'but were bound out to service after the manner of the indentured white servants.'"

The book is attractive in binding and mechanical make-up, and its illustrations are unusually fine and numerous. Many maps are used to advantage, some of them being in full color. The footnotes consist largely of explanations and comments by the author, and especially valuable are the "Side Lights and Suggestions" at the end of each chapter, and there are many other features of value in this history. Its record of events extends into the administration of President Wilson.

Published by the Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Price, $1.10, postpaid.

THE KU-KLUX KLAN.

The true story of that "mysterious brotherhood" which was the salvation of the South in Reconstruction time has been put in book form most attractively by Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, Historian of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., who grew up in Pulaski, Tenn., the town where the order originated, and she writes largely from personal knowledge. The book contains letters from charter members of the Klan and incidents related by other members and is handsomely illustrated. It was prepared primarily for school use and has received strong indorsement by all Confederate organizations and also by historians and authors. It will not only instruct but entertain.

Order direct from the author, Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, West Point, Miss. Price, 85 cents, postpaid.

THE KU KLUX KLAN
Or Invisible Empire



"K. K. K. Banner"

Just Out—Most Fascinating Book of the Day. Profusely illustrated. Letters from charter members of the Klan, biographical sketch of its great leader—Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest. Indorsed by leading educators, historians, the U. D. C. and S. C. V., who will cooperate in placing book in schools and libraries. Interesting from start to finish. Price, 75 cents; postage, 10 cents.

Order from author, **MRS. S. E. F. ROSE,**
West Point, Mississippi



Miniature Pins, Battle Flag, Finest Cloisonne Enamel Brooch, Button, or Hat Pin :: :: :: ::

No. 2270.

Cold Plated	$0.25
Rolled Gold	.50
Solid Gold	1.00
Solid Gold, Heavy Weight	2.00
14 Kt. Gold, Heavy Weight	3.00

POSTPAID

Special prices on half dozen or more. Illustrated price list of Flags and Confederate Novelties sent on request.

Catalogue of Medals, Class Pins, Rings, Trophies, and Banners now ready.

MEYER'S MILITARY SHOP
1231 Pennsylvania Ave. N. W., Washington, D. C.

IRWIN HALL

Make your daughter a worthwhile woman. Consult Irwin Hall, the only postgraduate school for girls in the National Capital. Its aim is the highest moral, mental, and physical development of Christian women to meet and manage the problems of real life. Special terms for all descendants of Confederate veterans. Address

MRS. SARAH IRWIN MATTINGLY
Irwin Hall Washington, D. C.

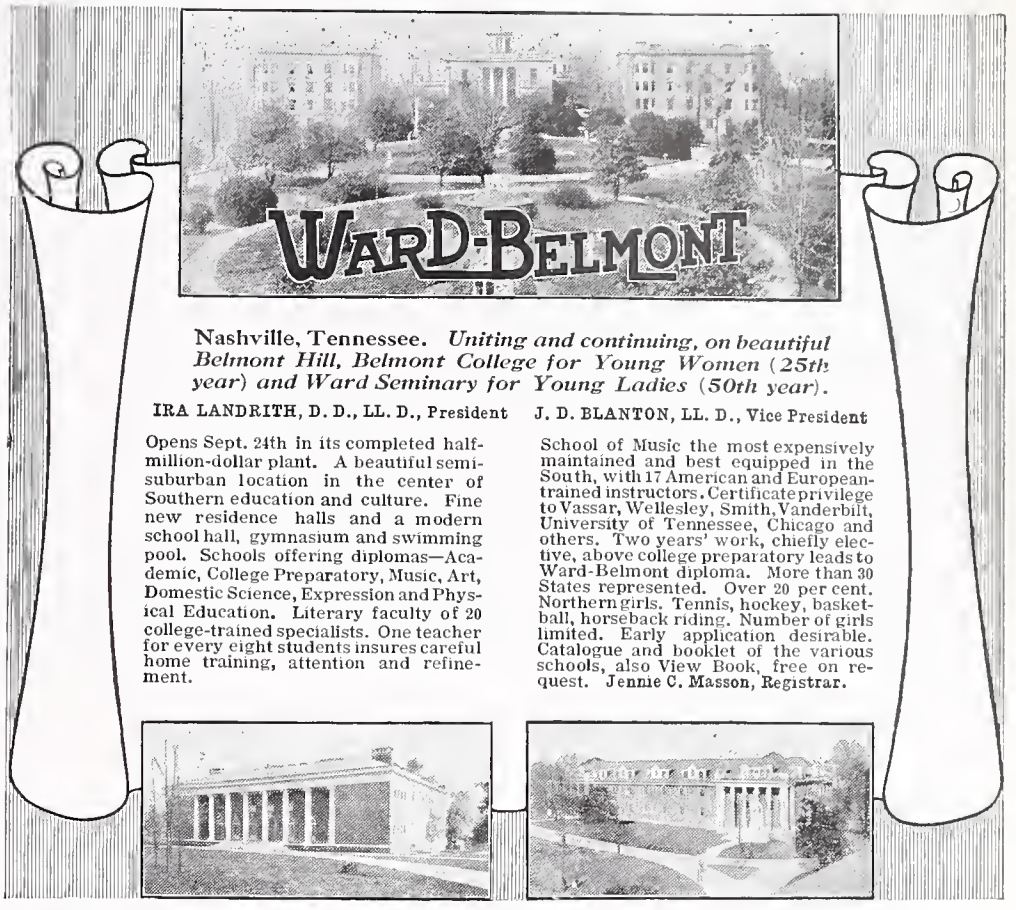
CONFEDERATE VETERAN UNIFORMS

Highest Quality Lowest Prices

Tailor-Made to Your Measure

Send for Catalogue No. 341 and cloth samples.

The Pettibone Bros. Mfg. Co.
CINCINNATI

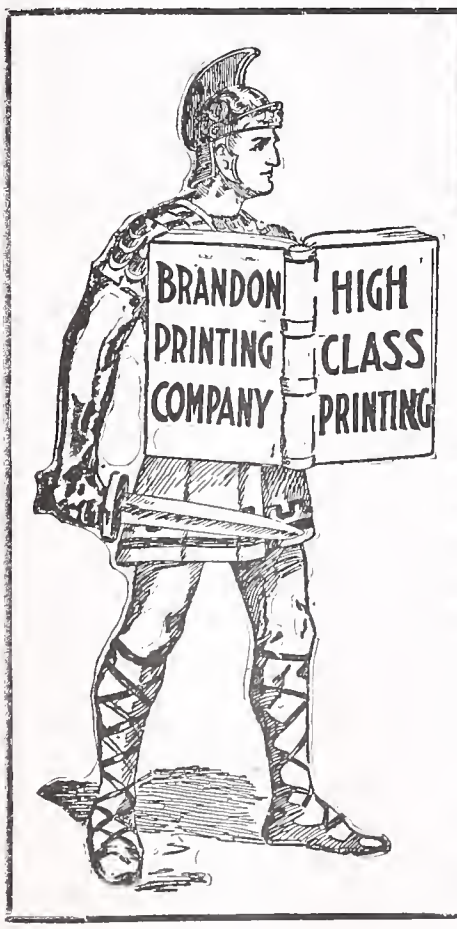


Nashville, Tennessee. *Uniting and continuing, on beautiful Belmont Hill, Belmont College for Young Women (25th year) and Ward Seminary for Young Ladies (50th year).*

IRA LANDRITH, D. D., LL. D., President J. D. BLANTON, LL. D., Vice President

Opens Sept. 24th in its completed half-million-dollar plant. A beautiful semi-suburban location in the center of Southern education and culture. Fine new residence halls and a modern school hall, gymnasium and swimming pool. Schools offering diplomas—Academic, College Preparatory, Music, Art, Domestic Science, Expression and Physical Education. Literary faculty of 20 college-trained specialists. One teacher for every eight students insures careful home training, attention and refinement.

School of Music the most expensively maintained and best equipped in the South, with 17 American and European-trained instructors. Certificate privilege to Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, Vanderbilt, University of Tennessee, Chicago and others. Two years' work, chiefly elective, above college preparatory leads to Ward-Belmont diploma. More than 30 States represented. Over 20 per cent. Northern girls. Tennis, hockey, basketball, horseback riding. Number of girls limited. Early application desirable. Catalogue and booklet of the various schools, also View Book, free on request. Jennie C. Masson, Registrar.



Facts about PRINTING

¶ To obtain efficiency in the result, whether it be in the **Stationery,** the **Catalogue,** the **Lithographing,** the **Blank Books,** or whatever task the printer may be called upon to perform, you must demand the best—**HIGH-CLASS PRINTING.** This we are prepared to produce by virtue of experience, artisans employed, and equipment. ¶ We give thought to our productions. Write to us. We will be able to carry out your ideas or possibly to suggest something new.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.
Nashville, - - Tenn.

Mrs. Elizabeth Blythe, of Nortonville, Ky., widow of George W. Blythe (known as "Wash"), who enlisted in Company E, 9th Alabama Infantry, in June, 1861, wishes to locate some members of his command who can help her establish his record, so she may get a pension.



WE WANT
Parties to Sell
MONUMENTS
Exceptional
Proposition
Write
For Particulars
U. S. Marble & Granite Co.
718 Fourth National Bank Bldg.
ATLANTA, GA.

The Direct Route to

Washington Baltimore
Philadelphia New York

and all Eastern Cities from the South and Southwest is via Bristol and the

NORFOLK & WESTERN RY.

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

The Direct Line

to Antietam, Md., Gettysburg, Pa., Manassas, Va. (Bull Run), and other famous battle fields in the Shenandoah Valley and other sections of Virginia.

Best Route to

Richmond Norfolk
and all Virginia Points

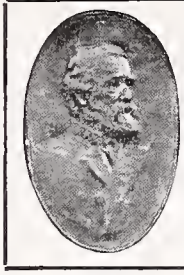
WARREN L. ROHR, General Agent Passenger Department, Chattanooga, Tenn.
W. C. SAUNDERS, General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.
W. B. BEVILL, Passenger Traffic Manager, Roanoke, Va.

C. L. Hancock, of Odom, Tex., who served with Company K, 1st Mississippi Infantry, wants to hear from surviving comrades who can help him establish his record in order to secure a pension.

Mrs. Sarah J. Kidd, widow of William Kidd, who was a member of Company B, 38th Georgia Infantry, and was wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg, is endeavoring to secure a pension and needs the testimony of comrades to prove his record. She will appreciate hearing from any survivors of his command. Address H. W. D. Hurst, Box 46, Ramsdell, Tex.

John J. Conroy, of Dallas, Tex., Box 250, Station A, was one of four brothers living in Baltimore in 1861, and he became a soldier of the Maryland Infantry. Two brothers left home that year and were never heard from. He thinks the youngest may be living now and hopes to locate him by this inquiry. James Conroy was thirteen years of age when the war began. His brother hopes to hear from him.

WANTED Agent to represent a post-graduate school, founded by a daughter of a Confederate veteran. Liberal pay. Address
PRINCIPAL OF IRWIN HALL WASHINGTON, D. C.



Bronze Memorial Tablets

Designs and estimates free.
Jno. Williams Inc., Bronze Foundry
554 W. 27th St., New York

Cast Bronze Medallion, 6 1-2 inches high, Gen. Robert E. Lee, 75 cents each (postage extra) to readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

"The medallion of Lee is a beauty and much valued."—*Murfreesboro Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy.*

INDUSTRIAL AND TRAINING SCHOOL

A school farm and practical work in Agriculture for those who desire it. Prepares for life or for college. A home school with homelike Christian influences. Literary, Music, Art, Expression, and Business Courses. Strong faculty, splendid student body, steam heat, electric lights, and bathroom accommodations. Catalog upon application.

J. H. BAYER, Superintendent, Huntingdon, Tenn.

Woodland Bronze Works

DEPARTMENT OF
ALBERT RUSSELL & SONS COMPANY

Bronze Memorial and Inscription

TABLETS

ESTIMATES AND DESIGNS FURNISHED UPON REQUEST

105 Merrimac St.
Newburyport, Mass.

Bronze Memorial Tablets of the Highest Standard

Our experience of 27 years is our guarantee of results.

Paul E. Cabaret & Co.

120-126 Eleventh Avenue
New York

Illustrated booklet sent on request.

THE
Central Bureau of Education
PARIS, KENTUCKY
Miss Kate Edgar, Proprietor and Manager

Is still engaged in securing teachers for Superintendents, Presidents of Colleges and Secondary Schools, and solicits their continued generous patronage.

The South in History and Literature

By Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford
ATHENS, GA.

850 pages. Price, $1 net; postage, 21 cents.

(Writers since 1906 will be found in supplement being prepared.)

Blue Mountain College

BLUE MOUNTAIN, MISS.

Founded by Gen. M. P. Lowrey. Now managed by his descendants. Write for catalogue.

Wanted--War Relics

I want to purchase Confederate War Relics—Books, Letters, Curios, etc. I want Buttons and Belt Buckles. Will exchange Naval for Army Buttons. Give description and price of what you have to sell. Address **DR. GEORGE BROWN, Austell Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.**

AGENTS WANTED

For atlas work, map work, and Mexican War Map. Unusual opportunities for intelligent men with ability to sell. Write for particulars.

Rand McNally & Co., Dept. B, Chicago, Ill.

TEETHING BABIES
SUFFER IN HOT WEATHER
USE
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
A SPLENDID REGULATOR
PURELY VEGETABLE—NOT NARCOTIC

BUFORD COLLEGE

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

LIMITED, SELECT HOME COLLEGE FOR THE HIGHER CULTURE OF WOMEN
Enrollment Strictly One Hundred. Comfort, Character, Culture Combined

The one Standard College for Women offering a Christian home and personal care, with every opportunity of a complete, comprehensive curriculum---courses leading to A.B. and A.M. degrees. Ideal location, excellent equipment, splendid opportunities. Beautiful highland campus of twenty-five acres, set in a virgin forest of seventy-five acres. Sanitation practically perfect. No death, no elopement, no casualty in the record of the Institution for twenty-five years. Athletics and physical culture emphasized. Four Years' Standard College Course. University Bible Course. Conservatory advantages in Language, Literature, Art, Music, Expression, and Domestic Science. Faculty of experienced specialists, supplemented by a scholarly Lecture Corps. Individual attention and character-building guaranteed in the making of a woman for womanly ends. Patronage National and International. Terms reasonable. $200 A.B. Postgraduate Scholarship. U. D. C. Scholarship free. Moral character must be certified before entering. Early application necessary for admission. Term opens September 17, 1914. Write for Yearbook.



Mr. E. G. Buford, Regent **Miss Louise Chambliss Burgess, Principal** **Mrs. E. G. Buford, President**

The Confederate Military History

CAN NOW BE PROCURED FOR ONLY

$15.00

The edition in cloth that was first sold at $48.00 per set is now being closed out at less than one-third the original price. Don't let the opportunity pass for securing this valuable work. A library within itself. These twelve volumes give the history of each State of the Southern Confederacy, written by prominent men of the States and edited by Gen. C. A. Evans, of Georgia. One volume devoted to the Confederate Navy. All profusely illustrated with portraits of Confederate leaders.

The Confederate Military History is commended by the Historical Committee, United Confederate Veterans. It should be in every library of the country. Especially valuable as a reference work. Order promptly, while the edition lasts, from

The Confederate Veteran, Nashville, Tenn.



Stonewall Jackson College

FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN

Was established in 1867 and named (by Gen. Robert E. Lee) in honor of [illegible] name it bears.

C L Willoughby Aug 1914 Lakeland Fla

Thorough courses are offered in English, Mathematics, History, Latin, Greek, French, German, the Sciences, Stenography, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Domestic Science, and Domestic Art.

A five-year renewable Teachers' Certificate is given by the State Department of Education to our graduates.

Any young lady wishing to do so can earn her entire expenses during vacation. Write for particulars.

FOR CATALOGUE AND OTHER INFORMATION, ADDRESS

Rev. F. L. McCue, President, Abingdon, Virginia

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXII. SEPTEMBER, 1914 NO. 9



MAJOR GENERAL C. J. POLIGNAC, C. S. A.

973.705
C758

THE

Al G. Field Greater Minstrels

All America's Representative Organization

29—Triumphal Years—29

An Entirely New Production for This Season's Tour

A Company of Entertainers Such as Never Assembled under One Management

65—MERRY MINSTREL MEN—65 **A SPECIAL TRAIN OF CARS**

30—With Billy Busch's Banner Band—30

AS AN ADDED FEATURE

EXCURSIONS ON ALL LINES OF TRAVEL

Will Exhibit as Follows

Greenville, Miss., October 12
Greenwood, Miss., October 13
Meridian, Miss., October 14
Selma, Ala., October 15
Montgomery, Ala., October 16, 17
Columbus, Ga., October 19
Macon, Ga., October 20
Dublin, Ga., October 21
Savannah, Ga., October 22
Jacksonville, Fla., October 23, 24
Pensacola, Fla., October 26
Mobile, Ala., October 27
Hattiesburg, Miss., October 28
Jackson, Miss., October 29
Vicksburg, Miss., October 30
Natchez, Miss., October 31
New Orleans, La., November 1 to 7
Lake Charles, La., November 9
Beaumont, Tex., November 10
Galveston, Tex., November 11
Houston, Tex., November 12, 13
San Antonio, Tex., November 14, 15
Austin, Tex., November 16
Waco, Tex., November 17
Fort Worth, Tex., November 18
Dallas, Tex., November 19, 20, 21
Shreveport, La., November 22, 23
Texarkana, Tex., November 24
Hot Springs, Ark., November 25
Pine Bluff, Ark., November 26
Little Rock, Ark., November 27, 28

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Date given to subscription is the month of expiration.
All remittances should be made to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and all communications so addressed.
Published by the Confederate Veteran Company, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XXII. | NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1914. | No. 9. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, FOUNDER.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

With the passage of the United States steamer Ancon through the Panama Canal on the 15th of August the new ocean highway was opened to the world. Other vessels followed in her wake, and this great waterway will now be the scene of the oceanic traffic of all the nations of the earth on terms of perfect equality. Any ship up to ten thousand tons register will be conducted through the fifty miles of waterway at a cost of $1.25 for every ton (net) of cargo. Crews and passengers are not taxed. This nominal expense saves the cost of a ten-thousand-mile voyage around South America or the expense of transshipment across the continent by rail.

The Panama Canal has cost the United States government nearly $400,000,000. More than half of that sum was expended by Ferdinand de Lesseps, the French engineer, in making but a slight impression. It is estimated that the cost of operating the canal will be $4,000,000 yearly, and with the interest on its huge investment our government will have to show receipts of many millions yearly in order to cover this vast expense.

The Nashville Banner has given a series of interesting points in the history of the Isthmus of Panama, from which the following paragraphs are taken:

"The first crossing of the Isthmus was in 1513 by Balboa, who made the passage in twenty-three days.

"The first thought of a canal is credited to Savadera, a Spanish engineer under Balboa.

"The first surveys for a canal were made in 1551 by Spanish engineers, who decided that it would be impossible of accomplishment.

"The first official decision on the canal project was made by King Philip II. in 1620, adversely, after referring the matter to the Dominican friars. Desiring to obey the king but unable to report intelligently, the friars suggested that the project was sacrilegious, quoting: 'What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.'

"The first British interest was in the latter part of the seventeenth century, when William Paterson, founder of the Bank of England, attempted to found a community on the Isthmus of Darien, south of the present Panama, with the intention of establishing a transisthmian route. The plan proved to be a failure, and nothing came of other British surveys in later years.

"The German poet Goethe, a hundred years ago, made this remarkable prophecy: 'It is absolutely indispensable that the United States effect a passage from the Mexican Gulf to the Pacific Ocean, and I am certain they will do it.'

"The first decision to build a canal was made in 1814 by the Spanish government, but their plans were blocked by the success of the Central-American colonies in throwing off the Spanish yoke.

"The first French interests came in 1825, when President Bolivar, of the republic of New Granada, gave the franchise for a canal at Panama to a Frenchman, Baron Thierry, who failed to raise the required capital.

"The first action of the United States was in 1835. As the result of a resolution introduced in the Senate by Henry Clay, Charles Biddle was sent by President Jackson to visit the isthmus and report on the various canal routes proposed. In 1836 Biddle made a favorable report for the Panama route without having examined the other routes. No action followed.

"The first railroad across the Isthmus was from 1849 to 1855 in building, more than half as long a time as has been taken to build the present canal. Fever killed so many thousands that it was said a laborer was buried under every sleeper on the Panama road.

"The first movement toward actual canal-building was begun in 1878 by the incorporation of the Universal Interoceanic Canal Company, in Paris, by Ferdinand de Lesseps, the French engineer who had built the Suez Canal. The first blast was made on Culebra Hill (now Culebra Cut) on January 10, 1880, in the presence of a distinguished gathering. In 1887, after more than $260,000,000 had been spent, the impossibility of the task was realized, and the company went into bankruptcy.

"The first work on a lock canal was taken up by the New Panama Canal Company in 1894, but operations ceased after five years' work.

"The first movement by Americans was begun May 4, 1904, by taking over the rights and property of the Universal Inter-

(Continued on page 426.)

A DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTH.

The heart of the nation has gone out in sympathetic sorrow for President Wilson in the death of his devoted wife, and the South mourns with him the loss of this beloved daughter. As the gracious mistress of the White House, Mrs. Wilson adorned that station even as she did every station in life, giving to it the best within her power without thought of her own social distinction. As the wife of a prominent man she considered only his advancement and the good she might do the unfortunate of earth, and to the last her thoughts were for those whom she had sought to benefit by needed legislative enactment. Congress was moved to action by her last request and passed a reform bill that will rid the nation's capital of its foulest blot.



MRS. WOODROW WILSON.

Ellen Louise Axson was a native of the South, born in Savannah, Ga., and she represented the high type of womanhood that has distinguished the women of the South. When a child of five years she was taken to Rome, Ga., where her father, the Rev. Dr. Axson, was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church for nearly twenty years. It was in that old Georgia city that her girlhood and maidenhood were passed and there the ties made that endure, so that through the years of absence it had held her thoughts of "home." The death of both parents left her in charge of the younger brother and sister, and nobly she gave them the loving thought and protection of both father and mother. When she became the wife of young Woodrow Wilson she became his helpmate in its true sense, his loving counselor and friend, and in the years of their happy married life her chief thought was for him and his career. "In the invaluable aid she gave the President she befriended and served the nation," said the Washington Post. "Over the guns and drums and diabolic slaughter the still small voice of a dying woman's prayer for peace, even though it may not be heard by the embattled warriors, has spoken for the heart and soul of America."

Over her grave in the Southland soft winds sigh the lament of a nation that one so lovely should have been taken in the fullness of noble womanhood, when her loving sympathy and counsel were a power of strength to him who bears the burdens of our country.

Through their various organizations the women of the South have paid tribute to this beautiful life. The Daughters of the Confederacy at Chattanooga, Tenn., have forwarded to President Wilson a copy of the resolutions passed by their Chapter, expressing their sense of loss in her death. The resolutions state:

"The Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter, U. D. C., wish to extend their sincere sympathy to our honored President in the loss of his beloved wife, one of the brightest gems in our diadem of Southern women. We feel a deeper personal loss because she was from a neighboring city, and as a Georgian she was the first Southern woman for many years to be mistress of the White House. Her life in its unselfish beauty of uplifting and elevating mankind will shine with a pure white radiance adown the ages, a perfect example of a noble Christian life."

MAJOR GENERAL C. J. POLIGNAC, C. S. A.

In its struggle for independence in the sixties the South had the sympathy, if not the support, of more than one foreign nation, and numbered among its soldiery were foreign volunteers of prominent birth. Of these was the Prince de Polignac, who gave that sympathy and support to the Confederate government which the Marquis de Lafayette had given to the American colonies in their struggle against English oppression.

Camille Armand Jules Marie, Prince de Polignac, was the son of that Prince de Polignac who was President of the Council of Ministers to King Charles X. of France. His mother was Marie Charlotte Parkyns, of the house of Lord Rancliffe. He was born at Millemont (Seine-et-Oise) on the 16th of February, 1832. His infancy was passed in Bavaria at the seignioral chateau of Wildthurn, belonging to his father, and at the age of ten he entered the College of Stanislaus, in Paris. There he made a brilliant student, taking a prize in mathematics at the concourse general. On the 25th of May, 1853, he entered the 3d Regiment of Chasseurs and was made a brigadier in December of the same year. By successive promotions he became Marechal of Logis in June, 1854. The Crimean War came on, in which he took part from the beginning. Changing from his regiment to the 4th Hussars, which was designated for the campaign, he conducted himself with valor; and in July, 1855, he was commissioned lieutenant in the 4th Regiment of Chasseurs. When peace was declared he returned to France and entered the 2d Regiment of Chasseurs and received the Crimean medal. But the inactive life of a garrison in a province was not suited to a character so adventurous as that of the Prince de Polignac; so he secured his discharge in February, 1859, and then entered upon a long period of study in Central America. But a new occasion did not fail to present itself which would permit him to exercise freely those energies and activities which indicated his ability as a great general and tactician.

When war was declared between the Northern and Southern section of the United States, in April, 1861, the Prince de Polignac immediately offered his sword to that side which personified for him the opinions he had cherished all his life, and more especially did his chivalrous spirit lead him instinctively to defend the cause of the weak. His offer to the Confederate government was accepted, and on the 16th day of July, 1861, he received the rank of lieutenant colonel of infantry. He entered immediately upon his duties as a soldier, and from the first his service was distinguished by valor and brilliance. By January, 1863, he had reached the rank of brigadier general and was serving with the command of Major General Taylor, who was operating in the north and east of Louisiana under Gen. E. Kirby Smith. He then took part with consummate skill in the famous Red River campaign against General Fairbanks, who, disturbed by the tactics of his adversaries, evacuated successively Pleasant Hill, Natchitoches, and Alexandria.

General Polignac showed great valor and spirit at the battle of Mansfield, winning a complete victory under the standards of the Confederacy, which secured him the rank of major general, dating from the day of his victory, April 8, 1864.

Notwithstanding the valor of its chiefs, the South was not able to sustain the long contest, and the war neared its end. The situation which was critical in 1864 became desperate at the close of the winter of 1864-65. The Confederate government resolved then to send General Polignac to the Emperor Napoleon III., relying on his personal friendship with the Duke de Morny, then all-powerful at the Court of the Tuileries. The Prince set out for France on the 16th of March, 1865; but unfortunately the Duke de Morny had just died, and the new Premier had him arrested on his arrival in Spain. However, he secured the intervention of the emperor and was received with affability, but could get no promises. Some days later he learned of the capture of Mobile on the 8th of April, the surrender of General Lee, which was followed by the retreat of Gen. E. Kirby Smith to Mexico, and finally the capture of Galveston on June 2d, which closed the war. As he could no longer defend his former brothers in arms by the sword, he resolved to do so by the pen, and he wrote much about the "war of secession" and its true causes.

Prince de Polignac again undertook a voyage of studies which led him a second time to Central America, and afterwards he devoted himself exclusively to his favorite studies—political economy and mathematics. The declaration of war between France and Prussia found him upon the Isle of Wight, but he again offered his services to his country and enrolled with the Mobiles of the Haute-Loire, cradle of the House of Polignac. He was promoted to chief of battalion in July, 1870, and to lieutenant colonel in September following. With his regiment, the 67th Division of the National Mobile (movable) Guard, he was sent to the Army of the Loire, and there he displayed such qualities as attracted the attention of Gambetta, who summoned him to Tours for consultation about the war. The confidence with which the Prince inspired Gambetta and the brilliant qualities which he had manifested caused the dictator to propose to him the general command of the Francs-Tireurs of France, which the Prince thought he should not accept, believing that he could be more useful otherwise. He was then promoted, in October, 1870, to the grade of general of the brigade; and in this capacity he took part with the Army of the Loire in several battles, notably that of Beaune la Rolande, where he brilliantly distinguished himself. He then commanded a part of the 20th Army Corps, which he followed later into the East. In November, 1870, he was promoted to command of the 1st Division, which he led so gallantly that he received the cross of the Legion of Honor.

The war finished, the Prince de Polignac returned to private life to consecrate himself solely to mathematics, in which his remarkable talent gained him a great reputation. He died in Paris, France, November 15, 1913, without having known old age, struck by an attack of apoplexy while working at a problem in which he had been absorbed for several years.

The Prince de Polignac first wedded Marie Adolphine Langenberger, whose only child, the Princess Marie Armande Mathilde de Polignac, became the wife of Count Alfred de Chabannes la Palice. His second marriage was to Elizabeth Marguerite Knight, of Wolverly, and to this union there were born a son and two daughters—Prince Victor Mansfield Alfred de Polignac; Princess Mabel Constance de Polignac, married to Thierry, Count Michel de Pierredon; and the Princess Helene Agnes Anne de Polignac, who wedded the Marquis de Crequi Montfort de Courtivron.

Prince de Polignac was a brother-in-law of Marie Charles-Gabriel Sosthenes de la Rochefoucauld, Duke de Doudeauville, and Charles Lewis William Morley Knight, of Wolverly, captain in the Royal Artillery.

[From a biographical sketch by Count Michel de Pierredon.]

ANNUAL REPORT OF HISTORIAN TEXAS DIVISION, U. C. V.

BY JUDGE C. C. CUMMINGS, STATE REUNION, GREENVILLE, TEX., JULY, 1914.

History is the science of the progressive development of human society ever rising upward under divine auspices to a final rest in righteousness and peace.

In July, 1913, fifty thousand veterans of the blue and gray assembled as friends at the grand gathering at Gettysburg, where half a century ago we had struggled as enemies. With three of my regiment, the 17th Mississippi, Barksdale's Brigade, I sought out our position on Seminary Ridge from which we had charged just fifty years before, July 2, down into the valley of death in the peach orchard, where, under Longstreet, we assailed Sickle's Corps. We found that the government had erected there an iron tower as the most prominent lookout along our whole line for a general bird's-eye sweep of that entire field. The positions of every regiment and brigade, division and corps have been plainly marked with iron tablets along the graded roads of both battle lines, and we found the positions of the four Mississippi regiments of Barksdale's Brigade—the 13th, 17th, 18th, and 21st—on each side of this tall iron tower, up which we went by winding stairs till we reached the summit commanding a panoramic view of the most picturesque and altogether the grandest battle field in all history.

When I reflected that this was the turning point of our four years' contention over the proper construction of our Magna Charta as fashioned by the fathers and that the result brought peace to our common country, I saw the hand of God in it all; hence my definition of history as given, since the blessing of peace with righteousness has come to our common country.

I am now to speak of the aims of our federated constitution of Camps as adopted in 1890 and of our auxiliaries who are to take up the work when we leave it—our Daughters, who organized in 1895, and our Sons, in 1896—and briefly to review our disposition of this sacret trust.

These noble aims are three in number—benevolent, monumental, and historical. Mingled with them all are our beautiful social relations, general and local, where beauty and chivalry live again.

As to benevolence, Texas has acted well her part in this regard, which is attested by our Confederate Home at the State capital, whose buildings and grounds aggregate an expenditure of $100,000 and an annual outlay of a like amount. Our comrade, A. C. Oliver, is superintendent of about four hundred veteran inmates of the State's care and trust.

Our Woman's Home is supervised by our gifted Daughter of Hood's Brigade Association, Miss Katie Daffan. She has charge of about fifty women of the Confederacy, who, like the veterans, are tenderly cared for at a cost of some $17,000 annually. The grounds and buildings have been furnished at a cost to the State of some $40,000.

Comrade George W. Kyser, Commissioner of Pensions, has kindly summarized his charge, giving some 27,000 as on the pension rolls since the issuance of the first pension, October 1, 1899, of whom 17,000 survive, the five-cent levy bringing this year $1,050,833.

Monumental.—This memorial work has been under the supervision of the Daughters of the Confederacy. These angels of memory and mercy have erected all over the land monumental shafts at a cost of thousands of dollars. Texas Daughters have been foremost in this honor to our illustrious dead, the city of Sherman leading in a splendid marble memorial. The Confederated Memorial Association assembles annually during our general Reunion and holds interesting exercises.

Historical.—Our public schools in Texas were for a long while after our great war dominated and corrupted by partisan histories giving the Northern point of view, often offensively false and grossly untruthful, suppressing and minimizing the part of the South in the struggle. Our Camps, aided by Sons and Daughters, kept up a constant assault on the textbook syndicates, who had millions behind them, till we crystallized our protests in the textbook law of 1897, by which, changing it every five years, we have banished this insidious form of poisoning the minds of our children with partisan histories; but this law exempts cities of ten thousand and over, and thus a large contingent are a law unto themselves, carrying the evils complained of.

Comrade George W. Littlefield, of Hood's Camp, at Austin, a member of the famous Terry Rangers, the 8th Texas Cavalry, has donated $25,000 to be devoted to establishing the truth in history, which will go far toward correcting these faults in our public school histories. He is a member of the Board of Regents of our State University and in position to lay the ax to the root of this deadly Upas tree.

History of Southern Literature.—This publication, in sixteen volumes, gives a sketch of every Southern statesman and author from John Smith ("History of Virginia") in 1608, the first American historian, down to those of 1908, with specimen extracts from their writings. Gen. K. M. VanZandt, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., has one of the finest private libraries in the State, and his critical taste for letters is of the first order; so when informed that he had subscribed for this work I at once followed his example and have found it the most complete and instructive in the whole range of Southern literature, and it should stand side by side with Cunningham's VETERAN in all complete Southern libraries.

The Jacksonville Reunion—Florida a Land of Historic Romance.—We have all read about, and 100,000 of us participated in, the grand Reunion of Veterans, Sons, and Daughters at Jacksonville, Fla., last May, and the VETERAN has reported many of the most salient features of this splendid assembly of Southern citizenship. But the eye of the historian turns back to first things in American history. Not far away from this magnificent city of the Everglades State is the Atlantic Ocean. Ponce de Leon landed on that coast on Easter Sunday, April 8, 1513, and named the country Florida from the profusion of flowers there. He was the first Spaniard to make the mainland of the North American continent. For twenty years before this Columbus and his paladins had busied themselves in seeking a passage through the Isthmus, just now being realized in the Panama Canal after four hundred years. Indeed, Ponce de Leon made his discovery by accident. In conquering the Isle of Porto Rico he lost his health, and, following the legend of the Indians of the Bahamas, he sailed a thousand miles due west in quest of the land of Bimini, where was to be found a fountain whose healing waters would restore his lost vigor. He was in command of three caravels and carried with him priests of the living God to convert the pagans. When the holy men beheld the beautiful river they named it St. John's from the last chapter of Revelation, which runs: "And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side

of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." Four hundred years after this discovery we reunionists found the twelve manner of fruits, and Florida sends abroad these fruits the year through, and the State stands as the garden of the Lord for the healing of the nations.

Texas a Part of Florida.—Theodore Irving gave us (1851) "The Conquest of Florida" by De Soto, who landed at what is now Tampa Bay, on the west coast of Florida, about the 12th of May, 1539, with six hundred mail-clad warriors, the flower of the chivalry of Spain. De Soto was fresh from the conquest of Peru, where he was a lieutenant of Pizarro and shared with him the room of gold which the unfortunate Emperor, or Inca, had filled for his ransom. But De Soto did not share in the perfidy of his death by Pizarro. With this gold De Soto hied him to Spain; and sharing a part of his blood money with the Emperor Charles V., he was made Governor of Cuba. His gold also attracted the fair Donna Isabella de Bobadilla, who wedded him and sailed with him. He left her his second in command of the island—the Queen of the Antilles. De Soto spent 1539 and 1540 in his march up through Florida along the western edge of what is now South Carolina and the eastern part of Georgia till he reached what is now Habersham County, in Northeast Georgia. Turning thence, he passed westward till he reached the present site of Rome. Turning again southward, he entered what is now Alabama, and in October, 1540, he gave battle to about five thousand Indians under the gallant Tuscaloosa, the Black Warrior, who perished in the flames of his village, on the banks of the Alabama River a few miles above its junction with the Tombigbee. It goes as the battle of Mauvilla, from which Mobile gets its name. It was a Pyrrhic victory to De Soto, and a few more such would have wiped out his men in armor, for the red men fought nobly. Turning thence northwest through what is now Mississippi, De Soto was first to discover the great river and crossed it at Chickasaw Bluffs, the present site of Memphis. He turned still farther to the northwest and spent 1541 and part of 1542 in seeking Cortez in Mexico, but became disheartened and turned back to the great river; and in June, 1542, he reached its junction with the Red River, and there died of a fever, and its yellow waters became his winding sheet. Ponce de Leon sought health, but found death from the poisoned arrows of the Seminoles of the Everglades; De Soto sought more gold, but he too found death. Both gained immortality in ways converse to their ambitions—one as a seeker of the Fountain of Youth, the other as the discoverer of the Father of Waters. Washington Irving, in his "Columbus," says these Spanish conquistadores in their ramblings for gold in the New World spurned the humble potato, hidden but a few inches under their feet, which has annually yielded to the human race more intrinsic wealth than all the mines of the Americas.

Florida reached from the Everglades to the Rio Grande by De Soto's conquest of Florida. Only about half of the gallant six hundred were left at the death of De Soto. These fitted up seven brigantines, floated down the great river, out at its mouth, and around the Gulf shores of what is now Louisiana and Texas, and joined Cortez and his men at the mouth of the Panuco River, in Old Mexico, where is now the city of Tampico. For one hundred and forty-three years all these seven Gulf States, from Charleston to the Rio Grande, were known as Florida, till La Salle landed at Corpus Christi in 1685; so that we Texans, in basking in the mellow sunshine of Florida those first days of May last, were but coming to our own. Texas and Florida were both admitted to our circle of stars the same year—1845—and both are attracting wide attention for their increasing prosperity and healthful climates.

For two years the fair Isabella sent runners over the Gulf in quest of her missing liege, and when she learned of his untimely fate she pined away and died of a broken heart.

The Stars and Bars.—On the 4th of February, 1861, at Montgomery, Ala., was born the "storm-cradled nation that fell" after a few short and troubled years. It first saw the light in the midst of these seven Gulf States, and the seven stars surrounded by the bars were the nucleus of the thirteen on our battle flag that went down at Appomattox. Those without a vision called it a "lost cause." But the Master said: "He that loseth his life shall find it." After being crucified on the Southern cross and buried, it rose again with healing in its wings; not as the "New South," but, as Bob Taylor expressed it, "the same Old South," with the print of the nails in its hands. And now that the Panama Canal is opened, these seven Gulf States—South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas—are to rule the commerce of the world, and all the States must bring their sheaves of wealth and pour it into the laps of these seven stars and bars.

And now we are warned that we veterans are approaching the twilight—

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark,"

for the night cometh when none of us can work. Let our auxiliaries put on the armor of faith and labor diligently for the cause that has risen again glorified and made perfect in suffering.

In sending in his report as historian of the Texas Division U. C. V., Judge Cummings added the following:

"The VETERAN magazine, under the management of the Board of Trust since the demise of its immortal founder, the beloved S. A. Cunningham, received at our State reunion at Greenville a ringing resolution of confidence, with a general appeal to our three orders—the Veterans, Sons, and Daughters—to uphold it, especially the last two as our auxiliaries, who are now under our constitution to take up the work when we leave it."

WHO IS COLUMBUS?—Gen. K. M. VanZandt, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., is known far and wide as intensely devoted to his Confederate comrades, and is frequently absent from his chair as President of the Fort Worth National Bank attending the funeral of some comrade who has passed to the great divide. Not long ago two old-time Confederates who were evidently short on ancient history, but long on the Major's love for his Confederate friends, approached his bank to get a check cashed and found it closed with the sign on the door, "Closed—Columbus Day," that being the legal holiday honoring the date of the discovery of America. As they turned away one remarked to the other: "The Major [his title as major of the 7th Texas Infantry] is attending another Confederate funeral. Columbus is dead." "Who's Columbus?" inquired the other. "One of his old regiment, I suppose," was the reply.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

ETHNOGENESIS.

But let our fears—if fears we have—be still
And turn us to the future! Could we climb
Some mighty Alp and view the coming time,
The rapturous sight would fill our eyes with happy tears!
Not only for the glories which the years
Shall bring us; not for lands from sea to sea,
And wealth and power and peace, though these shall be;
But for the distant peoples we shall bless,
And the hushed murmurs of a world's distress:
For, to give labor to the poor,
The whole sad planet o'er,
And save from want and crime the humblest door,
Is one among the many ends for which
God makes us great and rich!
The hour perchance is not yet wholly ripe
When all shall own it, but the type
Whereby we shall be known in every land
Is that vast gulf which lips our Southern strand,
And through the cold, untempered ocean pours
Its genial streams, that far-off arctic shores
May sometimes catch upon the softened breeze
Strange tropic warmth and hints of summer seas.

—*Henry Timrod.*

THE SOUTH'S OPPORTUNITY.

In view of the great problem now before the people of the South as to the disposition of the cotton crop of 1914, the Atlanta Constitution suggests that the women of our country can save the day by jointly pledging themselves, through their organizations, to use cotton goods in all ways where practicable to substitute for other material until this crisis is over. This method of increasing the demand for cotton goods would take up the cotton crop more largely in our own country. The women of the South know how to lend their support to any great undertaking for their country's good. Who does not recall the "homespun" dress of the sixties? While there may never again be need for such as that, we should make this the opportunity to handle our great product in this country, especially in the South. We have been shipping cotton to Europe to come back to us in various guises, and we might as well learn how to do all this for ourselves and save the extra cost in manufacture.

When the War between the States began the South was altogether an agricultural section, depending entirely upon the North for the rendering of its raw products into useful articles of commerce, and with the suspension of trade between the sections the South suffered for many necessities. Although ingenius in securing substitutes, we learned a lesson from our dependence in that crisis, and in these years of rehabilitation we have broadened the field of our activities and made our section more nearly able to supply the needs of its citizenry. However, there is much more to be done to secure a larger independence in trade, and now is the golden opportunity to prepare for any emergency.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," runs the old saying, which can be applied very appropriately to the situation now confronting this country. With the whole of Europe involved in war, the other part of the world will need to be active in looking to its commercial interests and in supplying that trade which has heretofore depended upon the European markets. The countries to the south of us have a vast volume of business that has been going to Europe, and we should now secure it and make them satisfied with our goods. The South should have its share in this trade, for its ports are most convenient and its products of the best.

Will the South be ready?

DEPARTMENT FOR SONS OF VETERANS.

The Executive Council of the Sons of Confederate Veterans has decided to make the CONFEDERATE VETERAN the official publication of the Sons, and all communications to the Camps and comrades will be published in the VETERAN, starting with the October number. A certain section of the VETERAN will be used by our organization, and in this department will be published all orders and circulars issued from General Headquarters or by the Department, Division, and Brigade officers. The Executive Council has decided that, owing to the wide circulation of the VETERAN and to a desire to bring about a closer coöperation between the Veterans and the Sons, it will be much better to have a consolidation of our interests, and therefore the S. C. V. Bulletin will be discontinued. We believe that this move will bring us closer both to the Veterans and the Daughters of the Confederacy and will result in an increased interest in our organization. It will also enable us to rally to the support of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and to make it the largest publication in the South. All Department, Division, Brigade, and Camp officials are urgently requested to send copies of all orders and reports of all meetings to General Headquarters every month, so that the Adjutant in Chief may see that same is inserted in the next issue of the VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN has done more to perpetuate the memory of the Confederate soldier than all other organizations combined, and it is the duty of the Sons to rally to the support of that publication and to see that every member of our confederation is a subscriber. The subscription price of the VETERAN is only $1 per year, and all comrades are urged to forward their subscriptions at once to Adjutant in Chief Forrest at Memphis, Tenn. The officers of all the Camps in the confederation are requested to secure the subscriptions of all the members of their local Camps and forward to General Headquarters, so that the comrades may receive the VETERAN promptly every month and be kept advised as to the work throughout the South. Every Camp in the confederation is requested to forward the Camp subscription at once to headquarters, so that they may have on file for the use of the Camp all issues of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN from October.

N. B. FORREST,
Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff, S. C. V.

From Garden Grove, Cal., Dr. C. C. Violett writes: "I am neither a veteran nor the son of one, yet I love my dear old Southland and want my child to keep in touch with her heroes and all that pertains to her history."

WAR LAW WIPED FROM STATUTE BOOK.

Another stain has been blotted from a page of our nation's history in the removal of the disability of West Point men who wore the gray. The Washington (D. C.) Evening Star of June 30 gave the following in regard to the action taken by Congress in its tardy justice to these brave men: "The House of Representatives wiped away one more of the bitter memories left by the Civil War by passing a measure yesterday which takes from the statute books a law prohibiting the payment of accounts and claims to any one who encouraged or favored the rebellion. The bill was presented in the House under the suspension of the rules yesterday by Representative Graham, a Republican from a Northern State, Pennsylvania, and after his short speech the bill went through unanimously. Mr. Graham was besieged by Southern men, who left their places to shake hands with him."

SPEECH BY REPRESENTATIVE GRAHAM.

The bill is intended to repeal Section 3480 of the Revised Statutes, which imposed a penalty upon those men, graduates of West Point, who served in the Confederacy. It included among the roll names like those of Lee, Jackson, Wheeler, and Pickett, a long line of honorable and brave men.

We all know, for I can just remember that period when the war closed, the bitterness of feeling that existed, and naturally existed, upon both sides with reference to each other. Out of that spirit came this punitive statute. Things have changed since then. The half century and more which has passed has brought together the warring combatants of Gettysburg to weep and cheer in unison upon that fateful field.

I had the privilege and pleasure of attending at Arlington the scenes incident to the dedication of a beautiful Confederate monument, erected in a government burial place, dedicated to the soldiers and men of the South who fought against and who lie side by side with the Union soldiers of that war. Memorial Day has just passed, with all its hallowed associations and memories. In the beginning every flower that fell upon a soldier's grave was drenched with grief and perhaps touched with bitterness. But here again the scene changes. We of the North began better to understand the men of the South, and they of the South to understand us. Soon we saw Northern attendants upon this ceremony decorating graves of Confederate dead, and then the chivalrous people of the South responding in like spirit and decorating the graves of Union soldiers.

We have witnessed within a very few months scenes of reconciliation, harmony, and love at Gettysburg, and frequently noted men on one side surrendering to men on the other side the battle flags which were taken in the heat of battle.

I feel that the spirit of the immortal Lincoln is invoking us in the exercise of our better selves to play upon those "mystic chords of memory" to-day. Let us unanimously, if it may, wipe from the statute books this penalty, the offspring of the feelings which the bitter strife of war engendered and left now for more than half a century upon the statute books of the nation. This will promote a finer feeling everywhere, North and South. He who gives is twice blessed; he who receives has the spirit of gratitude created. I could read from a number of letters here, but will quote from only one, from no less distinguished a person than the widow of that brave, grand soldier of the Confederacy, Stonewall Jackson. Speaking of this movement, she said: "It creates a feeling of gratitude in my heart that you, a Northern man, should advocate the passage of this bill."

No one but a Northern man should advocate its passage; but every man with red blood, whether from the North or from the South, should vote to pass the bill and thus help to eliminate one of the last vestiges of those things which make a distinction between the men of the North and the men of the South. "Fighting Joe" Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee put on the uniform of the nation and fought under the Stars and Stripes in the Spanish War. The descendants of these very people from whom we are removing this penalty also served their country and showed their willingness to die in her defense. Surely under such circumstances Congress should ungrudgingly and cheerfully wipe this penalty away and say: "In this act we speak for the eternal concord and unity of our country."'

Such acts, such thoughts, such sentiments will make us repeat the scene I once witnessed in a Southern city. I walked through a graveyard, and I found the tombstones marked with the names of men from this State of the South and that State of the North and other States from all over the Union. Soldiers of these States had met to battle for New Orleans and to save her from the British army in the War of 1812. That scene will be repeated, perhaps, who knows, in the history of our country when we war with some foreign foe and the men of the North and the men of the South, one in heart, one in courage, one in valor, will vie with each other in defense of every city and every foot of land in our blessed republic. Side by side, one in patriotism, one in loyalty, one in death, those who fall may lie as they do to-day in the old graveyard at New Orleans.

LIGHTNING BUGS IN VIRGINIA.

BY J. W. MINNICH, GRAND ISLE, LA.

Every now and then I see in the VETERAN some allusion to the lightning bug fight at New Hope Church. Each time it recalls to my mind a similar affair at Yorktown when McClellan sat down in front of us and sent up a balloon to peep behind our works and spy out the land.

This affair occurred about a week after McClellan's unsuccessful attempt to bore through our lines at Dam No. 1 on the 17th of April. I may err as to this being the exact date. At any rate, it was just about a week later and while we were figuring on the possibility of an attempt being made to carry our works by a night attack. We generally slept with one eye only during the early stages of the siege, being assured that McClellan's force in our front outnumbered us at least eight to one. We felt able to worst almost any odds if an attack was made on us during the daytime, and McClellan seemed to have been of the same opinion.

An almost level plain on our front extended to Wormley's Creek, nearly two miles away. On a clear night about one o'clock one of our guns on the front let loose and bored a hole into the night, followed in a few moments by another and then others in quick succession until every gun, big and little, on the front, from the bluffs to the angle, became engaged in the most furious gun practice it was ever my lot to hear. How long it was kept up I cannot say, but it must have lasted fully a half hour. What it was about or for what particular cause we never learned. There were no lightning bugs on the wing. McClellan's army was soundly sleeping and dreaming when aroused by the fire with shells from Dahlgren's rifles, columbiads, howitzers, and field guns flying through the air or falling about them.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL, U. D. C.

To the Daughters of the Confederacy: There are several matters that I earnestly desire to impress upon you preparatory to the general convention in November. I call your attention first to the payment of taxes. Please attend to this at once. I refer you to Article IX., Section 2, of the Constitution and By-Law I., Section 5. You may be of valuable assistance to the Treasurer General.

Give careful and prompt attention to the credential blanks which will be sent you before the convention. Fill these out in triplicate. Send one to the Chairman of the Credential Committee, Mrs. S. C. Wallis, of Savannah, Ga., one to your Division President, and one is to be carried by a delegate to the convention. Division Presidents will please acquaint themselves with their duty in reference to these credentials, By-Law I., Section 3. It is very necessary that the Credential Committee be ready to report when the convention opens for business Wednesday morning. Such readiness is a cause for congratulation on the part of the committee as well as the President General.

It is my opinion that the best interests of the convention will be served if Division Presidents will furnish Division badges to their delegates. These can be worn with the badge furnished by the Convention Badge Committee.

It is my earnest desire to mark the 1914 convention as a business convention, promoting in peace and love the common good of the cause that demands our time and interest. At the beginning of the year I offered a certificate of merit for the greatest increase in membership. Will Division Presidents write Mrs. Kate C. Schuabel, Corresponding Secretary General U. D. C., Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, N. Y., about this by October 25?

Remember Shiloh and give largely to this fund. The report from the Shiloh Monument Committee to be rendered at New Orleans will be very interesting. Are you doing your duty by the relief work? Surely I expect that of you. To secure the best results along all lines must be our aim. It takes work, work, work; but we can do it. My mail brings me the news that you are busy. You will be well repaid if you give one hour of each day to the study of the "Rules of Law and Order" that govern our conventions. Suppose you post yourselves along these lines. You expect me to know them; I expect the same of you.

In my October letter I shall ask if you are prepared for the 1914 convention. I am hoping you will answer yes.

With an abiding interest in whatever concerns you, I am, faithfully,

DAISY MCLAURIN STEVENS.
President General, U. D. C.

BELOVED DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Vivienne Vere Tate was born and educated in Florence, Ala., where she spent most of her joyous young life. While in Kentucky in the summer of 1910 she met James Franklin Thomas, of Evansville, Ind., and they were married in September, 1911. Her married life was ideally and radiantly happy, but all too short, for after two years and seven months her life, as beautiful as a flower and like a flower in that it closed its leaves ere it had lost its fragrance and beauty, was brought to a close.

She was a real Southern girl, sprung from an aristocratic line of Virginia ancestry. On the honored records of two maternal uncles, Henry M. Paine and James A. Paine, who served in the Army of Virginia under Stonewall Jackson, she became a useful and beloved member of the Evansville Chapter, U. D. C. The youngest member, she became its Secretary. Her great love and pride in her dear Southland made her a tireless worker for her Chapter and a warm partisan of every Southern cause. The Stars and Bars were dear to her, and among her most highly prized souvenirs were a tiny drum and an army cap, the first made of her uncle's hair and the other of Stonewall Jackson's. The lock of hair in the army cap was obtained for her uncle by Governor Letcher, of Virginia, a friend and relative of the family, at the time Jackson lay in state at Richmond.



MRS. JAMES F. THOMAS.

Mrs. Thomas was a devoted member of the Presbyterian Church, a granddaughter of Dr. Paine, of Holly Springs, Miss., an eminent Presbyterian minister. She was an earnest Christian and was always cheerful and bright, making all happy who came in contact with her. She was young, beautiful, and intelligent. Her ambition was unbounded, her goodness proverbial, and her life as beautiful and peaceful as her death. She will be missed by all who knew her. In the words of the Chapter which she so faithfully served, "God's finger touched her, and she slept." Without a complaint and without a murmur she bowed to the will of Him whose arm had ever been her stay and whose service was her joy. To her the promise is sure, for "the pure in heart shall see God." Beautiful in character, heart, and life, beautiful in death, her memory will be cherished as long as there is one left who knew her.

VIRGINIA DIVISION NOTES.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL.

Arrangements for the nineteenth annual convention of the Virginia Division, U. D. C., are progressing rapidly. The Bristol Chapter has planned a welcome evening for Tuesday, September 22, at the Hotel Bristol, where all meetings will be held. The historical evening will be a Maury symposium, which Miss Preston and her able associates will make most interesting.

Sycamore Shoals Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, will give a reception to the convention, and any delegates who are inclined to the opinion that James River is the only sacred stream of Virginia and the sole repository of colonial and Revolutionary memories will be furnished a résumé of the battle of King's Mountain, the campaigns of George Rogers Clarke, and the more ancient march along New River to Point Pleasant, where the men of the Holston and the Clinch assisted in the defeat of Cornstalk. In Abingdon is preserved a block of wood cut from a tree inscribed: "Here Daniel Boone Killed a B'ar." That hardy pioneer journeyed westward over the wilderness road which the Norfolk and Western frequently parallels between Roanoke and Bristol, and this autograph record of some days' adventure in the forest calls up a vision of the stern and stalwart men who conquered both beast and savage and opened up a delightsome land to human habitation.

Bristol is beautifully located on the border of Virginia and Tennessee, and is, of course, the Gretna Green for many couples. As a means for developing interest in different sections and teaching local history the itinerant system of conventions is ideal and, supplemented by the district meetings, it has afforded to Daughters of the Confederacy a great opportunity to see and admire the varied landscapes and the wonderful resources of the Old Dominion.

An event upon which the Division is to be congratulated is the establishment of a second scholarship with a living fund at the Farmville Normal School. The winner of this new scholarship is Miss Burnley, of Jeffersonton. The fortunate applicant for the other scholarship is Miss Porter, of Portsmouth.

At a reunion of Beaver Dam Camp at the old church where Company F, 61st Virginia Regiment, was mustered into service the State President, Mrs. S. A. Riddick, was one of the guests of honor. By her efforts a Chapter will very soon be organized in that locality bearing the appropriate name of Beaver Dam Chapter.

Indications are that the reports to the convention will show a year of unsurpassed achievement in the Virginia Division with increased zeal for the causes to which we are pledged.

CAMP BEAUREGARD MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. GEORGE T. FULLER, CHAIRMAN, FROM JUNE 1, 1914, TO AUGUST 7, 1914.

Alabama: G. W. Sherrill, Cherokee, $1; Goodloe Pride, Cherokee, $1; H. W. Rutland, Cherokee, $1; C. L. Nolen, Huntsville, $1; Egbert J. Jones Camp, Huntsville, $2.50; Mildred Lee Chapter, Sheffield, $2.

Kentucky: Gus Dedmon Chapter, Lawrenceburg, $3.85; Col. W. A. Milton, Louisville, $2; Col. Ed Crossland Chapter, Fulton, $1; L. C. Price, Lexington, $1; C. H. Lee, Jr., Falmouth, $1; W. H. Ratcliffe Camp, U. C. V., No. 682, Falmouth, $2; W. M. Abuco, Morgan, 50 cents; A. I. McKenney, McKenneysburg, $1; A. Levingston, Milford, 50 cents; Maj. Otis S. Tenney Chapter, Lexington, $5; J. N. Williams Chapter, Murray, $5; Crepps Wickliffe Chapter, Bardstown, $1.55; John W. Simpson, Bronston, $1; Governor McCreary, Frankfort, $10.

Louisiana: Stonewall Jackson Chapter, New Orleans, $1.

Mississippi: Mildred Maury Humphrey Chapter, Itta Bena, $1.20; Magnolia Chapter, Magnolia, $1.30; Holmes County Camp, No. 398, Durant, $5.

Missouri: St. Louis Chapter, St. Louis, $5.68; A. E. Asbury, Higginsville, $5; Eliza Gates Chapter, Smithville, $2.50; Sterling Price Chapter, St. Joseph, 58 cents; George W. Cox, Downing, $1.

Tennessee: Joe Wheeler Chapter, Stanton, $1; Luke Purcer, McMinnville, $1; Musidora C. McCrory Chapter, Jackson, $1; Harvey Walker Camp and Bivouac, Lynnville, $5.

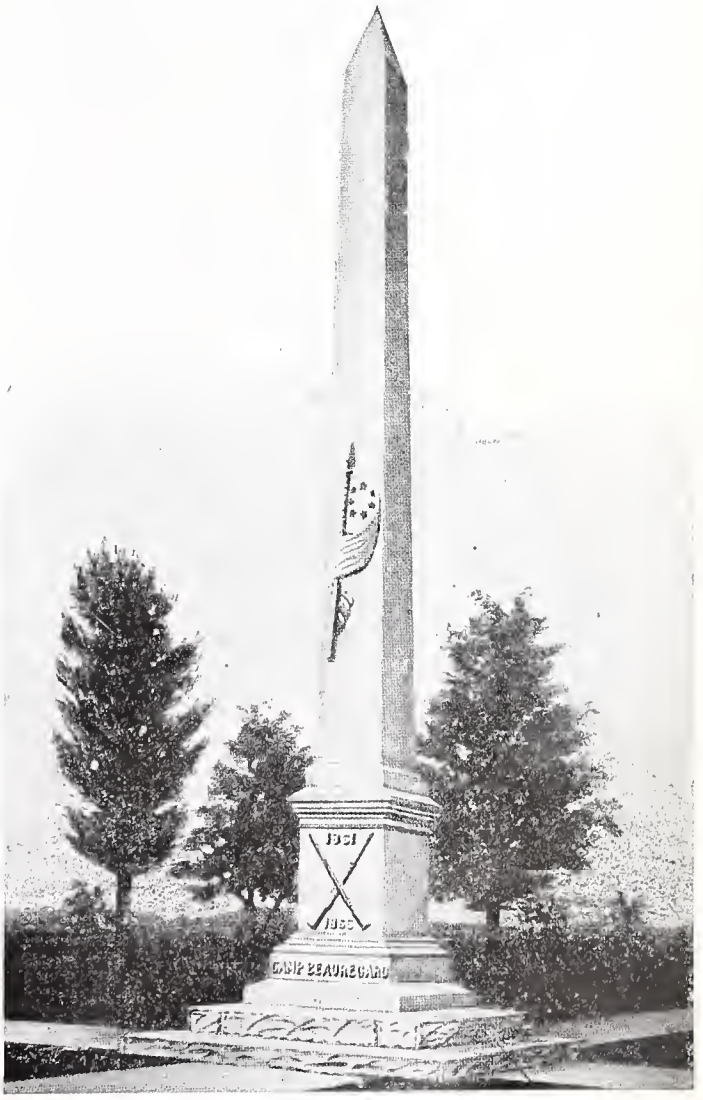
Texas: Magruder Camp, Galveston, $9.50.

Total collections since last report, $94.66.

Cash on hand June 1, 1914, $214.93.

Cash on hand August 7, 1914, $299.59.

W. F. Spurlin, of Camden, Ala., contributes a Confederate blanket souvenir of the Reunion at Jacksonville, Fla., May 6-8, 1914, to be sold and money received to be turned into the monument fund. Bids may be mailed to the chairman of that fund.



PROPOSED MONUMENT AT CAMP BEAUREGARD.

CONFEDERATE DEAD AT ELMIRA PRISON.

[Miss Susie Gentry, in Nashville Banner.]

How many Southern people know that in the State of New York there are buried 2,917 Confederate soldiers in a cemetery of two and one-half acres that should be inclosed with a fence and memorial gate?

In 1864 the United States government located at Elmira, N. Y., a prison camp for Confederate soldiers, and until the close of the war it was retained as such, many of the prisoners being transferred from Point Lookout, Md.

The mortality at the Elmira prison camp was very great on account of climatic conditions. The prisoners were in a low physical condition from fighting and poor and insufficient nourishment. They died rapidly and were buried in a part of the city's large cemetery and, strange to say, by an ex-slave, John W. Jones, who had escaped from the Elzey family, of Leesburg, Va., by the "underground railroad" in 1850. In some way this negro became interested in the Confederate prisoners and buried the first who died, then the next, and the next, until he was employed to bury them all; and, at the government's expense, he had nicely painted headboards put up, on which were the name, company, regiment, and State.

In 1877 the government purchased the two-and-a-half-acre plot, in which there were thirty-six rows of graves, at a cost of $1,500. Headstones replaced the wooden boards, and the name of "Woodlawn Cemetery" was given to this place. For forty-eight years the good people of Elmira have yearly decorated the graves of the Confederate dead as they have their own, but the cemetery needs a fence and memorial gate to make it entirely complete. A list of the dead has been kept, alphabetically arranged as to names, but irrespective of States.

The following is the result of my research and labor: North Carolina has 1,233 buried there, and South Carolina 387, making for the Carolinas the enormous number of 1,620, over half of the dead there; Virginia has 550, Georgia, 314; Alabama, 235; Tennessee, 76; Louisiana, 64; Florida, 30; Mississippi, 10; Texas, 6; Maryland, 3; Arkansas, Kentucky, and Missouri, 1 each, with 7 "unknown."

STIRRING TIMES IN OLD KENTUCKY.

A neat granite monument has been placed over the grave of a Confederate at Flagg Springs, Ky., on which is inscribed: "Lieut. T. J. McGraw, C. S. A., shot by order of Gen. A. S. Burbridge at Johnson's Island May 15, 1863, for recruiting in Kentucky, his native State. Erected by Mrs. Basil Duke Chapter, U. D. C."

During a fight between the forces of Gen. John H. Morgan and Gen. A. S. Burbridge the latter's trunk was captured, and among the papers with which it was filled was a list of "strong Rebel sympathizers" of Newport, Ky., and vicinity who doubtless never realized their narrow escape from imprisonment. The list was sent by Mrs. McArthur Rand, of Bellevue, Ky., whose father's name heads the list. The report was made by a committee composed of C. P. Buchanan, Cyrus Campbell, James E. Perry, W. H. Thomas, William Kennett, Thomas Daniels, Oliver Stanley, J. M. Caldwell, William Caldwell, and is as follows:

"NEWPORT, KY., August 3, 1864.

"To Brevet Maj. Gen. A. S. Burbridge—Dear Sir: We, the committee appointed by the Union League of Campbell County, do respectfully submit for your consideration the following list of strong Rebel sympathizers in the vicinity to help the Rebel cause: James M. McArthur and family, James T. Berry, James Stricker, Peter McArthur and family, Thomas L. Jones, J. P. Jackson and wife, Charles J. Morin and wife, John Richardson and wife, James Hodge, J. R. Hallam, William Stricker, George Richardson, A. D. Smalley, H. D. Helm and family, Ben Reynolds, Moses Cook (ex-marshal), R. B. McCracken (Mayor of Newport), J. D. Hinde, Samuel Bigstaff, Cyrus Kitchell, William Brown and wife, John Schwartz (sheriff elected by the Rebels), John Crawpen (been in Rebel army), Mary Woodward and daughter, Rev. J. S. Litchner. Rufe McDonald, J. S. Landkins, Griffin Thornton, Emanuel Stockell, Samuel Winston, Orville Winston, J. H. Nelson, F. T. Helm and family, J. C. Beck, M.D., Samuel McIntosh, William N. Smith, J. Knight, Henry Grote, W. P. Craig, J. D. Allen, Pat Walsh, Joseph Reedy, Capt. Ed Air, William Tedrow, Charles Murnan, Peter Yocum, Robert Cleburne, George Stricker, William Gosney, William McGrew, Charles Stone, William Coyne, L. W. DeCoursey, Robert Farmer, Charles Kuvanaugh, Jane McCloud, John Nigman, William Sheen, John Ware, Edwin Carter (three years in the Rebel army), James McKibben (been in Camp Chase), James White (deputy sheriff), William Jolly, Edwin Morin, Thomas White, Cyrus Carnyhan, William Farish, Armstead Gosney, Jesse Yelton, Upton Clary, Henry Blatner, Uriah Medford, E. A. Martin, G. H. Gosney, John S. Ducker, Robert Maddux, James Bigby, Alfred Thornton, Jacob White."

MONUMENT TO A CONFEDERATE HERO.

The heroic deed of James Keelan in defending the bridge at Strawberry Plains, Tenn., has been commemorated by the erection of a monument in his honor in East Hill Cemetery, at Bristol, Va.-Tenn., which was dedicated on the 3d of June, Confederate Memorial Day, by the U. D. C. Chapter of that city. The movement for this monument was started by the late Robert Pile, and at his death the work was taken up by Mrs. H. F. Lewis and the Daughters of the Confederacy.



MONUMENT TO JAMES KEELAN.

A full account of the deed for which James Keelan has been so highly honored was published in the VETERAN many years ago. There was a movement by the Federal government to destroy all the bridges in East Tennessee. Keelan was employed at the time by the railroad to guard the bridge at Strawberry Plains and held it against fifteen assailants. At their approach he shot the leader of the band, who carried a flaming torch. Five of the band were killed in the encounter, and Keelan was himself severely wounded in the head and arms, one hand being almost severed. After the Federals retreated he crawled to the home of some neighbors, where he was given medical attention.

Soon after this tragic event a fund was made up for Keelan, with which a little farm was purchased. This was afterwards exchanged for a place near Bristol, where he lived until his death, about 1895.

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

BY JOHN WILLIAM PENNY.

On a hill stood a soldier brave
Beside his earthly father's grave
And viewed the land he fought to save
With grieving heart and tear-stained eye:
"No horse, no cow, no dog I see;
No roof is left to shelter me;
The loved ones gone, where can they be?
O would to God that I could die!"

A voice was heard from oak and pine:
"Here stands that home, that home of thine.
Arise and build thine own design;
Go work and pray and sing;
Take thou the ox; with sturdy stroke
Fell thou the pine and ash and oak.
Thy home shall rise where there was smoke,
And thou shalt be the king.

Here stand the ash, the oak, the pine;
Here treasures lie in cave and mine,
Plastic to be in hand of thine.
Go thou and break the spell;
On Dixie's land take thou thy stand,
To Dixie's land yield heart and hand,
In Dixie's land be thou a man,
And all may yet be well.

The Rebel yell shall be no more;
Concord shall reign from shore to shore;
Good will from men for evermore
Shall be thy destiny.
Thy Southland now shall ever shine;
Thy fame shall reach from clime to clime;
Thy victory won, thy royal line
Shall live in history."

FIRST TENNESSEE CAVALRY AT PIEDMONT.

BY J. L. HENRY, DAYTON, TENN.

About the last of May, 1864, Gen. John C. Vaughn's brigade was ordered from near Newton, N. C., to Bristol, Tenn., for what purpose we privates had not the least idea. On reaching Bristol we were dismounted, placed upon freight cars, and hurried to Lynchburg and then to Staunton. Here we learned for the first time that we were sent to meet General Hunter, who was coming up the valley to raid Lexington, Staunton, and Lynchburg. We landed at Staunton on the evening of June 3 and at once marched to Mt. Crawford, where we lay in line of battle until near night. We learned that Hunter was coming up on another road on the east side of the Shenandoah. We were then marched to within about six miles of Staunton and were halted for the night. Here we slept in the rain without tents, blankets, or rations.

Early the next morning, June 5, we were again on the march, moving immediately across the valley to Piedmont, where we met General Imboden's cavalry, with Hunter in close pursuit with twelve thousand men, mostly infantry. We at once formed our line of battle, and Gen. W. E. Jones took command of our forces, which numbered about three thousand men, unprotected by anything except a rail fence. The battle began on our left, where General Jones's Virginians and the 60th Virginia Infantry were being hard pressed by the bulk of Hunter's Infantry and several pieces of artillery posted just across a narrow field.

The 1st Tennessee out of four hundred men lost about half its number, killed, wounded, and captured. Gen. William E. Jones was killed on the field, and Maj. John B. King, of Hamilton County, of our regiment, was left dead on the field. Company D, from Rhea County, lost T. J. Henry, who was shot almost in two with a cannon ball, and William Bohanon and William Bennett were left dead in our lines. The Yankees were too badly cut up to follow, and we retired that night to Staunton. The next day we took a stand in Rockfish Gap to await developments and rest our sore feet, for many of us had not walked any to speak of in three years.

The 1st, 59th, and 31st Tennessee Regiments were ordered to reënforce the left wing, and the 43d Regiment and 12th Battalion were left on the right to support our artillery. On our way around to the left of our line the 1st Tennessee Cavalry, to which I belonged, was halted. While General Vaughn was making us a speech and we were cheering, the Yankees got our range with their batteries, and the limbs from the trees fell all around us, several of our regiment being killed and wounded.

We then had to face the enemy's fire, which was terrific, to get our place in the line of battle, and we lost many good men, killed and wounded. After taking our place in line we were not allowed to fire, as we expected the enemy to assault us at any moment, the fighting being at close range, and they had nothing to do but to deliberately shoot our frail defenses to pieces. Finally the expected assault came, and from the time they entered the field until they were repulsed in front of our lines their loss in killed and wounded was fearful. Soon they rallied, and after being heavily reënforced they made the second attempt to break our line, headed by the 1st New York Veteran Cavalry, and were again repulsed, that splendid cavalry regiment being almost annihilated.

In the third attempt to break through they massed almost their entire force and hurled it against our frail line, when our center, held by the 60th Virginia, gave way, and, pouring through the gap left in our line, we were almost surrounded and had to cut our way out and pass through a heavy crossfire. Thus ended the battle of Piedmont, one of the most hotly contested and at the same time one of the most destructive open-field fights of the war in point of numbers killed and wounded.

FOUR BROTHERS IN THE SERVICE.

Jourd White, of Moulton, Ala., is the only survivor of a family of five brothers, four of whom enlisted as Confederate soldiers. They were all born in North Alabama, were loyal to the South, and had no apologies for their activities during the war. John T. White joined the army in Arkansas, and was killed in the second day's fight at Shiloh. DeWitt C. and Peter White were wounded, but recovered and returned home and lived to a good old age. Leonidas White, the youngest, was captured at Atlanta and died in a Northern prison. These three were members of the 16th Alabama Regiment and followed our flag through many bloody battles.

SUBMARINES AND TORPEDO BOATS.

BY C. L. STANTON, LIEUTENANT C. S. N.

The first submarine craft in the world worthy of the name and, so far as I know, the only one that ever destroyed a vessel of war was the Fishboat, which operated in Charleston Harbor. John A. Payne, her first commander, was a lieutenant on the Chicora, and her first volunteer crew were seamen from the vessel, nine in all, including the commanding officer. The boat was constructed at Mobile and was received at Charleston in February, 1864. It was built of boiler iron, about thirty feet in length, five feet in diameter, had movable flanges, or fins, on the side, and had a propeller that was worked by hand from the inside. These fins, or wings, were depressed for diving and elevated when it was desired to come to the surface. There were two manheads, one forward and the other aft, through which entrance was had to the interior. A torpedo, a copper cylinder filled with powder and provided with sensitive glass tubes, was carried on a staff projecting from the bow.

It has been stated that the boat met with disaster six times and destroyed fifty lives. If my memory is not at fault, she sank in Charleston Harbor only three times and drowned or suffocated twenty-five men. In the first disaster seven were drowned, in the second nine were suffocated, and in the third nine more met the same fate.

One day when Lieutenant Payne, my friend and shipmate, was aboard the Chicora I arranged to go down under the water with him; but as the boat was obliged to leave before my watch on deck was over, Lieut. Charles H. Hooker took my place. She dived about the harbor successfully for an hour or two and finally went over to Fort Johnson, where the little steamer Etiwan was lying alongside the wharf. She fastened to her side with a light line with the fins in position for diving. Both manheads were open. Payne was standing on top of the Fishboat, and Lieutenant Hooker's body was halfway through the forward manhole, when the steamer started to move away from the wharf. The line by which the boat was attached to the steamer snapped, and she went to the bottom in five fathoms of water like a lump of lead. Payne escaped by jumping aboard the Etiwan, while Hooker was carried down with the boat, the manhead closing down as he struggled through the opening and crushing his foot. He told me afterwards that he had to stoop down and raise the manhead to release the imprisoned foot. He came to the surface in an exhausted condition and was picked up by one of the Chicora's boats. The crew of seven men were drowned. Later the ill-fated boat was raised, the bodies taken out, and another volunteer crew obtained from the Chicora, Charleston, and Palmetto State, of the Charleston Squadron.

Another day I happened to be aboard the receiving ship Indian Chief on some temporary duty off Adger's Wharf when the Fishboat was observed approaching the vessel on the starboard side and when within a biscuit throw disappeared and successfully dived under the ship, reappearing on the port side a short distance from the docks. Presently she dived again, and when, after half an hour had elapsed, she failed to come to the surface we knew the men in her were dead. Divers were sent down immediately to search for her, and when she was located it was found that in moving along the bottom of the bay her propeller had caught a piece of old hemp cable and jammed it so that it was impossible to move it from the inside, and thus the imprisoned crew of nine men were suffocated. When the bodies were removed, one of the men was found on his knees under the manhead with a piece of candle in his hand, evidently trying to open it to admit water to drown them and end their suffering, for they could have entertained no hope of escape with five or six fathoms of water above them.

The boat was again raised and placed under command of Lieutenant Dixon, of Alabama, with a volunteer crew from the army and the ships. She was adjusted to float at the surface with her manheads just out of water and was provided with an air pump to be used to supply air when the manholes were closed. On the 17th of February, about nine o'clock at night, with all her crew aboard, nine men in all, she came alongside the Chicora. We were told that she was going outside of Fort Sumter that night to sink the sloop of war Housatonic, which was in the habit of anchoring after dark in the channel close in shore to prevent the arrival and departure of blockade runners. The boat failed to return, but early the next morning when day broke we could see the masts of the Housatonic projecting from the water and the rigging filled with her men, who were a few hours later removed by boats from the Federal blockading fleet. The little boat was never seen again until after the war closed, when the Housatonic was raised to clear the channel, and it was found near her with the bow pointing toward the ship.

Lieutenant Payne, although a willing volunteer for this dangerous service, never at any time had faith in the success of the enterprise. I heard him say time and again that if he struck a vessel with the torpedo staff projecting horizontally he feared the boat would enter the hole made by the explosion in the ship's side, and the machinery would not be powerful enough to back the boat out before it was carried down by the wreck. His idea was that if the torpedo staff was lowered to an angle of forty-five degrees when the ship was struck the torpedo would explode near the keel, and the Fishboat's bow, striking the solid planking of the ship, would recoil sufficiently to make the machinery effective in backing out of danger of being drawn down by the wreck. I have always felt very certain that the torpedo staff was in this position when the Housatonic was struck. I have seen it stated that the Fishboat dived under the Housatonic and dragged a floating torpedo after it. This is disproved by the fact that the boat was found after the war with her bow pointing toward the ship and not away from it, as must have been the case if it had dived under the vessel. Besides, when the boat lay alongside the Chicora on the night of the 14th of February, I examined it closely, and I am quite positive there was no floating torpedo attachment. And then the boat was adjusted to float on the surface and not for diving. The matter of dragging the torpedo was discussed by the navy, and it was generally conceded a very doubtful expedient, as the anchorage where the Housatonic lay was a shallow one, and it was not probable that there would be enough water under her keel to allow the Fishboat to pass safely.

In some of the accounts I have read of the Fishboat it has been styled the David. This is an error. The David was an entirely different vessel. It was constructed of wood, about the length and diameter of the Fishboat, and was propelled by steam. This was the craft that, manned by Lieut. W. F. Glassell, Engineer C. S. Toombs, and Pilot Cannon, attempted unsuccessfully to sink the Ironsides. The torpedo, which was carried on a horizontal staff, was exploded against her side, throwing up a column of water that fell on the David and extinguished the fire under the boiler. The marines on the

deck of the Ironsides opened on the David with musketry. Glassell and Cannon dropped into the sea and were made prisoners by the Ironsides' boats, while Toombs, who could not swim, clung to the David and drifted away in the darkness, relighted the fire, and steered back into the harbor. I happened to be the officer of the deck on the Chicora for the midwatch, and at about four bells I recognized his light signal and hailed him. He answered that it was the torpedo boat David—he had sunk the Ironsides and Lieutenant Glassell and the pilot were lost. We believed it until the next morning, when the Ironsides was observed at her anchorage and apparently uninjured. Later we learned of the safety of Glassell and Cannon.

THE SONS OF LIBERTY.

BY FRANK S. ROBERTSON, ABINGDON, VA.

In April, 1861, the above-named company, formed of students then attending the University of Virginia and of which I was orderly, marched northward to assist in the capture of Harper's Ferry. A brief sketch of this bloodless campaign will doubtless be of interest to the survivors. Military organizations were not in order, as I remember, at this time-honored institution, and special permission to raise two companies was asked of the faculty and doubtless accorded by them because of the war clouds darkening the horizon of sectional politics.

The ranks were soon full, officers elected, and the lawn made lively by the laughable movements of the awkward squads. The officers were in the main chosen from former graduates of the V. M. I. Uniforms were ordered from Baltimore. The Sons of Liberty (named by Professor Holcombe) wore red shirts, trimmed with black velvet and well bespangled with brass buttons, black doeskin trousers, dark-blue caps, and white cross belts with huge brass buckles. The other company, the Southern Guard, was distinguished by blue shirts and light-blue caps.

Arms were secured from Richmond and consisted of very ancient flintlock muskets (minus the flints), cartridge boxes (but no cartridges), and bayonet scabbards. We drilled by Scott's Manual, and the noise made by the manipulation of the long iron ramrods was in itself enough to frighten the souls of our adversaries, and possibly upon this we mainly relied. We bore no banners, and we had no brass band to stir our souls, but marched to the monotonous "Hep, hep, hep" of our officers, and yet I have never seen troops who looked more trim and soldierly. The companies numbered about sixty-five or seventy each, rank and file, and were commanded respectively by Capt. William Tabb, of Amelia County, and Capt. Ned Hutter, of Lynchburg.

On the 16th of April, 1861, a rumor went the rounds that "something was up, and we were to be in it." Fort Monroe was thought to be the objective point, and visions of marching through Richmond filled our hearts with joy. Late in the evening orders were given to assemble on the lawn, and things began to hum with excitement. Shouts resounded on all sides, hurried good-bys were spoken, and red and blue flashes could be seen everywhere. There were students in both companies who for various reasons were unable to go, and substitutes were quickly donning the proffered uniforms and filling the vacant places in the ranks.

Our captain (Tabb) was too sick to leave, and a hasty reorganization was necessary. In the various changes I became orderly sergeant of the company, and to this is due my having the company roll in my possession. It contains, of course, only the names of those who went to Harper's Ferry and does not purport to be a roll of the original members.

About dark the battalion marched to Charlottesville, where we found the Monticello Guards, of that town, under arms and awaiting a train for Staunton, on which came the West Augusta Guards and perhaps other troops I do not remember. We formed battalion with the Charlottesville company and were commanded by Major Carr. As soon as the train arrived we were loaded in box cars and were soon off for the war—sans rations, blankets, overcoats, haversacks, canteens, and cartridges, with not even a candle to break the total darkness, two carloads of unprepared but unquenchable enthusiasm. Was there one of us who did not during the stern trials that so soon came to test us recall with a smile, perhaps with a tear, that first boyish rush to duty?

At Gordonsville we were switched off, *nolens volens*, from our much-wished-for march through Richmond and landed about daybreak at Strasburg, with orders to march on by rock turnpike to Winchester, eighteen long miles away. The good people of Strasburg gave us of their bread and meat, the first meal of the many that they spread for the hungry Rebs, and we tackled the sharp macadam with our tight boots. About dark we reached Winchester, many of us limping and some of us entirely soleless. A band suddenly appeared in our front, and we were marched down the streets to the cheery but somewhat inappropriate tune of "Yankee Doodle," while cries of "Hurrah for the Union!" inhospitably greeted our ears. Only that day, April 17, had the ordinance of secession been passed at Richmond, and the news had not then reached Winchester. As soon as we halted our company was cut up into squads of ten, and, piloted by sympathizing citizens, we went to their homes and cleared the larders. About midnight we were again loaded in box cars and, armed with flints, which had just been distributed, but with no cartridges as yet, resumed the "forward" to Harper's Ferry, which we reached at daylight. The Federal garrison was burning the arsenal and many thousand stands of arms at our approach and quietly withdrawing without firing a shot. Our chief object, doubtless, was to secure those arms for the Confederacy, and we did capture great numbers that had been secreted by the citizens. In half an hour after taking possession we were fully equipped with the latest improved Springfields and ammunition and were at once sent out to search for arms or detailed on garrison duty.

Our company was quartered in an old depot near the end of the railroad bridge and fared badly, to say the least. And then, after a hard but bloodless campaign of ten days and without the gratification of firing even a blank cartridge from our much-admired new arms, we were ordered back to the university and disbanded. This order from Governor Letcher was most complimentary, and I am sorry I cannot give the full text of it. He said, however, that "there was too much talent to be risked in one body," and this was the chief reason for the order. It is only proper to say that his opinion was justified later, as nearly all of these men became officers.

Time has dulled the memory, and there are doubtless errors in this poor attempt to recall those long-vanished days, which are now but as a vivid dream, and I trust that some of my old comrades will come to my aid and supply such omissions in this sketch or such additional data for the roll as they may deem of interest in perpetuating the memories that are so dear to all of us.

[From University of Virginia Bulletin, May, 1895.]

WOUNDED AT GETTYSBURG.

BY J. W. LOKEY, BYARS, OKLA.

I was a member of Company B, 20th Georgia Regiment, Benning's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps. On the 2d of July, 1863, we made a forced march, reaching Gettysburg about 2 P.M. We formed on the extreme right, advancing across an open field, and came to some small timber, through which we passed, arriving at a small opening and hill, on top of which was a battery of three pieces. We drove back the enemy and captured this battery. The enemy was in a solid line to the rear and left of this battery in a piece of timber. After firing several shots I became aware that about a dozen of us were in an exposed position and in advance of the regiment. So I dropped back down the hill a few yards; but finding that I couldn't do much good there, I advanced up the hill to the right. In ascending to the right I passed Col. Jack Jones, of my regiment, lying on his back with about half of his head shot off. I then passed one of Company K, of my regiment, lying flat on the ground, and he said to me: "You had better not go up there; you'll get shot." I passed on to the top of the hill, and, throwing up my old Enfield rifle, I was taking deliberate aim at a Yankee when a Minie ball passed through my right thigh. I felt as if lightning had struck me. My gun fell, and I hobbled down the hill. Reaching the timber in the rear, I saw a Yankee sergeant running out in the same direction, being inside our lines. I called to him for help. Coming up, he said: "Put your arm around my neck and throw all your weight on me; don't be afraid of me. Hurry up; this is a dangerous place." The balls were striking the trees like hail all around us, and as we went back he said: "If you and I had this matter to settle, we would soon settle it, wouldn't we?" I replied that he was a prisoner and I a wounded man, so I felt that we could come to terms pretty quick.

We had not gone far when a rear guard came running across the field and asked me where I was going. I told him I was wounded and was going to the rear, and I think he was glad to have an excuse to turn back. We soon reached a good spring and shade trees, and I lay down to rest. He took my prisoner, who was a sergeant belonging to the 4th Maine Regiment. If he is living, I would be glad to hear from him. I lay on the field that night. The next day, July 3, about ten o'clock, I got to the field hospital. I served through the Virginia campaign and was in many hard-fought battles, but I never heard such cannonading as at that field hospital when Pickett was making his historic charge. I had never been a prisoner and had a horror of a Yankee prison. I saw no chance of getting back to Virginia. Every ambulance and empty ordnance wagon was loaded with wounded and sent back to the Potomac at Williamsport. When loading the last wagon they said there was room for another man if he could sit up and ride, and I told them I could. This wagon had four mules hitched to it, and there were four wounded men lying on their backs in the bed. Two planks were across the bed, with the wagon sheet tied up to the bows in the middle. Two men were on the front board and one on the right of the rear board. I took my place on the left. Being shot through the right thigh, I could not stand any pressure on my wound. So I had to hold my right leg with both hands locked below my knee, letting my left leg hang on the outside of the wagon. The road was macadamized, and language would fail me should I try to tell what those poor wounded men suffered on this trip.

We left Gettysburg about two o'clock, and that night about two I told the men on my right that I must get out even if the Yankees got me. So I got out and went into an old schoolhouse. The next morning wagons were still passing. It was raining, and every teamster told me he was loaded and couldn't take any more. After hobbling along two or three miles in the rain and mud, I was taken in a wagon belonging to the 11th Virginia Cavalry, which carried me to the Potomac. The river was up and booming. With a strong cable wire stretched across it, our men were putting across one ambulance and one wagon and about seventy-five men at a trip. I saw one man undertake to swim his horse across the river, and about midway the stream he was washed off, but swam out on the Virginia side, landing several yards below the crossing. As far as I could see his horse it was going downstream with the current. The nearest railroad was at Staunton, Va.; and as the wagon train went no farther, I had this distance to walk. The road was lined with wounded. None but the old "vets" who have seen hard service know what we suffered.

BRIEF WAR INCIDENTS.

BY R. W. REAMS, MT. VERNON, TEX.

My company left New Providence, Ala., September 1, 1861, and was mustered into service on the 7th of the same month at Montgomery and sent to Fort Gaines, on Dauphin Island, four miles from Fort Morgan. Before we had received our guns a funny incident occurred. The long roll beat and cannon fired a false alarm to see how we volunteers would take it. We were soon in line with our long knives, which had been made at the blacksmith's shop. Our lieutenant ran to a candle to warm the tallow on the cylinder of his pistol, and our spirit was ready to fight the United States fleet if necessary. These are the things we may smile at in memory.

We moved to Camp Memminger, near Mobile, in December and were there organized into Company B, 25th Alabama Regiment. General Gardner was our first brigadier. We marched to Corinth and Shiloh and were in Dean's Brigade, Withers's Division, Hindman and Johnson commanding. We were with the Army of Tennessee until the surrender at Greensboro, N. C.

During the war I never saw much of the battle except in my front. I hear of some who were on Lookout and Missionary Ridge at the same time. I went through the war as a private and served as orderly most of the time, being promoted to second lieutenant just before the surrender.

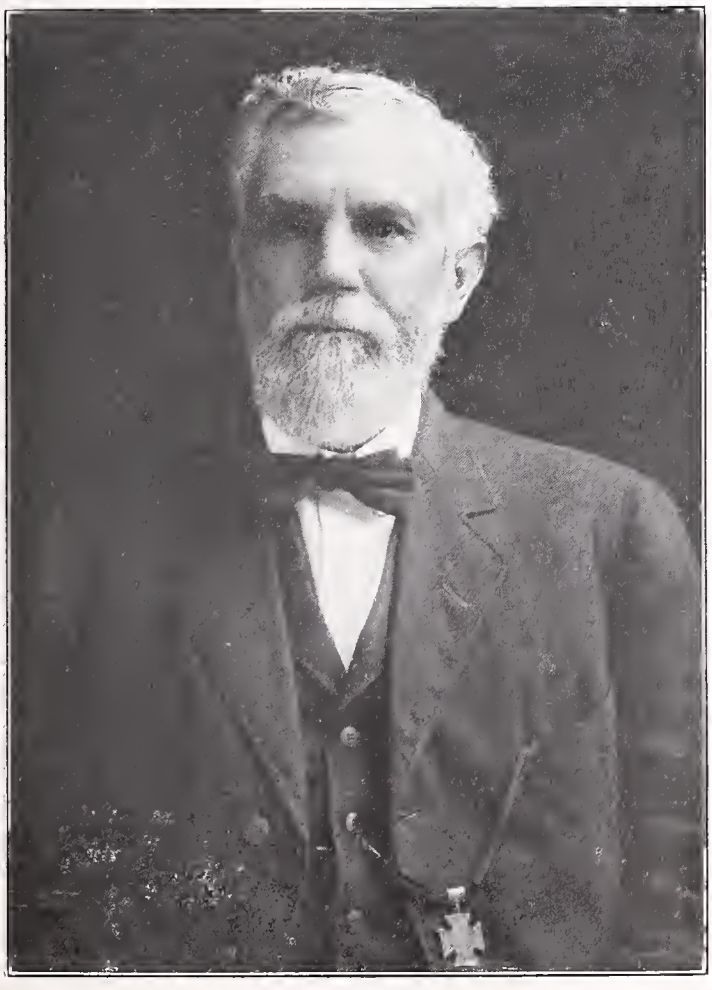
At the request of a comrade I will relate what I saw at Missionary Ridge. The night before the advance on the ridge my company was on picket duty about a mile in front. I could see the flashes of the guns through the night on Lookout. The firing was desultory most of the night and seemed to advance slowly toward the summit. Soon after daylight the advance ran us in our works, and shortly after I saw troops moving to our right, coming, I supposed, off Lookout. When the advance moved on us we ran to our works on the ridge and were out of breath. I soon saw our line to the left falling back by brigades. When we left the ridge they were cross-firing on us. They captured our battery (Dent's) with the exception of one gun. A man named Waits carried this out with two horses. I saw a boy throwing rocks when the Yankees were too close for them to fire the cannon. After this we fell back to Dalton, Ga. I would like to feel that some comrade of this period is still living to corroborate what I have said.

TRAGIC ADVENTURES AS THE WAR CLOSED.

BY W. A. RUSSELL, MEXIA, TEX.

Following J. E. B. Stuart, Wade Hampton, and General Butler, of South Carolina, through all the campaigns of the Virginia Army until about February, 1865, Butler's Division of Cavalry was ordered to join Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army in South Carolina. From Columbia we were fighting with Sherman's advance guard daily into North Carolina. Soon after the battle of Bentonville, some twelve or fifteen miles from Raleigh, fought on the 12th of April, Young's Brigade, commanded by Colonel King, was halted on the edge of a large farm. A detachment of dismounted men was ordered to build breastworks of rails. Sherman's advance guard soon made its appearance across the field at the farmhouse. After considerable skirmishing, Sherman had to bring up a heavy force to dislodge us. What kept our line of skirmishers from being captured was a mounted regiment held in reserve that charged right into their lines with drawn sabers. Seeing this, we made a run for the skirt of woods in our rear. Just as we entered the bushes a squad of mounted men charged into our line, cutting Dave Walton and me off from the rest of the skirmishers; but we made good our escape into the woods. Dave Walton and I were members of Company B, Jeff Davis Legion. The members of the company who reached their horses reported me wounded and that Walton remained to care for me, as that was his special duty. We never reached our regiment again, and this report was carried by an older brother of Walton's to our parents in Mississippi.

Traveling through the woods several hundred yards, we came upon a lad with his father's horses hid in a thicket back of their farm. We took two of his best horses, one saddle, bridle, and rope halter, and galloped across the farm to the house to get another saddle and bridle. In riding out the front gate we saw four or five cavalrymen near, and a race then began down one hill and up the next; and as they were gaining on us, we dashed into the woods, and there our pursuers left us. We soon came into a public road leading in the direction of Raleigh. Turning in the opposite direction for a short distance, we saw two Yankees mounted in front of a farmhouse. We decided to make them prisoners; so I galloped up to the man outside the gate and Walton went to the one in the yard and demanded their surrender. Before having time to disarm them, a mounted man in white shirt sleeves standing at the edge of a high veranda, with several ladies near him, drew his pistol and commenced firing at me. Seeing that he could not shoot without endangering the ladies, Walton told me to shoot my prisoner; but the man begged for his life, and I spared him. The other prisoner, taking this advantage, fired at Walton, but missed him, and in an instant the steady hand that held an army six-shooter sent a ball crashing through his enemy's brain. The report of the white shirt man's pistol was the first known of him; the last seen of him he was leaving a blue streak across the farm.



W. A. RUSSELL.

We left this scene with our prisoner and went on to Raleigh, arriving there near midnight. Johnston had evacuated the city, retreating northward, leaving a provost marshal and guard, to whom we turned over our prisoner. We then debated as to whether to continue the hunt for our command. Being tired and sleepy, we decided to rest.

Next morning we were aroused by the explosion of the ordnance supplies in the city. Looking across an open country southeast of the city, a half mile or so away we beheld a long blue line of infantry, with bayonets glistening in the rising sun, marching toward the old capital. We mounted at once and moved rapidly west. Stopping at a farmhouse five or six miles away from the city, we found a patriotic old Southern gentleman who told us of a rich farmer two miles south who had some fine horses and mules, also a large distillery. One of the horses we took from the lad was a splendid cavalry animal; so we conceived the idea of exchanging our three jaded horses for a good cavalry mount, and we could then return to our regiment. We had gotten three or four hundred yards down the road, leading our horses, when we discovered two Yankees standing in the crossroads and an old citizen standing by pointing toward Raleigh. Behind them were several big negroes mounted on splendid mules loaded with jugs filled with liquor from the distillery we were hunting. Marching right up, we bade them good morning when in speaking distance; then, pushing our horses up, we presented our guns in their faces and demanded their surrender.

Instead of surrendering they both grabbed the guns which lay across their laps, and of course there was nothing else to do but to fire. To my dismay, my gun snapped. Walton fired, and his man, leaning forward, passed in between us; he continued to shoot him until he fell to the ground. Before I could draw my pistol my man fired his gun, the ball striking my pistol and glancing off the main artery around my hip joint, making a severe flesh wound. My man dropped his gun to the ground, threw himself on the opposite side of his horse, and went off down the road at full speed. Walton fired at him and said: "Let's catch him." But when I told him I was wounded it startled him until he was assured that it was not serious.

In a very short while we heard the sound of horses' feet coming up the road from the direction of the distillery. Darting into the woods, we were soon out of sight; and when at a safe distance from the road we examined my gun and found it unloaded. I had failed to load it where we stopped for breakfast.

Feeling confident that Sherman would follow Johnston north, we set out in a westerly direction from Raleigh through the country. Several times I thought I would fall from my horse from the loss of blood; but being encouraged by my comrade, I continued to go on.

We traveled ahead slowly until we reached a little country village (Holly Springs, I believe) about sundown and procured lodging with a doctor. The next morning we hitched one of our horses to a buggy the doctor let us have, and, leading one, we moved out for the ferry. On reaching the river the ferryboat was gone, and we debated whether to go up or down the river. Had we gone down, a few miles would have carried us out of their line of march; but fate was against us, and we turned up the river to a ferry five miles distant. When within a mile of it we halted and Walton saddled his horse and rode in front. Within a short distance we met a Yankee and a big slick negro carrying a big fat ham on his shoulder. The Yankee halted us some distance away and demanded to know our command. Walton told him the 9th Ohio Infantry. He came walking up to Walton's side with his gun on his shoulder and began to say something. Walton shot him in the breast before he could finish his sentence.

Walton then made the negro lift the buggy around in the road and we started for the ferry we had just left. We soon met one of Johnston's scouts coming under whip who said that the Yankees were already at the ferry. I said, "Davie, leave me; you can make your escape"; but he said, "No, not while breath is in my body." Turning into the woods, we picked our way through with the buggy for some distance from the road; then my horse was taken from the buggy and saddled, and Dave Walton and the negro helped me to mount.

The negro was a faithful servant and knew every foot of the narrow woods we were hemmed in; so we kept him as a pilot, until we came to a large farm owned by the negro's master. Across the field we could see a column of troops moving toward the ferry we had attempted to reach. In getting our bearings for a place of safety we discovered two men riding up the fence toward us, and there was nothing to do but to meet them. We met at a log lying directly across our path; a glance was our signal, and we began firing. Both men fell to the ground; but the firing frightened my horse, and he jumped the log and ran. In trying to guide him by a tree my saddle turned, dropping me to the ground. I scrambled to my feet; Walton handed me the bridle of my man's horse and went off down the fence at full speed. This left me standing in a few paces of the two men on the ground. To my utter surprise and astonishment, my man rose up and started off at a lively trot through the woods. I had emptied my Colt's pistol and had nothing with which to stop him. Walton soon returned without my horse. We examined the other man and found that he wore a lieutenant's badge and was dead. Marching near the center of the narrow territory by which we were surrounded, we came upon a citizen in the woods. We spent the day with him, and he directed us to the public road leading into Raleigh. As soon as it was dark Walton helped me on my horse, and we were off again, soon coming to a house where we got some bread that satisfied our hunger.

We had gone a few paces in a narrow road, cut through thick bushes, when we heard the word "halt" ring out. Two dismounted men were just in front of us, and they wanted to know our command. Having heard that the Third Division was camped near there, Walton said: "Third Division." "All right; tell us who commands the Third Division." Here we were dumb, for we did not know. They moved up close to us and began laying down their bundles, saying: "Well, boys, we will take you to camp." That never-failing six-shooter of Walton's instantly flashed a blaze of fire into each of their breasts, and the two men fell to the ground. Walton rushed his horse over them, and I followed. Galloping on a few hundred yards, we reached the public road that led into Raleigh. Here we decided that our safest way of escape was to travel to the rear of the Federal army. Suiting our action to this decision, we set out over this road in the direction of Raleigh.

About sunrise we reached a house where we got a cold lunch and made inquiries about the thick-timbered country in our front. We learned that we were in the neighborhood of the village where we stopped with the doctor, about a mile away. We turned into the woods for some distance from the road to where the bushes would conceal us and halted. Walton made me a bed by the side of a wet weather stream, where I could get water for my wound, for by this time I was in bad shape.

Feeling confident that this division of Sherman's army had passed on to Cape Fear River, we were resting pretty easy when, about nine or ten o'clock in the day, we were startled by a noise in the bushes near us. Walton drew his pistol, but hid it from view. A man rode up near us and said: "Come on, boys; here are the horses we are looking for." In a minute there were six men lined up before us, mounted bareback, with their guns strapped on their backs, with a big negro, also mounted, looking on. To the question, "What command do you belong to?" Walton said: "The 9th Ohio Cavalry." "This is a strange place for our cavalry," was the reply. Looking at me, the spokesman asked: "What is the matter with you?" I answered: "I was wounded in a cavalry fight the 12th day of April." "Let me see your wound." I proceeded to show him. The next question was: "Where did you get those gray clothes?" I told him that "I wore mine out and got these from a citizen." The next words were: "Ah, boys, we will take you to camp." At that moment they all dismounted and began to untie our horses. Walton jumped up, but, having to turn around, he fired too quickly and missed. The man ran around the horse from him, and Walton turned to meet him. He again fired too quickly and missed. Another man at Walton's left then fired, the ball crushing through Walton's brain, apparently, and he fell to his hands and knees. Then the man who shot him stepped up and hit Walton on the head. He began to rise with the pistol in his hand, when his slayer again struck him on the back of the head with all his force. This blow caused the pistol to fall from Walton's hands, and he again went down. The man looked at me and asked: "Are there any more rebels near here?" "Not that I know of." Then I inquired: "What are you going to do with me?" "I would not have killed this man if he had not shot first," he said. "I will not harm you, but will take you to the camp." "No; leave me with my comrade," I insisted. He then reached around Walton, unbuckled his belt, buckled it on himself, placed the pistol in its scabbard, mounted his horse, and galloped away. They left one horse tied to a tree, which I supposed was meant for me.

Before this tragedy ended, the other men hurriedly mounted their horses and rode away, the negro going with them. I arose from my pallet, went to Walton, and helped him to sit up. Realizing that death was inevitable from the nature of the wound, I said: "Davie, you are mortally wounded and can live but a few minutes longer." Grasping my hand, he said: "Billy, good-by." I laid him gently on his back, and he lay calmly breathing as though asleep for some time. Thinking that he might live in this condition for several hours, I decided to get help to carry him to a house. I managed to get on my horse and rode out into the public highway. At the nearest house I found a citizen too old for the army, but could not persuade him to assist me, as he had orders not to leave his door. Two Yankees were in his front yard. They cursed me and said they would have made a target of me if I had not been wounded. I still continued to hunt for help, and about the mid-afternoon, completely exhausted, I reached the house of a widow, where was the young wife of Colonel Davis, in General Lee's army, and a young lady of the neighborhood, who had started to refugee, but had been overtaken by the Yankees at this place.

The killing of Walton occurred near the back of Colonel Davis's field. The ladies directed me so that I could find my way through the woods. As soon as the Yankees quit coming to the house I rode back to the place where my comrade lay. He had turned over, placing his hands under his head, and his soul had fled to the One who created him. Gladly would I have remained with him could I have done anything for him. Turning away with my heart bursting with grief, I started back to the three patriotic women I had left, to share their hospitality for the night. Farther down the road I reached General Beard's headquarters. He asked: "Are you the wounded soldier that was with the man killed in the woods yesterday?" I said: "Yes, and I want papers from you so that I may pass your men without their troubling me." "O, I will parole you, and you can go where you please," he said. "Too bad that your comrade would not surrender. Both could now go home, as the war is over."

General Lee had surrendered the 9th of April, and Johnston and Sherman were now negotiating terms of surrender. Of course we had never heard one word of this.

Going back fifteen miles to Haw River, it was late in the evening when I reached the ferry and crossed over. A short distance on I came to the town of Haywood, situated in the forks of Deep and Haw Rivers. I was repeatedly refused shelter, the people saying that the Yankees had left them nothing to eat. Riding on, much discouraged, I came to a two-story white house. Standing on the ground by the side of the door was a man in blue uniform, with a gun on his shoulder. This caused me to hesitate; but my case was urgent, so I said to a woman who was standing by the man in blue: "Can a wounded Confederate soldier stop here for the night?" "Yes, indeed; it makes us so happy to care for a Confederate soldier, especially when he is wounded," she said with great fervor. She offered to help me dismount, and the Yankee, showing his courtesy, came at once, and they both assisted me to alight. The young lady (Miss Anna Bryant) took me by one arm and the Yankee by the other and led me into the parlor.

After partaking of a refreshing supper, and being shown all the attention and sympathy possible, they gave me one of the best rooms in the house. After breakfast I told the captain I must go on farther, but they would not consent that I should so endanger my life. My own father and mother could not have bestowed greater kindness and care than did the entire family while I was there. Three pleasant weeks passed in the hospitable home of Captain Bryant. The vision of the lifeless form of my comrade, without even a soldier's burial, was ever before my eyes. I determined, while not well but greatly improved, to visit the place where I had left him. I went to the gloomy grove and found a heavy mound of dirt piled over him. While this was cold, rugged, and cheerless, it gave my heart great relief to know that it was not worse.

Learning that Colonel Davis's home was only a half mile away, I went there at once. Both Colonel Davis and his wife were splendid types of North Carolina patriotism and chivalry. The Colonel had gotten home from the army nine days after Lee's surrender. His wife told him at once of the Confederate soldier who lay at the back of their farm unburied. A brigadier general's headquarters were in their yard, and Colonel Davis immediately procured a permit from him to bury my comrade, which had been done as best he could under the circumstances; but in time, he said, he would procure lumber for a casket and place the remains in his family burying ground. This promise from the noble man lifted the sorrow to some extent from my heart. That his promise was carried out, the Walton family learned by correspondence with Colonel Davis.

I now began to make arrangements for my journey home to Mississippi. Knowing that the railroads had been all torn up through the Southern States sufficiently to obstruct traffic, I decided to ride my horse. At Washington, Ga., my horse gave out, and I walked about one hundred miles to Montgomery, Ala. From there I secured transportation through Federal authority to my home. O, with what eagerness I pressed forward! On the 25th of July at midnight I hailed at the gate. My father was sitting on the front porch and asked: "Who's there?" I answered: "Your lost boy." Father said: "Emily, William is here." I heard my mother's glad exclamation as she came to embrace me.

In the midst of this scene of joy my thoughts would turn to the household which still awaited with anxious hearts the return of a brave soldier boy who had served his country loyally for four long years. The sad news that I carried to the home of my comrade made the burden of sorrow heavier and robbed my own home-coming of its joy.

The Comradeship of Soldier Life.—William L. Rhea, of Knoxville, Tenn., relates an incident of true comradeship through which he hopes to locate some of the participants. He says that in the latter part of April or the middle of May, 1862, there was a company of infantry encamped at Zollicoffer, now Bluff City, in Sullivan County, Tenn. His brother, James A. Rhea, lieutenant of Company G, 19th Tennessee Infantry, led and commanded his company in the battle of Shiloh and was severely wounded in that battle on Monday, the 7th of April. Joseph Rhea, a cousin, took him to Montgomery, Ala., where he was met by a brother, John L. Rhea, who accompanied him to their home, at Blountville, Tenn. Lieutenant Rhea was being carried on a cot, and they left the train at Zollicoffer. Twelve men of the company stationed there, big-hearted and noble, came up and offered to carry Lieutenant Rhea over to Blountville, some six and a half miles, which they did most tenderly and carefully. Mr. Rhea thinks the names of these good comrades must have been secured by his family and lost in the destruction of their home during the battle of September 22, 1863, and he is now very anxious to learn who was the captain of the company and to what brigade it belonged.

THE STAR COMPANY OF ECTOR'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

BY W. BAILEY, SULPHUR SPRINGS, TEX.

[A tribute to Capt. James A. Howze by a member of his company.]

James A. Howze raised a company of cavalry from Rush County, Tex., in the fall of 1861, and at the election of officers he was made first lieutenant, Jack Hamilton being elected captain. At Little Rock the company was dismounted and sent to Corinth, Miss., and after the reorganization of the army there Howze became captain of Company D, 14th Texas Dismounted Cavalry. After the retreat from Corinth, we joined Bragg's army in his great race into Kentucky and participated in the battle of Richmond, Ky., under Kirby Smith. Being successful in this battle, we pushed on until in sight of Cincinnati. After the battle of Perryville, Bragg retreated, and we reached Loudon, Tenn., with the immense stores we had brought from Kentucky, a long march accomplished almost entirely on foot. We remained at Loudon but a short time, when we were marched to Murfreesboro to meet General Rosecrans, who was advancing from Nashville. The two armies met on Stones River, and the great battle was fought December 31, 1862, and the 1st of January, 1863.

In this battle I first noticed Captain Howze's cool bravery. We were advanced and halted in front of an old field. The enemy commenced to shell us, when a bomb exploded at the head of Captain Howze's company, killing Billy Melton, who was at his side, and the company was about to be thrown into confusion. The captain's face was pale, but his eyes flashed as he waved his sword and cried out to Company D: "Stand steady!" O how one brave man can encourage others!

After the first and second day's fight the two armies confronted each other, each fearful to renew the conflict, but each keeping up an artillery fire. On the night of the 2d or 3d of January Bragg retreated. We waded Stones River, and the next morning at daylight we were on the march, covering thirty miles that day and camping on Duck River. The enemy did not follow, and, it being the dead of winter, we went into winter quarters. We remained there two or three months, occasionally being called out to meet expected attacks, which were not made.

When the spring campaign opened, Ector's Brigade was sent to Mississippi to join Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in a movement to relieve Vicksburg. On this campaign, after much hard marching and countermarching, the 14th Texas rebelled. We had been dismounted and had often been promised that we should be remounted. One morning there was great confusion in camp. The boys commenced to stack their arms and cry: "Hell or horses." Then Captain Howze appeared in their midst. "Now, boys, don't do that. I do not want a man of my company to lay down his gun. If the government does not see fit to give us our horses, let's serve our country in any capacity they want us to." Such was his influence that not a man disobeyed; but the other nine companies all stopped, their men swearing they would not fight until they were remounted. Later that day they saw a brigade of infantry with glistening bayonets and a battery of 12-pound Napoleon guns march down and halt in front of them, and, being ordered to take up their arms, they were quick to obey. This act of discipline gave to Howze's company the title that the "Star Company" maintained. It was conceded that Howze had the best company in the brigade to the end of the war.

On July 5, while just in the rear of Vicksburg, we learned that the garrison had surrendered the day before and that a large force was trying to cut us off from Jackson. Then followed a hard march through heat and dust to Jackson, where we occupied breastworks already erected. Two days and nights of fighting followed. During the siege the pickets in front of Ector's Brigade were driven in, when General Johnston came riding down the line and called for a picked regiment to drive the enemy back and reëstablish our picket line. General Ector called on the 14th Texas, the regiment that had stacked their arms but two weeks before. Now was their time. It was a perilous undertaking, it being five hundred yards across the old field, with the enemy in the timber. Our batteries on the right and left opened fire with grape and canister, and I don't think a rabbit could have escaped in that old field. When the batteries ceased the gallant 14th was ordered forward. Col. John L. Camp sprang over the works, ordered the colors forward, the regiment to double-quick, but not to fire a gun until we reached the timber. Then there was a deafening roar of musketry for a short time, the enemy fell back, and we reëstablished our picket line. The regiment was ordered back to take its place in the ditches; but to avoid exposure in the open field we returned by a zig-zag ravine, reaching our works with but little loss. A few nights later, along toward midnight, as our pickets were popping away in front, we were ordered out of the ditches. To press close to the man next in front was the only way to keep together in the dark. We were giving up Jackson. We fell back; and as the enemy did not follow, we rested for a while.

In September we were put on the march to Chickamauga to join Bragg's army, which had fallen back from Murfreesboro, giving up Chattanooga, the two armies confronting each other along the winding Chickamauga River, where on the 19th and 20th of September, 1863, the great battle was fought. During the last day of this fight we drove the enemy back. Three of Captain Howze's men (John Hudson, William Friddle, Billy Huest) were killed together. That night, taking a few of the company, he went back to the spot and buried them. After the battle of Chickamauga we were again ordered back to Mississippi and went into winter quarters. It was a cold winter.

When the spring opened we were ordered back to join Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in the great Georgia campaign. When General Bragg had superseded Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Ector's Brigade belonged to Polk's Corps. It participated in the battle at Rome, Ga., and nearly every other engagement from there back to Atlanta. The enemy confronted us continually, having a large flank force, enabling them to compel a retreat; and so it was all the way back. General Polk, our corps commander, was killed at Pine Knob. He and General Johnston and staff came riding along when a cannon ball cut him nearly in two. We fell back that night, and the next morning we formed over on the top of Kennesaw Mountain. There a grand spectacle greeted our eyes. We could see Sherman's whole army, his wagon trains in the rear. We occupied our strong position here quite a while, but finally fell back to Marietta, where on the 4th of July, 1864, we fought another battle.

At this time Captain Howze, with two picked men, was sent out to learn something about the movements of the enemy. The two soldiers with him were captured, but he escaped. West of Marietta we made a stand at New Hope, where a hard battle was fought, and again we retreated after crossing the Chattahoochee River. We burned the railroad bridge and

fortified; but Sherman crossed in large force above, and we were forced back toward Atlanta. Here General Johnston retired, and General Hood took command. Then occurred the great battles of the 21st and 22d of July on Peach Tree Creek. Hood was worsted and then occupied breastworks around the city. The siege continued through August to the night of September 1, when we gave up Atlanta.

One morning before the evacuation our pickets were all silent; not a gun was to be heard. The enemy had gone, and it was evident that some strategic movement was on hand. Our captain was ordered to select six men to go out and ascertain the enemy's movements. We started late, that we might have night to shelter us through an unknown country. After much zig-zagging we found the enemy's line, and after learning as much as we could we endeavored to get back to our command before daylight. We barely escaped capture several times, but reported at headquarters next morning.

The night of the 1st of September, 1864, we left Atlanta. On the 5th at Lovejoy Station the old 14th Texas was called on in another emergency. We were bringing up the rear, the enemy pressing us hard. A part of our line rested across an old field, and we had orders to hold our position at all hazards. Captain Howze had ordered his men to pile up some rails and throw dirt over them for protection. The enemy began to fire on us with what we called six-pound Parrott shells. Several times they hit our works, knocking the rails over us. Then came a shell under the rails, killing W. S. P. Wallace and breaking First Lieutenant Doyle's thigh; but still we held our position. Next came a shell and fell in our ditch with the fuse smoking. Captain Howze seized it in a moment and threw it over the works before it exploded. We were then ordered to a dangerous retreat, as the Federals could see us until we reached the timber. Then commenced the campaign back to Nashville, the hardest of the war. The two armies who had fought each other day and night for four months took different directions. Hood started back toward Nashville, and Sherman, finding no army to oppose him, pushed on to the sea, laying waste the country as far as his army reached.

But we will turn back and follow Hood. The first encounter we had with Thomas's army was at Alatoona Heights, where Ector's Brigade suffered terribly. Colonel Camp, of the 14th Texas, was wounded and captured, also Colonel Young, of the 9th Texas, who commanded the brigade, General Ector having lost his leg at Atlanta. The enemy retreated from the position, and we followed on to Franklin. Our brigade did not engage in this memorable battle, being so badly cut to pieces at Atlanta, and we were detailed to guard some pontoon bridges. The enemy were driven from Franklin, and after much hard marching and fighting we arrived in sight of Nashville. It was the dead of winter, but there was no cessation of hostilities. One morning General Thomas assaulted General Hood's line. If one line failed, another was rushed forward and another, until Hood's line gave way. Hood was defeated and driven back, and his demoralized army began to retreat in great confusion.

This battle was different from any other of the war in that Hood's army was nearly destroyed. We retreated back to Verona, Miss., and remained in quarters there a short time, and then Ector's Brigade was sent to Mobile, Ala., where we remained in winter quarters a month or two. While in camp there we had a great revival of religion. The Spirit of God entered the camp, and hundreds were converted. I remember the fervent prayers that went up from the camp for souls and for our bleeding country. I do believe God answered those prayers, for the war closed in a short time.

About March 1, 1865, we were taken over to Spanish Fort, opposite Mobile, and thus began our last campaign. The war was near its close. We occupied the breastworks at Spanish Fort about one month, fighting day and night. During this siege the enemy's pickets had gotten so near our lines that not a man dared to raise his head above the works. There was a call for a volunteer force to drive the enemy back. Any good soldier will go when he is ordered, but to volunteer in such a crisis—few will do it. Captain Howze said if he could pick his men he would do it, and he had his men selected when the order was countermanded. It was thought too dangerous to hazard men's lives. A few days after this, about dusk, the enemy massed their forces on our left and drove our boys from their works, at the same time opening fire from their batteries and gunboats all along the line to keep us from reënforcing our left. Our line was driven back in great confusion. The moon was shining brightly, and we were in close proximity. I heard Captain Howze's well-known voice call out to rally around the flag. Some twenty or thirty men from different lots of the old 14th answered to his call. He gave the word to charge, and the boys gave the Rebel yell and charged. Here I saw our brave young flag bearer, Billy Powers, go down. This checked us. Some one gathered up the colors and we retreated. This was the last gun we fired. When we reached the other part of the command, they were retreating in great confusion, every man pretty much his own commander. We waded in the marshes of Mobile Bay, sometimes in mud and water up to our knees and waist, and we were finally picked up by a blockade runner and carried over to Mobile, where we evacuated the city and retreated toward Meridian, Miss. On this retreat we heard that General Lee had already surrendered. When we reached Meridian, General Maney, whose command we were under, surrendered us to Gen. E. R. S. Canby. We stacked our arms, and the war closed.

We returned home to build up our wasted fortunes. If our captain was a brave soldier, he was kind and generous as a citizen. I have not seen him for many years; and if his spirit has passed over the river, it has gone to the saints, we trust.

Who Surrendered to This Man?—Alfred Zartman, late of Company K, 126th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, 2d Brigade, 3d Division, 6th Army Corps, writes from Kansas City, Mo.: "When in April, 1864, the advance was made on the Confederate works near Petersburg, I was among the first that entered their works and saw one of our men capture a Confederate flag. I made up my mind to do the same and at once went forward under heavy fire toward Hatcher's Run. After going quite a distance I ran up to a commanding officer and four of his staff, all mounted. Two of the staff handed me their swords, the commander asking the privilege of surrendering to a field officer, which I granted, and started back with them. I soon found a man from my company coming up, so I turned the officers over to him with instructions as to what to do with them, and I again started out for the coveted prize; but the Confederates had gone, and I failed to get a flag. I should be pleased to hear from any of these men who may be living. The commanding officer was a man of perhaps fifty years at the time, but some of the staff may be living yet. I was too much excited about getting the flag to think of getting their names and rank."

WHEN HOOD SUPERSEDED JOHNSTON.

BY T. G. DABNEY, CLARKSVILLE, MISS.

In the interesting article on the career of Gen. William J. Hardee by W. J. Milner, which appeared in the VETERAN for August, there occurs an error of fact in reference to a very momentous episode in the conduct of the Dalton-Atlanta Campaign in 1864—to wit, the superseding of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston by Gen. John B. Hood in the command of the army at Atlanta July 17, 1864.

In the interest of historic truth I feel constrained to offer a correction of this error by here repeating what I wrote in a contribution to the VETERAN several years ago concerning that important event, which I have always regarded as the pivotal point upon which the fortunes of the Confederacy turned and went rapidly "down hill" thereafter.

The following is quoted from Mr. Milner's paper: "Johnston crossed the Chattahoochee on July 9, and on the night of the 17th he was relieved of the command of the army, Gen. John B. Hood being named by the President as his successor. Generals Hood, Hardee, and Stewart, the three corps commanders, joined in an urgent message to the President, requesting at least a suspension of the order until Johnston could fight the battle planned for the next day. But the President was obstinate and refused their request."

Chancing to visit Biloxi, Miss., in August, 1908, and learning of the presence there of Gen. A. P. Stewart, one of the three corps commanders of Johnston's army, I called on him and had an extremely interesting conversation. This was just five days before General Stewart's death. I shall here repeat that conversation in substance and almost in the language used, as follows:

"General Stewart, I would very much like to have an explanation from you of two mysterious episodes that occurred during the war and which I have puzzled over ever since. The first is as to the circumstances attending the removal of General Johnston from the command of the army at Atlanta in July, 1864; the second as to who was responsible for the escape of Schofield's army from Columbia, Tenn., in November of that year."

General Stewart replied: "On July 17 I received orders from General Johnston to place my corps in position to attack Sherman's force at daylight next morning. After making disposition of my troops, I rode to General Johnston's headquarters late in the evening to report what I had done and ask for further orders. I reached headquarters about dark, and as I entered General Johnston met me with a paper in his hand, which he handed me to read. It was a telegram from General Cooper, adjutant general, in Richmond, ordering General Johnston to turn over the command to General Hood. I was astounded. I asked General Johnston if he had been apprised of this before. He said that the President had informed him about three weeks before that if he retreated across the Chattahoochee River he would remove him from the command. I then asked him to suspend the execution of the order until after the battle of next day, to which he replied that the order had come direct from Richmond, and he did not feel at liberty to disobey it."

General Stewart then went on to say: "I left General Johnston and went to find Hardee and Hood to ask them to join me in a recommendation to the President to suspend the execution of the order until the fate of Atlanta was decided. I found Hardee at his headquarters and told him about the order and asked him to join in a recommendation for its suspension. He asked if he was mentioned in the order. I told him no. He then told me to go and see Hood and hear what he had to say. I told Hardee that he would doubtless receive a copy of the order very soon and asked him not to promulgate it among his troops until he and Hood and I could have a conference. As I left there I met a courier going to Hardee, and I felt sure he was carrying the order to him. Hardee gave out the order to his troops that night."

General Stewart said further that he failed to find General Hood that night, but met him and General Hardee at General Johnston's headquarters early next morning. He then asked both of them to join him in a recommendation to suspend the order, and both of them declined to do so. He then sent a telegram to Richmond on his own responsibility, recommending a suspension of the order until "the fate of Atlanta was decided," but received an unfavorable reply.

It appears conclusively from General Stewart's statement, as recited above, that both Generals Hardee and Hood refused to join him in a recommendation that this famous order be suspended.

On July 17, 1864, Stewart's Corps, to which I belonged, had been advanced to a position several miles from Atlanta toward the Chattahoochee River, where it remained in line of battle awaiting orders or the approach of the enemy. During the day a circular "battle order" was distributed among the troops, signed by General Johnston, announcing that the opportunity had come which we had been so long waiting for to strike the enemy a decisive blow, that Sherman had passed half his army over the Chattahoochee River, and that we would attack him at daylight next morning and beat him.

It seems a very remarkable fact that all the soldiers in that army appeared fully to comprehend General Johnston's plan of campaign and were in full sympathy with him in his objects; they were all the time waiting for that very "battle order" which had now come, and the army was ready to execute the order with enthusiasm. It then seemed to the soldiers the very "irony of fate" that such a catastrophe should have befallen the army in the removal of their commander just at the psychological moment when it would do the most harm. They submitted with downcast looks and dogged silence, but never hesitated for a moment to rush into death traps under General Hood's orders, "though they knew some one had blundered."

I then asked General Stewart who was responsible for the escape of Schofield's army from Columbia Tenn., on November 29 following. General Stewart replied laconically, "Hood."

The morning of November 29, 1864, found Federal General Schofield, with an infantry force of 15,000 men, occupying a position on the north side of Duck River, near Columbia, Tenn. This force was confronted by Gen. Stephen D. Lee's army corps. General Hood ordered General Forrest to cross Duck River to the eastward, drive back Wilson's cavalry division, and uncover Schofield's left flank. This order was handsomely executed, Wilson's ten thousand cavalry being pushed back by Forrest beyond Spring Hill, which is on the pike thirteen miles north of Columbia. Hood then ordered Cheatham's Corps to turn Schofield's flank and march to Spring Hill, where there was a park of fifteen hundred wagons guarded by a single brigade of Federal infantry, upon which Forrest had already made a preliminary attack with a small part of his force and was awaiting the arrival of Cheatham's infantry. Cheatham's Corps reached the vicinity of Spring Hill early in the afternoon, and Brown's Division was de-

ployed for an attack upon the Federal brigade occupying Spring Hill. But the attack was never made, and therein lies the mystery of the most astonishing event that happened during the entire war.

Stewart's Corps had been ordered to follow Cheatham, but had been halted some miles north of Columbia for several hours and reached Spring Hill about dark. The situation then was that Schofield was lying at Columbia, with S. D. Lee in his front and with Cheatham and Stewart ten or twelve miles in his rear on his only line of retreat, while Wilson's Cavalry had been driven away out of reach. Then came the extraordinary spectacle of the whole Confederate army lying supinely in slumber while Schofield marched his whole force during the night along the Nashville Pike within a stone's throw of Hood's sleeping army, and by daylight the enemy was well past Spring Hill with his whole wagon train and marching to Franklin to cover the ground in that vicinity with dead Confederates that afternoon.

To resume General Stewart's narrative: "Hood had maneuvered very skillfully and had Schofield completely trapped. He had ordered Forrest to uncover the enemy's flank and then ordered Cheatham to cross Duck River and pass around Schofield's left and occupy Spring Hill. He ordered me to follow Cheatham, and when I had proceeded a few miles north of Columbia he sent me an order to halt my command and form a line of battle parallel to and facing the pike. After remaining in that position for several hours I received an order from Hood to march on to Spring Hill. I asked Hood afterwards why he had stopped me there, and he said he thought that Schofield might try to get out that way. When I was approaching Spring Hill at the head of my troops about dark I saw General Hood on the side of the road by a small fire, with a single orderly as his attendant. As soon as I got in speaking distance of Hood he began to inveigh against Cheatham for not obeying his order to attack Spring Hill. It was on my tongue to ask Hood why he had not himself seen that his order was obeyed, but I thought it would sound disrespectful."

General Stewart said no more about General Hood than is related above, except that on approaching Franklin next day he encountered General Hood reconnoitering the enemy's position, concerning which he said: "Hood asked me if I thought I could cross Harpeth River to the right of Franklin and get in the rear of the enemy. I told him I felt sure that I could, as I knew there were fords in that part of the river. I hoped that Hood would order me to do so, as then the error at Spring Hill would be retrieved; but he ordered a frontal attack on Franklin."

The emaciated remnant of the splendid army that Johnston had turned over to Hood at Atlanta had its back broken before Schofield's well-fortified position at Franklin, and a few days after was completely dismembered by Thomas's vastly superior force outside of Nashville. In the vain assault on Franklin six Confederate generals yielded up their lives in devotion to their cause, "though they knew some one had blundered."

Additional light is thrown upon the mystery of Schofield's escape from Columbia by the statement of Capt. H. H. Showers, who is still living and well known to the writer. Young Showers was then one of Forrest's Cavalry and belonged to General Hood's headquarters escort. He said that when General Hood and his staff arrived at the house of a citizen named Cheairs, a few miles south of Spring Hill, Mr. Cheairs regaled them from a barrel of old apple brandy, and that the mystery of Schofield's escape is to be found in that barrel of brandy, which seems a sufficient solution.

It has always seemed to me that General Schofield was never accorded the credit that was due him for his daring achievement in marching his army out of the trap that Hood had so completely set for him. The temerity of such an undertaking was most extraordinary, and it would be interesting to know whether Schofield was not informed by spies that he had nothing to fear from Hood's slumbering army lying directly in his path.

SHERMAN AND AUGUSTA.

BY FELIX H. ROBERTSON, CRAWFORD, TEX.

Mr. Teague's statement of the reasons why General Sherman did not cause the destruction of Augusta, Ga., should not be accepted as true. (See VETERAN for May, 1914.) Augusta was out of the line of march which General Sherman prescribed for his army, but he planned its destruction.

While Wheeler was resisting Sherman's advance at Sandersville, Ga., he learned that General Kilpatrick with a large force of cavalry had left the shelter of Sherman's infantry and started toward Augusta. General Wheeler left a portion of his cavalry to watch Sherman's troops, and with only about two thousand of his men went in pursuit of Kilpatrick, whose force numbered about five thousand. I was at that time acting as chief of staff to General Wheeler. Kilpatrick's column was overtaken near Waynesboro, and after a stubborn fight was driven from Waynesboro, leaving many houses in the town on fire, and turned away from the direct road to Augusta. In the night Wheeler pressed his men as close as practicable to Kilpatrick's line with orders to press forward at daylight and force Kilpatrick to stand and fight. At early dawn our mounted skirmishers advanced, but Kilpatrick had abandoned his purpose to go to Augusta and was traveling rapidly toward Savannah. In command of the advance on that road, I was under orders to crowd forward so rapidly that the enemy would be forced to stop to fight us off.

The country was, as I remember it, gently undulating, with no obstacles to the movement of troops, and Kilpatrick could move his men as rapidly as we could ours; so we did not succeed until we reached Buckhead Creek in forcing the retreating enemy to form a line to protect his crossing of that creek. Without a moment's delay the men on the advance (8th Texas, 11th Texas, and 3d Arkansas Cavalry) charged the Yankee line, and when it retreated we entered the defile leading to the bridge across Buckhead Creek and mixed with the retreating Yankees. With that time gained, General Kilpatrick formed a new line beyond the creek and succeeded in capturing a few of our men who had charged over the bridge with his men.

When Kilpatrick passed through Waynesboro he perhaps captured at the telegraph office General Bragg's dispatch about the arrival of Longstreet at Augusta, and that doubtless had its effect. But Wheeler's persistence in pursuit was also most persuasive and convinced Kilpatrick that neither rest nor safety could be found for him except under the wing of Sherman's infantry. Wheeler's fighting and Bragg's ruse together saved Augusta.

I do not undertake to detail movements after Kilpatrick had been driven across Buckhead Creek, for the reason that I was severely wounded in that mêlée and had no further personal knowledge of events.

MEMORIES OF BATTLES.

BY COL. U. R. BROOKS, COLUMBIA, S. C.

"Memory crowds, and the shadows, luminous and gray, file before me." Time is always snatching something from us; its fleeting moments pass as quickly as they come, nevermore to return, as water which is gone from its source returns to it no more.

When I reached Richmond on the 12th of June, the fiftieth anniversary of the great cavalry battle of Trevilians Station, Va., I thought of General Hampton, who never cursed when he said: "Give it to them, my brave boys." I could see the clear-cut, manly, handsome face of Gen. M. C. Butler when he met the Yankee cavalry where the road turned in the thick woods and could hear him say: "You d— rascals, if you don't turn back, I will murder the last d— one of you." And they obeyed the order, said not a word, but turned back. In crossing the Chickahominy swamps I thought of Gen. Mart Gary, of Edgefield, the hero of the Chickahominy, "Bald Eagle," as the people who lived along the banks of that historic stream called him during the bloodiest year of the war. It seemed that I could see and hear everything vividly again that I had ever heard or seen in all the battles in which I had taken part. I could hear the yells, the groans of the dying men and horses; I could hear the dear old sweet Rebel yell, which always had a moving effect on the Yankees; I could hear the "Hip, hip, huzzas" of the Yankees; I could hear the Yankee officers beg their men to fight; I could hear the curses of their officers when their lines would break; I could hear General Gary curse a Confederate colonel who was about to show the white feather on the 2d of June, 1864, at Bottom's Bridge, fourteen miles from Richmond on the Chickahominy.

As the train was drawing near to Petersburg I saw the trenches where so much of the noblest blood of the South was shed—aye, the blood of the flower of the best army in the world, commanded by the matchless Lee. The blood of the Hessians mingled with the best blood of the North—all done, as we can see now, to make this the best and strongest government in the world. I could see General Hampton with a few of his brave boys as he called them, behind Grant's grand army, capturing one of Grant's regiments of cavalry and making them drive all of his cattle to Petersburg. I could hear the shouts of our infantry when they witnessed the sight of so many good things to eat; I could hear the infantry cheer Hampton and his cavalry; I could see General Lee shake Hampton's hand and thank him for this, the most daring deed that was accomplished by any cavalry officer during the war. The old "War Horse," General Longstreet, said that General Hampton was the greatest cavalry leader of our or any other age. I could hear Gen. A. P. Hill say to General Hampton at the battle of Reams Station, August 25, 1864: "I have lived to see your sabers and my muskets shake hands on the enemy's breastworks." I could see General Gary on the Chickahominy meet some Yankee officers under a flag of truce and hear him call to them when they were leaving: "Hold on there; I am coming over here to-morrow and give you fellows hell." They laughed and did not believe him, but he kept his word. I could hear Lide Law, that gallant soldier, fire his gun and see him take the saddle and oilcloth from a Yankee horse, which oilcloth had the name of one of McGowan's Brigade marked on it. There are many things I remember about my old company, B, 6th South Carolina Cavalry. Capt. James J. Gregg was our captain. When he was shot through the army on Saturday, June 11, 1864, in the first day's fight at Trevilians, he said to old Ike Bush and me: "Well, I don't think a captain in Virginia is as good as a private on the coast." We laughed and told him that the Yankees had very little respect for either, as old Ike could testify when he was shot in the arm a few minutes later.

I could hear gallant Nick Brunson say in battle: "Dad blame it, boys, come on and let's give it to 'em." Henry Doby, Wash Allen, Ab Bushnell, Bob Broadwater, Williamson Holloway, Henry Eubanks, and Abe Broadwater were always seen at the front. Four men who reminded me of game cocks in battle were Major Ferguson, Lieut. Mims Sullivan, Lieut. John Bauskett, and Lieut. Mat Hough, of the 6th Cavalry. The best shot with a pistol, except General Hampton, was gallant Glenn Davis, of Company D, 5th Cavalry, now the able and accomplished city sheriff at Charleston, S. C. Who in the 6th Cavalry can forget gallant Oscar Sheppard, sergeant major, who fell rallying the men at Trevilians? I can never forget the fearless scouts, Wallace Miller and Hugh Scott, who risked their lives almost every day to keep Hampton and Butler posted as to the movements of the enemy, and gallant Dick Hogan, Shadburne, Jim Sloane, Phil Hutchinson, Walker Russell, and others too numerous to mention; General Lee's scouts, Stringfellow and Ike Curtis, the daring and brave. I could see Shadburne with his twenty scouts, all dressed in Yankee uniforms, in December, 1864, when Warren, of the 5th Army Corps, wanted to burn the Confederate army stores at Weldon, N. C.; but Hampton and Butler turned them back. On this raid Shadburne and his scouts, while dressed in blue, killed a whole company of Yankees for their cruel treatment of some ladies below Petersburg. These poor devils thought Shadburne and his men were Yankees. I could see our cavalry ride through Petersburg to relieve W. H. F. Lee's cavalry on the 23d of August, 1864, in the battle of Gravel Hill.

"But their memories e'er shall remain for us,
And their names, bright names, without stain for us;
The glory they won shall not wane for us.
In legend and lay
Our heroes in gray
Shall forever live over again for us."

I could see Mat Hough in the battle of Burgess Mill on October 27, 1864, with eighty dismounted cavalrymen behind some old breastworks, holding back about two regiments of Yankees for hours, until Lane's North Carolina Brigade and Barksdale's Mississippians came to his rescue after killing several hundred of them. General Hampton congratulated him. On the 3d of July, 1863, at Hunterstown, near Gettysburg, General Hampton, cool, with noble eye flashing fire, sang out: "Charge them, my brave boys; charge them!"

The whole Yankee cavalry came down upon us with all its energy and fury. Still the line bore the renewed shock. Each of the whole line seemed to be striving with his man, and more of the enemy pressed on. Two dashed at the gallant Hampton, but paid the penalty before his dexterous arm. Another fresh squad rushed from the line and bore upon him. The flashes from the muzzle of his pistol kept them at a moment's bay, while two Mississippians, Privates Moore and Dunlap, of the Jeff Davis Legion, fearlessly rushed to his rescue with sabers lifted high in the air, bringing their sharp edges down upon the heads of the pressing assailants; but sadly they went down beneath the angry tread. Gleaming sabers from several arms were playing over his head, already spurting with gore; but his unerring pistol sent another reeling from his saddle. Frantic with rage, they pressed him against the fence, and

just as the column was being borne back two brave men, Sergt. Nat Price, of Company A, 1st North Carolina, and Private Jackson, of Company B, Cobb's Legion, descrying the awful dilemma of their beloved commander, recklessly dashed into the unequal contest. A sure shot from the pistol of the former went through the nearest one just as he was repeating a blow upon the General's bleeding head. Throwing themselves between him and the pressing antagonists still chafing for their victim, the former earnestly shouted: "General, they are too many for us. For God's sake leap your horse over the fence. I'll die before they shall have you." The spur was suited to his suggestion. His noble steed cleared the fence amid a shower of balls that shred the air, one severely wounding him in the side. The party furiously dashed after the deliverers just as they too were wheeling to follow the uplifted saber. One came down on Price; another barrel sent him reeling from his saddle. The next in van raises his vengeful arm to cleave him down; his uplifted arm received the blow, and before another was raised to finish the work his faithful steed followed in the leap and safely bore him alongside his companion on the other side of the fence.

At Trevilians Station I could see Captain Snowden, with his gallant squadron, open the first day's fight under orders from General Butler and charge over a line of Yankees. I could hear General Butler say: "Steady, men, and remember where you are from." I could hear the men say: "We are in a close place, but there is General Butler, and he is not even excited." We could hear Hart's Battery doing good work. I could see General Hampton later in the day before the 6th South Carolina Cavalry just as he sits his horse on the Statehouse grounds with hat in hand and hear him say: "Mount your horses, men, and follow me." I could see him empty two saddles in the charge after we had routed the Yankees and saved Hart's Battery. I asked him one day in May, 1901, how many of the enemy he had killed during the war. He said eleven, two with the sword and nine with a pistol. I said: "How about the two at Trevilians Station?" His reply was: "O, I didn't count them; they were running."

In the battle of Bethesda Church, May 25, 1864, a Yankee sharpshooter had been captured. He inquired who that man was on the gray horse, and when told that it was General Butler he said: "I shot at that man six times to-day and missed him every time." The gray horse was killed under General Butler in the next battle. I could see General Hampton with five men charge in the streets of Fayetteville, N. C., March 11, 1865, a company of sixty-eight men and kill and capture forty-eight bluecoats out of the sixty-eight. One of them had no better sense than to come at General Hampton with his saber, and when he got near enough General Hampton straightened in his stirrups and with one slash of his sword split the poor devil's head down to his body. I could see Hugh Scott capture Capt. Dan Day, dressed in a Confederate captain's uniform, the chief of scouts for Gen. Frank P. Blair's 17th Army Corps of Sherman's army. Hampton told Day that he would have him shot the next morning, but that night the scout got away, and the next time General Hampton saw him was in 1896 at Denver, Colo., when General Hampton was United States Railroad Commissioner. Dan Day sent his card up to General Hampton, and as they shook hands General Hampton said: "Well, Day, I am glad I did not shoot you."

How vividly this pathetic scene seems to me, which was truly distressing! As we were moving along in a sweeping trot near the White House on the Pamunky River on June 20, 1864, on the track of Colonel Waring, who had charged and routed a portion of Gregg's Union Cavalry, General Butler observed a large man with long red side whiskers lying on the roadside on an improvised stretcher, an army blanket with two poles attached on each end. It turned out to be Lieutenant Colonel Covode, of the 4th Pennsylvania Cavalry, who, upon being informed who it was as Butler halted, said: "This is the fate of Sheridan's raiders; but, General, I have the consolation of knowing that I have done nothing dishonorable during this raid." General Butler replied: "However that may be, sir, I certainly would not remind you of it under present conditions." He then inquired if he was seriously wounded. Colonel Covode replied: "Yes, my left arm is shattered, and our litter bearers dropped me here when your cavalry charged and overtook us." Upon examination Dr. B. W. Taylor, the division surgeon, found that he was shot in the back; but Covode had not disclosed it, as he was ashamed of it. The poor fellow died in about an hour.

"The next most dreadful thing to a battle lost is a battle won." On June 29, 1864, at Sapony Church, I could see General Butler with one hundred men at two o'clock in the morning get in the rear of General Wilson's cavalry, surprise, and rout him with his three thousand fresh troops. I could see Shadburne, with Wallace Miller and four others, capture eighty Yankees, who turned out to be Wilson's advance guard. When they came in sight Wallace Miller said to Shadburne: "What are you going to do?" Shadburne responded coolly: "Capture them." And then, wheeling into the road, Shadburne in stentorian tones commanded the enemy to surrender, saying that he was a brigadier general and he had Mosby at his back. He ordered his men forward, and they defiled into view, one, two, three, four, five, six—and that was all. The command rang out, "Ready, aim!" when the enemy responded: "Don't shoot, don't shoot; we will surrender." Without halting them, they were required to throw down their arms. General Hampton asked Shadburne how many men he had. The answer was six. The card table is not the only place where bluffs are played.

Judge Bacon introduced General Butler to an audience in Edgefield, S. C., in 1876 as the young hero of Trevilians. Well might he have said that General Gary was the hero of Chickahominy. All concede that they were the heroes of 1876. Their names will live in song and story. During the war Butler rode at the head of his cavalry, molded like an Apollo, with a face as sweet and handsome as that of any god of old. He sat his horse like a typical South Carolina cavalier. He was as gentle as a fawn when comrades were assembled in social converse and as fierce as a veteran grenadier when the foe was to be met face to face. His plume always showed in the lead, where the calm judgment of a soldier is needed or the dash of a knight ready to face any odds is called for.

The dashing, unique Gen. M. W. Gary, the "Bald Eagle," the gallant defender of Richmond, the terror of the enemy on the Chickahominy—

"He sleeps his last sleep; the soldier's at rest;
The long roll can wake him no more;
And in Mart Gary's breast throbbed as knightly a heart
As Richard of England e'er bore.
His soldiers his memory will ever keep bright,
Guard his fame with affection and pride,
And recount to their sons the brave deeds of the man,
How he fearlessly lived, fought, and died."

EXPERIENCES OF ESCAPING PRISONERS.

BY JOHN H. LESTER, CAPT. CO. E, 7TH AND 9TH ALA. CAVALRY.

On the 24th of December, 1863, the 7th Alabama Cavalry, J. C. Malone commanding, met the enemy near Dandridge, Tenn. We saw them about half a mile from us in the woods just outside a field. Entering the field, we dismounted, marched upon the point of a ridge, and halted. Before we had formed in line of battle a regiment of cavalry entered the field in a gallop to our right and when within one hundred and fifty yards of us began to form in line of battle in our rear. Some one in our regiment said: "Don't shoot; that is the 8th Confederate." (The 8th had a few days before captured some Yankee stores and dressed in blue.) They continued to form in line and made no response to our calls, so we fired. Without returning the fire, they ran out of the field. We now formed in line and moved toward the enemy, who were posted behind a fence about five hundred yards from us. The engagement soon became quite hot, and we found that they were too strong for us; so we were ordered to our horses. Just as I was mounting, the colonel ordered me to take my company and check them at the fence toward which the enemy was advancing. I led my company there in a run, and when I reached the fence the enemy was within one hundred yards of it. Looking back for the first time, I found only one member of my company near, J. T. (Tim) McCarley, the orderly sergeant. Several had stopped some distance behind, and the regiment was leaving the field a half mile away.



CAPT. J. H. LESTER, DEMING, N. MEX.

I looked to the left and saw a large force of the enemy's cavalry charging, which made me understand why my regiment was retreating. I have often wondered why my colonel ordered me with less than forty men to check a brigade of Yankees and think his opinion of me must have been what General Forrest thought of a company of boys that he sent to check at all hazards a large force of the enemy until the next morning. The boys stayed, but their loss was heavy. Forrest was asked why he had sent the boys, and he replied: "Because I thought they did not have a d— bit more sense than to stay." My colonel was severely wounded after I was captured, and I saw him no more until after the war. When I asked him why he had given me that hopeless task, he simply smiled.

Tim McCarley said to me: "Captain, let's run." The brigade in our front was less than a hundred yards away, and a large force of cavalry was charging on the left. McCarley ran, and more than a thousand shots were fired at him over my head. He was unharmed, but was captured by the mounted cavalry. When the firing ceased the enemy advanced to the fence, on which I had climbed to surrender. In the advancing line a boy of eighteen came to within six feet of me with gun to shoulder and finger on trigger, but a comrade caught his gun and said: "You shall not shoot a prisoner." Gen. C. C. Crews's brigade of Georgians came on the field about this time and began an artillery fire in their flank, and the shells were bursting over and around us. I was taken to the rear and saw the Pennsylvania regiment we had engaged in the field a short time before, and I reported having captured the captain, who lost his horse. They said they would exchange me for him, but Crews's Brigade was pressing them so closely that they retreated. We went some ten or twelve miles that night, and I met several of my regiment who had been captured, among them Sergeant McCarley, Lewis Canterbury, and Ed Morrow, of my company. After getting something to eat I was taken to General Granger's headquarters; but, not being very communicative, I was soon dismissed. Next morning (Christmas) we left for Strawberry Plains, fifteen or eighteen miles south, where we arrived about dark. We were placed under the guard of a Tennessee company and were to take the train at midnight for Knoxville.

It was a stormy night, and we had no shelter, but had a good fire. At three o'clock the next morning we were put in jail at Knoxville, where I found Lieutenant Simmons, a member of my company, who had been captured a few days before. He was sleeping upstairs in an iron cage. We had been taken to Knoxville on a flat car in the snow and reached there wet, cold, and hungry, with nothing to eat since the day before and no bed except the floor. I spent the remainder of the night talking to Simmons and tramping the floor to keep up circulation. The next morning we were formed in column of fours, and as we marched by the prison gate the man nearest the gate was given a loaf of bread (eight ounces), which was the day's ration for four men, though they might later in the day give us a quarter of a pound of beef. After eating the bread I became ravenous, as it was just enough to make me wish for more. There is nothing so distressing as hunger without prospect of food to satisfy it. I was kept in prison until the 1st of January, and our diet was unchanged as to quality and quantity.

When captured I had $72 sewed up in my waistband and fifty cents given me by a Federal the day I was captured. I still remember his kindness and would be glad to hear from him. After that first breakfast I let Simmons know that I had this money, and with $2 one of the Dutch guard got sufficient food for me and my men. With thoughts of the horrid night before, I intrusted him with $20 to get us some blankets, so we had a good night's sleep. The next day the officers, Captain Lotbetter, of Tennessee, Lieutenants Simmons and Dobbs, of my company, and I were put in a room together, which made it necessary to buy more blankets for the men; so I reluctantly gave the rest of my money to the Dutch guard, and I think he returned the change properly after making the purchase. I shall never forget his kindness and honesty.

The members of my company were comfortable for the remainder of our stay in Knoxville, but the sufferings of less fortunate comrades cast a gloom over us. I could hear them tramping the floor most of the night to keep from freezing. They would huddle together in a corner of the room until those on the outside would "freeze out" and begin to tramp. One by one they would leave the huddle until all would be tramping, and when exhausted they would huddle again for rest and sleep. Some of the men had been in prison for

several weeks and were so emaciated and weak that they could hardly walk. Added to the other horrors of prison life was the vermin, or "graybacks." I hope some day the world will know those guilty of causing all this useless suffering of their fellow men.

After seeing the suffering of my comrades in prison, I wondered why so few took the oath to escape its horrors. Their endurance gave me a more exalted opinion of my comrades in arms, and I shall ever be proud that I was a Confederate soldier. In the prison at Knoxville was a member of the 8th Texas Cavalry named Todd or Dodd, charged with being a spy, whom we tried to induce to escape, offering any assistance that we could give; but he refused to make any attempt, saying he was innocent of the charge and would remain for trial. When captured he had on a Yankee coat, but under it was his Confederate jacket. I learned later that he was tried and executed.

On the 1st of January, 1864, about two hundred prisoners left Knoxville under guard of the 21st Massachusetts Regiment on foot by way of Kentucky for a Northern prison. The morning was cold, and by evening the mercury had dropped to zero and continued to fall until by the next morning it was fifteen degrees below zero, the guard said. It was so cold that the colonel commanding decided to remain in camp. The morning of the 3d was also very cold, but we resumed the dreary march for Kentucky. Of all the horrors of the four years of war, this was the most severe ordeal. It seemed that our captors were determined to find the limit of human endurance. Come, my Northern brethren who shrink from the horrors of Andersonville, and view this scene. Two hundred emaciated, weak, and ragged prisoners, with but little food, on a tramp of two hundred miles through the snow in midwinter, the most severe of the war, and without blankets at night to stay the wintry blasts! Do you doubt their patriotism? They could have taken the oath and been released, but preferred death rather than sacrifice of their honor or betrayal of their country's trust. They were no less patriots than the soldiers who followed Washington and tramped the snow at Valley Forge or died at Bunker Hill.

At Cumberland Gap I bought some cheese and crackers, and in dividing with the men of my company some crumbs were dropped, which our starving comrades crowded around to pick up. At this sight my desire for food left me, and tears of sorrow filled my eyes for my poor comrades starving in a land of plenty, and I resolved that, should fate so will that I return again to Dixie, I would try to make a better soldier. After passing Cumberland Gap and going down the western slope we met a wagon loaded with corn, which our men rushed upon like so many starving animals; but the guard prodded them back with bayonets. Dr. Cutter, the surgeon of the regiment, was liberal in making promises to get food for us; but he was short on fulfillment. He said he was the author of "Cutter's Physiology," a book I had studied at school.

As soon as we had hope of finding friends we began planning to escape. From Knoxville to Richmond, Ky., was considered the enemy's country, as a majority of the people were Union sympathizers, and the country was infested with Federal bushwhackers who showed no quarter to Confederates. Tinker Dave had killed several of our men near Knoxville. J. G. Gaspard, a member of Scott's 1st Louisiana Cavalry, a prisoner with me at Knoxville, had been wounded and his comrade killed. The night after passing Cumberland Gap I decided to try my luck just to see if I could escape. I slipped the guard and was out ten or fifteen minutes, then returned to camp. When we reached London (then called New London) we were halted on the street for an hour or more, and I engaged in a talk with a man who had charge of a pack train of provisions for Burnside's army at Knoxville. This man I met again under embarrassing circumstances. On the march my messmates were Lieutenant Simmons, Sergeant McCarley, and Lewis Canterbury, of my company, William and Robert Church, of Morgan's Cavalry, and two men named Smith, one from Arkansas and the other from Tennessee. Our mess was as jolly and as good-natured a lot of fellows as ever went to prison. The officers of the Massachusetts regiment came to our camp fire at night to talk and joke with us until taps and seemed to enjoy our company, especially Captain Sampson. He was living in the South when the war began and said he might not have gone into the army if his neighbors had allowed him to stay in the South.

On the afternoon of January 16 we camped at Big Hill in the woods. We had been planning during the day for two of us to escape at this camp, and Bob Church and Arkansas Smith were chosen for the venture. Reveille usually sounded before day so we should be ready to march as soon as it was light. The next morning we buried Church and Smith in the snow by a log at our camp fire and awaited the call to "fall in." The hour came, but no call; sun-up, and no call. Later one of the officers came to our fire, and, his attention being directed to the bank of snow, with his sword he uncovered one of the boys' feet. He walked away and two guards soon came to our fire, but Church and Smith had crawled out.

We reached the foot of Big Hill about 4 P.M. of the 17th and camped in the woods near a spring. After eating our meager ration, Bob Church and I were to try our luck. We chopped down a tree near the guard line, felling it outside the line, and after chopping it up all the mess were called to help carry it in to the fire. Church and I lay down in the tree top to await the relief guard, with the intention of walking off behind them until away from the guard line. The moon was shining brightly on the snow-covered ground. It was so light that I decided to try some other mode of escape and went into camp, but Church made his escape.

Then Will Church and I planned to go as soon as the camp was quiet. I had yet two ten-dollar bills and gave one of them to Lieutenant Simmons for those of my company I was to leave in prison. A guard was stationed at the spring, about one hundred feet from the guard line. About ten o'clock all was quiet, and we believed the auspicious moment had come. Securing several canteens, we went to the spring ostensibly to fill the canteens. The guard had turned his back to chunk the fire, and we ran, expecting every minute to hear or feel a shot. Not a shot was fired, although it was almost as light as a cloudy day; the guard could have seen us for two hundred yards, and we made noise enough to arouse the whole camp. After running a hundred yards we looked back and saw the guard standing as we had left him. We kept parallel with the road to Richmond for a mile or more and then entered the road. A camp of Federal soldiers caused us again to leave the road until we had passed them. After going several miles Church complained of being tired, and we stopped at the first house. A negro girl came to the window and, in answer to our questions, said most of the people along the road were Union except Dr. Wilmore, who lived two miles below. I asked her to describe his house, so I

might not stop with a rebel. We then went on about a mile, when Church said he could go no farther; so I went into a house near by to investigate. As I entered the hall a lady asked: "Is that you, John Henry?" I said, "Yes." "How is Mary?" said she. Satisfied that I was in the wrong house, we went on to Dr. Wilmore's, where we received a cordial welcome. Mrs. Wilmore prepared us something to eat and gave us some woolen socks. Dr. Wilmore said he could not keep us there, as he was under $5,000 bond not to harbor any Confederates; so he gave us directions to an Irishman two miles from the road who would care for us.

It was about five o'clock when we left, and after going about two miles day was dawning; so rather than take the risk of inquiring for the Irishman we crawled into a barn of hay and slept until nearly dark, then returned to Dr. Wilmore's and received directions to Dr. White's, several miles north of Richmond. We passed through Richmond and saw the Yankee tents, but no guards, and reached Dr. White's about midnight and were kindly received. We stayed in our room until noon the next day, when Dr. White came in with a bottle of peach brandy and honey and told us to come down to dinner. After eating he took us into another room and said: "Your clothes look rather rebellious, especially your hat." So he gave me a black stiff ("hard-boiled") hat and an old-fashioned scissor-tailed or claw-hammer coat and furnished each a walking cane, saying: "You boys can now pass Yankee muster." And we did.

About one o'clock we left for Lexington, this being the first time we had ventured out in daylight since making our escape, and we rather feared Church might be recognized, as he had lived six years at Lexington. We did meet a squad of United States soldiers, whom I saluted very pleasantly, but they were of too much importance to notice us. Church recognized one of them.

We reached the Kentucky River about dark, and while waiting for the ferryman to take us across we met an old friend of Church's who gave us $5. The night was very dark and stormy, with large blocks of ice floating in the river, and it was a long while before we could induce the ferryman to take us over, and then not until we gave him the $5. He landed us safely, and we went to the next house, a mile from the river, and asked to stay overnight. When I said we were escaped Confederate prisoners the man said, "Then you can't stay here"; but his wife said, "You shall stay here." We thanked her very kindly, but went on to the next house (his brother's), where the son gave us permission to stay, but told us not to let his father know we were Confederates. We declined then to stay, so he gave us directions to a neighbor off the main road. It was now about ten o'clock at night and storming, and we were almost exhausted from our long walk without food, but still determined not to stay with any one without letting them know that we were Confederates. With difficulty we found the house, and when we said we were escaped Confederate prisoners and would like to stay until morning the man said: "I have heard that tale before. You are spies sent here to give me more trouble. I left the main road to avoid trouble." We understood his position and began to plead our case. "I will not turn you away such a night as this," he said. "You are human beings, anyway, and I will give you food and shelter." We went in, and after talking with us he learned that Church had been at his home on the main road when Morgan was on a raid in Kentucky.

The next morning our host set us across a large creek and gave us directions to a neighbor who would give us asylum until we could rest and recuperate. As we were about to cross the creek the man who had so rudely denied us shelter the night before rode up and said his wife had asked him to bring us some money, and he wished to apologize for his rudeness. We forgave him with our thanks to his wife for the money.

We reached the house to which we were directed and there met a neighbor of our host who began to question us. We informed the inquisitive neighbor that we were refugees from East Tennessee then on our return, as the Union army was in our country. He said he was going to Knoxville in a few days with a pack train of provisions for Burnside's army and would take us with him and pay us a dollar a day; but, being in a hurry to return, we declined. After the neighbor left, our host said: "Now, boys, tell your tale." I said: "Haven't you heard our story?" "You can't fool me," said he. "You are Confederates. I knew the knock on the door, and I am glad you told the tale you did to that man, for he is a Union man and would have had you arrested." We felt very much at home then and were invited to stay as long as we wished, but after a good night's rest we parted next morning with our Confederate friend.

Just after dark we entered Lexington and went directly to the livery stable of Les Graves (an old friend of Church's), where we had been but a few minutes when we heard drum and fife and saw soldiers marching. Graves put us in the buggy house, saying it was the regiment from which we had escaped on the way to the depot. They passed within fifteen feet of where we sat. Mr. Graves sent us twenty miles on the road to Frankfort and said he had sent Bob Church out the night before, which was the first we had heard of Bob since his escape. Our destination was about four miles from Frankfort, and we expected to take a rest before returning to the army.

About 11 P.M. we arrived at the house where Bob Church had stayed the night before, but the man feared to take us in and gave directions to a neighbor off the public road about two miles. We dismissed our driver here and went afoot. We had indulged pretty freely in the Bourbon to keep up circulation, and after walking awhile we found it as difficult to keep up locomotion as it had been to keep up circulation; but we finally made the landing and were treated with true Southern hospitality. The next morning the old gentleman informed us that he was John H. Morgan's school-teacher, and he spoke in highest terms of Morgan as a good and truthful boy, but said John was full of fun and mischief. In the afternoon we reached Church's home, and I was treated most hospitably. One of the daughters, Mrs. Kendall, gave me $25 "to assist me back to Dixie." I have ever gratefully remembered her as well as the other members of the family.

After a few days' rest I went in to Lexington to get arms. I left the hotel there just a few minutes before a squad of soldiers came to arrest me. Returning to Mr. Church's, I learned that a letter had been received from friends in Canada saying that a ship would sail in a few days for the South and that all Confederate soldiers who wished to go would be taken South. We proceeded at once to Spring Station, between Frankfort and Lexington, and I took the train for Cincinnati, where my comrades were to meet me the next day. They went on to Paris (Bourbon County) by private conveyance for fear of being arrested on the train.

On the way to Cincinnati I was interested in the talk of two men ahead of me on the opposite side. One said he was

just from Knoxville, where he had taken a pack train of provisions and that the Rebels had captured his train. The man looked back and seemed to recognize me, for he came to my seat and asked: "Are you not from Knoxville?" "Perhaps you are mistaken in the man," said I. "I beg your pardon," he said and resumed his seat. I felt very much relieved and lost all interest in his conversation.

I reached Cincinnati after night and went to the Spencer House, where I was to meet my comrades the next day. After breakfast, while strolling about the city, I saw a lieutenant of the 2d Massachusetts, one of my escort from Knoxville, passed him, and thought no more of the incident for the time. About noon I met my comrades at the hotel, and we were enjoying a good dinner when I looked up and saw Captain Sampson walking toward us. As Sampson took his seat, we both arose without speaking and walked to the door. Bob Church was seated at a table with one of the lieutenants, unconscious of our situation. As we walked out the colonel was standing with one hand on the door facing. We waited for Bob at the office, then went to my room to talk over the situation. It was two hours before our train would leave for Canada, and we were satisfied that Sampson had recognized us. We had been informed that Confederates caught in this department would be treated as spies if dressed in citizen's clothes; so we remained in the room for an hour and were not entirely relieved of fear until our train left for Canada.

We reached Detroit just at daylight the next morning and crossed the river to Windsor, Canada, and registered at a hotel as Confederate soldiers. We met there a number of Confederates, most of whom were escaped prisoners of Morgan's Cavalry. We soon learned that the vessel on which we had expected to go South had been gone three days, but another was to leave the next month. We decided to wait for it and engaged board at a private house, and for several days we passed the time very pleasantly making new acquaintances with Confederates. After a few weeks we began to get restless, as we heard no more about the vessel that was to go South. * * * I was offered a home with Captain Scott, who had resigned from the Confederate army on account of ill health, and remained with him during the rest of my stay in Canada.

While we were in Windsor two men called on us who said they were from the Northwest States and were trying to form a Northwest Confederacy, which included Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and some other States of that section. They were men of intelligence and may have been detectives to learn what they could of us. I heard no more of this Confederacy after they left us. I frequently saw Ex-Governor Vallandigham, of Ohio, who impressed me as a man of great firmness and aggression as well as of kindness. Through the solicitation of a kind Southern woman he gave me a suit of clothes just before I left Canada. Many Ohio Democrats went to Canada to see him, and I made the acquaintance of several who were true Union men. One of them offered me a home with him until the close of the war.

With the advent of April and warmer days we were very restless and anxious to return South, but the illness of a comrade detained us, and we had the assurance that a vessel would sail on the 1st of June. However, when May came we decided not to wait for the vessel. We were to leave one at a time, as we were "spotted" by the Federal detectives, who were on the lookout to capture any one who ventured across to the United States. I was to leave on the eve of May 9, and my comrades were to meet me near Frankfort, Ky. I donned the suit given me by Mr. Vallandigham and shaved for the first time in several weeks, got me another hat, and was so disguised that my comrades said I would certainly pass as "loyal." While waiting for the train I concealed myself on the opposite side of the track from the depot. I crossed with the other passengers on the transport that took us to Detroit, and everything seemed to favor me until I got to the depot, where I found that the train to Cincinnati had gone. I knew that if I remained in Detroit until morning I might be arrested, so I boarded a train that was just leaving for Grand Haven. I did not know where Grand Haven was, but thought that train would take me out of trouble. The next morning I was in Grand Haven studying geography and learned that it was on the east shore of Michigan, eighty-six miles east of Milwaukee. About dark we left on a splendid lake steamer for Milwaukee, where I awoke the next morning, the 11th of May. There was heavy frost and ice on the ponds.

I left for Chicago that morning and was walking about that city before noon of the 12th when I noticed the announcement in large letters in front of a hotel: "Another great victory for Grant." Just in front of me two men read the news, and one of them remarked: "Another great —— lie." In the afternoon I left for Louisville via Indianapolis, where my train stopped, but I was allowed to go on an extra that was just leaving with recruits for the front. It was a tough lot of boys of sixteen to men of fifty years, and it reminded me of what they had said of us: "Robbing the cradle and the grave." I reached Louisville on the 13th and registered at the Galt House, where most of the Yankee officers in the city stopped. I left for Frankfort the next day, congratulating myself that all was well and that I would soon be among friends. On the train I saw "Tip" Davis and his wife, formerly of Florence, Ala. Tip had been a member of the 4th Alabama Infantry; and not knowing how he had gotten out of the army, I thought best not to renew old acquaintance.

Arriving at Frankfort after night, I left immediately for the country afoot and stayed that night about three miles out. The lady of the house said her husband was a colonel in the Confederate army. The next day I went to Mr. Jeff Head's and was cordially received by his family, who were ever ready to extend a helping hand to the Confederate cause. It was several days before Will and Bob Church joined me, and while at Mr. Head's I met the two Smiths who were my messmates in prison and found that all of our mess had escaped before reaching Lexington except Lieutenant Simmons and Lewis Canterbury.

We began making arrangements to return South, deciding to give the "contract" for furnishing our horses to the good Union men of Kentucky. Morgan came to the neighborhood, and we hurriedly secured our mounts and joined him near Frankfort. We reached Cynthiana the next day, captured the town, and also wrecked a trainload of horses and cavalry supplies. We went into camp near town, and I was put in charge of the escaped prisoners. The next morning we heard the pickets firing, and I was ordered with my squad to picket a road southeast of the camp; but before we had gone far the enemy was encountered, and the engagement became hot on all sides. We fought about two hours with the odds of four or five to one, then turned toward the river and went through a gap in the enemy's line to the bridge, crossing under heavy fire, but none of my party was harmed. They did not fire as we passed through their line for fear of shooting their own men. After getting out of range, and not knowing

which way Morgan had gone, if not killed or captured, we decided to return to Frankfort. That afternoon we met Colonel Smith, commanding one of Morgan's regiments, about fifteen miles from Cynthiana, with only one man.

After returning to Frankfort we engaged Captain Southall, of the secret service, to guide us through the country to Abingdon, Va., where we expected to find General Morgan. We selected a captain of Morgan's Cavalry as commander for the trip, he being the oldest man in our party (about forty-five), a very cool, brave, and determined man. It proved a fortunate selection, as the rest of us were young and rather reckless. We traveled forty miles the first night, and there was nothing to mar our journey until the morning of the third day, when Arkansas Smith was missing. We mourned him as dead, thinking he had been killed by bushwhackers who infested Eastern Kentucky. After the war we learned that he had returned to Frankfort to see his girl, to whom he was soon afterwards married, which ended Arkansas Smith's military career.

Everything seemed to favor our trip until we reached the Cumberland Mountains and halted for dinner, when we were informed by a lady who had just crossed the mountain that she passed fifteen bushwhackers on the road three or four miles back. She tried to persuade our captain not to meet them, but he very politely thanked her for her concern, saying we were Confederate soldiers and could not give the right of way to Yankees when the disparity of numbers was no greater than fifteen to twelve. We mounted our horses and rode toward the mountain, with two men as advance guards, and had gone two or three miles when we saw the bushwhackers some distance ahead. They saw us about the same time and got behind trees and hailed us. They refused to tell who they were, and most of our party favored charging them and "having the thing over," as they expressed it; but our captain thought best to ascertain who they were. After a few minutes one of them stepped out and asked if any of us knew Fuller; and as one of our party did, he was asked to meet him and talk over the situation. Fuller said he and his men, from Lee's army, were on their way home to Kentucky to bushwhack, as some of their women had been badly treated by Federal soldiers. The coolness of our captain had saved us from what might have been a bloody affair.

The next day we reached Abingdon, Va., where Morgan and his men were encamped. I saw here the men of Morgan's command whom we had left in Canada in May and who had sailed from there in June. All of the party with me were of Morgan's command except J. G. Gaspard, of Colonel Scott's 1st Louisiana Cavalry, and the next day he and I left Abingdon for our command in Georgia, which we reached a few days after the fall of Atlanta.

A MUTUAL MISTAKE.

BY G. S. ROBINSON, SPIRIT LAKE, IOWA.

In the afternoon of the last day of the battle of Chickamauga Snodgrass Hill was occupied by the right of the Federal army. Steedman's Division of the Reserve Corps had gone into position on the extreme right at two o'clock in the afternoon and had held the hill against repeated assaults until its ammunition was exhausted. Then eight of its ten regiments of infantry on that part of the field and one battery were withdrawn some three hundred yards to the next ridge in the rear. In consequence of some oversight two regiments temporarily attached to Whittaker's Brigade were left in position. Soon after this withdrawal and about sunset several Confederate brigades, including those of Kelly and Trigg, were so maneuvered as to capture the two regiments so left and the 21st Ohio, nearly three hundred men in all. It was during this movement that an affair occurred which gave rise to a charge of treachery by several Confederate officers.

Colonel Kelly, commanding a brigade, in his official report, found on page 441, Volume LI., "Official Records," states in substance that a Federal force on the hill called out that it surrendered and laid down its arms, but that in a few minutes the arms were taken up and a hot fire opened which broke his lines, but they were rallied within a short distance. Major French, who commanded the 63d Virginia, of Kelly's Brigade, makes a similar report (page 48, Volume LI., "Official Records"). Colonel Hawkins, of the 5th Kentucky, another of Kelly's regiments, speaks of being fired on treacherously. These reports undoubtedly refer to the same affair, and the foundation for them was as follows:

After the withdrawal of the larger part of Steedman's Division, as stated, the extreme right of the Federal line was held by a small number of men from different commands. I had occasion to go to that point and reached it at about six o'clock, and then found a score or two of men scattered across the ridge. A sergeant seemed to be the ranking officer. There was no formation, no enemy was in sight, and the men were resting at ease, some standing and some sitting. Finding a man of my own regiment, the 115th Illinois, we sat down together and began to talk of the events of the afternoon. While we were so engaged a Confederate ran in from a westerly direction, stopped within ten feet of where my comrade and I were sitting, threw down his gun and accouterments, and surrendered. This drew our attention to the westward, in which direction the hill extended. Our position was nearly halfway from the top of the knob of the hill, where Whittaker's Brigade had fought, to its foot. As we looked we saw Confederates scattered across the hill at the foot of the slope on which we were posted. We at once concluded from the action of the man who had surrendered that these men also wished to surrender and began to call to them to "Come in, surrender; we won't hurt you," etc. In a very short time we saw a Confederate line of battle formed across the hill in the rear of the scattered Confederates, and an officer came from that line down the slope toward us and began to call to us. A sergeant advanced a short distance to hear what he said and heard the officer demand our surrender in emphatic terms. When that was reported to us we opened fire at once and were fired upon in return. The scattered Confederates turned at the first shot and ran back. It is not probable that our fire broke the Confederate line, as we were few in number; but in a few minutes after the firing commenced the 21st Ohio, armed in part with repeating rifles, came from their position to the left to help us, and the united fire must have caused the break.

What I wish to emphasize is the fact that at no time had the Federal force in question any thought of surrendering. It did not know how the day had gone on other parts of the field and knew of no reason for surrendering. It was not then surrounded, as a part of the line was later; it did not throw down its arms and had no thought of doing so; it did not call out that it surrendered, but did use the word as I have stated as an invitation to the scattered Confederates in its front to come in and surrender. The simple truth is that each side was honestly mistaken as to the purposes of the other until the Confederate line of battle appeared and the Confederate officer demanded a surrender. The scattered Con-

federates at the foot of the slope no doubt were skirmishers, and the Confederate who surrendered a deserter from them. The Confederate officers, hearing the word "surrender" called at a distance too great to hear distinctly, very naturally concluded that the small number on the slope who were calling wished to surrender. But no censure can be applied rightfully to anything the Federals said or did.

"WHO LOST SHILOH TO THE CONFEDERACY?"

BY DR. Y. R. LE MONNIER, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

In the July number of the VETERAN, under the above caption, one W. B. Ellis, of Iuka, Miss., criticizes my remarks in the November (1913) number in answer to those of L. R. Burress in the September (1913) number. Unfortunately, I am somewhat handicapped by my ignorance of who Mr. W. B. Ellis is; for if he has any military title, he does not give it. If he was in the army, and especially an active participant in the battle of Shiloh, he does not say so. The nearest I come to his past connection with Shiloh is: "Many years ago, when I first went on this memorable battle field, one of the first things that attracted my attention was the growing cedar bush planted first by Mrs. Cantrell about 1865 to mark the spot where General Johnston fell."

I was in that Shiloh campaign from start to finish and have visited Shiloh National Military Park in company with Maj. D. W. Reed, the thoroughly posted historian of that battle field. Before starting I told him what I remembered of the fight, where and when incidents occurred, and what I expected to find. He answered: "Your memory is very good and correct; I will bring you there."

Again, Mr. Ellis says, "I have no desire to be led into a controversy of such importance and magnitude," * * * and yet asserts: "The authorities quoted by Dr. Y. R. LeMonnier will not be accepted by the future historian in the face of the cumulative testimony of the thousands on both sides to the effect that the battle was lost by failure to deliver the last blow, and why it was not made is conclusively shown by Beauregard's order to 'fall back' when one hour yet remained before nightfall."

That's as broad a statement as any one thoroughly posted and fully prepared for discussion could make, and on what does the gentleman base such an assertion? His "cumulative testimony of thousands on both sides" resolves itself in his statement of the Hon. Senator and Ex-Governor Harris, of Tennessee, taken down in writing at the time it was made, which from the following words, "I instantly rode back to Beauregard, whom I found at the same place where I left him, and protested against the execution of this order to fall back," would amount to censure, a condemnation, from a staff officer of his general in chief. Is there such a likelihood? A very important desideratum is that the hour when this took place is not mentioned, for our army was so dislocated for want of proper officers that even General Beauregard himself stopped retreating commands—stragglers—and, picking up an officer, as in the case of Captain Lockett, ordered them back to the front, saying: "Your colonel will lead you." Might not these retreating commands of the Honorable Senator have been some of these stragglers at sea, not knowing what to do?

In a letter from Ex-Governor and Senator Harris, from Tennessee, dated Memphis, Tenn., April 13, 1876, to General Beauregard, in New Orleans (in "General Beauregard," by Alf Roman, Volume I., page 537), we read: "Having reported to you the fact [General Johnston's death], I rode off, but returned in a few moments and said to you: 'I came here as a volunteer aid to General Johnston. As he has fallen, I no longer have any duties to perform. I intend to remain until the battle is over and would like to be useful if there are duties that you can assign to me. You said: 'I shall be pleased to have you with me.' And from that time I reported to you." Compare the phraseology by the same writer of the two statements.

My honorable opponent also quotes General Bragg: "About one hour of daylight was left us." * * * Then, again, "Polk, Hardee, Breckinridge, Withers, Gibson, Gilmer, and all who were there confirm the statement," says William Preston Johnston. And this is about the amount of authorities the gentleman mentions to prove that the future historian will not accept my quoted authorities.

Drop Col. William Preston Johnston, of President Davis' staff, and let us come to the "Official Records"—the two hundred and twenty-nine Confederate and Federal reports—also statements from the active participants of that great battle. General Beauregard says in his report: "It was after 6 P.M. when the enemy's last position was carried." This statement is corroborated by such of these reports as give the time of cessation of the combat, and night, or its approach, is mentioned as the cause. See these reports, read every one of them carefully, for they are *prima facie* evidence, and you will say: "Night put a stop to the conflict." Unless one has taken cognizance of these written statements from officials of hign rank, disinterested as are the Federals, or was himself in the fight, he is not in a position to make a statement concerning the Sunday maneuvers during the battle of Shiloh.

It is admitted by all that General Prentiss surrendered in the Hornets' Nest with two thousand prisoners at 5:30 P.M. and that the sun sets on April 6 at 6:10 P.M. Who will dare say that these two thousand men could have stacked their arms and been on the march to the rear before 6:10, or in less than thirty minutes. I was there in this Hornets' Nest at the surrender and know whereof I speak. From here we started to the Tennessee River, the enemy disputing every inch of ground; but when we reached Dill Branch, near that stream, it was too dark to be able to continue the fight.

At the monthly meeting of the Army of Tennessee in July I called upon such of my comrades as were in the battle of Shiloh to stand up and asked them (no leading questions put) at what time the fighting stopped. All answered, "At nightfall," one saying: "So dark that we could trace the passage in the air of the enemy's gunboats' shells by the burning of its fuse." For further and important proofs see Maj. D. W. Reed's book, "Battle of Shiloh and the Organizations Engaged." He was in the 6th Iowa in the battle and the historian of the Shiloh National Military Park, with all necessary data at his disposal.

I am sure that W. B. Ellis, Esq., has not read my article on "General Beauregard at Shiloh Sunday, April 6, 1862," to be found in Neale's Monthly for February, 1914, page 147, et seq. Had he, I am satisfied he would not be so positive in his statements. I was months in my research among official documents and participants on both sides during the fight.

The battle of Shiloh has ever been most persistently misrepresented, at times by high authorities ("Rise and Fall of the Confederacy," Volume II., Chapter XVIII., by President Davis, and by his staff officer, Col. William Preston Johnston, in Chapter XXXIV., "Life of Gen. Albert S. Johnston") who cannot plead ignorance in extenuation of their errors, for the facts are too positive and too easily obtained.

Instead of writing on the subject with timidity, through fear of a discussion or subtle argument, let us *per contra* enter the arena boldly, armed with facts, especially such as are brought forth by the active participants of this war, the private in particular, the one who did the fighting and never lost a battle. With such ammunition properly handled, the discussion becomes "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," resulting in order out of chaos, truth out of ignorance; and when the last of us shall have answered that last roll call, which may be to-morrow, some truthful substantials of our war will be left for the honest future student of history.

PRICE'S 1861 MISSOURI CAMPAIGN.

BY J. F. BELL, FULTON, MO.

History records but few bloodier battle fields than Wilson's Creek when numbers are considered. Burbridge's Regiment of two hundred and seventy men, with about two hundred men in line that 8th of August, 1861, lost nearly half in killed and wounded. There were other cool, brave men to the right of us and to the left of us who did their part nobly and whose heroism saved us from total annihilation by Lyon's many and furious onslaughts; but it was ours to occupy the central mainface of this death trap on the bloody hill that General Lyon seemed so determined to drive us from.

One remarkable fact was this: so short was the time and so lacking in material were the Missourians that they had no organized hospital corps, no stretcher on which to bear off the wounded. When a man was wounded, if he needed aid, it took from two to four of his friends to bear him to some shady nook, where he was left with a canteen of water; and in almost every case these men returned to their places in the battle line and continued their bloody work with the coolness and method of the farmer or mechanic at his daily task.

After General Lyon had given his life, the flower of his army had been destroyed, and the fleeing remnants were in wild stampede, some fatal hoodoo hung over General McCulloch. Price's Infantry had stood flat-footed for five hours and repulsed every daring attempt of the Federals, many of them United States regulars, to break through their lines; yet McCulloch could not forget the stampede of Rains's six-legged soldiers at Dugg Springs and would not see in the Missourians anything higher than an unorganized mob, and flatly refused to follow up this dearly bought victory. While the battle lasted no one could pick a flaw in the bravery of him or his command. They fought like heroes and did nobly; but the Confederacy lost Missouri, her rich supplies, and the thousands of young men north of the Missouri River.

If General McCulloch had gone with old Pap Price, they could have captured that enormous wagon train loaded with the best of war supplies and loot valued at a million and a half dollars, the thousands of straggling, demoralized soldiers, their arms, equipment, and everything.

There was virtually nothing between these victorious Southerners and St. Louis, with her great wealth of military stores, save President Davis's strange fallacy that war can be conducted upon a higher plane than real war. Sherman did not hesitate to burn his way through Georgia. Davis refused to reach forth and take St. Louis, which would have forced the recall of the Federal army from Kentucky and Southeast Missouri, saved for a time those strongholds to the South, established his lines on the Missouri River clear to the Kansas line, and held the river until every man in North Missouri that wanted to could join the army, be armed and equipped. What a picture! But fifty-year-old "ifs" bear no fruit.

McCulloch took his Confederates back to Arkansas, and Price buried his dead, gathered up his wounded, and cared for them as best he could, camped in and around Springfield until his exhausted men recuperated their strength, then started for Lexington, on the Missouri River. Making a detour to pay his respects to Jim Lane, who had a bunch of Kansas "red legs" at Fort Scott, he drove the "red legs" into the fort and their herd of fine horses and mules into his own camp. When General Price reached Lexington, four companies of infantry and four companies of cavalry from Callaway County, under General Harris, joined him and a few other North Missourians.

The battle of Lexington was something new to Price's Missourians. Colonel Mulligan and his men, incased in heavy breastworks, with all avenues closed and with no place for a run, made slow work for these Missourians, who had been used to fighting out in the open. One of the first moves was to capture a steamboat and ferry. About two thousand men under General Slack and Colonel Rives were sent to the north side of the river to guard against any fancy nonsense of General Sturgis, who was reported to be moving on Lexington from Macon City. Soon news came from General Atchison that he had defeated a body of Federals at Blue Mill. The rich fields and gardens supplied us with everything good to eat, and we enjoyed the eating. General Harris and his new recruits were given a large part of the "pot-shooting" that kept Mulligan and his men in a stew during the siege.

Finally General Price decided to bring the contest to an end. He had neither time nor inclination for a protracted siege; he had tried red-hot cannon balls, but the Federals put the fires out as fast as he started them. He now took possession of a lot of bailed hemp, hauled it to the river, soaked the bails with water, hauled them out to his battle line, and placed them in his line with from three to five men behind each bail and began a concerted movement forward, two men to roll the bale, the others to do the pot-shooting. Poor Mulligan! He had heard of flying artillery and knew something of real war, but here right under his nose was a line of breastworks actually advancing steadily upon him. He could hear the command, "Heave ho!" and see the bales turn in unison, and each turn measure its width nearer his breastworks. There was nothing left him but surrender. He had done all a soldier could do. So ended the battle.

LETTERS OF APPRECIATION.—Mrs. M. E. M. Anderson writes from Pickens, Miss.: "My father's home was open to any Confederate soldier during the war, and many wounded and sick found refuge and tender care there until they died or got well enough to rejoin their comrades at the front. It was also a recruiting station, as it were, for any broken-down, sore-back horses. They were put on good pasture and cared for until claimed by their soldier owners. Sometimes another mount was supplied the soldier that he might go on to the army. After leaving our home their letters came back in appreciation of the kindness shown them. Some I have kept which I think might be appreciated by their relatives, to whom they will be sent if desired. They were from Lieut. J. R. Mothershead, 3d Missouri Infantry, Cockrell's Brigade; Sergt. Philip Gill, Company B, 3d Missouri Regiment (he was killed in the battle of Franklin); M. M. McQuiston, 5th Missouri Infantry. My father was Allen V. Montgomery, than whom no more loyal Southerner ever lived."

THE BATTLE OF PILOT KNOB.

BY BIRDIE HAILE COLE, FREDERICKTOWN, MO.

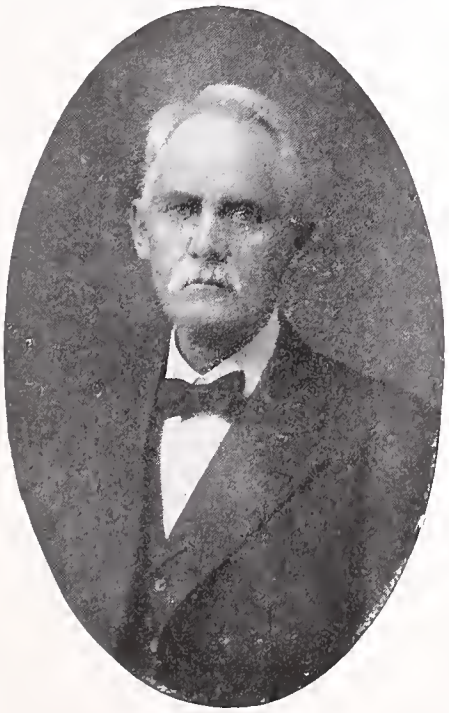
The morning of September 27, 1864, broke in glory over the beautiful Arcadia Valley. From the Ozark Hills, which sweep around the valley like a vast amphitheater, the clouds of mist hurried before the coming king of day. But another cloud of different origin was destined to form in the valley that day.

The usual peaceful scene had given place to that of war. Instead of the coming and going of the quiet country folk the valley glistened with bayonets, and the air was aquiver with the presence of a mighty army. Major General Price had reached the valley on his Missouri expedition.

As the day advanced General Fagan, who commanded a division of Price's army, drove the Federals from a strong position in Arcadia through Ironton, where he took a fort in the most gallant manner. The Federals took refuge behind their fortifications at Pilot Knob. This fortification was known as Fort Davidson, the remains of which may still be seen. It was situated in an open field, about three hundred yards from the base of Shepherd Mountain. This mountain protected it on the south and west, Pilot Knob on the east, and Rock Mountain on the north. The fort was an irregular octagonal earthwork, the faces being about thirty-five yards each, and the entire fort was surrounded by a ditch. It was mounted with eight heavy guns and had a bombproof magazine and a garrison of about one thousand men.

Pilot Knob was at that time the terminus of the Iron Mountain Railroad and the depot of supplies for the lower outposts. Stout's Creek, one of those beautiful crystal streams of the Ozark country, flows along the base of Shepherd Mountain and through a gap between it and Pilot Knob.

Major General Marmaduke was ordered to take possession of Shepherd Mountain. He ascended from the south side, passed over the top of the mountain, and descended the north side. Six mules in front of eight horses took the guns over ledges of rock four feet high. The ascent was satisfactorily accomplished, four guns were placed in position about fifteen hundred yards from Fort Davidson, and the division was formed. Fagan's Division formed on Marmaduke's right, its left resting on Shepherd Mountain and its right on the west slope of Pilot Knob. Dobbin's Brigade was in position about a mile north of the fort on the Potosi road.



D. L. GLAVES.

Skirmishing took place all day and heavy firing of artillery from the Federals. At two o'clock in the afternoon a charge was ordered. D. L. Glaves, now a prominent citizen of Fredericktown, Mo., then a lad of seventeen years and in charge of gun No. 1, fired the first shot from Shepherd Mountain. Mr. Glaves served throughout the entire war and has a cross of honor presented to him by the United Daughters of the Confederacy.



OLD FORT DAVIDSON AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

The charge was made in the most daring manner, officers and men of both divisions vying with each other in unsurpassed bravery, charging up nearly to the muzzles of the Federal cannon. Fagan's Division marched upon the field to a point about five hundred yards distant from the fort, where the whole line came under fire. They advanced about one hundred yards farther, when the whole line broke under the heavy fire poured upon them from the fort.

Brigadier General Cabell's division, which was on the extreme left, moved steadily across the field at double-quick, delivering its fire, and swept the entrance to the fort. The Federals attempted to raise the drawbridge, but the ropes broke and the entrance was left open. They then directed their chief attention to Cabell's Brigade, which had reached the ditch; but meeting with heavy loss, and being unable to scale the walls, they fell back to the slope of Pilot Knob. Cabell had his horse killed under him within forty yards of the fort.

Meanwhile Marmaduke was moving from the southwest, his command delivering its fire as it advanced. When within about two hundred yards of the fort the entire division halted and lay down in the bed of Stout's Creek, which at that time was almost dry, just as Cabell's line broke. General Price rallied the troops in person, but a dense cloud "like the wings of countless ravens," caused by the heavy firing and the burning of some haystacks and houses, had settled in the valley and completely hid the armies each from the other. It was as if the drama had been played and the curtain had fallen. The Confederates withdrew beyond the reach of the Federals' guns and prepared to renew the attack the next day.

Brigadier General Ewing, of "Order No. 2" fame, was in charge of the Federal troops. His command being reduced to one-fourth its effective strength, he knew it would be impossible to hold out against the Confederates the following day, so he slipped away under cover of night. He arranged to have the magazine blown up in two hours after his departure. The report of this explosion was the first information the Confederates had of the departure of the Federals.

At three o'clock in the morning Colonel Fletcher silently led the infantry out of the sally port, around the ditch, and through the north rifle pit, forming them under cover of a deep shadow at the end of the pit. The drawbridge was covered with tents to muffle the sound, and the cavalry and battery marched out and formed column with the infantry and by means of a byway reached the Potosi road.

To those who fought in the great battles of that awful strife the battle of Pilot Knob was a mere skirmish. Nevertheless, the sun on that morning of September 28, 1864, shone on the lifeless bodies of more than one hundred brave men. The homes they had left were just as sad and the void as great as if they had fallen at Gettysburg or Chancellorsville.

COL. RICHARD THOMAS ZARVONA.

BY JOHN LETCHER, WAR GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

The death of this distinguished and gallant Confederate officer was thus announced in the Port Tobacco Independent of March 29, 1875: "Col. Richard Thomas, generally called 'Madam' Zarvona, died suddenly last Wednesday night at the residence of his brother, James Thomas, in St. Mary's County, Md. Colonel Thomas became very conspicuous in the early part of the late Civil War by the capture of the steamer St. Nicholas. He took passage in the steamer at Baltimore disguised as a French lady, and at night, assisted by a few of his men on board, he arrested the captain and officers of the steamer and ran her to Fredericksburg, Va. After the war he resided some years in Paris, but returned to this country about two years ago. He was unmarried."

Colonel Zarvona was a most interesting and extraordinary man. He possessed a very fine intellect, was highly cultivated, and had acquired a fund of valuable and useful general information. He was a good conversationalist and a most agreeable gentleman. As an officer he was as brave as the bravest, sagacious, intrepid, and daring almost to rashness.

He came to Richmond soon after the secession of Virginia, accompanied by Capt. G. W. Alexander, a kindred spirit, and they tendered their services to me, expressing their willingness to act in any position to which I might assign them. Their tender was accepted, and they rendered important, valuable, faithful, and gallant service to the State and Confederate cause. Zarvona is dead; Alexander still lives.

If any man has ever lived of whom it might be said, "He was insensible to fear," Zarvona was undoubtedly that man. He universally sought the most hazardous undertakings and fearlessly exposed himself to the most formidable dangers. And yet modesty, candor, and sincerity were marked characteristics of his nature. Gentleness, kindness, and tenderness were his predominant traits. He was a sincere and devoted friend, a true citizen, a patriotic and gallant soldier. He was somewhat eccentric, but that tended rather to inspire regard for and excite interest in him.

A few days after he reached Richmond he stated to me that he had a plan for the capture of the Pawnee, a formidable vessel, then lying in the Potomac River opposite Acquia Creek and which was annoying the troops there stationed. I suggested to him that I would like to have Commodore Maury present when his plan was unfolded and discussed in order to have the benefit of his knowledge and large experience and the valuable suggestions I knew he could give us. To this he readily assented. Commodore Maury was sent for, and Zarvona explained his plan and the means by which he proposed to carry it into execution. It was to go to Baltimore, secure ten or a dozen resolute, daring young men, take passage on the St. Nicholas, and at a given signal take control of her and depose the officers, Zarvona assuming the command. The St. Nicholas was said to be the mail boat on which were carried the mails for the Pawnee and was in the habit of running alongside of her in the night unchallenged and discharging the mail. This was the scheme, and we all considered it feasible.

The question then came up as to the manner of executing it. We were to call upon the Secretary of the Navy and procure from him the necessary number of Colt's navy pistols and a supply of ammunition, cutlasses, etc., to arm as many men as the vessel could carry. All these things were promptly furnished by Mr. Mallory and sent on to Fredericksburg. We were also to apply to Mr. Walker, Secretary of War, for an order to General Holmes, commanding at Fredericksburg, to select six hundred of his reliable troops, who should be sent to the mouth of Cone River at an hour to be agreed upon, and who should carry with them the arms sent up by the Secretary of the Navy. The St. Nicholas was to be there and receive as many of the troops as could be used in boarding and securing the Pawnee, the residue of the troops to remain at Cone River to guard the vessels that Zarvona might capture before he reached that place. He did capture a large amount of coffee, ice, and other articles of much value to the State and Confederacy.

The scheme was approved by the President, and we went actively to work to carry it out. The troops did not reach Cone River, however, until some hours after the appointed time, owing to some misapprehension of the orders. What the misapprehension was or how it occurred I have never learned. Hence the St. Nicholas, with her prizes, was taken to Fredericksburg and the cargoes there landed. Captain Alexander accompanied Zarvona to Baltimore and aided greatly in effecting the capture of the St. Nicholas. It was regarded as a bold and hazardous enterprise when it was undertaken, and the Confederate and State authorities, who were alone in the secret, awaited the result most anxiously.

After the return of Zarvona and Alexander to Richmond, I commissioned the former as colonel and the latter as captain, with the cordial approval of the Council and the Convention, then in session.

After the capture of the St. Nicholas, the Northern people became exceedingly bitter toward Zarvona, and he requested me by legislative act to have his name changed from Richard Thomas to Richard Thomas Zarvona, which was done, and he was commissioned colonel as Richard Thomas Zarvona.

The boldness and success of this act made Colonel Zarvona well and favorably known to, and caused him to be most highly appreciated by, the people of Virginia and the South. Vast numbers of citizens of Richmond called to make his acquaintance and to pay their respects to him, to express their thanks, and to tender their congratulations. His room at the executive mansion was generally crowded with visitors from the city and the country, upon whom he made a favorable impression. Many Virginians will doubtless recollect him.

At that time he was about twenty-one years of age, of rather small frame, unusually active, and possessed wonderful energy and determination. He wore the zouave dress and the cap corresponding with it. His hair was cut very close. His habits were good, and while with me I never knew him to taste ardent spirits.

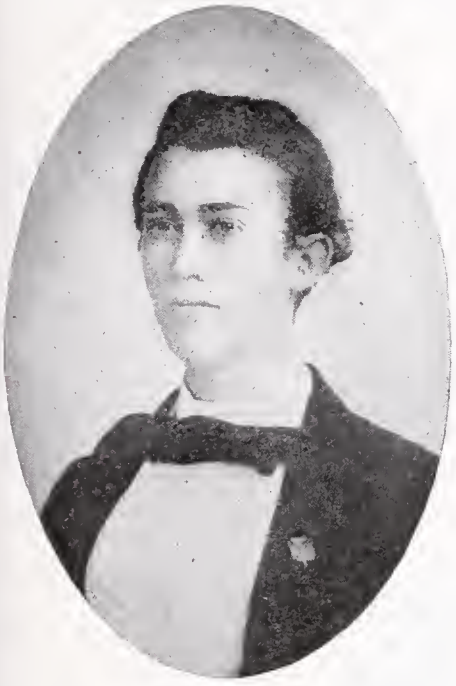
When subsequently captured on the Patuxent steamer the Federals imprisoned him first in Fort McHenry and afterwards in Fort Lafayette and kept him confined until the close of the war. After his release I received several letters from him, in all of which he complained that his health had greatly suffered from his long confinement and harsh treatment.

I became very much attached to him and appreciated him most highly for his integrity and his intellect, for his coolness and his courage, for his public and private virtues, and for the possession of all those qualities that make up the man. How true it is and yet how sad it makes us feel to know

> "That while the years, an endless host,
> Come pressing swiftly on,
> The brightest names that earth can boast
> Just glisten and are gone"!

THE GALLANT GOODLOE BROTHERS.

There were four Goodloe brothers in the Confederate service and fifty-six cousins of that connection—a fine record for one family. James L. Goodloe, a lawyer of Memphis, Tenn., who served with Harvey's Scouts of Forrest's command, is the last one of the four brothers. A sketch and picture of Capt. Winter Goodloe appeared in the VETERAN for May, and with this are given the records of Capt. David Short Goodloe and Richard Winter Goodloe. The devoted mother of these boys died in 1864. The sisters, Mrs. Mary G. Love and Miss Annie Goodloe, stood by Gen. W. H. Jackson's artillery while engaging the guns of Wilson's raiders until General Jackson had them escorted back to the Love home. The great-grandfathers of these boys, Robert Goodloe and Harry Washington, were officers in the Revolution.



CAPT. DAVID S. GOODLOE.

David Short Goodloe, the third in lineal descent of that name, was born at LaGrange, Ala., October 5, 1838. He graduated from the University of North Carolina in June, 1858, sharing an honor with his elder brother, Winter. He then graduated in the Law Department at Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., in June, 1860. When the war began he was with his three brothers on the plantation at Deer Creek, Miss., hunting bear. Entering Captain Cassell's company at Canton, he was in all of the battles with the 18th Mississippi Infantry until his shoulder was shattered at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, while adjutant of that regiment. Carefully nursed at Baltimore while on parole, he was exchanged and returned to Richmond. He was promoted to a captaincy and offered his discharge; but declining this, he was sent to Macon, Ga., as commandant of that post, where he remained until the surrender. Then he was General Passenger Agent of the New Orleans, Jackson, and Great Northern Railroad and prepared for the Episcopal ministry. His first charge was of the Churches at Hernando and Grenada, Miss., and then at Danville, Ky. Fatally ill from the old wound, he was taken to the home of his sister, Mrs. W. C. Love, near Canton, Miss., where he died March 22, 1873. He was very handsome and accomplished and beloved as few men ever are. He never married.



RICHARD W. GOODLOE.

Richard Winter Goodloe was born near Livingston, Madison County, Miss., October 15, 1842, the youngest of the four. He entered Capt. Hugh Love's company, 9th Mississippi Infantry, with his eldest brother, Winter, and was in all of the battles in which his regiment was engaged until fatally wounded in the night battle at Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 31, 1862, and died at the Steele home, Huntsville, Ala., April 3, 1863. His right thumb was shot away and the left hand mangled as he lay on his back loading and firing. The surgeon hoped to save the left hand, but pyæmia set in, and he died. The "fighting parson," Colonel Kelley, attended to his burial. A marble shaft marks his grave at Huntsville.

The other brother, "Jim" Goodloe, was several times wounded and lost his right eye.

CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL FUND.

Previously reported	$2,138 32
Thomas Vigis, Hawlin, Va	50
J. H. Gilfoil, Omega, La	3 00
Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Mexico, Mo	5 00
L. T. Christian, Richmond, Va	2 00
Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., Cincinnati, Ohio	10 00
J. F. Williams, Casa Verdugo, Cal	1 00
Chickamauga Chapter, U. D. C., Lafayette, Ga	5 00
P. M. B. Wait, Senatobia, Miss	1 00
M. P. Moore, Senatobia, Miss	1 00
Alex Johnston, Lewisburg, W. Va	1 00
Carrie Hannon Chapter, U. D. C., Oakwood, Tex	5 00
A. G. Elder, Athens, Ga	1 00
R. L. Dickinson, Arroyo Grande, Cal	1 00
J. E. Parish, Arroyo Grande, Cal	50
S. B. Gibbons Camp, U. C. V., Harrisburg, Va	5 00
Mary Custis Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Lexington, Va	2 50
Mrs. R. M. Fry, Oklahoma City, Okla	1 00
A. D. Hicks, Faison, N. C	1 00
R. W. Johnson, Dayton, Tenn	1 00
Miss Agnes Ward, Nashville, Tenn	1 00
M. W. Pennington, Troy, Ala	1 00
W. J. Milner, Birmingham, Ala	2 50
S. D. Clack, Peacock, Tex	2 00
Total	$2,192 32

Mrs. James Britton Gantt, of Jefferson City, Mo., Treasurer of this memorial fund for Missouri, reports the following contributions received by her:

Evansville Chapter, U. D. C., Evansville, Ind	$ 5 00
Sarah D. Eggleston, Mississippi Division	1 00
Sterling Price Chapter, U. D. C., Nevada, Mo	2 50
Winnie Davis Chapter, U. D. C., Jefferson City, Mo	8 00
Mrs. William Ward Childs, St. Louis, Mo	2 00
Mrs. Butts, Treasurer Oklahoma Division	5 00
Ridge Springs (S. C.) Chapter, U. D. C	1 00
Mrs. Fred C. Fox, Amarillo, Tex	2 25
California Division, U. D. C	5 00
Total	$31 75

THE LAST ROLL

His soul to God—on a battle psalm!
The soldier's plea to Heaven!
From the victor wreath to the shining palm,
From the battle's core to the central calm,
And peace of God in heaven.

—*F. O. Ticknor.*

Capt. B. E. Benton.

Capt. Ben E. Benton was born in Dyer County, Tenn., June 16, 1839, the son of Nathaniel Benton and Harriet M. McCulloch, families distinguished alike in peace and in war. He was a nephew of Gens. Ben Eustace McCulloch and Henry E. McCulloch, of Texas, and a grandnephew of the Hon. Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri, and in a marked degree he inherited their distinctive characteristics of sterling honesty and unfailing courage, both moral and physical. Though born in Tennessee, Texas was his adopted State, having been taken there when a mere child by his father, who joined the McCullochs in Texas.

In October, 1855, although but a boy of sixteen, Captain Benton was one of the famous Callahan expedition into Mexico, his father, the late Lieut. Col. Nat Benton, of the 32d Texas Cavalry, commanding one of the companies. Both father and son were wounded, and the latter lost an eye, but survived to serve his State and the South four years in the Confederate service. In February, 1861, he went with the State troops under Gen. Ben McCulloch to capture the headquarters and stores of the United States army at San Antonio, Tex. He was sent as a first lieutenant, commanding a detachment, to secure the surrender of Fort Mason from Capt. E. Kirby Smith, Company B, 2d United States Cavalry, who was afterwards a general. He remained in command of Fort Mason until April 17, 1861, when he enlisted in the Confederate army as a private in Company B, 1st Texas Mounted Rifles, commanded by Col. (afterwards Brig. Gen.) Henry E. McCulloch, and he was successively promoted to second lieutenant, captain, and adjutant and inspector general on McCulloch's staff.

In January, 1863, McCulloch's Brigade encamped at Elmwood, about five miles north of Pine Bluff. There Captain Benton met Miss Maggie Eulalie, daughter of Eulalie Vaugine Walker and Robert Woods Walker. Later this young couple married, and he returned to Texas with his bride, traveling in an army ambulance to Tyler.

His was a notable service for his country. Serving the Union first, he entered the Confederate army with an honorable scar from that service and gave himself with equal earnestness to the defense of the South. He loved the gray and the small bronze cross as he did his life. He was a gentleman, quiet, dignified, and gentle.

Since 1866 Captain Benton and family have resided in Jefferson County, where their interest in the religious and civic welfare of the community has numbered them among the most prominent and beloved citizens.

On April 15, 1913, Captain and Mrs. Benton celebrated the golden wedding, when their many friends expressed the appreciation of their length of days. At this time Captain Benton was in feeble health; but there was no painful illness in his last earthly days, and he passed away in the early morning of June 18, 1914, just two days after his seventy-fifth birthday, leaving his devoted wife and daughter, Miss Eulalie, with a host of friends, to sorrow for him.

Loving his Southland, in whose service he spent four years, it was fitting that his comrades should be near when he was laid to rest, and the veterans of J. Ed Murray Camp, U. C. V., attended as honorary pallbearers. In death he rested in his suit of gray.

Capt. Isaac Thomas Bell.

Isaac T. Bell was born at Gallatin, Tenn., July 17, 1841, the son of Gen. Tyree H. Bell, brigadier general under Forrest in the war. Enlisting first as a member of Company H, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, I. T. Bell was transferred to Company A, 12th Tennessee Infantry, Col. T. H. Bell commanding, in 1862; and after the battle of Chickamauga he was promoted to aid-de-camp and assigned to Gen. Tyree Bell's brigade, Forrest's Cavalry, in 1863, and so served to the end of the war. He was twice wounded—in the arm at Tishomingo, and in the side at Bryce's Crossroads.

After the war Comrade Bell served eight years as County Court Clerk of Henderson County, Tenn., and located later at McKenzie. He was married at Lexington, Tenn., in 1868 to Miss Seraphine Elizabeth Smith, who survives him with the four children born in Tennessee—three sons and a daughter. In the latter part of 1883 he removed his family to California and located at Sanger. A son was born there, who died as an infant. In 1886 he removed to Visalia and there served as clerk in the land office under his father. In later years he was interested in the real estate business and also handled land office cases. At Visalia he organized the Gen. Joseph E. Johnston Camp, U. C. V., and also served as the Adjutant of the Pacific Division, U. C. V. He was for years prominent as an Odd Fellow, having joined the organization in 1866, and throughout his life was actively interested. He was Grand Senior Warden of the State and would have become Grand Patriarch of the order in a little more than a year. He was also a prominent Forester from 1899 and served many years as its Financial Secretary.



CAPT. I. T. BELL.

As a citizen of Visalia none stood higher than Captain Bell. He was an honest, sincere, big-hearted man and Christian, and was universally loved and respected. All California Daughters remember the beautiful welcome to Visalia that

was given by Captain Bell as Commander of Joe Johnston Camp when the annual convention of the California Division was held there during the time that his daughter, Mrs. Samuel Cary Dunlap, was President of the Division.

Captain Bell was one of the first subscribers to the VETERAN in California, and throughout the years of its existence his interest had not waned. His death occurred on June 3, 1914, and in his going there is the loss of one of the most prominent and best-beloved of the Confederate veterans.

MAJ. J. BOOTON HILL.

John Booton Hill was born in Madison County, Va. His parents were Dr. William A. and Judith F. Hill. Glendalough was the home of his childhood and youth. He was prepared by the noted educator, A. J. Gordon, for the University of Virginia; but on account of precarious health he gave up the college education and took a position in New York with Col. Henry Hill, then paymaster of the United States army. This experience and the friendships made while there were useful later, for in less than two years he was called back to Virginia, when he joined the Richardson Guards and with them went to Manassas. At this place Col. Thomas Jordan, adjutant general of Beauregard's Division, who had seen his work in New York, had him put on duty at headquarters, where he needed "a man of accuracy and faithfulness." He discharged the duties of this office so satisfactorily that he was sent to Richmond and there formulated the Pay Department of the State of Virginia. At the completion of this work Richmond had been made the capital of the Confederacy, and John Booton Hill was promoted to paymaster with the title of captain. Because of the increasing suffering among the Confederate soldiers, Vice President Stephens committed to Captain Hill the organization of a hospital pay department of the government, and in commendation of his work Mr. Stephens had him raised to the rank of major.

In 1864, when the army had become so diminished, Major Hill went into field service, going to Charleston, which was then under siege. From there he went to Kingston and later on to Petersburg and then to Appomattox. His loyal wife shared the hardships of his army life and was with him in camp at Petersburg. After the surrender they returned to Richmond to take up their home life. He had met his wife, who was Miss Virginia Byrd Hudgins, in that city in 1861, and two years later they were married. For almost fifty years they lived together in Richmond, their lives a benediction to those about them. Never was there a more gallant and devoted husband, never a more thoughtful and loving father. In early life he became a Christian, and his career as a Church worker was no less active than his record as a soldier. From 1875 he was a deacon in the First Baptist Church of Richmond, and in his Church life his wife shared as faithfully as in that of the home. His oft-expressed wish was that he might die in active service, and his last Sunday on earth was filled with service for his Church. He passed away on November 27, 1913, and was buried in beautiful Hollywood. He is survived by his wife and children, to whom was left the rich heritage of his stainless life.

"So when a good man dies
Ages beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men."

[From tribute by his pastor, George W. McDaniel.]

CAPT. THOMAS D. JEFFRESS.

Capt. Thomas Daniel Jeffress died at his home, in Chase City, Va., March 11, 1914. He was the son of Jennings M. and Susan Finch Jeffress, and was born in Charlotte County, Va., in 1840. He was educated at Richmond College, Richmond, Va., and at Columbia University, Washington, D. C., graduating at the age of eighteen years.

In June, 1861, he raised a company of infantry in his native county of Charlotte and was chosen captain at the reorganization of the army in 1862. His company was attached to the 56th Virginia Regiment from the beginning to the close of the war. He was with Floyd's Brigade in the West at Fort Donelson, and on the return to Virginia his regiment was assigned to Pickett's command, in which he afterwards served. For a short time he was on detached service as provost of Lynchburg, Va., and commandant of Libby Prison. He was for four years Commander of L. A. Armistead Camp, No. 26, U. C. V., of Mecklenburg County, Va., and for years was chairman of Pickett's Division Association. In September, 1906, on the spot where General Armistead fell mortally wounded at Gettysburg, he made the address for that Division when the sword of Armistead was returned by the Philadelphia Brigade.

Captain Jeffress was Mayor of Chase City, Va., for twelve years and for ten years a member of the Town Council. He had been engaged in the practice of law up to the time of his last illness. He was a fluent writer and wrote many reminiscences of the war and of olden times; he was also a good public speaker. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Alice R. Overbey, of Mecklenburg County, Va., three sons, and two daughters.

LEONIDAS B. BAKER.

L. B. Baker, a citizen of Knoxville, Tenn., was born in Danville, Ky., November 9, 1835, the son of Dr. Leonidas W. Baker and Susan W. Baker. After the death of Dr. Baker his widow married James C. Moses, of Knoxville, Tenn.

Comrade Baker enlisted in 1861 in Capt. H. M. Ashby's company of cavalry, C. S. A., which later became Company D, Ashby's 2d Tennessee Cavalry. He was captured twice during his service—at Murfreesboro December 31, 1862, when he was sent to prison at Camp Douglas and was exchanged a few months later, and again at Knoxville, Tenn., September 2, 1863, when Burnside's army entered that city. He escaped by jumping from the second-story window of the guardhouse in which he was imprisoned at Knoxville. Swimming the Tennessee River at Knoxville in the night after escaping, he went to the residence of an uncle on the south side of the river, procured a horse, and rejoined his regiment in time to take part in the battle of Chickamauga. He served with his command under General Wheeler through Sherman's march to the sea and into North Carolina, where he was surrendered and paroled with his command at Charlotte, N. C., on May 3, 1865.

Comrade Baker was married some forty-two years ago to Miss Jane Arnold, of Knox County, who died many years ago. Of this union there were eight children, three boys and five girls, most of whom survive their father. He was a half brother of Charles H. Moses, of London, Ky., W. E. Moses, of Knoxville, and Frank A. Moses, of the Tennessee Pension Board. He died at the residence of his eldest son, W. P. Baker, in Memphis, Tenn., July 10, 1914, and was buried in Knoxville.

Dr. A. A. Bracey.

Augustus A. Bracey was born in Clark County, Miss., February 23, 1841, and while yet a child was taken by his parents to Hinds County and reared on their large plantation. He graduated from Franklin College, Franklin, La., in 1861, and soon after returning home he enlisted in the Raymond Fencibles (Capt. Joe Johnson), which became Company A, 12th Mississippi Regiment (Col. S. B. Thomas), Harris's Brigade, A. N. V. This brigade was engaged in all of the principal fights from Bull Run to Appomattox. In the battle of Gettysburg Comrade Bracey was left by General Lee on a post of observation, remaining there until the army had made quite a march toward Virginia, and he did not overtake it for four days after the battle. His regiment was almost wiped out of existence at Gettysburg.

When Augustus Bracey left for the war his father sent with him one of the old slaves, a great giant of a negro, who often saved the boy from capture and starvation, at one time literally carrying him seven miles in his arms to save him from capture, as he had broken down and could not keep up with the army. Just before the battle of Chancellorsville, having a premonition that he would be killed, he started the negro home with a letter to his mother. In this battle he was struck in the breast with a piece of spent shell, which knocked him down, but he recovered and went back into the fight. His cousin, Lieut. Sedley Lynch Bracey, fighting by his side, saw him fall, but could not stop to give him aid. Lieutenant Bracey was himself wounded soon after and from the hospital was sent home, where he reported that Gus had been killed. No more was heard from him, and the mother mourned for her dead boy. He fought on with his command until the dark day of Appomattox, and after getting his parole he went out through North Carolina, overtook President Davis, and, with eighteen other young Mississippi boys, tried to help him out of the country. These boys escaped when President Davis was captured, and Gus Bracey made his weary way through the desolate country that Sherman had left and finally reached home. His mother was overcome with joy at the return of her long-lamented son, and the old slave who had followed him throughout the war pulled him off of his horse and took him into the house in his arms.

The home to which he returned was a place of desolation. Hardly a fence rail was left on the big plantation, and the negroes had left the crops which they started before the surrender. Gus took his old army horse and began the work of cultivating one of these abandoned crops. With the money which he made in this way he entered the Ohio Dental College at Cincinnati, and graduated in due time. In 1869 he married a beautiful girl of Hinds County, Miss., Annie Hutchins, a daughter of Col. Thomas Hutchins, of the 16th Mississippi Regiment, and to them were born two sons and two daughters. His wife died many years ago, and when his health broke down Dr. Bracey made his home with his daughter, Mrs. John Peyton Jacks, at McGehee, Ark. Later he went to the Confederate Home at Little Rock, where he died on June 21, 1914, and was buried in the Confederate cemetery at Little Rock. He is survived by a daughter and a son, the latter, Almon Bracey, a resident of Edwards, Miss.

In his youth Dr. Bracey was a very handsome man and noted as a brave and reckless soldier. He was a prolific writer and a noted musician. He was of a proud and retiring nature, but tender-hearted and affectionate. He was a most devout Christian and a member of Omar R. Weaver Camp, U. C. V., of Little Rock.

Capt. W. L. Fagan.

William Long Fagan was born in Wetumpka, Ala., in 1839; and died in Havana, Ala., on May 27, 1914. Early in life he moved to Marion, Ala., and attended school at Howard College, graduating from that institution in 1859.

On the 16th of May, 1861, William Fagan entered the Confederate service, enlisting in what was afterwards known as Company K, 8th Alabama Regiment, and was mustered into active service at Richmond, Va., June 9 as second lieutenant.



CAPT. W. L. FAGAN.

The 8th Alabama was ordered to Yorktown, Va., and took an active part in the battles of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Gaines's Mill, and Frazier's Farm. Lieutenant Fagan was severely wounded in the battle of Manassas, and on account of his wounds he was not in the battle of Spartanburg. With that exception, he was in every battle in Virginia where General Lee commanded in person and was present at the surrender at Appomattox. In 1864 he was promoted to captain of his company and was a member of Gen. William Mahone's military family from May to October, 1864.

Besides the enviable war record of Captain Fagan, he was a writer of some note. He assisted Colonel Herbert in his history of the 8th Alabama Regiment and wrote a series of most interesting war articles, which were published in the Philadelphia Times. In 1889 he compiled and published "Southern War Songs," which is the most complete collection of those songs ever published.

Captain Fagan was a man of splendid intellect, and his life was an inspiration to the young people of the community for higher and better education.

For twenty years prior to his death Captain Fagan lived on his farm, near Havana. He is survived by his wife, formerly Miss Annie Avery, and three children—two daughters and a son—to whom he has left the rich heritage of an honored and untarnished name.

Mrs. Margaret Pamela Hodge.

Mrs. Margaret P. Hodge died at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. Clementine Peeler Morris, near Chandler, Ariz., and was laid to rest in Mesa City Cemetery. She was born near Woodville, Miss., August 19, 1828, at Mount Vernon, the old home of her grandfather, Matthew McCulloch, of Charleston, S. C., and his wife, Pamela Canty, of Columbia, S. C., and the home where her mother, Margaret McCulloch, was born and married to Thomas Ellis, who was born in Natchez when the country was still under Spanish rule.

Margaret Pamela Ellis married William Hodge, of Columbia, Tenn., February 25, 1848; and of their six children, a son and daughter survive her.

William J. Hodge was captain of Company K, 28th Mississippi Cavalry, serving with General Van Dorn and also

with General Bragg. He was in Company B (Capt. Douglas H. Cooper), 1st Mississippi Volunteers (Col. Jefferson Davis), with General Taylor in Mexico and on to the hall of the Montezumas. Mrs. Hodge was a veteran of three wars, the Mexican War, the War between the States, and the Spanish-American War. In the latter her grandson, James E. Peeler, enlisted as a volunteer with Company C, United States Regulars, at Tampa, Fla., and was with General Miles in cleaning up Santiago, Cuba. Mrs. Hodge's family were friends and neighbors of the Seymours, Shelbys, Eastons, and McNeileys, of the Grampion Hills, Wilkinson County, Miss., in the long ago, and also the Coopers, of Mont Cloya.

Judge J. W. Alcorn.

Hon. J. W. Alcorn, a distinguished citizen of Stanford, Ky., passed to his reward on June 28, 1914.

James Walker Alcorn was born in Lincoln County, Ky., in July, 1838; and that county owes much to the fact that the whole of his useful life was spent within its bounds. Of Virginia ancestry, he was the son of Alfred Alcorn and Mary Walker, on both sides connected with some of the most prominent families of the State. After receiving his education at Center College, which institution a few years since conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., he studied law at Stanford in the office of his distinguished kinsman, the late Col. T. P. Hill, and was admitted to the bar in November, 1858. He evinced such proficiency in his chosen profession that he was taken into partnership by his preceptor and about the same time appointed Master Commissioner of the Lincoln County Circuit Court.

In September, 1862, Mr. Alcorn, then in the prime of manhood, joined the Confederate army as a member of the famous cavalry command of the gallant John H. Morgan. He was with this daring leader in all of his famous raids until captured in Ohio. After that he was confined for some time in Camp Chase Prison. He was a brave soldier and attained the rank of adjutant and also acted as assistant adjutant general.

After the close of the war Mr. Alcorn resumed the practice of law in Stanford in partnership with Colonel Hill, and this was the leading firm in this section until dissolved in 1887. As a lawyer he took high rank in his profession from the first, and for nearly four decades he was recognized as one of the ablest lawyers in the State. For many years he was one of the district attorneys of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company and was also the legal representative of nearly all the corporations of the county.

Judge Alcorn was possessed of many noble traits of character, conspicuous among which was his kindness of heart. He was ever ready to aid the poor with his means or with his service. There was never a better friend to the young lawyer, and he was never too busy or tired to render him the needed assistance. As a citizen he took great pride in the progress of his county and town, and no small debt of gratitude was his due for the turnpikes, railroads, educational institutions, and other valuable improvements.

On September 13, 1865, Judge Alcorn was married to Miss Sophia F. Kendrick, of Somerset, and is survived by her and five of seven children—four daughters and a son, Kendrick, who had been his father's law partner for several years. Of Judge Alcorn it may be truly said, "Well done," for he was a successful man, a model citizen, a kind neighbor, an affectionate and indulgent husband and father, and a consistent Christian.

William G. Fulton.

William G. Fulton passed away at Natchez, Miss., in July, 1914, after a brief illness. Born in Adams County, Miss., some seventy-two years ago, young Fulton passed a happy boyhood, endearing himself to all by his engaging manners, sunny temperament, and sturdy character. He attended school in his native county, and when the war broke out he enlisted in the famous Adams Troop, commanded by Capt. (afterwards Gen.) Will T. Martin. As color sergeant of his company, which was made up of the very flower of the youth of Natchez and Adams Counties, he soon distinguished himself for bravery, fortitude, and all the manly qualities which go to make up the ideal cavalryman. A splendid horseman, he bore the colors of his command throughout all the hard-fought battles which have made the Army of Northern Virginia famous in song and story. Fearless and active in battle, loving the companionship of congenial spirits and comrades, his keen humor and unstinted good nature must have brought cheer and happiness to his comrades in the hardships and dangers of war.

After the war William Fulton removed to Tensas and took up his life work. He married Miss Maria Ludie Skinner, and to this happy union were born three children—a daughter and two sons—who, with their mother, survive him.

Robert Ingram.

After a lingering illness, Robert Ingram, a member of Lee Camp, No. 261, U. C. V., Opelika, Ala., died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. B. P. LeSueur, on the 7th of May, 1914. He was born in Upson County, Ga., May 26, 1831, and went when quite a young man to East Alabama, where he made his home for more than sixty years. He died quite near the place where, over fifty years ago, he said "good-by" to his fair young wife and little ones and went to war.



ROBERT INGRAM.

His record as a soldier is that he never shirked a duty. Brave and fearless, he was ever in the right place at the right time. In the early sixties he enlisted in Company B, 45th Alabama Volunteers. Owing to his mechanical ability, he was transferred to sergeant of Capt. W. A. Ramsey's company, F, 3d Regiment Engineering Troops. He was honorably discharged from the service of the Confederacy by approval of the Secretary of War at Woodstock, Ga., on the 6th of May, 1865. He never surrendered. He was among those detailed to go as a guard with President Davis on the march to Washington, Ga. He was often heard to tell how President Davis said as a farewell: "Go home, my men, and make as good citizens as you have soldiers."

On August 7, 1849, Comrade Ingram was married to Miss Emily Burson, of McCullough, Ala. Surviving him are one son and three daughters. He was loved and honored by them all. He was a Mason and a Christian and never wavered in his faith even unto the end. He was a quiet, silent man, a good and true friend.

Dr. John Young.

Dr. John Young died on the 24th of March, 1914, at his home, in Springdale, Ark.

John Young was born in Overton County, Tenn., August 12, 1836. Having acquired a common school education, he began the study of medicine when about nineteen years of age. He took his degree from the Missouri Medical College in 1875, and since then, until failing health interfered, he had been actively engaged in the practice of his profession, having ranked as one of the leading physicians in his section of the State. He first practiced medicine at Sherman City, Kans., and in 1879 located in Springdale, which was, except for a short interval, his home since that time.

During the war he served the cause of the South for three years as a member of Shelby's Brigade, 1st Missouri Cavalry. After the war he went West and spent a few years on the plains and in the mountains. In 1877 he was united in marriage to Miss Sophia Franklin, of Dixon, Mo., and to them were born three children, two sons and a daughter, all of whom, with the widow, survive him.

Dr. Young was a man of strong character and marked individuality. He was a deep student even in his declining years. He was a member of the M. E. Church, South, and of the Masonic and I. O. O. F. fraternities. His friends were among all classes, and his death was a distinct loss to the community.

Capt. W. M. Robinson.

Capt. W. M. Robinson died on April 17, 1914, at his home, in Lewisburg, Tenn. He was born in Bedford County, Tenn., August 30, 1831. The greater part of his life was spent in Marshall County, where he married Miss Mary C. Orr and reared a large and interesting family.

Captain Robinson was prominent in business before the war. He early enlisted in the Confederate cavalry service, Company D, Starnes's 4th Tennessee Cavalry, and aided materially, with Capt. D. S. McCullough and Capt. A. A. Dysart, in raising mounts and enlisting that company. He served with this company during the entire war and surrendered with it at Washington, Ga., May 9, 1865. He was first elected orderly sergeant, and at the general reorganization of the company, in 1862, he was elected first lieutenant. When Capt. A. A. Dysart was killed in March, 1865, Lieutenant Robinson was made captain. At the close of the war he returned to Marshall County and engaged in business as farmer stock raiser, and merchant.

As a soldier Captain Robinson made a fine record; as an officer he was popular with his comrades and men. For a great portion of the time he was on detached service of different kinds, toward the close of the war acting as adjutant to Col. W. S. McLemore, who commanded the brigade. He served the South with honor and fidelity to the end and never lost interest in that cause. He was a charter member of Dibrell Bivouac, organized in 1889. He was also a prominent Mason and a member of the Baptist Church.

John Wesley Nutting.

John W. Nutting died at Joplin, Mo., on February 5, 1914. He was born in McDonald County, Mo., January 6, 1847. He joined the army under General Price at Beaver Springs, in the same county, when only fourteen years old, and served to the end of the war. He was buried in Beaver Springs Cemetery, near the place where he had joined the army. Comrade Nutting is survived by his wife and seven children.

Thomas Jefferson Martin.

Thomas J. Martin was born May 29, 1842, in Shelby County, Ala. He grew to manhood in his native county, and early in 1861 he answered his country's call by volunteering as a Confederate soldier, enlisting in Company I, 18th Alabama Infantry, and made a gallant soldier. In the battle of Shiloh, in April, 1862, he received a severe wound, his right arm being shattered by a Minie ball. This put him out of active service for the rest of the war. His wound never healed until, two years after the war, he had an operation performed and the pieces of bone removed. After the war he went into the mercantile business at Harpersville, Ala., and built up a fine business, and he also did much for the needy people of his community. He died on the 23d of March, 1913, leaving a widow, who now resides with her only daughter at Vincent, Ala.

G. T. Cullins, of Caledonia, Ark., who was closely associated with this comrade for many years, writes of his fine traits of character.

Rev. William Dawson.

Rev. William Dawson was born in Limestone County, Ala., March 22, 1832; and died at Wills Point, Tex., April 3, 1914, at the advanced age of eighty-two. He was ordained by the Tennessee Presbytery April 5, 1858. Although exempt from military service, he was among the first to volunteer, and served as a member of Company H, 1st Arkansas Infantry, Govan's Brigade. He was in all the battles fought by that brigade up to the battle of Chickamauga, where he was severely wounded and was not in active service afterwards. He always took great interest in everything that pertained to the Southern cause. For over fifty years he was a faithful minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He lived and died as becomes a true man and a Christian.

J. A. Boyes.

James Allen Boyes, of Auxvasse, Mo., died on July 5, 1914, at the age of seventy-one years. His parents were residents of Callaway County, where he was born in 1843 and grew to manhood. At the beginning of the war he entered the Confederate service, enlisting in the 9th Missouri Infantry, Clark's Brigade, Porter's Division. After the battle of Lexington, Mo., in 1861, word was received that he had been killed in that engagement, and his funeral was preached. He returned to Callaway after the war, and in 1867 was married to Miss Mary A. Barker. Ten children were born to them, six of whom survive him—five sons and a daughter.

Mr. Boyes united with the Baptist Church in 1881 and became a worthy member. He was a good and useful citizen.

Mrs. Margaret Hester.

After an illness of several months, the sufferings of Mrs. Margaret Hester were relieved by death on the 1st of April, 1914, at Durham, N. C. She was born in Caswell County, N. C., July 21, 1843, and was educated at Somerville Institute, Leesburg, N. C., at that time the leading school for girls in the State. In 1869 she was married to L. C. Hester, who as a mere lad had endered the Confederate army and for three years served at the front, till the surrender at Appomattox. He died in December, 1909. Both were always interested in Confederate matters. Her home life was beautiful, and she was ever ready to render a kindness to those about her. Many of her good deeds will never be known to the world, but her influence is in the hearts of many.

William Henry Harrison Witten.

William H. H. Witten died at his home, in Inverness, Fla., on the 24th of May, 1914. He had been a resident of Citrus County for about seventeen years, having gone there from West Virginia, and had become one of its honored and beloved citizens.

As a member of Company F, 16th Regiment Virginia Cavalry, Comrade Witten made a fine record, and he was never happier than when with the comrades who had fought with him. He was first married in West Virginia to a Miss Kerr, and his second wife was Miss Chappell, who survives him, with an adopted son. He was Adjutant of the U. C. V. Camp at Inverness and also a member of the Masonic order.

Thomas E. Douthit.

Thomas E. Douthit was born in Maury County, Tenn., January 8, 1841; and died on March 10, 1914, at Houston, Tex. He was buried in the Angleton Cemetery, Brazoria County, having lived in the county for eighteen years. He was living in Farmington, St. Francis County, Mo., in 1861; and enlisted in the Confederate service as a private in Company E, 2d Missouri Cavalry, Robert McCullough's regiment, on the 17th of November, 1862, serving under General Forrest until his regiment was paroled at Columbus, Miss., May 17, 1865.

Comrade Douthit was Adjutant of A. P. Hill Camp, U. C. V., of Angleton, Tex. He was a chivalrous soldier, a noble citizen, a devoted husband and father.

A. D. Pattillo.

In his sixty-seventh year, A. D. Pattillo died at the home of his daughter, in Fort Worth, Tex., on July 31, 1914, and was buried at Mount Vernon, Tex. He was a member and an officer of Ben McCulloch Camp, U. C. V., of Mount Vernon. As a Confederate soldier he served with Company I, W. P. Lane's Rangers, Parson's Brigade, and surrendered at Hempstead, Tex. Comrade Pattillo was a true Confederate soldier and was always interested in the cause for which he fought. He was a member of the Christian Church and a good citizen. He was a loyal and interested subscriber to the Confederate Veteran. His death is a loss to Confederate comradeship.

T. J. Alexander.

A friend reports the death of T. J. Alexander at Huntsville, Ala., on July 1, 1914. He was born in Maury County, Tenn., and enlisted as a Confederate soldier in 1861, serving in Captain Hamilton's company. This was reorganized at the end of twelve months and became a part of J. T. Wheeler's battalion of cavalry. Comrade Alexander was made second lieutenant of his company and as such served to the close of the war.

Deaths in Horace Randal Camp, U. C. V.

[Reported by R. F. Lewis, Adjutant, Pittsburg, Tex., for the past twelve months.]

L. D. Smart, Company K, 11th Texas Infantry; J. M. Cottenhead, Company F, 40th Mississippi Infantry; J. P. Hair, Company H, 18th Tennessee Infantry; J. L. Skeen, Company H, 18th Texas Infantry.

David Douglas.

On June 27, 1914, at Van Alstyne, Tex., David Douglas, a Christian gentleman, respected and beloved by all who know him, passed to his final reward. He was a devoted son of the South, and early in the conflict he entered the Confederate army as a member of Company G, Young's Regiment. He took part in the battles of Elk Horn, Corinth, Perryville, and Murfreesboro, and he was wounded twice, in 1863 and 1864. After he war he returned to his home, in Weston, Tex., and in his home life he was happy in the love and devotion of wife and children; in his Church and civic relation he was faithful to their duties.

T. J. Hughes.

T. J. Hughes, of Fountain Inn, S. C., answered the last roll call on June 3, 1914. He was a member of Company A, 16th Regiment, S. C. V., under Captain Roberts and McJunken. He was captured on retreat from Missionary Ridge in November, 1863, and confined in Rock Island Prison nineteen months. He returned home on the 3d of July, 1865, and began life again as a farmer. By industry and economy he accumulated considerable property and was a highly respected and influential citizen of his community. He was a member of the Church from early manhood. His wife, four sons, and four daughters survive him.

Joseph H. Cromes.

J. H. Cromes ("Uncle Joe," as he was called by his neighbors) died July 13, 1913, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. F. L. Christopher, near Rock Creek, Rutherford County, Tenn., aged eighty-one years.

Mr. Cromes was a member of the 24th Tennessee Regiment during the war, and in his later years belonged to the Joseph Palmer Bivouac at Murfreesboro. He was a good soldier in the sixties as he was a good citizen in after life. He was a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and strictly adhered to its tenets.

T. H. Corcoran.

T. H. Corcoran died at his home, near Slaughter, La., in July, 1914. He was born July 12, 1838, and served the Confederacy as a member of Hunter's Rifles, Company B, of East Feliciana Parish, La. He lost a leg from a wound received in the battle of Port Hudson. He was a brave soldier and man, a devoted husband and father.

FAITHFUL "UNCLE NED."

Among the attendants at the funeral of George R. Creel, a member of one of the pioneer families of Parkersburg, W. Va., who died at the age of eighty-one, was "Uncle Ned" Peyton, who owns a small farm on the Ohio side. He was a former slave of the Creel family, and he said he was there to attend the funeral of his young master. The records of the family show that Peyton was taken from Virginia by the pioneer of the Creel family in the year 1808, and at the time he rode a horse across the mountains. The family consider him about one hundred and seventeen years of age, but Peyton claims he is one hundred and twenty-one years of age. It has been his custom to make a visit to the Creel family once a year, generally making the trip afoot.

Who Knew George Ragle?—Wright Tarbell, of Watertown, S. Dak., a member of the local Sons of Veterans (Federal), is trying to learn something of a Confederate veteran buried in the cemetery there whose name was George Ragle or Ragel. The War Department records show one George W. Ragle as a member of Company B, 50th Alabama Infantry, also designated as the 26th Alabama Infantry, C. S. A. The committee of which Mr. Tarbell is a member wishes to identify this veteran and have his grave properly marked and will appreciate any information of him that can be given.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

(Continued from page 387.)

oceanic Canal Company and securing concessions from the republic of Panama.

"The first union of the Atlantic and Pacific waters was when the Gamboa Dike was blown up, for which President Wilson touched an electric button in Washington, D. C., October 10, 1913."

Great credit is due Col. George W. Goethals, builder of the canal and Governor of the Zone, for the wonderful success of this work. It was completed in less time than had been estimated and under the estimated cost. His efforts have been seconded by members of his staff. Col. David Du Bose Gaillard was one of 'the big three' of the canal work, and his life was a sacrifice to it. It was his genius that directed the construction of the great Culebra Cut.

The principal work remaining to be done in completing the canal is to deepen the channel through Culebra Cut, with some excavating operations at both approaches.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE IN BLUE.

BY JOHN P. BYRNES, CO. H, 95TH NEW YORK INFANTRY.

One hot day just before the second battle of Bull Run our division of the Army of the Potomac got lost from the corps on the march. Our part of the brigade was on a road that widened somewhat. On our right was a slight rise of the hill, an old Virginia rail fence running along the side of the road, on our left a hill well wooded with pine and cedar trees, and between the hill and the road lay a rather deep ravine.

We were marching along quietly, the empty canteens clanking against our bayonets behind us and making music to our route step. Suddenly and without warning from the hill over the ravine artillery opened on us with deadly shell. The ordnance company of our regiment was ordered to resist cavalry coming our way in a furious charge. Our regiment must have been the head of the column. The infantry of the enemy was charging up from the ravine. General Doubleday, our brigade general, had his battery of six field pieces wheeled into line on the wide part of the road where tall spears of grass or wheat grew, which made an ambush for the cannon. We were at battle front and were ordered to lie down. As the first volley of shell came our way about five of our boys scampered over the fence and up the rise; they had lost their heads, but their legs and feet were active. They were either scared or frightened or both. Their eyes were as big as saucers, their faces blanched white. They were yelled at and ordered back and fell into line, looking very sheepish. The General had the cannon loaded with grape and canister, and when the enemy got close enough several doses did its deadly work. We captured some of the boys in gray. The enemy retreated, as we had the advantage in position.

In the first part of the mêlée an aid-de-camp of the General, Lieutenant Martin, a fine young officer, slightly built, was thrown from the big black horse he rode. The horse, wounded, fell dead at my feet. The flurry ended, we passed on our way and were found by our corps commander, and our division was placed where it rightly belonged. Had the enemy known at the time of our isolation, they would no doubt have captured or annihilated us.

A young Confederate was placed in my charge as a prisoner of war. He had on a new gray uniform and seemed to be of my age. I think he was a commissioned officer, of manly bearing, with light or reddish hair. He was mild of manner and soft-spoken. As we jogged along by the flank we engaged in a kindly, general talk. He noticed my haversack as it lay flat against my hip. We had not not received our rations, I told him. He pointed to his bulging haversack and kindly asked me to have a piece of corn bread. I accepted the kind offer, not wishing to offend him, when an ultra-blue comrade demurred, saying it was not right to receive or take anything to eat from a prisoner. I did not know at the time whether he meant I was demeaning myself or taking advantage of a prisoner, but I replied that we were all human and let it go at that. I found the corn bread very palatable. Now, if that boy in gray is still in the ranks of our dwindling armies, I would be happy to hear from him by letter or even a post card. My residence is at 517 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

TWO REGIMENTS OF MISSOURI CAVALRY.

BY W. A. EVERMAN, GREENVILLE, MISS.

In the VETERAN for November, 1913, there is an article by Capt. O. F. Redd, of Lexington, Ky., in which he refers to two Confederate regiments of Missouri cavalry that he numbers 1st and 2d.

The 1st Missouri Cavalry was organized at Springfield, Mo., in the winter of 1861-62. Col. Elijah Gates was elected colonel and served gallantly throughout the war, losing an arm in the battle of Franklin, Tenn. That regiment took part in the battle of Elk Horn and fought dismounted on the left of the 1st and 2d Missouri Infantry Regiments. After that battle these three regiments, together with a whole lot of Missouri State guard, retreated to Van Buren and thence to Des Arc, Ark., where they embarked by steamboat for Memphis; thence to Corinth, reaching there a few days too late for the battle of Shiloh.

The 1st Missouri Cavalry served throughout the war as dismounted cavalry on the east side of the Missisippi River in the Army of Tennessee, participating in the battles of Iuka, Corinth, Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, Big Black River, siege of Vicksburg, the Georgia Campaign, Alatoona, Franklin, and Fort Blakely, Ala. Those who did not escape from the latter place were made prisoners with the other Missouri Confederate troops and were carried to Ship Island, where they were guarded by negro troops. From there they were all brought to Vicksburg and then to Jackson, Miss., where they were paroled.

The 2d Missouri Cavalry was organized on the east side of the Mississippi River and served throughout the war under General Forrest, Col. Bob McCullough commanding.

I beg to state that General Bowen died soon after the siege of Vicksburg. Some one reported in the VETERAN that he was killed.

J. J. L. Gill, of Chicota, Tex., writes: "I see in the December VETERAN that Sam Blythe, of the 27th Georgia Regiment, says he first met the Yankees at Williamsburg and that they had some sharp skirmishing. If he had been where I was at that time, he would have called it hard fighting. Again he says: 'At Seven Pines we got the best of them and fell back that night and left them the battle field.' The brigade to which I belonged, Jenkins' South Carolina, slept on the field among the Federal tents. A man in my company got a piece of candle and moved among the tents and found several things. A captain's broadcloth coat and leggings he gave to me, and I have those leggings now."

CONFEDERATE SUBMARINES—INFORMATION WANTED.

Mr. William Gilmore Beymer, the noted writer of stories on the War between the States, has made inquiries concerning the Confederate submarine H. L. Hunley, which destroyed the Housatonic, sinking itself at the time. The known survivors of the Hunley's crew were Lieut. John A. Payne, C. S. N., later of the steamer Gaines, and W. A. Alexander, 21st Alabama Artillery. The known dead of those who were on the Hunley were Capt. Horace L. Hunley, the inventor; Thomas Parks, of Parks & Lyons, Mobile, Ala., at whose machine shop the Hunley was built; the volunteer crew from Mobile, Patterson, Brockbank, McHugh, Marshall, White, Beard, and one other; the crew which sank the Housatonic were Lieut. George E. Dixon, 21st Alabama Volunteers, in command; Capt. (or Corp.) I. F. Carlsen, of Captain Wagner's company; Arnold Becker, F. Collins, —— Ridgeway, C. Simpkins, James A. Wicks, and two others not known.

Of the thirty-seven men who served at one time or another on the Hunley, thirty-two lost their lives. Those named are the only ones of whom any record can be found. Information is especially desired of the unknown twenty and of Lieutenant Payne and W. A. Alexander, the two survivors; also information of any photographs, daguerreotypes, paintings, etc., of the Hunley or its men, any documents, such as letters, diaries, dispatches, orders or specifications, or contemporary newspaper accounts. The addresses of Benjamin Maillefert and Angus Smith or their families are desired.

Was the Hunley ever raised after sinking the Housatonic?

[This question is answered in the article by C. L. Stanton on "Confederate Submarines" that appears in this number of the Veteran.]

AN INCIDENT OF ANIMAL DEVOTION.

W. R. Griffin, of Jackson, Tenn., sends the following story of a faithful horse:

"When General Forrest made the raid into North Alabama and Middle Tennessee, he forded the river below Florence at what is called Mussel Shoals. The bed of the river was rocky and rough and the water very swift. Sometimes a horse fell and threw his rider. We saw some men standing on rocks in shallow water who belonged to some other command that had crossed before us. The water was so swift that they could hardly stand up, and their horses were gone.

"A young man of our company named Powell was thrown from his horse, and both rider and horse were in a perilous situation. The horse floated downstream and over the falls, and Powell floundered about trying to keep his head above water. During all this the regiment had landed on an island near the outer side of the river, and there could be no attempt at rescue. When the horse went over the falls he floated a few feet below, then came back to the falls and there stood, apparently with his breast against the rock, looking up the river toward Powell. Seeing him in his forlorn condition, the horse made an effort to get above the falls and succeeded in doing so and started up the river. All thought that he would come on across to the island, as he could see the horses there; but he appeared to notice only Powell and took a bee line for him, never faltering until he reached his master. He then laid his head on Powell's shoulder. Mounting him, Powell came on to the regiment.

"Now, was this the affection of a horse, or was it directed by a supernatural power?"

"RACE ORTHODOXY IN THE SOUTH."

This is the title of a book by Thomas Pearce Bailey, Ph.D., just published by the Neale Publishing Company, of New York. Its author has been professor and lecturer in various universities, North and South, superintendent of schools in Memphis, and investigator for the New York Bureau of Municipal Research. He is a gentleman of wide culture, and his book consists of a series of lectures, essays, and magazine articles on the problem of the relation between the white and negro races in the United States, especially in the South. It is one of the most important, illuminating, and interesting studies of the negro problem that have been written since that problem was thrust upon the South by the forced emancipation of the slaves by the war of 1861-65.

The author, now a professor in the University of Mississippi, is a Southerner of Southerners, "to the manner born." His opportunities for knowing the minds of both whites and blacks on the question of their relations have been exceptionally extensive. His purpose is to urge a scientific study of the problem with a view to a solution that shall recognize its contradictory elements of race antagonism and humanitarian ethics, which hold possibilities of volcanic outbreak.

Dr. Bailey would be considered pessimistic by many philanthropists and by the easy-going, thoughtless ones who see no danger until it is upon them. But he recognizes the fact that where two races as widely different as the Caucasian and negro are to live together in the same territory and under the same government one or the other must be subordinate. Of course he believes that here the negro must ever be that subordinate race; in other words, that this is a white man's country and a white man's government. He recognizes the growing antagonism between the races, North as well as South, as a deep-seated race feeling which will override or set aside ethical and humanitarian considerations and deny rights to the negro whenever those rights involve the assertion of social equality, for that is the goal of race development and expresses itself in intermarriage. In the South the feeling that the lowest type of white man is above the highest type of negro is not a matter of individual preference, but a representative race feeling. One represents the white race; the other represents the negro race. Each race stands by its own kind.

The author is intensely earnest in his desire for righteousness in all our dealings with the negro and for the elevation and development of the negro race. He would press the principle of *noblesse oblige* to the limit. But he is also in thorough sympathy with the purpose of his own race to rule and to let no humanitarian or ethical theories bring the black man to social intermingling with the white. It is a question of psychology rather than of ethics.

He realizes the tragedy of the situation, and for the present sees the only solution in the physical and territorial separation of the races, however long it may take and however much money it may cost. Thus the negro aided by the white man might develop his higher race characteristics. There is in the book careful and fair criticism of various theories set forth by Mrs. Stowe in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and other books. Especially is there just criticism of that fatuous and malignant libel on the South, "The Southerner," written by Mr. Walter Hines Page, renegade Southerner, now Ambassador to Great Britain. The book deserves careful reading by North and South, as the problem calls for careful, scientific, extensive study.

James H. McNeilly, D.D.

J. A. Turpin, of Waterproof, La., is anxious to learn if General Grant ever visited Natchez, Miss., and, if so, when.

James A. Coleman, of Hamburg, Ark., asks for any surviving members of Company C, 24th Alabama Cavalry, Snodgrass's Battalion. He needs their testimony to enable him to secure a pension.

The widow of James Brunett, who was with the 46th Georgia Regiment, is trying to get a pension and will appreciate hearing from any of his surviving comrades. Address W. H. Knight, Naples, Tex., R. R. No. 1, Box 78.

Mrs. E. J. Tindall, of Ladonia, Tex., wants the address of any surviving member of Company A (Capt. H. E. Childress), of Colonel Darnell's regiment of Texas cavalry, who knew Augustus Tindall. He was discharged from the Confederate service at Little Rock, Ark., in July, 1862.

A. M. Corbin, of Hiram, Pa., is anxious to communicate with a "Johnny Reb" whom he met at the Gettysburg meeting last July and by whom he was given a stone that the little daughter of the Confederate called a "diamond." She told her father to give it to a Yankee at that meeting, and Mr. Corbin was the recipient.

F. H. Steele, 122 North Pickett Street, Los Angeles, Cal., would like to hear from any surviving comrades of the Confederate Steamer Gaines who were in the fight with Admiral Farragut when passing Fort Morgan with his fleet in 1864. Admiral Buchanan had four vessels, the ram Tennessee, the Selma, the Morgan, and the Gaines. The first two were captured; the Gaines was in a sinking condition and had to be beached, her crew getting to shore in launches.

Fred Hayes, 2311 Willowdale Street, Cleveland, Ohio, makes inquiry for Ed Becton, of New Bern, N. C., who is thought to have been a member of the 2d North Carolina Regiment. Becton was in the same regiment with a Sergeant Jones, and both were prisoners at Point Lookout, Md., in 1864. Becton also had a sister living in New Bern by the name of Mrs. M. E. Leary. Mr. Hayes sends his thanks to the veterans at the Jacksonville (Fla.) Reunion for their courtesies to the G. A. R. visitors who were there to get the old flag of the 76th Ohio.

George W. Swift, of Alamo, Tenn., wants to hear from any survivors of Company F, 15th Tennessee, Forrest's Cavalry.

A. A. Gray, East Houston Street, San Antonio, Tex., wants copies of the VETERAN prior to 1897. Write him in advance as to condition and price asked.

Gen. William E. Mickle, of New Orleans, La., wants copies of the "Southern Bivouac" and of "Land We Love" to complete his files. Readers of the VETERAN who have any of these two magazines should send list to him.

J. A. Jackson, of Fort Worth, Tex., who served in the 14th Georgia Infantry in Company K as a teamster, wants to find some surviving comrades who can certify to his service so as to enable him to secure a pension. Address J. M. Freeman, 2630 Jennings Avenue, Fort Worth, Tex.

Mrs. Nancy C. Adkins, of Rush, Ky., wishes to hear from any surviving comrades of her husband, Harrison Adkins, of Company D, 1st Arkansas Cavalry, frequently designated as the 3d. He enlisted at Pocahontas, Ark., February 8, 1862, and was paroled at Chesterville, S. C., May 5, 1865. It is thought that his captain was John C. Henderson. She needs information that will help her to secure a pension.

Desiring to establish his record as a Confederate soldier, K. F. Weddington, of Gatesville, Tex., asks that surviving comrades of Company G, 5th Regiment, Kentucky Volunteers, will kindly communicate with him. This regiment was organized at Pikesville, Ky., and was first under Humphrey Marshall, promoted to major general, and then under Col. John S. Williams, also promoted to general. He will appreciate hearing from any surviving comrades.

Andrew M. Lewis served in the Trans-Mississippi Department, C. S. A., as a member of Captain Stallard's company, 6th Missouri Cavalry, under General Price, and his company served as Marmaduke's escort and after the latter's capture was under Clark until the surrender at Shreveport. He is anxious to know the letter of his company, which he does not recall. The lieutenants of the company were John and St. Clair Lewis, who were cousins. Address: George M. Lewis, Nada, Utah.

F. E. Ellis, 30 Elm Place, Webster Groves, Mo., makes inquiry for information of Emanuel F. Knipe or any member of his family.

Surviving soldiers of Lee's army who were paroled by Philo B. Shepard at Augusta, Ga., will kindly correspond with him at Selma, Ala.

Dr. W. H. Barnes, of Homewood, Miss., reports having found on the street in Jacksonville during the late Reunion a cross of honor on which is the name of W. S. Williams. The owner can get it by giving address to Dr. Barnes.

W. H. Hudson, of Shreveport, La. (Box 258), is anxious to secure the war record of his father, W. R. Hudson, who enlisted when quite young and was in several engagements in and around Jackson and Clinton, Miss., and it is thought that he fought under Colonel Terry in the cavalry service.

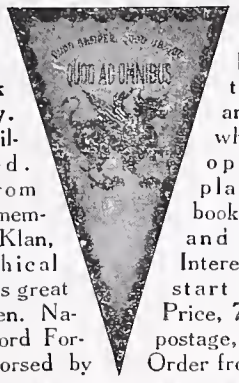
Dr. Luke G. Johnson, Trinity Avenue and Washington Street, Atlanta, Ga., wishes to correspond with any veteran who knew Capt. R. T. Johnson, of Company I, 29th Georgia Regiment, Buckner's Brigade, Bushrod Johnson's division, and who fought with the regiment in all the battles from Corinth, Miss., 1862, to Nashville, Tenn., 1864.

James R. Colvin was a private of Company C, 13th Virginia Infantry, enlisting April 17, 1861. He was captured near Petersburg, Va., March 25, 1865; and released from Point Lookout, Md., June 24, 1865. Surviving comrades are asked to give information of his service that will enable his widow to secure a pension. Address R. N. Colvin, 250 N. High Street, Harrisonburg, Va.

T. W. Boone, of Needville, Tex., is trying to secure a pension and wants to hear from survivors of the 2d Alabama Regiment or the 1st Confederate Battalion, especially those of Loring's Division, who can held him prove his service. He enlisted in the service at Belfont, Ala. They were sent from there to Mobile and mustered into service and then went to Fort Morgan, Ala., and formed a regiment with the 2d Alabama. Afterwards he was with the 1st Confederate Battalion, Company A, which was called "Tom Walker's Rebels." Later he worked as a blacksmith with Loring's Division ordnance, and so continued until Johnston's surrender in North Carolina.

THE KU KLUX KLAN
Or Invisible Empire

"K. K. K. Banner"



Just Out—Most Fascinating Book of the Day. Profusely illustrated. Letters from charter members of the Klan, biographical sketch of its great leader, Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest. Indorsed by leading educators, historians, the U.D.C. and S.C.V., who will cooperate in placing the book in schools and libraries. Interesting from start to finish. Price, 75 cents; postage, 10 cents. Order from author,

Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, West Point, Mississippi



Miniature Pins, Battle Flag, Finest Cloisonne Enamel Brooch, Button, or Hat Pin :: :: :: ::

No. 2270.

Gold Plated	$0.25
Rolled Gold	.50
Solid Gold	1.00
Solid Gold, Heavy Weight	2.00
14 Kt. Gold, Heavy Weight	3.00

POSTPAID

Special prices on half dozen or more. Illustrated price list of Flags and Confederate Novelties sent on request.

Catalogue of Medals, Class Pins, Rings, Trophies, and Banners now ready.

MEYER'S MILITARY SHOP
1231 Pennsylvania Ave. N. W., Washington, D. C.

IRWIN HALL

Make your daughter a worthwhile woman. Consult Irwin Hall, the only postgraduate school for girls in the National Capital. Its aim is the highest moral, mental, and physical development of Christian women to meet and manage the problems of real life. Special terms for all descendants of Confederate veterans. Address

MRS. SARAH IRWIN MATTINGLY
Irwin Hall Washington, D. C.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN UNIFORMS

Highest Quality Lowest Prices

Tailor-Made to Your Measure

Send for Catalogue No. 341 and cloth samples.

The Pettibone Bros. Mfg. Co.
CINCINNATI

Mrs. Martha A. Sandlin, an invalid widow, wants affidavits to the fact that her husband, Ratio Fulton Sandlin, was a Confederate soldier, so she can get a pension. He enlisted at Washington, Hempstead County, Ark. Write to Charles W. Howard, Provo, Ark., about it.

Jason W. James, of Alpine, Tex., would like to get in communication with some of the near relatives of Capt. Churchill Clark, of St. Louis, Mo., who commanded the 2d Confederate Battery in Price's Missouri troops and was killed in the battle of Elkhorn or Pea Ridge.

Mrs. N. H. Rhodes, of Silver Lake, Tex., will appreciate hearing from any comrades of her first husband, who was Louis Lawton. He served in the 21st or 22d Alabama Regiment. He was captured in the latter part of the war and sent to Ship Island. He went to Texas in 1883.

The Librarian of the Missouri Historical Society (Jefferson Memorial, St. Louis) sends thanks for the publication made in the VETERAN and says further: "The VETERAN is a source of much information and interest to researchers as well as myself, and I hope it will have long life."

Mrs. Sallie Sherrod, of Ravenna, Tex., is poor and entitled to a pension by the service of her husband, John Lawless, who was in Captain Buster's Company, C, Elmore's Regiment, 20th Texas Volunteers. Surviving comrades are asked to aid her by information of his service.

Dr. E. F. Rowland, of Lapile, Ark., wishes to communicate with the family of William Walker, who went from Mississippi about 1836 with the Indians to the Indian Territory. He had a brother, Tandy Walker, who was interpreter for General Jackson, and died in Alabama after fighting with Houston in Texas.

A. Y. Neff, of Connersville, Ind. (1704 Grand Avenue), would like to hear from the family of a Confederate colonel of cavalry named Crowm or Crogan, who fell near the village of Fayetteville, W. Va. Mr. Neff was on the skirmish line and was the first to reach the fallen colonel and heard his last words.



Speak Softly!

"Not so loud, dearie. Speak Softly—I can hear now as well as you."

"Why, mumsie! You have been deaf ever since I was a baby."

"True, but my hearing has been entirely restored as if by magic. I am using a wonderful new scientific invention for the deaf. I can hear every kind of sound—even conversation in an ordinary tone with my

NEW 8-TONE Mears Ear Phone

—the final triumph of the inventor of the first successful multi-tone ear phone. **Eight Tones!** Eight different adjustments to suit every condition of the ear. Sufferers from deafness everywhere welcomed the Mears **Four-Tone** as the first **perfected** hearing device. It was a scientific marvel. But all its wonderful powers have been **Doubled** in the amazing new ***Eight-Tone*** Mears—**just out!** The new Eight-Tone ear phone makes every kind and "shade" of sound as distinct to the deaf as shades of color are distinct to the perfect eyes.

THE OFFER

In order to give our patrons the *personal service* that is possible only when we know them and deal with them **direct,** we have discontinued all our American agencies. Our New 8-Tone model ear phone can be had only direct from our New York office. To advertise our new direct selling plan and to introduce the perfected Mears 8-Tone, we are making a **Special Limited Offer** for a short time only. *Mail the free coupon at once for full particulars.*



In The Hollow of Your Hand

FREE TRIAL In Your Own Home

Booklet on Request

This coupon is printed for your convenience. Fill it out and mail it to us. We will send you promptly the Mears Ear Phone Book. This book explains the causes of deafness, tells how to check the progress of the malady and how to treat it. Mail the coupon today for this book and special introductory offer. **Do it now.**

Mears Ear Phone Co.
Dept. 2946
45 W. 34th St.
NEW YORK N. Y.

COUPON

MEARS EAR PHONE CO.
Dept. 2946
45 W. 34th Street
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen—Please mail me free and postpaid, your Mears Ear Phone Booklet and particulars of your Special Introductory Offer on your new model Eight-Tone Mears Ear Phone and Free Trial Offer.

Name .....

Address .....



Bronze Memorial Tablets

Designs and estimates free.

Jno. Williams Inc., Bronze Foundry
554 W. 27th St., New York

Cast Bronze Medallion, 6 1-2 inches high, Gen. Robert E. Lee, 75 cents each (postage extra) to readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

"The medallion of Lee is a beauty and much valued."—*Murfreesboro Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy.*

AGENTS WANTED

For atlas work, map work, and Mexican War Map. Unusual opportunities for intelligent men with ability to sell. Write for particulars.

Rand McNally & Co., Dept. B, Chicago, Ill.



Don't Throw Away

Your Old "Leaky"-"Smeary" Fountain Pen

To relieve you of its discomforts, we will allow you 50 cents for it, in exchange. Send it to us by ordinary mail *at our risk*, and under separate cover, bank draft or money order for $2.00 and we will send you the $2.50 pen described below, a pen that will be a source of never ending usefulness and pleasure to you, that will do your bidding if you but guide it aright over the writing sheet.

LAUGHLIN

AUTOMATIC—NON-LEAKABLE

SELF STARTING FILLING PEN

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL

You don't have to fuss and shake a Laughlin to start the ink—*It's a Self-Starter.*
You don't have to fill the Laughlin, *it's a Self-Filler.*
You don't have to clean the Laughlin, *it's a Self-Cleaner.*
You don't have to monkey with dangerous, awkward, or unsightly locks, extensions, or so-called safety devices—*There are none.*
You can't forget to seal a Laughlin against leaking, it seals itself air-tight *Automatically.*
You can't lose your cap from a Laughlin—it secures itself *Automatically.*
You can't break your cap or holder on a Laughlin—*They are non-breakable.*
Holder and cap of scientific, reinforced construction throughout. (*See illustration.*) You don't have to wait until a Laughlin is ready. It is ready to write when you are; the air-tight, leak-proof construction keeps pen and feed "primed," insuring a free uniform flow of ink instantly—even though not previously used for a year. It performs these functions with no more hindrance or interruption to your thoughts or writing inspiration than your breathing. *These results—or your money back.* These features are peculiar only to this patented construction.

$2.50 **By Insured mail, Prepaid to any address**

If you have no old back number dropper filler pen to send us in exchange, just enclose $2.50 with this coupon containing your name and address, we will send the pen by return mail. **Delivery guaranteed.**

FILL OUT AND MAIL TODAY.

Laughlin Mfg. Co.,
230 Wayne St., DETROIT, MICH.

GENTLEMEN—Here is $2.50. Send me the pen described in this advertisement. If pen is not satisfactory, you refund the money.

Name.....

City.....State.....

Mrs. D. H. Peeples, of Dallas, Tex. (general delivery), asks that any veteran who knew her husband during the war will kindly communicate with her. He was an engineer from Georgia.

Hiram Sample, 771 Elizabeth Street, San Francisco, Cal., would like to hear from B. F. Hardesty, of the Catchoula Guerrillas, Wheat's Louisiana Battalion. Any information of him will be gratefully received.

John D. Cook, of Lufkin, Tex., needs a pension and wants the testimony of surviving comrades as to his service in the Confederate army. He served with the Shreveport Grays, which company left that place in April, 1861.

Mrs. N. J. Collins, of St. Elmo, Tenn., is trying to secure a pension as the widow of Newton Jasper Collins, of Company L, 35th Tennessee Infantry, and she will appreciate hearing from any of his surviving comrades who can certify to his war record.

W. S. Jackson, of Arlington, Ky., enlisted with Captain Marshall's company at Greenville, Tex., was afterwards with Company H, 21st Texas Regiment, and then with Company D, Colonel Stephens's regiment, which was disbanded at Waco, Tex., in 1865. He wants to hear from surviving comrades who can help him to secure a pension.

L. A. Fitzpatrick, of Helena, Ark., who belonged to Featherston's Brigade, is trying to get up a brigade reunion this fall and wants all surviving members of that command to write him at once. This is the generous comrade who will send the VETERAN complimentary to any member of the brigade not already a subscriber.

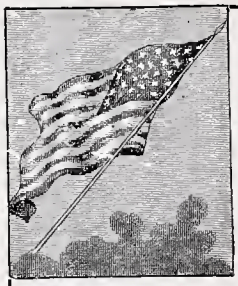
Mrs. Nancy Cumpton, widow of Alfred W. Cumpton, who enlisted from Missouri and served four years in the Confederate army, will appreciate any information of his service that will enable her to secure a pension. She thinks he was with Stand Watie a part of the time. Address her at Franklin, Tex., care of T. H. Ballard.

TEETHING BABIES
SUFFER IN HOT WEATHER
USE
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
A SPLENDID REGULATOR
PURELY VEGETABLE—NOT NARCOTIC

Bronze Memorial Tablets of the Highest Standard

Our experience of 27 years is our guarantee of results.

Paul E. Cabaret & Co.
120-126 Eleventh Avenue
New York
Illustrated booklet sent on request.



THE BEST PLACE to purchase all-wool

Bunting or Silk Flags

of all kinds

Silk Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps

and all kinds of Military Equipment and Society Goods is at

Joel Flag & Regalia Co., 57 E. 96th St
Send for Price List New York City

WANTED Agent to represent a post graduate school, founded by a daughter of a Confederate veteran. Liberal pay. Address
PRINCIPAL OF IRWIN HALL WASHINGTON, D. C

The Direct Route to

Washington Baltimore
Philadelphia New York

and all Eastern Cities from the South and Southwest is via Bristol and the

NORFOLK & WESTERN RY.

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

The Direct Line

to Antietam, Md., Gettysburg, Pa., Manassas, Va. (Bull Run), and other famous battle fields in the Shenandoah Valley and other sections of Virginia.

Best Route to

Richmond Norfolk
and all Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, General Agent Passenger Department, Chattanooga, Tenn.
W. C. SAUNDERS, General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.
W. B. BEVILL, Passenger Traffic Manager, Roanoke, Va.

W. A. Williams, of Jacoby, La., wants to locate W. A. Read, who was a lieutenant in Company C, 1st Louisiana Cavalry.

Mrs. Mary J. Crow, of Sharon, Tenn., R. R. No. 2, wishes to correspond with any Confederate veteran who can testify to the service of her husband, John T. Crow, who enlisted from Dyer County, Tenn.

Mrs. S. A. Stamper, of Decherd, Tenn., asks for information of DeWitt C. Stamper, who served in Company D, 17th Tennessee Volunteers, and especially as to where he was at the surrender.

W. H. Bowie, of Claude, Tex., still needs copies for January, February, March, and July, of 1893, and April, 1897, to complete his file of the VETERAN. Write him as to what you can furnish.

Capt. Ples McGhee, of Spring Place, Ga., would be pleased to hear from any survivors of his old company. He went into the army from Missouri and commanded Company H, 16th Missouri Regiment.

Mrs. E. C. Morris, of Dallas, Tex. (4016 Junius Street), desires to hear from any one who knew L. B. Morris, reared near Troy, Ala., and who enlisted in the Confederate army from that section.

J. R. Cubley, of Stonewall, Miss., wants to get in touch with any of Gen. S. D. Lee's scouts, especially those that were in that service during Sherman's raid through the South. He has been trying for many years to locate some of them.

Mrs. S. R. Foster, of Mist, Ark., would like to get in communication with any comrades who can testify to the service of her husband, S. C. Foster, as a Confederate soldier. He enlisted in Mike Wilson's company, of the 6th Arkansas Battalion.

Mrs. Nancy S. Gordon, of Sherrill's Ford, N. C., seeks to establish the record of her husband, Joseph S. Gordon, who enlisted in the Confederate army from Auburn, Logan County, Ky., and died in Kansas. Surviving comrades will kindly furnish names of his company and regiment.



Facts about PRINTING

¶ To obtain efficiency in the result, whether it be in the **Stationery,** the **Catalogue,** the **Lithographing,** the **Blank Books,** or whatever task the printer may be called upon to perform, you must demand the best—**HIGH-CLASS PRINTING.** This we are prepared to produce by virtue of experience, artisans employed, and equipment. ¶ We give thought to our productions. Write to us. We will be able to carry out your ideas or possibly to suggest something new.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.
Nashville, - - Tenn.

INDUSTRIAL AND TRAINING SCHOOL

A school farm and practical work in Agriculture for those who desire it. Prepares for life or for college. A home school with homelike Christian influences. Literary, Music, Art, Expression, and Business Courses. Strong faculty, splendid student body, steam heat, electric lights, and bathroom accommodations. Catalog upon application.

J. H. BAYER, Superintendent, Huntingdon, Tenn.

Woodland Bronze Works

DEPARTMENT OF
ALBERT RUSSELL & SONS COMPANY

Bronze Memorial and Inscription

ESTIMATES AND DESIGNS FURNISHED UPON REQUEST

TABLETS

105 Merrimac St.
Newburyport, Mass.

WAR RELICS

Make extra money by getting up a list of War Relics that your neighbors have and send to me. I want all kinds of Confederate Curios, especially Buttons. Can you find any? Address **DR. GEORGE BROWN, Austell Building, Atlanta, Ga.**

The South in History and Literature

By Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford
ATHENS, GA.

850 pages. Price, $1 net; postage, 21 cents.

(Writers since 1906 will be found in supplement being prepared.)

Mrs. Maggie Bailey, of Hedley, Tex., widow of Allison M. Bailey, wants to hear from any surviving comrades who can testify to his record, as she seeks a pension. She thinks that he enlisted at Camp Pittsburg, Tex., near Mincola.

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!

LOOK OVER THE FOLLOWING LIST AND MAKE SELECTIONS FOR YOUR LIBRARY. ALL ARE OF SPECIAL INTEREST AND VALUE. THESE ARE FURNISHED AT PUBLISHERS' PRICES, POSTPAID

Best Works on Confederate History

Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government. Davis	$7.50
Memoirs of Jefferson Davis. Mrs. Davis	5.00
Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee. Lee	2.50
R. E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy. White	3.00
Life of Robert Edward Lee. Shepherd	2.17
Four Years under Marse Robert. Stiles	2.00
Life of Stonewall Jackson. Henderson	4.00
Johnston's Narrative	$2.75 and 3.25
Life of Forrest. Wyeth	4.00
Reminiscences of the Civil War. Gordon	$1.50 and 3.00
Morgan's Cavalry. Duke	2.00
Confederate Wizards of the Saddle. Young	2.50

The Southern Poets, Sidney Lanier, Henry Timrod, Father Ryan, James Ryder Randall, Francis O. Ticknor, Henry Lynden Flash, can be supplied at $1.50 to $2.00.

C L Willoughby Aug 1914 Lakeland Fla

Songs and [illegible] eracy $2.00

The VETERAN can supply any other historical works in print or current fiction at publishers' prices. Don't overlook

The Confederate Military History, 12 vols., $15 net

SEND ORDERS TO

The Confederate Veteran

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXII. OCTOBER, 1914 NO. 10

A Prayer for Peace

Let every sacred fane
Call its sad votaries to the shrine of God,
And, with the cloister and the tented sod,
Join in one solemn strain!

He who, till time shall cease,
Will watch that earth where once, not all in vain,
He died to give us peace, may not disdain
A prayer whose theme is—peace!

Peace in the quiet dales,
Made rankly fertile by the blood of men;
Peace in the woodland and the lonely glen;
Peace in the peopled vales!

Peace in the whirring marts;
Peace where the scholar thinks, the hunter roams;
Peace, God of Peace! peace, peace in all our homes,
And peace in all our hearts!

—*Henry Timrod.*

973.705
C748

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!

LOOK OVER THE FOLLOWING LIST AND MAKE SELECTIONS FOR YOUR LIBRARY. ALL ARE OF SPECIAL INTEREST AND VALUE. THESE ARE FURNISHED AT PUBLISHERS' PRICES, POSTPAID

Best Works on Confederate History

Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government. Davis	**$7.50**
Memoirs of Jefferson Davis. Mrs. Davis	**5.00**
Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee. Lee	**2.50**
R. E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy. White	**3.00**
Life of Robert Edward Lee. Shepherd	**2.17**
Four Years under Marse Robert. Stiles	**2.00**
Life of Stonewall Jackson. Henderson	**4.00**
Johnston's Narrative	**$2.75 and 3.25**
Life of Forrest. Wyeth	**4.00**
Reminiscences of the Civil War. Gordon	**$1.50 and 3.00**
Morgan's Cavalry. Duke	**2.00**
Confederate Wizards of the Saddle. Young	**2.50**

The Southern Poets, Sidney Lanier, Henry Timrod, Father Ryan, James Ryder Randall, Francis O. Ticknor, Henry Lynden Flash, can be supplied at $1.50 to $2.00.

Songs and Poems of the Confederacy **$2.00**

The VETERAN can supply any other historical works in print or current fiction at publishers' prices. Don't overlook

The Confederate Military History, 12 vols., $15 net

SEND ORDERS TO

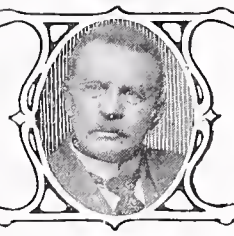
The Confederate Veteran

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Date given to subscription is the month of expiration.
All remittances should be made to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and all communications so addressed.
Published by the Confederate Veteran Company, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XXII. | NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1914. | No. 10. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, FOUNDER.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of the "Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN," is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and Sons of Confederate Veterans—and is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds or mortgages are issued by the company.

AN APPEAL TO THE WOMEN OF OUR COUNTRY.

In view of the fierce European war, which may, and probably will, continue for several years, the South cannot possibly hope for its long-time ready market for cotton, the money crop of its people, among foreign buyers and consumers. To save our great section, the Southland, from utter business depression, the Atlanta Constitution in a recent able editorial urged the people to "buy cotton goods."

The women of the South are the logical leaders in the patronage of homemade cotton goods. For that reason I have appealed to the women of Georgia to purchase cotton materials wherever they can be used in household goods or wearing apparel. But I believe it is a movement that should draw the coöperative interest of all women in our country individually and in organizations standing for progress in our country.

There is no reason why goods made in our States out of cotton grown in our States should not stand competition with that grown and manufactured in any other country.

It is the women who select and purchase the materials for home comforts and adornment. It is the women in common with the men and children who wear the materials which the women almost exclusively purchase.

Therefore I appeal to every woman in our country to help in this patriotic movement to create a demand for cotton goods wherever they can. MRS. Z. I. FITZPATRICK,
President Georgia Federation of Women's Clubs.

The first Sunday in October was designated by President Wilson as the day for universal prayer for peace over the world.

SURGEON GENERAL U. C. V. APPOINTED.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., September 16, 1914.

Special Orders No. 31.

The general commanding is pleased to announce the following addition to his staff: J. C. Hall, M.D., Anguilla, Miss., Brigadier General and Surgeon General, to succeed Brig. Gen. C. H. Tebault, M.D., deceased. He will immediately enter upon the discharge of his duties and will be obeyed and respected accordingly. By command of BENNETT H. YOUNG,
General Commanding;
WM. E. MICKLE,
Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

DESIGNER OF THE STARS AND BARS.

At the Jacksonville Reunion, in May, 1914, it was decided that a committee of three should be appointed to investigate and report at the next Reunion as to whom is due the credit of designing the first Confederate flag, known as the "Stars and Bars." This investigation has nothing to do with who first made or raised this flag, but as to who designed it.

Gen. Bennett H. Young, the Commander in Chief, on September 14, 1914, appointed the following committee to make the investigation and report at the next Reunion, to be held at Richmond, Va.—to wit:

Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Summerville, S. C., Chairman.
Gen. John P. Hickman, Nashville, Tenn.
Gen. Thomas Green, Sr., Pine Bluff, Ark.

The committee invites all claimants for the honor of designing the Stars and Bars, the first Confederate flag, to submit their proofs of such designing to the committee by January 1, 1915. All such claims to receive notice must be accompanied by evidence, not merely the claims of the party. Such evidence must be the original and not copies thereof.

Such claims and evidence must be sent to Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Chairman, P. O. Box 233, Summerville, S. C., to be received by him before January 1, 1915. The committee will duly and carefully consider all original evidence submitted and report in accordance with their best and most careful judgment.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

"O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?"

When Francis Scott Key stood in the gray light of early dawn, peering through the mist to glimpse the "broad stripes and bright stars" of freedom's emblem, his patriotism found expression in a song that has carried his name into immortality. He wrote other poems, but it is as the composer of the national hymn of America that his fame was made secure. A hundred years have passed since the "Star-Spangled Banner" was written, and it is still sung with the enthusiasm that arouses a feeling of pride in the deeds of those who helped to make our country great.

The centenary of the writing of this song has been most elaborately celebrated by the city of Baltimore in a week of festivities. The city was handsomely decorated, and parades, concerts, and carnivals kept the throngs of visitors and residents in a state of enthusiastic enjoyment, while the dedication of memorial tablets and addresses by leading men of the nation aroused their spirit of patriotic pride. The centennial week began with Sunday, the 6th of September, and many sermons were preached from the pulpits of that city whose keynote was patriotism, and in the afternoon an immense crowd gathered for the open-air concert at Druid Hill Park, at which the "Star-Spangled Banner" was rendered as the grand finale. At nine o'clock on Monday morning the guns of the forts about Baltimore sounded the opening of the week's exercises. A fleet of battleships was anchored in the harbor under command of Rear Admiral Fletcher, the hero of Vera Cruz. Among the modern ships of war the old frigate Constellation was an object of much notice. This is the oldest ship in the world in active service, with one exception, of which there is any record. No events of the week were of more importance historically than the unveiling of the tablet on this old frigate; the dedication of the Francis Scott Key buoy, which marks the spot where the Minden, the English ship on which Key was detained the night of the bombardment of Fort McHenry, was anchored a hundred years ago; and the unveiling of the tablets on the oldest house in Baltimore, once the residence of Barrister Carroll, and the house where Mrs. Mary Young Pickersgill fashioned the first Star-Spangled Banner. Another memorial in bronze was unveiled at Fort McHenry, which was the gift of the Daughters of America as a tribute to the heroism of the privateersmen of the War of 1912. Of the spectacular events, the historical pageant was most interesting. Salient events of the War of 1912 and of the defense of Baltimore, including the writing of the "Star-Spangled Banner," were strikingly shown, following which were floats typifying the progress of the city, winding up with the fire of 1904 and the rebuilding of the city.



FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Secretary of State Bryan represented President Wilson in this national celebration, and in his address on "The Flag," a part of the exercises at old Fort McHenry, he showed how the development of American ideals had brought with it a wider freedom and a new type of courage, a "constant growth in the spirit of brotherhood." The "human flag" of 6,400 school children, with their singing, aroused patriotic response in the hearts of thousands. Seven nations were represented in the parade following these exercises, besides the Governors or representatives of twelve States with their staffs and representative high officials of the army and navy. The gorgeous display of fireworks at night brought the celebration to a brilliant close on Saturday, the 12th of September, that date rounding out the hundred years since the writing of the song.

A special feature of the entertainment was Julia Marlowe's reading of the "Star-Spangled Banner" to the immense throng at the reception held at the Armory on Monday night, by whom the famous actress was given an ovation.

The story of the bombardment of Fort McHenry is a part of the history of America's struggle for independence. Benjamin Franklin had said that "the war which closed with the surrender of Cornwallis was but the war of rebellion. We must fight once again to make good our claims of independence." So while England was chafing under the defeat she had met in the War of the Revolution, she lost no opportunity to show her contempt for Americans, and many indignities were visited upon American ships. As these increased the American Republic manifested a proper spirit of resentment and let the English know that another fight was in order. War was declared, and America triumphed on the sea; but the British were successful on land, finally capturing Washington City and burning it. The English fleet of fifty ships then made ready to capture Baltimore, which they thought would be an easy victory with their large force; but the whole population of Baltimore "got busy" to repel the attack. It is said that even boys and girls and women helped to throw up fortifications a mile in extent before the city. Behind these fortifications were a hundred cannons and ten thousand American soldiers ready to give the British a warm reception.



OLD FORT M'HENRY, BALTIMORE.



BETSY ROSS SHOWING THE FLAG TO WASHINGTON.

During the bombardment of the town Francis Scott Key was a prisoner on the Minden, one of the vessels of the British fleet. He had joined that fleet in an effort to secure the release of a friend, Dr. William Beanes, who had been made a prisoner because he had seized some British marauders. Both of them were detained on the Minden while the fight raged, and neither was inclined to take any rest during that anxious night. Key was pacing the deck as the first faint signs of dawn appeared, and as the light grew stronger he watched eagerly for a sight of the Stars and Stripes above the fort, which would be proof that it was still bidding defiance to the British. He was so rejoiced when he saw the familiar colors gleam out through the mist that his patriotic fervor found expression in the words of the song, which can still thrill the hearts of all true Americans. The song was at once set to music and soon went beyond the limits of Baltimore, and it is certain that it did much to increase the loyalty of patriots and their love for the flag.

"Francis Scott Key was thirty-five years old when he wrote the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' He was born in Frederick County, Maryland, on the first day of August, 1779. He graduated from St. John's College, in Annapolis, and then studied law with his uncle, Philip Barton Key, beginning the practice of law in the year 1801. Afterwards he went to Washington to live. He was made District Attorney of the District of Columbia and became a man of note. He died in Washington on January 11, 1843. A volume of his poems was published in 1857, but nothing that he wrote achieved the fame of the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' In the year 1874 James Lick of San Francisco, contributed one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to a fund being raised for the erection of a monument to the memory of Francis Scott Key, whose name will always have a place in the affection of his countrymen because of the song he wrote that makes such an appeal to the patriotism of succeeding generations of America."

Betsy Ross made the first national flag of America. The oldest now extant, closely connected with the battle of Cowpens (1781) and the end of the Revolution, is owned by the city of Baltimore. That city is also the proud possessor of the Star-Spangled Banner of Fort McHenry, which was made by Mrs. Mary Young Pickersgill, a resident of Baltimore, assisted by her daughter Caroline and two nieces, Margaret and Jane Young. This flag floated through the twenty-five hours' bombardment of Fort McHenry, marking the dramatic close of the War of 1812-14. Col. George Armistead resolutely refused to haul down the flag and surrender the fort and thus brought to a successful termination both our wars for independence. The heroic figure of Colonel Armistead now looks over the ramparts which he so successfully defended against the fleet of our country's would-be oppressor.

A modest attendant on the centennial observance was Mrs. Rebecca T. Norwood, of Texarkana, Tex., the oldest living granddaughter of Francis Scott Key, who went from her home alone to Baltimore to share in the celebration. She became the heroine of the day and was welcomed to the fête by the mayor of the city.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heav'n-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust";
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

—*Francis Scott Key.*

CAPTURE OF HARPER'S FERRY.—After a brief dispatch to General Lee announcing the capitulation, General Jackson rode up to Bolivar and down into Harper's Ferry. The curiosity of the Union Army to see him was so great that the soldiers lined the sides of the road. Many of them uncovered as he passed, and he invariably returned the salute. One man had an echo of response all about him when he said aloud: "Boys, he's not much for looks; but if we'd had him, we wouldn't have been caught in this trap."—*Henry Kyd Douglas.*

EARLY'S DEMONSTRATION AGAINST WASHINGTON IN 1864.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

The desperate fighting at Cold Harbor on the 2d and 3d of June, 1864, had resulted in the slaughter of Grant's army; but a new menace was now approaching from the west, and some measure must be taken or the city would have to be abandoned and Lee's army would be crushed between the upper and nether millstones—Grant's army and that of Hunter. But the latter was not a bold military leader. Instead of marching on when he had an open road before him and taking Richmond from the rear while Lee was fighting Grant's big army with every man he had, he contented himself in making war on women and children, burning houses and educational institutions in the Valley of Virginia, and committing other atrocities. When Hunter's army of twenty thousand men reached Lynchburg, and Sheridan, with ten thousand picked cavalrymen armed with repeating breech-loading rifles. was tearing up the railroad on his way to join forces with him, Hampton's Cavalry was sent to overtake Sheridan and prevent him from doing so. In this Hampton was eminently successful in the great cavalry battle at Trevilians Station.

The old Stonewall Corps, now commanded by Gen. Jubal A. Early, was detached and marched out of the breastworks in front of Grant's army at Cold Harbor and allowed a day of rest in camp. The next morning early we started on our long march to meet Hunter at Lynchburg. We left behind everything that would impede our progress, as it was essential to meet the enemy as speedily as possible. We followed the line of the railroad, which had been destroyed by Sheridan, and the first day passed the scene of the engagement between Hampton and Sheridan. There was every evidence of a great battle to be seen; dead horses were everywhere, and our men were convinced that that cavalry could fight. Finally we reached a point on the railroad where it had been repaired sufficiently for some old ramshackle trains to run on it, and Gordon's Division, to which our brigade belonged, was entrained and hurried to Lynchburg to hold the place against Hunter, while the cars were to return and bring up General Rodes's division and the artillery. We arrived there at sundown and found a few old citizens throwing up intrenchments in the suburbs. We passed by these and soon found Hunter's army behind their breastworks a little farther out. He had arrived before the town some time before we got there, but was too badly frightened at the sight of those old men to enter the place.

The day was too far spent and our force was too weak to make an attack, so General Early decided to wait until Rodes and the artillery could come up. The division formed in front of the enemy's line and threw up earthworks during the night, and, Rodes having arrived (also the artillery), we were ready the next morning to try the mettle of our foe.

Our men were too tired and fatigued by their forced march to attack, and General Early spent the day in an artillery duel and skirmishing, intending to assault the works the next morning when his men were rested. But when day dawned we found that the enemy had fled. Now began one of the hardest foot races we were ever called on to make during the war. General Early was exceedingly anxious to capture Hunter and his army and punish them for the heartless cruelty they had practiced on the defenseless people in the valley; but in spite of our effort and that of our little force of cavalry a large part of them outran us after a chase which lasted for several days and nights and escaped in the mountains of West Virginia. All along the route they abandoned their artillery, wagons, and other army equipment. Many prisoners fell into our hands, and all showed that they were badly used up by their hard march. I suppose Hunter after this had to face a court-martial for his cowardly retreat from an enemy whose force was little more than half as large as his own.

The campaign to capture Richmond from the rear, which was so well planned, had been completely frustrated by the defeat of Sheridan at Trevilians and Hunter at Lynchburg by Early, and the road to Washington, D. C., though long, was open. General Early retraced his steps to the valley and rested his army a day, and we started on our long journey to make a demonstration against that place to relieve the pressure of Grant's army on Lee at Richmond and Petersburg. We passed by the Natural Bridge and Lexington. In going through this town we marched through the cemetery and around the grave of our beloved old commander, Gen. Stonewall Jackson. Every soldier pulled off his ragged cap and wiped a tear from his eyes when we remembered his splendid leadership and his untimely death. The burned ruins of Washington College standing on the beautiful campus reminded us of General Hunter.

At Staunton we drew new clothing and shoes, of which we were very much in need. We met very little opposition until we crossed the Potomac into Maryland.

General Early marched his army rapidly down the valley from Staunton and easily drove the enemy from Winchester and Martinsburg. At this place a large quantity of supplies was captured and a few prisoners taken. The citizens of the town and the military authorities had arranged to have a great Fourth of July celebration, but we came in on the evening before and spoiled the whole program. Part of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was destroyed, and several companies of the 38th Georgia regiment were left to take charge of the prisoners and captured property. The balance of the army marched to the fords of the Potomac and crossed that stream without opposition. The Federal forces in the lower valley retreated to Harper's Ferry and took refuge in their well-fortified position on Maryland Heights, overlooking the town. After crossing the river General Early marched to the Heights, surrounded it, and skirmished with the enemy for two days, until he had gotten the idea fixed in the minds of the Federals that it was his intention to take the place by assault. Our loss was very small in spite of the heavy cannonade from the fort. The rough nature of the ground protected us from the heavy fire of the artillery in the fort. A few were wounded in getting water from a spring.

The second night of our stay at this citadel was one of the darkest that ever spread its mantle over the earth. Under cover of this General Early marched his army silently away in a northeasterly direction, and at daylight we found ourselves in the open country. Before noon the boom of cannon ahead warned us that our forces in advance had come in contact with those of the enemy; but this created no concern in our minds, as we had great contempt for everything we had met thus far since we had left our works in front of Grant's army near Richmond, and we were sure we could easily put to rout any force the enemy had in that quarter.

We finally came in sight of the beautiful little city of Frederick, Md. Beyond the town we could see clouds of white smoke arising from our batteries deployed there and replying to the fire of those of the enemy. Before our brigade (Gordon's, then under Gen. C. A. Evans) reached the town

we turned to the right and took a road leading to the south. This we followed some distance and then turned east through woods which obscured our march from the enemy. Finally we came to Monocacy Creek, where it is crossed by an iron railroad bridge. Here General Gordon sat on his horse at the ford, and as we came up he said: "Plunge right in, boys; no time for pulling off clothes." When we reached the other side we saw a number of dead horses lying scattered about the small field. The brigade was formed in line, and General Evans rode along and explained the situation to the men and told them what he expected them to do. He said: "We are now on the flank of the enemy. Their left rests on the edge of this wood in our front. You must advance quietly until you strike them, then give a yell and charge."

The enemy's sharpshooters, who had been engaging our cavalry force, ran off as soon as they saw our infantry arrive and carried the news to their general. When we got to that point, where we expected to find the enemy's left, we saw them forming to meet our advance. They replied to our yell with a volley that wounded General Evans and Captain Gordon, his aid-de-camp, and killed Colonel Lamar and Lieutenant Colonel Van Valkenburg, of the 61st Georgia Regiment, and nearly every officer in the brigade and many of our best soldiers. The balance of the brigade moved forward into the open field and drove the enemy step by step until they took refuge behind the deep banks of the road from Frederick to Washington.

With no one in command now, we felt too weak to attempt to drive them from their excellent position. The Louisiana Brigade, consisting of only about two hundred men, was sent to our assistance; but their numbers were too few, and they did not render us much help. Finally another small brigade was sent, but the men became panic-stricken for some cause and broke and fled. Many of our men, supposing that there must be some new danger in another direction, and no officer being present to keep them in line, now went away and left less than a dozen on the firing line. The few Federals still holding the road finally ran away and left us in peaceable possession of the field. They retreated toward Baltimore, followed by our cavalry. Our brave Marylanders pursued them to the suburbs of the city.

In this unimportant engagement our brigade of veterans, that had displayed such splendid courage in all the great battles of the war, was decimated by Gen. Lew Wallace's men.

What General Early and the rest of his army were doing while we were having such a strenuous time we never knew. It has been said that this battle saved Washington to the Federals, but that is not true. Only a part of Early's force was engaged, and his loss fell mostly on our brigade. The enemy retreated and left the way open to Washington, and General Early could have marched in with little or no opposition, as General Gordon wanted to do; but it was Early's intention to make only a "demonstration." We bivouacked that night along the road which the enemy had held with such tenacity, and the next morning early we were on our way to Washington, D. C.

The road was clear of any force to oppose our progress, and we proceeded leisurely without an incident, except that a squad of Federal cavalry dashed into the little village of Rockville at night and captured two or three brave soldiers of our brigade who had left our camp to fill their canteens with water at the town pump. The second day after we left Frederick we arrived before the outer works defending Washington about 4 P.M. and formed our line facing these. Our brigade skirmishers were deployed and began to engage those of the enemy, who were armed with smooth-bore muskets.

Long before we came in sight of the defenses we knew that the city was protected by militia, or home guards, from the way they handled the big guns. The shells from these passed over our heads at a great altitude and burst far to our rear, doing no damage to any one. Some one jokingly remarked that the enemy was shelling our wagon train, which was at that time many miles in the rear, and their wild shooting produced in our minds a great contempt for the "mclish." Finally we came in sight of the dome of the Capitol and passed the beautiful new residence of Mr. Montgomery Blair, who was at the time a member of Lincoln's cabinet. And in this connection I wish to say that it was not burned by shells of the Federals, for they passed far above the tree tops and exploded miles beyond. Neither did they do any other damage to anything. Who set fire to it we never knew, but it was said at the time among the soldiers that it was done by General Early's order in retaliation for the wanton destruction of many beautiful residences and towns in the South, and no one doubted it. This building stood a short distance in the rear of our brigade line, and as we marched away the flames were enveloping it, and this was the comment of the army.

To our astonishment and regret, when we were formed for battle the order to advance did not come. We expected to move forward immediately and drive the few frightened defenders out of the works, enter the city, capture Lincoln, and demand of him peace or more humane treatment of helpless prisoners in the hands of his government. General Gordon ordered a battery of twenty-pound rifle guns to approach the works and reply to the heavy guns which were firing so awkwardly. The artillerymen took position in the open about five hundred yards from the enemy and began a very accurate fire, endeavoring to dismount some of their guns. When the Confederate field pieces opened they sounded no louder than popguns beside the thunder of the great siege guns; but their balls were well directed, while the enemy continued to aim high and ignore their presence.

Sometime the next day we marched leisurely away toward Edwards's Ferry, on the Potomac, where we waded the river. A battery of artillery was left at a prominent point overlooking the ford to drive back a force of cavalry and artillery which had followed us. We rested that night near Leesburg, Va., and the next day pursued our way toward the valley. As we were crossing the mountains the enemy's cavalry dashed up and captured some wagons of our train, which was far behind. We were now once more in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley and ready to try conclusions again with the various forces we had defeated on our way to Washington, having marched many hundred miles and fought many battles and skirmishes since we had been detached from Lee's army at Cold Harbor after the second great battle at that place, and in all of which our little army of tired and hungry veterans had defeated and routed the enemy.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD SOUTH.—Neither in inventive genius, in mechanical skill, nor in abundance of material for manufacturing; neither in ability to plan and carry out large railroad undertakings, nor in appreciation of the value of home and foreign trade and in the knowledge of the best methods of promoting it, was the ante-bellum South lacking.—*Edward Ingle.*

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

UNIVERSAL PEACE.

In the spirit of President Wilson's proclamation for a day of universal prayer for peace, let us pray that the day will soon come when "humanity and justice shall so prevail that all men will work for and with each other," and then indeed

"Shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the golden year."

PATRIOTISM.

There could be no better example of the spirit which makes patriots than the ready response which has come from every section of our country to the appeal to save the South from disaster in the lack of a market for her great product—cotton. The press of the South, led by the Atlanta Constitution, has pushed the movement to have the surplus cotton taken up by individual purchasers in our own country, the cotton to be held until next year or until the price has increased, and more than a million bales have already been disposed of by this method. This does not mean that the end is yet. It will take continued effort to tide the South over this crisis, and the burden of it should not rest wholly on those who have come to the rescue. No farmer should put his cotton on the market unless obliged to do so, and he can further show his appreciation of what is being done in his behalf by cutting his cotton acreage to a minimum and replacing it with crops of grain and other foodstuffs, any of which would remunerate him to an even greater extent.

The South has not before so realized the danger of depending too largely on one product. "Cotton is king, and we are his vassals" has seemed to be the general feeling, and the good prices that have been secured for the fleecy staple for so many years have made the people of our section more than ever content to continue that vassalage. But good times cannot continue forever, and the present crisis in the kingdom of cotton will have far-reaching effect in convincing our people of their mistake.

One jarring note appears in the midst of the general kindly comment and coöperation from other sections. The Philadelphia Inquirer takes occasion to lecture the South on its unpreparedness for such a situation, showing in sharp contrast the prosperous condition of the West with its harvests of grain bringing good prices, and derides the South for its appeal for help in this crisis. The Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser puts a quietus on that style of comment by the following:

"The 'buy-a-bale' movement is only one of several distinct self-help movements on the part of the South itself. It was logical and legitimate that the South should ask the coöperation of large business concerns of the North which have fattened their profits through trade with the South. The instant and general response to this appeal by Northern houses which get Southern business shows that they believe that the call is reasonable and justifiable. The financial stress is only a matter of a few months; when it is over, the South will certainly remember its friends, and probably it will remember its enemies."

No other section of the country ever suffered the horrors of war as did the South. A little less than fifty years ago this section was a prostrate country, overrun with the scalawags of the North eager to enrich themselves on the helplessness of our citizens. When we at last came into our own, rehabilitation was rapid, and as the South began to grow rich again all eyes were turned this way, and efforts were put forth by every other section to get a share of Southern trade, and, as the Advertiser says, when this crisis is over we will remember those who showed themselves more than fair weather friends.

It is pleasing to note that the women of our country are joining in the movement by advocating the use of cotton goods to a larger extent than has been done since the introduction of cheap silks and other attractive substitutes. A miniature cotton exposition will be held at Albany, Ga., under the auspices of the Georgia Federation of Women's Clubs, during their annual State convention, October 27-30, at which there will be displayed every variety of cotton-made goods, from that of the most primitive type made according to ante-bellum methods to that finished in the most perfect form yet reached by textile art, and the many household uses to which cotton may be put will also be shown. This exposition will have many educational features. The old-fashioned cards, wheel, and loom will be there, cotton rugs, hand-made spreads, and everything made of cotton that could come under the head of "Arts and Crafts."

The slogan of that meeting will be, "Buy cotton goods." One day will be designated as "Cotton Day," when the women will wear cotton dresses, and interesting speeches will be made at the special cotton session.

This patriotic movement has grown until numbers of other towns are following Atlanta's lead in having beautiful cotton exhibits in the windows of their stores.

Interest in the miniature cotton exposition is unbounded, and the women who conceived this plan of arousing attention to the value of cotton goods have the thanks of the whole South for their patriotic idea. The appeal sent out by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, President of the Georgia Federation of Women's Clubs, which appears in this number of the VETERAN, should secure the coöperation of our women individually and generally.

He who helps to build up his country in time of peace is as much a patriot as the man who shoulders a musket and goes forth to repel the invasion of an enemy. Patriotism means not alone the sacrifice of life, but the sacrifice of self when our country's interests are at stake.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

The fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Franklin will be observed by a meeting of the survivors of both sides at that place on November 30, 1914. Much interest is felt in the success of this gathering, and all who can possibly do so are urged to attend.

W. W. Courtney, of Franklin, Tenn., is chairman of the committee having the matter in charge, and all inquiries should be addressed to him.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL, U. D. C.

Dear Daughters of the Confederacy: My September letter to you contains many requests of you looking to the success of the general convention in Savannah, Ga., November 11-14. In this message I urge thorough preparation for splendid work. Division Presidents will please keep in touch with each Chapter of their Divisions and know that taxes are paid for full representation. Let it be your pride that not a Chapter of your Division is reported delinquent. I knew one State President to write a single Chapter ten times for its credentials. I refer you to By-Law VII. for credential instructions.

Savannah is preparing for a most splendid convention along well-conducted business lines, with social features that will prove interesting to all. Your President General hopes that there will be a large attendance and much accomplished for the advancement of the great cause we have voluntarily assumed. The report of Arlington Confederate Monument Association will be most interesting, and great felicitation must be ours upon the completion of this masterful work of love and art. Shiloh we must remember by great efforts and large contributions. Let us finish the Shiloh monument quickly.

Now, my dear Daughters, this year has brought us the fruition of many hopes. We stand before the world successful almost beyond our dreams. Let us then on the blessed day of Thanksgiving, every Chapter of every Division, meet for one hour, from ten to eleven, on the morning of that day and give thanks in songs of prayer and praise to the Giver of all good for what he has done for us. This is my last message and last request before seeing many of you in Savannah, where I am hoping to be sustained by your hearty coöperation and support.

With expressions of affectionate regard, faithfully,

DAISY MCLAURIN STEVENS,
President General, U. D. C.

DISTRICT CONFERENCE, TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

The third annual U. D. C. Conference for the Middle Tennessee District met in Nashville on the 10th of September, presided over by the State Second Vice President, Mrs. Bennett D. Bell, who is chairman of this district. The attendance was good, and enthusiasm and interest were evidenced by the representatives of the different Chapters.

Following the opening exercises, Mrs. Eugene Crutcher, President of Nashville Chapter, No. 1, U. D. C., welcomed the visiting delegates, to which response was made by Mrs. A. J. Casey, of Lebanon. As presiding officer Mrs. Bell gave a timely greeting and stated that the conference had been planned largely for the benefit of those Chapters in the district which do not send delegates to the State Convention, though it was a benefit to all. In her talk she gave a brief reference to the purpose and work of the organization, with an earnest appeal to those present to make the work a fuller expression of their aims and purposes.

Judge S. F. Wilson, presiding judge of the Tennessee Court of Civil Appeals and a Confederate veteran, was present at the opening of the conference and, upon invitation, made a brief and appropriate talk.

A committee was appointed to draft resolutions of love and sympathy to Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, founder of the U. D. C., who has been seriously ill.

"The Educational Work of the U. D. C." was the first subject for discussion before the conference, and on this line was the paper by Mrs. E. L. McNeilly, of Nashville, on "The Duty of the U. D. C. to the Youth of the South." Mrs. M. M. Ginn followed in a practical talk on scholarships in schools to descendants of Confederate soldiers and how they may be obtained.

Mrs. N. B. Dozier, of Franklin, gave a talk on the "Confederate Girls' Home," which is to be located in Nashville in connection with the George Peabody School for Teachers. This movement originated with the Tennessee Division, but it will not be for Tennessee girls only. It will be open to descendants of Confederates in all the States.

"The Chair of Southern History a Potent Factor in the Preservation of the History of the South" was the subject discussed by Mrs. W. T. Davis and Miss Virginia Claybrook, of Nashville. The idea for this also originated with a Tennesseean, Mrs. William Hume, and it is to be presented to the Convention at Savannah, Ga. The thought behind it is that "it is much easier to teach truth than to correct error."

"How Chapter Historians May Assist State Historians" was convincingly presented by Mrs. Grace Newbill, of Pulaski, the present State Historian, with additional remarks by Mrs. William Hume, former State Historian, and Mrs. Mark Harrison.

An interesting paper on Fort Donelson, written by Judge Tyler, of Clarksville, who was in that battle, was read by his daughter, Mrs. Emily Tyler Mitchell, and this was followed by a description of "Fort Donelson Fifty Years After," read by Mrs. Herbert Leech, State President, in a paper contributed by her son, L. H. Leech, Managing Editor of the Memphis Press. The vivid picture as given of this neglected spot has inspired the idea of erecting a monument there to the memory of the Confederates who so nobly defended that important opening to the South. Mrs. B. D. Bell is chairman of the Donelson Monument Committee, and an earnest effort will be made to erect the monument.

"Needs of the Tennessee Division" was next discussed by Mrs. Charles Price and Mrs. Clayton Smith, of Nashville, with reference to correct history in the public schools and personal interest in the work as most important.

Mrs. W. T. Young, of Nashville, followed with a paper on "How to Interest New Chapters and Inform Them on U. D. C. Work," with suggestions on regular attendance, regular meeting dates, social features, etc.

A message was received from the Board of Trade of Nashville asking the conference to invite the general convention at Savannah to hold their meeting for 1915 in Nashville.

Luncheon was served at the close of the meeting, and in the afternoon the visiting delegates were given a motor trip to the Confederate Home and the Hermitage.

SOLDIERS BURIED AT COVINGTON, VA.

The Alleghany Chapter, U. D. C., of Covington, Va., sends a list of the soldiers who died at that place and were buried there during the war, thinking their relatives might like to know of their resting places and to learn something of their death. The following are buried in Cedar Hill Cemetery, at Covington:

Archer Center (or Centre), 24th North Carolina Regiment, died in 1861.

Bruce Turner died of measles in 1861. His father was notified of his death.

—— Marmaduke, a member of Fitz Lee's cavalry, drowned at Holloway's Ford, near Covington, December 21, 1863.

THE CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Dear Friends and Coworkers: During the long summer months no doubt there were pleasant memories of the Jacksonville convention. The beautiful city with its wealth of flowers and the cordial hospitality of its patriotic citizens all combined to make it one of the most enjoyable conventions ever held. It was very gratifying to meet there with the officers of the Florida Memorial Association, to whom we are indebted for special courtesies. We wish the Association success in its efforts to secure a memorial hall, where Confederate relics will be preserved.

There has been no general activity since the convention, but memorial women have been true to their trust. Their thoughts turn constantly to the monuments which have been erected through their efforts; and as they were the first, so they will be the last to pay tribute to the heroic dead.

The following recommendations are presented for your consideration:

1. Associations are earnestly requested to forward annual dues within the prescribed time, so the Treasurer may be prepared to make a complete report at the annual convention.

2. When sending rosters please give street and number in order to facilitate delivery of official communications. Reply promptly to all official correspondence, thus saving time, worry, and money. The item of postage is quite a large sum in the administration of an organization.

3. Your attention is called to the memorial volume in which the names of all deceased members are inscribed and read during the memorial hour at annual conventions. Send names, with date of death, to the Recording Secretary General. Do not fail in this duty which you owe to the faithful members who have passed to the "great beyond."

Although organized originally for memorial work, our labors are not confined to that alone. We are engaged in historical work and contribute in many ways to the welfare of Confederate veterans. At the present time we are coöperating with Hon. S. Lee Overman, United States Senator, and Hon. J. Thomas Heflin, M. C., to secure the favorable passage of a bill by which the cotton tax, which was illegally collected, will be returned to the Southern States for the purpose of increasing the pensions which the veterans are now receiving.

In the collection of historical data and the publication of true history the South had an able champion in the person of the late Sumner A. Cunningham. Mr. Cunningham bequeathed his valuable magazine to the Confederate organizations with the wish that they would all work together to continue the publication of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. The Confederated Southern Memorial Association was made one of the trustees. Let us prove worthy of the confidence thus reposed in us by this loyal friend. Do you subscribe for the VETERAN? If not, do so and urge your friends to subscribe. It is a great historical work and will make an impression on future generations. Let us do all in our power to increase the number of subscriptions, so that the VETERAN will continue its life of usefulness.

One word more before closing. Do not forget that you can procure your holiday gifts at home. Send in your orders for the "History of the Memorial Associations of the South." The same generous offer of last year is still open—viz., $1 per copy, delivered. Each Association can sell five copies. Surely this is not too much to ask of you.

With best wishes for all Confederate work, yours fraternally, MRS. W. J. BEHAN, *President General.*

MY COUNTRY.

[Mrs. Anne Bachman Hyde, of Chattanooga, Tenn., contributes the following poem to the 1914-15 Yearbook of the D. A. R. Chapter, of which she is poet.]

My country, I love thee
And honor thy name,
And before all the nations
Thy valor proclaim.
Thou hast ever kept burning
Freedom's bright fires,
The heritage bequeathed
By illustrious sires.

Though tyrants oppressed thee,
Thy cause was so just,
The foes who assailed thee
Were laid in the dust.
Around thy pure standards
Flashed forth the blade—
"Yorktown" was the answer
Americans made.

Now, imperial republic,
Thy banners float free;
Thy ships, like storm petrels,
Skim over the sea.
The fair flag above them
Is seen from afar,
Revered by world powers,
Each stripe and each star.

Swords that defended thee
Are heavy with rust—
Brave men who wielded them
Sleep with the just.
America, beloved!
As the patriots of old,
May we, their descendants,
Thy honor uphold.



CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Miss Elizabeth Hanna, State Directress of the Children of the Confederacy Chapters in Georgia, sends an account of the conference that was held in Dublin, Ga., in the month of June. This organization is an auxiliary to the U. D. C. and is a new movement in Georgia, started in the hope of arousing more interest among the children of the State for Confederate history. There was a large attendance at the meeting in Dublin, and welcomes were extended to the delegates by the Mayor and pastors of several Churches, to which response was made by Miss Mary Griffith, President of the Julia Jackson Chapter of Atlanta, in behalf of the C. of C. of Georgia.

Miss Elizabeth Hanna, State Directress, gave an interesting talk on the history and work of the organization and the

origin of their badge, the Confederate shield. Mrs. H. M. Franklin, of Tennille, spoke on textbooks and children's literature, and Mrs. Eason Cross delivered a patriotic address on "The Children of the Confederacy as Citizens of the South."

Chapter reports were read, and the election of State officers resulted as follows: Honorary President, Miss Mary Griffith; President, Mrs. Eason Cross, Springfield; Vice Presidents, Miss Madge Hilburn, Dublin, Charles Hall Derry, Macon, and James Newnan, Sylvania; Secretary, Miss Mary Ruby Ennis, Atlanta; Treasurer, Miss Julia Franklin, Tennille; Keeper of Register, Miss Olive Hardwick, Conyers.

It is felt that much good was accomplished by this meeting and that greater enthusiasm in the work will result.

SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. R. W. McKINNEY, TREASURER FROM JUNE 30 TO SEPTEMBER 21, 1914.

Arkansas: J. M. Keller Chapter, Little Rock, $10; Mildred Lee Chapter, Fayetteville, $5.

Georgia: John B. Gordon Chapter, Thomasville, $5; Winnie Davis Chapter, C. of C., Savannah, $5; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Cuthbert, $3; Oglethorpe Chapter, Lexington, $5; Mary Brantley Chapter, Dawson, $2.50; Lucy Garnet Chapter, C. of C., Sylvania, $1; Atlanta Chapter, $50; Moultrie Chapter, $5.

Kentucky: Maj. Otis S. Tenny Chapter, Lexington, $10; Avery Winston Auxiliary, C. of C., Lexington, $2.50.

Louisiana: New Orleans Chapter, $5; Mender Chapter, $2; O. A. Bullion Chapter, $1; Capt. Peter Youree (personal), Shreveport, $10; Shreveport Chapter (from silver tea), $5; Mr. Joe Bentley (personal), through Mrs. Randolph, $20; S. W. Bolton (personal), through Mrs. Randolph, $10; James W. Bolton (personal), through Mrs. Randolph, $10; C. E. Roberts (personal), through Mrs. Randolph, $5; unknown, $1.

Oklahoma: Clement A. Evans Chapter, Tulsa, $5.

South Carolina: S. D. Barrow Chapter, Rockhill, $3.25; Drayton Rutherford Chapter, Newberry, $10; Calvin Crozier Chapter, Newberry, $35; Lancaster Chapter, $8.50; William Lester Chapter, Prosperity, $5; Maxey Gregg Chapter, C. of C. (through Mrs. McWherter), $1.50; Hampton-Lee Chapter, Greers, $5; Francis Marion Chapter, Bamburg, $6; Graham Chapter, Denmark, $2; Cheraw Chapter, $7; Secessionville Chapter, James Island, $5; John D. Kennedy Chapter, Camden, $8.60; Edward Croft Chapter, Aiken, $5; William Wallace Chapter, Winn, $10; Black Oak Chapter, Pinopolis, $5; Wade Hampton Chapter, Columbia, $25; Olin Dantzler Chapter, St. Matthews, $3; Dick Anderson Chapter, Sumter, $5; Chester Chapter, $7; Lee picture, Miss Welch, Charleston, $2.50; Lee picture, Hampton Chapter, Allendale, $2.50; post cards sold by Mrs. J. L. McWherter, $5.70.

Tennessee: Lebanon Chapter, $5; Miss Mary Jernigan (personal), Paris, $4.50.

Virginia: Bull Run Chapter, Manassas, $1.50.

Washington: Dixie Chapter, Tacoma, $5.

Interest, $293.81.

Total collections since last report, $675.36.

Expense (protest fees on check, $4.65; expense deducted by Mrs. White, $5.70), $10.35.

Total collections since last report in hands of Treasurer, $665.01.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, $29,147.37.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, $29,812.38.

CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL FUND.

"LEST WE FORGET."

Previously reported	$2,192 32
Robert Cross, Lebanon, Va	1 00
Forsyth Chapter, U. D. C., Forsyth, Ga	5 00
Stathorn Farrell Camp, U. C. V., Winona, Miss	5 00
Mrs. Louise Robinson, St. Louis, Mo	1 00
W. A. McMullin, Largo, Fla	1 50
Kirby-Smith Chapter, U. D. C., Sewanee, Tenn	5 00
Mrs. J. M. Blackman, Springfield, Mo	1 00
N. D. Bachman, Bristol, Tenn.-Va	2 00
S. V. Fulkerson Camp, U. C. V., Bristol, Tenn.-Va	5 00
Camp No. 78, U. C. V., Amite, La	1 00
A. P. Hill Camp, No. 269, U. C. V., Texarkana, Tex.	5 00
Miss Mary O. Yerbey, Athens, Ga	1 00
D. S. McNeill, McNeill, W. Va	1 00
Joe Kendall Camp, U. C. V., Paris, Tenn	5 00
U. D. C. Chapter, Marshall, Tex	2 50
Fred Ault Camp, No. 5, U. C. V., Knoxville, Tenn	5 00
J. P. Cannon, McKenzie, Tenn	1 00
R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Columbus, Ohio	5 00
C. C. Chambers, Phœnix, Ariz	1 00
Total	$2,245 32

A RETURNED CONFEDERATE AND HIS RESOLVE.

BY REV. ROBERT H. HARRIS, D.D., COLUMBUS, GA., CHAPLAIN GENERAL GEORGIA DIVISION, U. C. V.

The old plantation's gone to rack, the fences broken down,
My childhood's home defaced in every way,
The negro houses empty (every freedman moved to town),
And mother and the girls are all that stay.
A hostile army halted here, in line of battle formed,
Deep trenches dug from hill to hill around;
With pick and spade on every side the blue-clad soldiers swarmed
And with unsightly ditches scarred the ground.
The mules and horses, cows and swine, yard poultry, ducks and geese,
Even to the last domestic beast and bird,
Had quickly confiscated been (to hasten on the peace,
Longings for which each vandal bosom stirred).
A tangled scrub now fills the road that twined around the hill
Among the mossy rocks all black and gray.
The creek bed's dry as ashes far above the idle mill—
Some ditch has turned the stream another way.
The broom sedge whistles in the wind that blows across the hill
Where once spread out the fields of waving grain;
The sassafras is growing thick along the old fence rows,
Between which used to run the dusty lane.
Mid desolation such as this I must the future face
Unschooled, untrained from youth to manhood grown,
With poverty to handicap me in the strenuous race
Of life I must henceforth contest alone.
But though 'twould seem I'm "down and out," with nothing bright to cheer,
The battle spirit's strong within me still,
And now in civic fields of strife I'll enter without fear
That I shall fail to triumph by God's will.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

Commander in Chief, Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Memphis, Tenn.

STAFF.

Inspector in Chief, George W. Drummond, Savannah, Ga.
Quartermaster in Chief, Edwin A. Taylor, Memphis, Tenn.
Commissary in Chief, Harry L. Seay, Dallas, Tex.
Judge Advocate in Chief, John W. Dodge, Jacksonville, Fla.
Surgeon in Chief, Dr. Selden Spencer, St. Louis, Mo.
Chaplain in Chief, Rev. J. Cleveland Hall, Danville, Va.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo., Chairman.
C. Seton Fleming, Jacksonville, Fla., Secretary.
John W. Bale, Rome, Ga.
W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, Va.
Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex.
W. W. Old, Jr., Norfolk, Va.

COMMITTEES.

Historical Committee: ——, Chairman.
Relief Committee: A. D. Smith, Jr., Chairman, Fayetteville, W. Va.
Monument Committee: R. B. Haughton, Chairman, St. Louis, Mo.
Finance Committee: A. L. Yates, Chairman, Columbia, Miss.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

Army of Northern Virginia Department, E. Hening Smith, Montgomery, Ala.
Army of Tennessee Department, P. J. Mullen, Rome, Ga.
Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Creed Caldwell, Pine Bluff, Ark.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

Alabama, John L. Moulton, Mobile, Ala.
Arkansas, C. M. Philpot, Pine Bluff, Ark.
California, H. P. Watkins, Los Angeles, Cal.
Colorado, J. A. Gallagher, Denver, Colo.
District of Columbia, J. Roy Price, Washington, D. C.
Eastern, John Clifton Elder, New York, N. Y.
Florida, W. W. Harriss, Ocala, Fla.
Georgia, John S. Cleghorn, Summerville, Ga.
Kentucky, F. B. Adcock, Carrollton, Ky.
Louisiana, J. W. McWilliams, Monroe, La.
Maryland, A. W. Hawks, Ruxton, Md.
Mississippi, George C. Myers, Jackson, Miss.
Missouri, H. C. Francisco, Marshall, Mo
North Carolina, C. B. Denson, Raleigh, N. C.
Ohio, Ralph Reamer, Columbus, Ohio.
Oklahoma, W. F. Gilmer, Oklahoma, City, Okla.
Pacific, Merritt F. Gilmer, Seattle, Wash.
South Carolina, A. L. Gaston, Chester, S. C.
Tennessee, Thomas B. Hooker, Memphis, Tenn.
Texas, W. R. Blain, Beaumont, Tex.
Virginia, Garland P. Peed, Norfolk, Va.
West Virginia, A. D. Smith, Jr., Fayetteville, W. Va.

DEPARTMENT FOR SONS OF VETERANS.

Realizing the importance of closer coöperation between the Veterans and the Sons, it has been decided to consolidate their interests by making the CONFEDERATE VETERAN the official publication for the Sons of Veterans, just as it has been so long considered the official organ for the United Confederate Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy. This department will be conducted by N. B. Forrest, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., to whom all communications for the department should be addressed. All Department, Division, Brigade, and Camp officials are requested to send copies of orders and reports of meetings to Adjutant in Chief Forrest every month, so that they may have proper attention in the next issue of the VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN has done more to perpetuate the memory of the Confederate soldier than all other publications combined, and it is the duty of the Sons to rally to its support and see that every member of the Confederation is a subscriber. All members should receive the VETERAN regularly each month, beginning with this October number, so they may be kept advised as to the work throughout the South, and every Camp in the Confederation should have the VETERAN on file for reference.

Send your name, address, and $1 for one year's subscription to Adjutant in Chief N. B. Forrest, Memphis, Tenn.

A MESSAGE FROM COMMANDER STEWART.

Comrades: Through the courtesy of the Board of Trust, our Confederation has been granted the privilege of using the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as our official publication. This is of inestimable benefit to us, as the VETERAN has a prestige and influence that are unsurpassed in the South. It was founded by a Confederate soldier of the purest patriotism and of the loftiest ideals, whose love for our Southland was second to none. It was his life's work, his devotion to the cause he revered, and, dying, he bequeathed the VETERAN to a Board of Trust composed of members of the patriotic societies of the South for the propagation of the truth about the Confederate States of America.

It has been said that "recorded thought is our chief heritage from the past," but recorded facts are even more precious to us whose earnest desire it is to give due credit to those who



COMMANDER IN CHIEF SEYMOUR STEWART.

suffered so much for their principles. In our case established facts are of supreme importance to the historian, whose work will influence the opinion of future generations.

Our department in the VETERAN should be made most interesting, and if any Camp has performed a worthy deed, as marking Confederate graves, relieving the distress of any Confederate or his family, urging needful legislation, either historical or benevolent, causing the adoption of correct histories in the schools, kindly notify our Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Memphis, Tenn., so that a record may be published and due credit be given to those who accomplished the purposes of our Confederation.

It is the earnest desire of your Commander in Chief that every comrade should diligently read the VETERAN and that each Camp should discuss at its monthly meeting the historical data published therein. In this way great enthusiasm may be aroused, followed by increased attendance and membership.

Fraternally, SEYMOUR STEWART, *Commander in Chief.*

COMMANDER IN CHIEF S. C. V.

Mr. Seymour Stewart, Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, was born in Thomaston, Ga., September 30, 1867, the son of Alcee W. Stewart and Floyd Elizabeth Greene Stewart. He lived in New Orleans, La., until seven years old, when the family moved to St. Louis, Mo., of which city he is still a resident. After serving as Adjutant, Commander, and Division Commander of Missouri, he was elected to the Executive Council at the Reunion held in Macon, Ga., in 1912, and served as Secretary of the Council until elected Commander in Chief at Jacksonville, Fla., in May, 1914.

Commander Stewart's father, a native of Louisiana, served throughout the war, surrendering at Meridian, Miss. He was first lieutenant of Company E, 20th Louisiana Infantry, and participated in many battles, including Jackson, Corinth, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge. He was severely wounded at Perryville, Ky.

Mr. Stewart is a member of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution and served on its Board of Managers. He was the first Treasurer of the St. Louis Camp, Sons of the Revolution, and was one of the Governors of the Southern Society of St. Louis. His great-granduncle was Gen. John Stewart, a soldier of the Revolution, who was senior brigadier general in command of the Army of Georgia in 1813.

ACTIVITIES IN THE ASSOCIATION.

Resolutions by Sons of Confederate Veterans.

At their convention in Jacksonville, Fla., in May, 1914, the Sons of Veterans put themselves on record through some strong resolutions which show their purpose to carry forward the work that has been the interest of the older Confederate organizations. Of most importance among these resolutions is that in reference to a true history of the Confederacy, and this work is to be pushed vigorously that the testimony of surviving participants in the South's struggle for independence may be secured.

The historical resolutions were introduced by Frank Wideman, of De Land, Fla., and unanimously adopted, with the amendment that "not only the legislature of the State of Florida be memorialized and so directed, but that the legislature of each State be likewise memorialized and instructed." The resolutions were as follows:

"Whereas the word 'history' is derived from a word meaning truth; and whereas no book called 'history' which does not tell the truth without prejudice or withholds it is worthy of the name or should be taught in our schools; and whereas the South is rich in historical facts which are either ignored or never mentioned in the so-called histories taught in our schools; and whereas in our histories the part played by the South in the establishment of this government and in the literature of America is not properly emphasized; and whereas the causes that led to the War of Secession are not treated in a manner fair to the South; and whereas there have been withheld from our histories many historical facts which should be taught to our boys and girls and which would be elevating to the students in any land; therefore be it

"*Resolved:* 1. That the legislature of Florida be memorialized to appoint a commissioner whose duty it shall be to ascertain the views of other Southern States on the question of compiling for our schools a history of the United States which will be fair to all sections.

"2. That said commissioner be directed to make an effort to have the legislatures of other Southern States each to appoint a similar commission.

"3. That said commissioner be directed to meet with such other commissioners as may be appointed and to report to the legislature of 1917 the results of his efforts and also the recommendations and findings of the interstate commission.

"4. That the president of this body is hereby empowered to appoint a committee of one to see that a copy of these resolutions is placed in the hands of each member of the legislature soon to assemble."

Mr. Wideman has sent out a letter to prominent men of his State asking their opinion of this movement, feeling that their approval will be helpful in his efforts to have the legislature advocate a bill looking to the compilation of a school history of the United States which will be fair to all sections.

The resolutions have as their ultimate object the appointment by each Southern State of a historian, who will have in charge the compilation of a school history.

Along this line resolutions were passed expressing appreciation and gratitude to Mr. George W. Littlefield, of Texas, for his generous donation of $25,000 as a fund for the purpose of collecting information from which a true and correct history of the South, especially during the sixties, may be written.

The indorsement of the story of the Ku-Klux Klan as written by Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, of Mississippi, pledges the organization to "assist in every way possible to promote its circulation and to coöperate in getting this work in the schools and public libraries" that the origin and objects of that great order may be more generally known and understood.

Another resolution caused the adoption of what is known as Order No. 1 by the Commander of the Virginia Department, Garland P. Peed, wherein he has outlined the obligations of the various Camps of his Division. While the order as a whole was recommended, the following parts were indorsed as being the foundation of the life and activities of this organization: "The securing of rosters of the individual Camps by the Division Commanders; the sending of all orders, reports, etc., covering the work of the Division and the individual Camps to the individual members of all of the Camps as the best means through which to secure a greater publicity and hence a greater membership to perpetuate the life of the individual Camp; to place markers on the historical points of the battle fields in the South, the work to be done by the individual Camps, the points for marking to be selected by the veterans residing at the headquarters of the Sons' Camp."

Special attention is called to Article IV. in General Order No. 1, issued by Commander in Chief Stewart, which states: "The attention of staff officers is called to the requirements of Sections 31-37, inclusive, of the Constitution of the Confederation, prescribing their respective duties, and particularly requiring the preparation of reports or historical papers on the branch of the service of the Confederate States army represented by their respective staff positions. The Commander in Chief expects every member of his staff to enter enthusiastically and earnestly into the spirit of the latter requirement. He will be glad to coöperate in the preparation of these reports if desired. A place on the program of the next Reunion will be specially provided for the presentation of these reports, and they are to be included in the published minutes."

Committees.

General Order No. 2 refers to the appointment of committees and provides as follows:

"There shall be four standing committees, appointed by the Commander in Chief, to consist of one member from each Division and one to represent the Camps outside the former Confederate States. They shall be as follows:

"Historical Committee, that shall have charge of all matters relating to the literary and historical purposes of this Confederation.

"Relief Committee, that shall have charge of all matters relating to relief, pensions, homes, and other benevolent purposes of this Confederation.

"Monument Committee, that shall have charge of all matters relating to monuments, graves, and the Confederation's objects and purposes in these respects.

"Finance Committee, to verify accounts of officers and to attend to such other matters of finance as may be referred to it.

"These committees may subdivide themselves for purposes of facilitating their labors and shall keep a record of their meetings, make reports annually, or oftener if required by the Commander in Chief, and shall turn over their records to the Adjutant in Chief at the expiration of their term of office.

"Special committees can be appointed by the Commander in Chief when a necessity arises and shall be appointed by him when so ordered by the annual reunion.

"All committees shall meet when called by their chairmen.

"Reports of committees shall be sent to the Commander in Chief one month before the annual reunion."

Members of these committees have been appointed, with the exception of the chairman of the Historical Committee.

FROM THE EASTERN DIVISION, S. C. V.

The following letter from John Clifton Elder, Commander of the Eastern Division, S. C. V., New York City, to Gen. William E. Mickle, Adjutant General U. C. V., gives an encouraging report of the prospect for arousing interest in that section for the Sons of Veterans. Mr. Elder is manager of the Southland Press Association and is in a position to advance the interests of the organization materially. He writes:

"I have been appointed Commander of the Eastern Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and have already arranged for the establishment of a Camp in this city. This work will be extended throughout the East, and a Camp will probably be organized in the city of Boston, where I have resided. It may interest you to know also that there are localities in New England where numbers of young men who believed in the principles for which the South fought left home in 1861 and joined the armies of the Confederacy. Four summers ago I spent a vacation at the Hotel Wentworth, which is located just outside the village of New Castle, on the Atlantic Coast, in New Hampshire. I became acquainted with a gentleman in that community who was a public man, having served in the State Legislature, and I remember correctly he was at that time Mayor of the village. He stated to me that when the Civil War began a number of young men left New Castle and joined the Southern armies. He stated also that throughout the contest whenever news was received of a great victory gained by the South the Stars and Bars were raised in the village. In this community to-day are children and grandchildren of those soldiers of the Confederacy, some of whom, as I understand, were killed in battle and are buried there in the center of New England. It is my intention to go there again next summer and establish in that village a Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans.

"The work of the Eastern Division will be practical. We intend to make an effort to give to young men and women of the South who have ability an opportunity to sustain themselves while endeavoring to perpetuate the history and traditions of the Confederacy in lasting literature."

THE VIRGINIA DIVISION.

The Virginia Division, under Commander Garland P. Peed, has much important work in hand. Realizing the great obligation due the Confederate veterans, various Sons have been active in their interest by enlisting State aid for the needy and disabled, and their activities have been commended and encouraged. The Home for Needy Confederate Women in Richmond, Va., has received the indorsement of this Division, but no active work has yet been done in its behalf. The Commander urges the chairman of this committee to secure the suggestions and services of the members of his committee in this work. The whole membership is commended to the work of relieving the distress and providing for the comfort of veterans and widows who may be in need.

The Historical Committee, of which Rev. J. Cleveland Hall, of Danville, is chairman, has the work of preserving facts pertaining to the Civil War and the correction of misstatements concerning it, and the members have been requested to have veterans prepare papers covering their experiences in specific campaigns, which will be filed with the Historical Committee, so that in this way indisputable facts will be recorded for posterity.

The national government is being urged to purchase the Crater Farm, near Petersburg, and convert it into a national park, and the Sons have been directed to coöperate by urging their Congressional Representatives to support the movement.

A committee has also been appointed from each Camp of the Division to take part in the work of providing markers for the historical points of the different battle fields of Virginia, and thereby help to perpetuate the memory and deeds of the "thin gray line."

The coöperation of Sons with the Veterans is also commended and urged by Commander Peed, that they may imbibe the feelings and desires of those whose activities will be the heritage of the younger organization.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

The annual reunion of the South Carolina Division, S. C. V., was held at Anderson on May 27 with representatives from the following Camps in good standing:

Camp S. G. Godfrey, Cheraw, S. C.	30
Camp J. M. Kinard, Newberry, S. C.	23
Camp B. B. Kirkland, Meyers Mill, S. C.	18
Camp Barnard E. Bee, Aiken, S. C.	45
Camp William Beattie, Greenville, S. C.	18
Camp ———, Easley, S. C.	21
Camp W. D. Simpson, Laurens, S. C.	13
Camp Chester County, Chester, S. C.	10
Camp W. W. Humphries, Anderson, S. C.	40
Camp South Carolina	25

A committee was appointed for the purpose of increasing the enrollment of the Sons in South Carolina and authority given to organize new Camps in every town of importance in the State and to appoint subcommittees to carry on the work. The following were appointed on this committee:

Gen. M. L. Bonham, Anderson, S. C.
Comrade J. M. Kinard, Newberry, S. C.
Comrade Butler Hagood, Barnwell, S. C.
Comrade William Godfrey, Cheraw, S. C.
Comrade T. Frank Watkins, Anderson, S. C.

A committee of three members, composed of Proctor A. Bonham (chairman), Dr. Hawkins, of Aiken, and Mr. Earl, of Easley, is to aid the veterans in urging needed legislation by the State for pensions.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

A. L. Gaston, Chester, S. C., Division Commander.

G. Cullen Sullivan, Anderson, S. C., Commander of First Brigade.

Weller Rothrock, Aiken, S. C., Commander of Second Brigade.

D. A. Spivey, Conway, S. C., Commander of Third Brigade.

Course of Historical Study.

Washington Camp, No. 305, S. C. V., of Washington, D. C., has adopted a plan of study that will advance their historical work, arranging "a course of historical research and original investigation for the purpose of contributing to a clearer, more just, and more adequate presentation of the South's position and part in American history." The announcement of this course of study sent out by the Camp states: "The result of the work will be gathered together by a competent editorial committee and published in pamphlet form for preservation, thus placing valuable contributions to history at the command of the educational institutions of the South and elsewhere, and also furnishing a basis for similar work by our organizations not so fortunately located with reference to libraries and other facilities for original research. Credit will be given to all who contribute to the work. The proposed course will be given by the Camp during the winter seasons of 1914-15 and 1915-16, in addition to which will be our social gatherings, where the descendants of the Old South and their friends mingle in wholesome and happy fashion, made brilliant by the aid of our Ladies' Auxiliary and the Daughters of the Confederacy. Admission to the series of studies will be open to members of the Camp only or their invited friends by card and to members of the Ladies' Auxiliary. The work is to be not so much a series of lectures, although from time to time lectures will be given by men of wide reputation for learning, as a course of study conducted upon the most approved university plan. Opportunity at the sessions will be afforded to those who may wish to participate, under such rules as may be provided, so that to those who desire to pursue a course of serious historical study and research along the lines indicated the plan must strongly appeal; and to those who find only time to listen the course will be instructive and entertaining."

This study will be further extended in its practical benefit by having those who take active part in the course to lecture before the history classes in the schools of Washington, as there may be opportunity, and before other Camps of the organization which may be pursuing similar work.

Synopsis of Course.

1. Status of the people in America after separation from England.

2. Nature and relations between the States and the general government at the time the Federal Constitution became effective.

3. Constitutional and legal right of secession.

5. The economic causes of the North's attitude toward the South before the war.

THE QUESTION.

BY ELEANOR H. DAMERON.

When our old forefathers riz up in their might
  And rallied to Washington's side,
Don't you s'pose them old Englishmen laughed in their sleeves
  And turned up their noses in pride?
But when all them years of hard fightin' was done,
  And the way they'd been beat was a sin,
All of them haughty fellers in ribbon and lace—
  Say, what did they think of us then?

When the South fired the shot that began the great fight,
  How them Northern folks sniffed at the row!
And they marched to Manassas with ropes on their guns
  For to hang all they caught anyhow;
But when it was done and the smoke had dispersed,
  And over the racket and din,
And all that we Rebels could see was their heels—
  Say, what did they think of us then?

When old Spain got frisky and answered with war
  Poor Cuba's petitions for peace,
Until that poor nation implored Uncle Sam
  Her people from woe to release,
And folks were predicting the North and the South
  Could never be brothers again,
When our Southern boys fought for the red, white, and blue—
  Say, what did they think of us then?

When the poor little Japs had decided to fight
  With Russia's great army and fleet,
We sighed as we thought of how soon she would be
  Run through and demolished complete;
But almost before that old nation had time
  To decide if she'd really begin,
Japan did the fighting and sat down to rest—
  Say, what did we think of them then?

'Tain't always the largest that wins the renown,
  Just the same way with nations and men;
And it don't matter much what folks say of us now
  Or predict if we'll lose or we'll win;
But when it's all over and the battle's well fought
  And we're done with our record with men,
When all are remembered by what we have done—
  Say, what will they think of us then?

Commander in Chief Stewart says: "That the Confederate Veteran may continue the good work so long performed by its founder, it is necessary that it should have a large circulation, and I earnestly urge every son of a Confederate veteran to subscribe for it."

TWO OF "WHEELER'S MEN."

BY W. E. M'COY, AUGUSTA, GA.

For a year or so preceding the collapse of the Confederacy I had been detailed with Maj. A. M. Bryan, quartermaster of Jackson's Brigade, Walker's Division, Army of Tennessee. Immediately after Sherman left Atlanta on his march to Savannah (General Wheeler ever on his flanks, harassing and worrying him) the question of forage for the cavalry and artillery became a serious matter, Sherman having destroyed the railroads within reach, parts of the Georgia, the Georgia Central, and the old Macon and Western, now part of the Central. The Macon Division of the Georgia Railroad had been completed only to Mayfield, Ga., a short distance west of Warrenton, leaving a gap between Mayfield and Macon of sixty-four miles.

At that time the territory south of Macon, Southwestern Georgia, was the Egypt of the Confederacy. It was from this section that, since 1863, the Army of Tennessee had drawn its supplies. After Hood's disastrous campaign in Tennessee and the movement of the army toward Greensboro, N. C., all, or practically all, of the forage for that army had to be brought from Macon and wagoned to Mayfield. The route was through Milledgeville, Sparta, and Culverton, and the winter roads were horrible. The mules were in terrible condition, broken down from the Tennessee campaign. So poor was their condition that it was necessary to use from four to a dozen to haul loads which ordinarily would have been far more easily pulled by two. Because of these facts, the condition of the mules, the state of the roads, etc., orders were given that neither passing soldiers nor their baggage should me hauled—all reserved for forage for the army.

There are exceptions to all rules. Occasionally some poor, emaciated soldier, weak and footsore, would come along, when a point would be strained and he would be given a lift; but all exceptions were under special orders from our general office at Milledgeville and from Major Bryan or myself.

At Milledgeville we had a large barn and yard—in fact, the relay station. It was in charge of a conscript, an elderly gentleman named Overby, who, by the way, was a brother to a candidate for Governor of Georgia a few years ago on the temperance ticket.

I was in Milledgeville with Major Bryan, his chief clerk from January, 1865, until the end, early in May. It was late in March or early in April, four or five weeks before our surrender, that one afternoon Overby came to our office, a short distance from the barn, and said two of Wheeler's Cavalry wanted a pass to ride to Mayfield. Major Bryan and I returned with Overby to the barn to interview the applicants. We found them sitting on the hounds of a wagon tongue. They had lost their horses, been sick, had tramped some distance, were worn out, and were very anxious to go forward to join their command. They named as theirs well-known regiments of Wheeler's command. While Bryan was greeting them one of them, with one foot on the ground, swung the other, and I noticed that he wore such socks as could come only from Yankeeland. There were none like them to be had in the South, especially in the country. At the same time I caught sight of the other fellow's undershirt at his throat. It too was too fine for any soldier on our side at that stage of the war. I called Major Bryan aside, explained what I had seen, and declared that they were not Wheeler's men. "Who do you suppose they are?" asked the Major. My reply was: "They are spies" Acting on this, Major Bryan had them committed to the county jail. Because of the exciting times and our many duties and anxieties, we lost sight of our prisoners, and they made no noise.

General Johnston surrendered. At that time General Wilson, with his corps of cavalry, was near Macon, having marched from Columbus. He entered Macon, I think, the day following Johnston's surrender or, at any rate, very soon afterwards. Major Bryan had in charge quantities of quartermaster supplies in the way of wagons, harness, etc., which were speedily taken possession of by men at home.

"Boz" de Graffenried was at that time Mayor of Milledgeville. He went at once to Macon, saw General Wilson, told him that there were no troops in Milledgeville, and begged him not to send or quarter troops in the town; that if he'd send only an officer and a few men Major Bryan would turn over all government property to him. General Wilson complied with his request and sent a Major Moore, of some Ohio cavalry regiment, with, I think, five men. In the meantime, during the Mayor's absence in Macon, the looting had taken place. Major Moore made our office his quarters and there met and paroled all officers and men in the town, among them Major Bryan and myself.

When Major Moore learned of the looting, he said he had hoped it would not be necessary to have armed troops there, but that stolen property must be returned to the United States government. Among others present at the time was Capt. Louis Kenan, of the 1st Georgia Regulars, who was at home on sick leave. He was a strikingly handsome man and brave to a fault. To use his words as well as I can now remember after the lapse of forty-six years: "Major, the presence of your armed troops may lead to disorder and trouble; they will not be needed to secure the lost property. If you will appoint me your assistant and authorize me to enlist half a dozen men, I can recover all the property without loss of life and with but little trouble. The men who did the looting know me, and they will know the men I will have with me." Major Moore accepted his proposition, made the detail, and in a day or two the property was brought back.

Having made his arrangements with Captain Kenan, Major Moore turned to Major Bryan and said: "Now, Major, everything else having been arranged, there is one more matter. You have two of my men in jail as suspicious characters. I want an order for their release." Major Bryan only stared with a very blank look. He had entirely forgotten. Major Moore with an amused expression explained: "They were two of 'Wheeler's men' who wanted to be lifted across the gap, and would have succeeded had not Mr. McCoy's suspicions been aroused. You see we know all the facts." Of course the men were released.

We learned from Major Moore that they had several hundred men in the wake of Wheeler on his marches, always some days behind, and he said as near as I can remember: "I am inclined to think that your man Wheeler will be almost as unpopular in Georgia and the Carolinas as old Tecumseh."

A favorite story among the many tales of the camp and the campaign that are told by Confederates who followed Morgan is of an Irishman who came back from an expedition against the enemy, driving three Union soldiers in front of him. When he delivered the prisoners General Morgan complimented him upon his gallantry. "How on earth did you capture three men single-handed?" inquired the admiring cavalry leader. "Oi surrounded 'em," the Irishman replied.

TREATMENT OF SOUTHERN COMMISSIONERS.

BY DR. CHALMERS DEADERICK, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

By legislative enactment in 1805 South Carolina ceded to the United States several forts, fortifications, and sites for the erection of forts, and a number of other States did likewise. In each and every case there were stipulated conditions in the transfers of the properties. In South Carolina the conditions were never completely complied with by the United States, and South Carolina could have reclaimed the property and could have legally had the freewill grants annulled and set aside long before she seceded from the Union.

In 1860-61, when the question of the withdrawal of United States troops from Charleston Harbor was being vigorously discussed, President Buchanan, in answer to a communication from the Southern commissioners, stated positively in writing that the forts and sites had been "purchased by the United States for a fair equivalent." He did not seem to know that a law had been passed by the United States in 1794 which provided that "no purchase shall be made where such lands are the property of a State." So in every case where transfers were made by the States it was a freewill gift, made and protected by conditions, and not a sale.

When South Carolina withdrew from the Union, of course the forts, fortifications, and ceded lands belonged to her; but it was fair and proper that adequate compensation should be made for the value of the works and additions that had been made to them by the United States, and such an equitable settlement was promptly proposed by South Carolina and afterwards by the other seceding States to the United States government. When South Carolina seceded, Fort Moultrie was the only one of the three forts in or at the entrance of Charleston Harbor that was occupied by United States troops.

Twelve days before the secession of South Carolina the Representatives of that State in Congress called upon President Buchanan and assured him that when South Carolina seceded no purpose was entertained by her to attack or in any way molest the forts until ample opportunity was given for an amicable settlement of all questions that concerned the forts and other public property, provided that no reënforcements were sent and that the military status should be permitted to remain unchanged. President Buchanan led the South Carolinians to believe that he approved of their suggestions, but made no formal pledge concerning the matter.

Subsequent developments indicated that both before and after the secession of South Carolina preparations were secretly made to reënforce Major Anderson should the United States authorities deem it necessary.

Immediately after South Carolina seceded the convention of that State deputed three of their most prominent citizens to treat with the United States for the delivery of the forts, magazines, lighthouses, and other real estate and also for an apportionment of the public debt and a division of all other property held by the United States in South Carolina; also to negotiate as to all other measures and arrangements proper to be made and for the continuance of peace and amity between the new commonwealth and the United States. The commissioners arrived in Washington on the 26th of December, 1860; but before they could communicate with President Buchanan on the following morning they were astonished, and the whole country was startled, by the news that during the previous night Major Anderson had secretly dismantled Fort Moultrie, spiked the guns, burned the gun carriages, and removed his command to Fort Sumter.

This was considered by the Governor and people of South Carolina as a violation of the implied pledge to maintain the *status quo,* and the remaining forts and other public property were at once taken possession of by the State.

The three commissioners, Messrs. Barnett, Adams, and Orr, promptly sought the President and held an unsatisfactory interview with him. Then followed a sharp and elaborate correspondence. Mr. Buchanan seemed to desire peace, but he took no positive steps to secure it. The commissioners persisted in an earnest and patriotic spirit. Finally, on January 1, 1861, the correspondence terminated by a return of the last communication of the commissioners with an indorsement stating that it was of such a character that the President declined to receive it. The commissioners returned home, having failed to secure any satisfactory settlement with Mr. Buchanan as to the surrender of the forts and public property.

Mr. Jefferson Davis still occupied his seat in the United States Senate, and he, being one of the President's counselors, called upon him and advised that the wisest and best course would be at once to withdraw the garrison altogether from Charleston Harbor; but his suggestion was not adopted. The little garrison of Fort Sumter served only as a menace, for it was entirely unable to hold the fort if attacked, and the vessel, the Star of the West, afterwards sent to reënforce and provision the fort, was utterly inadequate and made but a poor attempt; but the move was sufficient to further advance the war spirit.

The Governor of South Carolina next sent Hon. J. W. Hayne as commissioner to effect an amicable and peaceful transfer of the fort and settle all questions of obligation and property. Mr. Hayne remained at Washington about a month, but was met only by evasive and unsatisfactory answers, and he returned without having accomplished the object of his visit.

During the remainder of Mr. Buchanan's administration matters went from bad to worse. In his earlier career he had looked steadily to the Constitution for guidance, but he now vacillated timidly and effected nothing toward allaying the storm which had been gathering during his term of office.

On January 19, 1861, the General Assembly of Virginia adopted resolutions deprecating disunion and inviting all of such States as were willing to unite in an earnest endeavor to avert it by an adjustment of the existing controversies to appoint commissioners to meet in Washington on February 4. Twenty-one States were represented at the "peace congress," fourteen of which were Northern nonslaveholding and seven slaveholding States. The six seceded States were not represented. The commission remained in session until February 27. A plan was finally agreed upon by a majority of the States represented for certain amendments to the Federal Constitution, and it was promptly presented to both Houses of the United States Congress; but the arrogance of a sectional majority was too strong to be allayed by appeals to patriotism and wisdom. In short, the plan proposed was treated with indifference and contempt. It was voted down, and with this downfall vanished the last hope of reconciliation and union.

In the course of a few weeks six States had seceded, and on February 15, 1861, the Confederate Congress passed an act making it the duty of President Davis to appoint three commissioners to be sent to Washington for the purpose of negotiating friendly relations between the new Confederacy and the United States and for the settlement of all questions between the two governments upon principles of right, justice,

equity, and good faith. The three commissioners appointed were Messrs. Roman, of Louisiana, Crawford, of Georgia, and Forsyth, of Alabama.

Still hoping that something toward peace and amity between the Confederacy and the United States might be accomplished through President Buchanan, Mr. Crawford was sent on ahead of the other two commissioners, and he arrived at Washington two or three days before Mr. Lincoln's inauguration. The result of Mr. Crawford's efforts to see President Buchanan are best told by himself: "The feverish and emotional condition of affairs soon made the presence of a special commissioner at Washington known throughout the city. Mr. Buchanan was in a state of most thorough alarm not only for his home at Wheatland but for his own personal safety. In the very days which had elapsed between the time of his promise to receive a commissioner from the Confederate States and the actual arrival of the commissioner he had become so fearfully panic-stricken that he declined either to receive him or to send any message to the Senate touching the subject matter of his mission."

Mr. Forsyth arrived in Washington on March 12, and the two commissioners addressed a note to Secretary Seward informing him of their arrival, stating the friendly and peaceful purposes of their mission, and requesting the appointment of a day as early as possible for the presentation of their credentials and the objects of their coming.

No written answer to the note of the commissioners was delivered to them for twenty-seven days after it was written. The paper of Mr. Seward in reply, without address or signature, dated March 15, was filed, as he states, on that day in the Department of State; but a copy of it was not handed to the commissioners until April 8. An oral message was obtained and communicated to them through Justices Nelson, of New York, and Campbell, of Alabama.

On the 15th of March, Judge Campbell says, Judge Nelson visited the Secretaries of State and the Treasury and the Attorney-General to dissuade them from undertaking to put into execution any policy of coercion. He said Judge Nelson had very carefully examined the laws of the United States to enable him to attain his conclusion and had consulted Chief Justice Taney. His conclusion was that coercion could not be successfully effected by the Executive Department without very serious violation of the Constitution and statutes. Judge Nelson suggested that Judge Campbell might be of service. Accordingly the two gentlemen again visited the State Department for the purpose of urging Mr. Seward to reply to the commissioners and assure them that the United States desired a friendly adjustment of the difficulties.

Mr. Seward objected to an immediate recognition of the commissioners on the ground that the state of public sentiment in the North would not sustain it in connection with the withdrawal of the troops from Fort Sumter, which had been determined on. He said: "The evacuation of Sumter is as much as the administration can bear."

Judge Campbell stated that there could not be too much caution in the adoption of measures so as not to shock or irritate the public sentiment and that the evacuation of Sumter was sufficient for the present in that direction; that he would see the commissioners and would write to President Davis to that effect. Judge Campbell then asked Mr. Seward what he should say to them as to Fort Sumter and Fort Pickens. Mr. Seward replied that before Judge Campbell's letter could reach Mr. Davis he would learn by wire that the order for the evacuation of Sumter had been made. He also said that the condition of Fort Pickens was satisfactory and there would be no change there. The same assurance was given on the same day to the commissioners.

Judge Campbell says that it was only after some discussion that Mr. Crawford would consent to refrain from pressing the demand for recognition and required the pledge of Mr. Seward to be reduced to writing, together with Judge Campbell's personal assurance of its genuineness and accuracy, and this was done.

Thus it was that not only the commissioners but the Confederate government at Montgomery were assured by Secretary of State Seward, the official organ of communication of the purposes of the government, of the intention of the United States to order the evacuation of Fort Sumter within a few days after the 15th of March and not to disturb the status of Fort Pickens. The commissioners and the Confederate government accepted the pledge given and quietly awaited the fulfillment of it, forbearing to make any further demand for a reply to their note of March 15.

Five days elapsed, and the commissioners telegraphed to General Beauregard, commander at Charleston, inquiring whether Fort Sumter had been evacuated or any action taken by Major Anderson indicating evacuation. General Beauregard answered that the fort had not been evacuated and there were no indications of such a purpose, but that Major Anderson was still working on the fortifications.

General Beauregard's dispatch was taken to Mr. Seward by Judge Campbell, and two interviews occurred concerning it. Judge Nelson was also present at both.

Judge Campbell says: "The last interview was full and satisfactory. The Secretary was buoyant and sanguine; said he could carry out his policy, and that the delay in the evacuation of the fort was accidental and did not involve the integrity of his assurance that the evacuation would take place, and that I should know whenever any change was made in the resolution in reference to Sumter and Pickens. I repeated this assurance in writing to Judge Crawford and informed Seward in writing of what I had said."

During all of the time that reiterated assurances of a purpose to withdraw the garrison from Sumter and excuses were being made for the delay the United States government was assiduously engaged in devising means for furnishing supplies and reënforcements to the garrison with the intention of retaining possession of the fort. Incredible as this may seem to doubting Thomases, ample and positive proof of the truth of it was afterwards brought to light. I could retail these proofs to you, but space does not admit of it just now. At the very moment when Secretary Seward was renewing to the Confederate government through Judge Campbell his positive assurance that the evacuation would take place an emissary was on his way to Charleston to obtain information and devise measures for breaking the promise. On his arrival at Charleston Mr. Fox, the emissary, interviewed Captain Hartstein, of the Confederate navy, and through him obtained from Governor Pickens permission to visit Sumter.

In a message to the South Carolina Legislature in November, 1861, Governor Pickens states that this permission was given expressly upon the pledge of pacific purposes. But, notwithstanding the pledge, Mr. Fox employed the opportunity to mature the details of his plan for furnishing supplies and reënforcements to the garrison. When he returned to Washington his plan was approved by Mr. Lincoln, and he was sent to New York to arrange for putting it into execution.

In the same message above referred to Governor Pickens says: "Another confidential agent, Colonel Lamon, was sent by Mr. Lincoln, who informed me that he had come to try to arrange for the removal of the garrison, and when he returned from the fort he asked me if a war vessel could not be allowed to remove them. I replied that no war vessel could be allowed to enter the harbor on any terms. Mr. Lamon then said he believed that Major Anderson preferred an ordinary steamer, and I agreed that the garrison might be thus removed. He said he hoped to return in a very few days for that purpose, but he never came back."

On Saturday, March 30, the commissioners, still in Washington, received a telegram from Governor Pickens making inquiry in regard to Colonel Lamon and the cause of the protracted delay of the evacuation of Sumter. Judge Campbell took the message to Mr. Seward, who said the President was concerned about the contents of the telegram; that Lamon had no agency from him nor any authority to speak. The result of the conversation was the written assurance of Mr. Seward that "the United States government will not undertake to supply Sumter without giving notice to Governor Pickens." Judge Campbell says: "I asked Mr. Seward whether I was to understand that there had been a change in his former communications. His answer was, 'None.'"

About the end of the first week in April, the patience of the commissioners being well-nigh exhausted, and the hostile, secret preparations for reënforcing the garrison at Sumter having become a matter of general rumor, a letter was addressed to Mr. Seward by Judge Campbell in behalf of the commissioners, again asking whether the assurances so often given were well or ill grounded.

To this letter the Secretary answered in writing: "Faith as to Sumter fully kept. Wait and see."

This was on April 7, and on April 8 an official notice, without date or signature, was read to Governor Pickens and General Beauregard by a Mr. Chew, an official of the State Department at Washington, who said it was from President Lincoln and that it was delivered to him on April 6. The notice ran as follows: "I am directed by the President of the United States to notify you to expect that an attempt will be made to supply Fort Sumter with provisions only, and that if such an attempt be not resisted no effort to throw in men, arms, or ammunition will be made without further notice or in case of an attack upon the fort."

This put an end to further negotiations, and the commissioners returned to their homes about April 22, utterly disgusted at the insincerity and duplicity of the United States government.

The crooked path of diplomacy of modern times can scarcely furnish an example as lacking in candor, truth, and honor as was manifested by the highest officials of the United States government toward the excellent gentlemen who composed the last commission. Some of the best, most intelligent and patriotic of Northerners, including members of the Senate and House of Representatives, were much mortified and blushed with shame at the disgraceful conduct of their own government. Major Anderson, who was in command of the garrison at Sumter, was one of those who heartily disapproved of the bad faith of his government, and, except for the rules of the soldier's code of ethics, he would have expressed his disgust in unmeasured terms.

Including all of the different sets or boards of commissioners sent to Washington in behalf of the South, they were a fine body of men. Perhaps no nation on earth could have produced their superiors. They were able, honorable, sincere, and patriotic. They asked for and wanted nothing except justice and equity. With intense earnestness of purpose and with admirable patience, courage, and forbearance they submitted to the provoking discourtesies, the tedious delays, the violation of promises, and the disgusting want of truth and honor displayed by the highest officials of the United States government. It was not their fault that they failed to accomplish their object.

In your perusal of the pages of modern history did you ever find the record of the ermine of a civilized nation so besmirched, stained, and blotted by ugly black spots of insincerity, broken pledges, and want of honor? Can you possibly imagine even for a moment President Davis and his Secretary of State stooping to the level of such disgusting machinations and duplicity as marked the course of similar officials on the other side?

During the long series of years since the war all effort to find damaging evidence against the acts of the Confederate officials by their war-time enemies has failed entirely. The record of their conduct of both State and military affairs contains no pages marred by ugly stains of dishonor. The Confederate ensign of honor has been folded and laid aside about fifty years; but, having never been allowed to drag in mud or dust, it is still as white as the driven snow. Look on this picture and then on that.

The last commission appointed by the Confederacy was composed of Alexander H. Stephens, Mr. Hunter, and Judge Campbell. These gentlemen met Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward at Hampton Roads in February, 1865. Inasmuch as that conference has been misunderstood by many, including a number of ex-Confederate soldiers, I shall make a very brief statement of what really occurred. I have talked with several Confederates and other Southerners who honestly believed Mr. Lincoln assured the commissioners that all they had to do was to come back into the Union, and if they would write "Union" in an agreement they could have pay for their slaves and anything else they pleased.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Lincoln said no such thing. He gave them no assurance of anything. At the very beginning of the conference Mr. Seward announced that the interview was to be informal. There was no clerk or secretary, no writing or record of anything that was said. Then Mr. Stephens asked Mr. Lincoln if there was any way of putting an end to the war and bringing about general good feeling and harmony between the South and the North.

Mr. Lincoln replied that there was but one way that he knew of, and that was for those who were resisting the laws of the Union to cease that resistance. A discussion followed that lasted four hours. Upon a number of questions raised by the commissioners, Mr. Lincoln said he could give only his own individual opinion. He said he would be willing to be taxed to remunerate the Southern people for their slaves; that he knew some Northern people who were in favor of paying as high as four hundred million dollars for this purpose, provided the war should cease at once; but of this he could give no assurance, nor could he enter into any stipulation.

When Mr. Lincoln returned to Washington he sounded his Cabinet on the matter of paying for the slaves, and not a single one of them would agree to it.

Toward the last of the interview Mr. Hunter recapitulated the matters talked over and stated that the South had been offered nothing but an unconditional surrender. For details of this conference I refer you to Alexander H. Stephens's "War between the States."

BATTLE OF HONEY HILL, S. C.

BY CAPT. JOHN J. ABERCROMBIE.

[This article is part of an address made by Capt. John J. Abercrombie before the Loyal Legion Commandery of Illinois in 1911, and his tribute to the Confederate soldier is the sincere appreciation of one brave man for another. It may be that Confederate survivors of that battle will recall the young comrade whose death formed the incident to which Captain Abercrombie referred, and it will be a comfort to them and to his relatives to learn that he did not die alone and uncared for.]

Out of the shadows of the misty past looms ever a ghostly figure, bronzed and gaunt, uniformed in a ragged butternut suit, with a limp-brimmed slouch hat turned nondescript in color from exposure to the storms and suns of the four years' grinding campaign, that other American—despondent and hopeless of attitude at the last—who had fought against us and lost; the enemy who always laughingly called back from his picket line, "Hello, Yank," in response to our hail of "Hello, Johnny." The days and weeks that had lengthened into months and years lived along the firing line brought with them a profound respect for this man in the tattered homespun uniform so near the color of the fields over which he fought. Barefooted in many a hard-fought campaign, with but a handful of coarse meal in his flimsy, stringy haversack, his gun was ever in order, and his treasured store of cartridges was ever kept dry. Sick at heart as the years went by, bringing with them disappearing hopes and discouraging defeats, he fought with dogged persistence day in and day out as his possessions were being wrested from him, with his face ever set toward the front until that day at Appomattox when he reached the turn of a road that was to separate him forever from the traditions and daydreams of the generations gone before him.

My heart was tender toward you, "old fighting Johnny Reb." We suffered no lasting defeat; we came home to prosperity and progress. You went back to poverty and ruin, with a problem before you as gigantic as a defeated people were ever set to solve and which would have overwhelmed a less brave people. We went home with victory perched upon our banners to peace and plenty, while you went with tattered, trailing banners to poverty and blackened homesteads.

From out the host of these twilight memories of the old red days comes back most vividly the recollection of an incident in the fight at Honey Hill, S. C., on November 30, 1864, one of the hottest engagements of the Civil War in proportion to the number of troops engaged.

General Sherman had come sweeping through Georgia to the sea, and Savannah was threatened. General Hardee was in command of the Confederates, and it was evident that he must either surrender or fall back on Charleston with a view of making a new stand or else combine with General Johnston for the further opposing of Sherman's advance.

General Foster, then in command of the Department of the South, which extended from Charleston Harbor to Florida, hastily gathering all his available troops, organized them into a division with a view to forcing the evacuation of Charleston by destroying the railroad running from that city to Savannah at some point between Grahamville and the Salkehatchie River.

This division was augmented by a force of marines and sailors with boat howitzers drawn by the South Atlantic blockading squadron. Several gunboats were also assigned to aid in covering the landing of our troops.

The expedition left Hilton Head about 9 A.M. on November 29 in the midst of a dense fog which, while serving to conceal our departure from the enemy, also operated to delay our progress and resulted in the going astray of some of the boats because of their inability to keep in communication with the main column, it being deemed necessary to avoid signaling in order that our progress and destination might not be revealed to any scouts of the enemy. In the resulting confusion we did not arrive at our destination until late in the afternoon, and then without the small boats which had been provided for the disembarking of the troops.

The advance boats reached Boyd's Landing, on the Tullifinny River, some four miles from Grahamville and the railroad, about 4 P.M., and it was quite dark when our regiment landed. We were immediately deployed as skirmishers, and shortly after we were ordered forward under the guidance of a badly scared and unwilling colored servant taken from the Boyd plantation.

Advancing about a mile, we came to a typical old Southern meetinghouse, where the road forked, one branch turning sharply to the right and the other bending almost imperceptibly to the left. Our guide line seemed greatly confused and after some considerable urging led us away to the left and south. Four miles never seemed so long as we floundered through swamp and tangled underbrush until midnight, when it was discovered that we were on the way to Savannah instead of being at Grahamville, as had been anticipated.

Having no alternative, we marched back to the old meetinghouse and bivouacked for the night. In the meantime, however, the Confederates had been advised of our coming and had spent the night flooding the rice fields, throwing up rifle pits, and telegraphing along the line of the road with the result that considerable reënforcements had arrived by morning, with Gen. Gustavus Smith and his Georgia Brigade due to arrive from Savannah sometime later during the day.

We were routed out quietly at early daybreak the next morning, and after a hasty cup of coffee and some crackers advanced slowly through the forest of pines bordered by scrub oaks with thick underbrush of "cat briers." The Confederates fell back slowly until they reached a large cleared field covered with high grass. Here they put up a stubborn fight, setting fire to the tall grass, which, burning fiercely, flamed up higher than our heads, so that our center was thrown into confusion, thereby causing much delay in our advance. We pushed on, however, until we finally arrived at a large rice plantation crossed by narrow dykes, which offered quite a serious obstacle to our farther advance. Just beyond this we could see Grahamville and nearer by the railroad, in front of which rifle pits had been thrown up. Advancing across the rice fields, waist-deep in water and mud, we could see fresh troops disembarking from a train evidently just arrived, and before we could reach the thither side they too had taken their place in the opposing line, joining in a rattling fire of musketry. The main road crossing the plantation was so narrow that we could bring into action but two guns of the 3d New York Battery, which opened vigorously. This brought speedy response from a heretofore unnoticed earthwork mounted with 34-pound seacoast howitzers, which had been part of Fort Moultrie's armament at the outbreak of the war. Then a field battery opened from opposite our left center, all resulting in a cross-fire of shell and case shot in addition to the singeing musketry fire from the infantry who had now gotten our range. From this

converging fire our men could secure no protection, the muddy water being too deep to permit them to lie down; and, furthermore, as the wounded began to fall, they were in danger of drowning, thus necessitating the dropping out from the firing line of two additional men each time to carry them off the field. This so speedily decreased our force that we were compelled finally to fall back to the edge of the woods from where we had begun our charge less than an hour before.

My company had been deployed on the extreme right of the line where the undergrowth and closely interlaced patches of briers greatly delayed our progress, causing several separations from the main line, until at length, reaching what appeared to be but a small pond, we made another detour, only to find ourselves knee-deep in a swamp, floundering through which we found that we were lost in so far as communication with our main line of skirmishers was concerned. We kept on, however, meeting with but little opposition, until at length we came out into a small open field through which the railroad ran, where we halted and lay down to await the coming up of the rest of our skirmishers. By this time the firing had become lighter and seemed to be off to our left and rear, so much so that we began to feel some alarm that the Johnnies might come in on our flank. Not far off we could hear the "chuff-chuff" of a train and the rattle and grind of the wheels as it came to a stop, and even while we were wondering as to what next would happen we were suddenly confronted with a newly arrived Georgia regiment which had come down the railroad on a double-quick on their way to take the Coosawatchie road and come in on our right and rear. It was scarcely thirty men against two or three hundred, but we lay low in the grass; and as they were not looking for our men so far away on the right, they were greatly surprised. The result was just the same in the end, however. Our first volley tumbled several of them over, and they halted in great confusion; but quickly discovering our small number, they again advanced, and after a few volleys we fell back, with several wounded, to the cover of the thick underbrush, where we were most unexpectedly joined by a detachment of the Naval Brigade, under Lieutenant Kane and Ensign Matthews, which had been following as a reserve. Meeting with the same obstacles that had confronted us, they too had gone astray and were marching along the Coosawatchie road about a quarter of a mile to our right when, hearing the sharp firing, they came rushing up an old plantation road, arriving at the most opportune moment for us. Swinging into line, they joined us in rattling volleys from their rifles and canister from their boat howitzers, making great gaps in the close ranks of the rapidly advancing column, throwing their line into confusion, and checking their advance. "Crash, boom!" again went our rifles and howitzers, and before they could rally their broken ranks we leaped forward in a counter charge which drove them back along the railroad toward Grahamville until we came within range of the 34-pound battery, whose heavier caliber and longer range compelled the withdrawal of the naval howitzer, which had been drawn along the railroad track as we advanced, entirely exposed to the fire of the heavier guns. Here, too, the Georgians were reënforced and rallied, compelling us to halt and lie down, seeking cover. We were rapidly getting much the worst of the engagement when an aid rode up with orders from our brigade commander to "fall back and reëstablish communications with the main line." Still firing, we retired slowly to our new position at the edge of the pine woods, where, under cover of our many howitzers, we lay down and spent the rest of the afternoon in skirmish-firing and picking off any unfortunate who ventured into the open.

The serene sky of the Southern November arched in the hushed interregnum of the year between joyous summer and the warring winter over a mangled, moaning stretch of wounded and dying men who had beaten their way through a singeing fire across the field and through the tangled briers. Some had gone down in the storm, gone from earthly strife to heavenly peace; some crept aimlessly about on their hands and knees; some crawled on their bellies, dragging useless limbs behind them; some strove to rise to their feet, beating the air with their hands, only to fall back heavily to the ground again; one old gray-head raised himself up and, covering his face with his bloody hands, staggered round and round and pitched forward like a drunken man. All sought a common center—the little pond which glistened in the sun where the swamp ran back under a low trestle. No two seemed to act alike, but all with the uncertainty of crazy men. They had passed over the ground but a short time before vigorous and militant. First Yank and then Johnny, and, reversing the order, then Johnny and then Yank, and the field was littered with blanket rolls and haversacks and canteens and muskets.

Scraps of blue cloth and homespun butternut fluttered from the brier bushes which grew thickly along the border of the pond, the edge of which was trampled into a muddy paste by the passing feet, and the shallow water had a crimson tinge where the wounded had fallen in their exhaustion and died. Several times we had detailed men to pick up the wounded, but they were each time driven back by a hot fire from the enemy, until at length we settled down to await further orders.

In our immediate front, and distant some fifty feet or more, stood a small clump of bushes which marked the limit of the Georgians' advance. During a lull in the firing we heard the sound of a voice, evidently of some poor fellow who had fallen in the storm of bullets and canister that met and broke the charge a few hours before. We thought that it might be one of our own company; we had lost several in the engagement. "Maybe it's O'Rourke," said the sergeant. "He was hit when we charged and fell by my side about there." I crawled out into the open and, with canteen in hand, crept slowly on until I reached the bushes and, peering in, discovered a mere lad who looked not even so old as I. The breast of his butternut uniform was soaked with blood from a mortal wound. He babbled about home and the charge in his semidelirious condition. His head lay back O so uncomfortably, locks of hair clung damp and clotted against the whiteness of a face as fair as a girl's save for the crimson splotches that marred its beauty, while his dark eyes shone like jewels as he looked at me in uncertain apprehension. I called softly to him: "Hello, Johnny, don't you want some water?" It may have been something in the tone of my voice or perhaps the call of universal brotherhood which belongs peculiarly to youth, that charm of boyhood days which waives all formalities in their social commingling and gives birth to undying friendships; but whatever the inspiration, his pinched features lighted up with a smile of such radiance as seemed incongruous in such a gruesome place as he responded most genially. After a moment of hesitation he braced himself through sheer force of will, raised his hand drawn with suffering, prophetic of death, O so feebly to his forehead in salute, and said: "I must have been wandering; I thought you were my brother down in my home, sir."

I felt a quick comradeship with this enemy who, about to die, so courteously saluted me. Throwing off my blanket roll, I raised him carefully and placed his head gently upon it. Pouring a spoonful or two of whisky into my tin cup, I diluted it with water and, raising his head, gave it to him. He brightened up and, with his genial smile, put out his hand and said: "Shake hands; I hope you are a friend."

I wet my handkerchief from my canteen and washed as well as I could the crimson stains from his face. "Thank you, lieutenant. I did not look for this from your people," he said. "May I ask your name?" I gave it, and he quickly replied: "That's a good old Georgia name, lieutenant, and you must be some distant kin to me. My uncle, General Morgan, of Mississippi, married a charming lady of your name, and my sister had a schoolmate up North by the same name. My name is Hartridge." His eyes closed, and he lay back wearily for a moment or two. "I'm sorry," he resumed more slowly, "that you are not on our side of the fence. Nevertheless, there's something about you, lieutenant, that makes me wish to call you, if I may, my friend." Suddenly a spasm of pain caught him, his head fell back on the blanket roll, his muscles twitched, and his hands tightened convulsively in mine as I knelt by his side. Yet even while the agony still held him he was smiling with gay courage. I held the old battered tin cup to his lips, and he labored over swallowing the few drops left. "I thought it was the end," he whispered. "I am s-o-o tired." The sounds of firing from the left had died away; only occasional shots from the field batteries and skirmishers drifted toward us in the hushed stillness of our surroundings. I arose to go back to our lines. I felt I could do nothing further for him.

"Don't go yet, lieutenant," he pleaded. "I like you," he brought out frankly. "You don't seem like a stranger to me, your name is so familiar." I bent over him again and placed him more comfortably. He suddenly threw his arm around my neck and said: "Don't leave me, lieutenant, O don't leave me; it cannot be long now. I am not afraid to die, but it is so hard to die without any friend near." And his weakening arm clung closer. There was so much helplessness, so much pathos in the situation that my heart went sad within me, and I strove to comfort him.

"I have heard my father say oftentimes that those who fight hardest bear no malice, and it surely must be true. You are fighting for the right as you see it; my traditions have led me—led me—to—the same, sir." He was so perceptibly weakening that I urged him to rest, but he feebly protested. It was a long time, however, before he spoke again. Then he began to speak of his home. He told me that his father had fought in the war with Mexico and had many intimate friends in the old army and in the North; that he had opposed the secession movement, but had followed his State only after the war had been commenced. The shadows of death hung low about him now as he told me of his home, and he tried to ask me to send there some of his belongings, his weakness breaking the sentences until they were at times unintelligible. Suddenly his voice stopped, and his pleading eyes tried to tell me more; the lips moved feebly, but I could not distinguish his whispers. His clinging arm fell limply around my neck as though he had fallen asleep, the unconscious head fell back on the blanket roll, and the hand of my friend the enemy lay quiet in mine, for the end had come. I covered his face and left him lying there alone, for his gallant spirit had passed beyond the shadowy picket lines of the forever land.

THE RETREAT FROM RICHMOND IN 1865.

BY W. L. TIMBERLAKE, MOBILE, ALA.

The troops from the Richmond lines united with those from the Petersburg lines at Amelia Courthouse, where we expected to find a supply of provisions, but we were sadly disappointed. An order had been issued for a concentration of supplies at this point, but on our arrival we found not a thing for the men or horses. General Lee in his report says: "Not finding the supplies ordered to be placed there, nearly twenty-four hours were lost in endeavoring to collect subsistence for men and horses." This delay was fatal. We had trouble in crossing the Appomattox, and the courier whom Lee sent to Ewell rode all night, but could not find him. On regaining headquarters the General added this postscript to the communication and started it on its way again:

"April 4, 7:30 A.M.

"The courier has returned with this note, having been able to hear nothing of you. I am about to cross the river. Get to Amelia Courthouse as soon as possible and report to me.

R. E. L."

From the heavy rains which had recently fallen the Appomattox River was a raging torrent. The position of the troops not yet in the vicinity of the courthouse and the progress his army had made in concentrating there are indicated by a letter, dated at 9 P.M., which General Lee wrote to Ewell, saying that he was much gratified to learn of his (Ewell's) favorable prospect of crossing the river on the railroad bridge at Mattox; that he hoped he was safely over at that time. The last of the column, however, did not cross until after midnight. Gordon, who brought up the rear of the Petersburg forces, was at Scott's Shop, and Mahone was between Gordon and the bridge.

In the forenoon of Wednesday all the surplus artillery was assembled under command of General Walker, and after a number of caissons were destroyed struck off on the road to Farmville. It was not until one o'clock that Lee, with Longstreet at his side, put himself at the head of the infantry (Ewell's and Custis Lee's columns had not yet gotten up) and started for Jetersville, some eight or ten miles beyond Amelia. The troops were preceded by W. H. F. Lee's division of cavalry, which, on approaching the station, found itself up against Sheridan, who as early as half past four on the day before had thrown Crook's Division of Cavalry across the line of retreat and by dark had reënforced it with the 5th Corps.

During the night these forces had built a strong line of works, and Lee's cavalry was not strong enough to fully develop Sheridan's position. Sheridan wrote to Meade: "The Rebel army is in my front with all its trains. If the 6th Corps can hurry up, we will have sufficient strength. I will hold my ground unless I am driven from it. My men are out of rations, and some should follow quickly. Please notify General Grant."

No one whom General Lee sent to reconnoiter these lines brought back a single hope of carrying them; they were too grimly strong. Notwithstanding, had Lee had all his army there, he would no doubt have assaulted; but Ewell was not up. Longstreet drew the command off and filed to the right to cross Flat Run to march to Farmville. The infantry trains and artillery followed and kept the march up until a late hour. The road from Amelia Springs by which the weary, sleep-longing, hungry, yet dauntless Confederate army moved toward Rice's Station and Farmville is narrow, winding, and lonely; one that never before that fatal day had seen a battle

flag, heard the clattering march of cavalry, nor felt the heavy tread and jar of thundering guns; nor had it even dreamed of the sound it was to hear before the sun went down—the shriek of disemboweled horses, the piercing cries of the wounded, the faint, intermittent mutterings, the delirious speech of the dying. The main road changes a little more to the southward and goes by Captain Hillsman's plantation, which slopes into the narrow valley of Sailor's Creek. Such is the general character of the road Lee's army took, hoping to pass around Grant's left on Thursday, the 6th of April.

Longstreet got back to it from Sheridan's and Meade's fronts toward midnight. Anderson fell in behind Longstreet with the forces he had brought up on the south side of the Appomattox, Mahone in the lead, followed by Pickett, and the latter by Bushrod Johnson. Ewell came next with Custis Lee, then Kershaw, who had been on the move all night. Bringing up the rear was heroic Gordon, and it was after nine o'clock when he rose above the hill west of Amelia Springs. Toil on, veteran heroes of so many fields; a few more days and it will all be over. Those are Gordon's guns you hear.

The Army of the Potomac strangely enough did not know of Lee's retreat until it moved in battle array at 6 A.M. to engage him—Griffin on the right, Humphreys on the left, and the 6th Corps, under Wright, in reserve. They soon found out, however, that he had gone, and they then broke from line into columns, and on reaching Flat Creek, near Amelia Springs, Humphreys's advance spied across the open country a mile or more away the rear of Gordon's troops. About noon Sheridan gained a position not far from Sandy Creek, west of Deatsonville, where he saw the retreating column and threw Crook against it; but Ewell and Anderson faced their divisions to the left and flung him back viciously, while the trains filed by. Sheridan, seeing Crook's repulse, brought up Merritt, but soon made up his mind not to try again for the trains at that point, so sent him and Crook farther along to the left to look for a weaker spot. Keeping with him a brigade of cavalry, he then went to the top of a hill and scanned the uplifted silent country. Off on a ridge his eye fell on Gordon's skirmishers slowly falling back before Humphreys. He then, accompanied by Miller's Battery and Stagg's Brigade of Cavalry, followed the path of Merritt and Crook until it reached another overlooking ridge below him and saw the Confederate trains in full view hurrying with all speed and flanked by infantry and cavalry. Miller at once opened on them, and Stagg was ordered to charge them, Sheridan's aim being to check their forces till Crook, Custer, and Merritt had reached a position to strike the road ahead of them.

Stagg's men charged, but were signally repulsed, and just as they were re-forming up came the head of the 6th Corps. While the 6th Corps was forming to do what Stagg had tried so gallantly and failed to do Sheridan wrote to Grant. His dispatch was dated 12:10 P.M.: "The trains and army (Confederate) were moving all last night and are very short of provisions and very tired. Indeed, I think now is the time to attack them with all your infantry. They are reported to have begged provisions from the people of the country all along the road as they passed. I am working around farther to the left. As a matter of fact, they had only a few grains of parched corn, and one officer in his diary recorded that he that day traded his necktie with a poor family for a bit of corn bread."

Before Wright was ready Gordon came, and, thinking that the troops in advance had gone that way, he followed the trains northward, Humphreys at his heels. Meanwhile Anderson had kept moving and was across Sailor's Creek, and Ewell, with Custis Lee's division behind him, was over too, Kershaw standing the 6th Corps off as well as he could. Kershaw had barely gained the hill when Anderson sent word back to Ewell to come to his aid, for Custer and the rest of the cavalry had broken in ahead of him. Loyally Ewell, the maimed, venerable old soldier, started with Custis Lee's division to help Anderson; but he had barely gotten under way before the 6th Corps came out upon the Hillsman farm and began to form line of battle, which made it necessary for Ewell to halt and look after his own rear. So he faced Custis Lee about and formed along the open brow of the sassafras and pine-tufted hill, Kershaw on the right and Lee on the left. There, with flags over them, they lay from the road down into the ravine and up its northern bank; and every man in that line knew that a crisis was coming, for Anderson behind them to the west was engaged, and in full view on the valley's eastern brink the 6th Corps was massing into the fields at double-quick, the battle lines blooming with colors, growing longer and deeper at every moment, the batteries at a gallop coming into action front. We knew what it all meant.

The sun was more than halfway down, the oak and pine woods behind them crowning the hill and laying evening's peaceful shadows on Ewell's line, and on Sheridan's its long afternoon beams glinted warmly on the steel barrels of the shouldered arms of the moving infantry, for they were getting under way. Seymour's and Wheaton's men were approaching the creek; but let us hurry over to Custis Lee's lines, to a spot on the open, rounded, eastward-sloping knoll, where lies Major Stiles's battalion. When we saw them last they were listening to him as he read the soldier psalm, and then they knelt with him as he led them in prayer in the dimly lighted little chapel on the banks of the James, and we cannot forget that there was one boy who met his look with swimming eyes. They were all lying down, loaded guns in their hands, and the Major, that rare gentleman, was walking behind them, talking softly, familiarly, and encouragingly, warning them not to expose themselves; for Cowan's batteries had opened, and the fire was accurate and frightfully deadly. The Major said that a good many had been wounded and several killed when a twenty-pound Parrott shell struck immediately in my front on the line, nearly severing a man in twain and hurling him bodily over my head, his arms hanging down and his hands almost slapping my face in passing. In that awful moment I distinctly recognized young Blount, who had gazed into my face so intently Sunday night.

Until the Federal infantry had reached the creek the artillery fire had been fast and dreadfully fatal; then it stopped, and all was as still as the grave while the men made their way through the thickety banks and formed on the farther side. Our men, under orders, reserved their fire until their lines were close up, then they let go a crashing volley. The execution was frightful. They at once charged their center with fury and drove it back in confusion across the creek. But meanwhile the enemy's troops on the left and right had successfully crowded our flanks into the bowl-like hollow of the ravine's head, and the 37th Massachusetts had the fiercest hand-to-hand and literally savage encounter of the war with the remnant of Stiles's Battalion and the marines from the ships which had lain in the James River. I was next to those marines and saw them fight. They clubbed their muskets, fired pistols into each other's faces, and used the bayonets savagely.

Pretty soon a flag of truce came in sight. The officer bearing it came bravely up to our line under fire. I shot at him

before I learned the object of his mission. I have always been thankful that I did not hit him. There must have been a protecting Hand, for I was a dead shot. Of course this kind of fighting could not last long. The officer's message was to inform us that we were completely surrounded and that further resistance was useless.

Right here I want to relate a little personal incident that I shall never forget. After we were captured I threw down the gun that I had shot until it was so hot it burned my hand and started to the rear. I was very thirsty and got down in a ditch to get a drink; but the water was bloody, and I could not drink it. Custer's cavalry were gathering up the prisoners, and just as I jumped up from the ditch I scared a Yankee cavalryman's horse, and he cursed me. The next one that came along at a gallop reined up his horse quickly and said to me: "Johnny, are you hungry?" I said: "That's a pretty question to ask a Rebel." His reply was: "Never mind; that's all right. Have you a knife?" I said, "Yes." He turned his horse around, and I saw that he had a small ham strapped to the ring of his saddle. He said: "Cut a piece of this meat quick, because I am in a hurry." I cut off a good slice, and he gave me a handful of hard tack and said: "Good-by, Johnny." God bless that Yankee! He saved my life, for I was nearly famished.

Keifer, who commanded one of Wright's brigades, of the 6th Corps, says: "One week after the battle I revisited the field." He was on his way back from Appomattox and could have walked on Confederate dead for many successive rods along the face of heights held by the enemy when the battle opened. These men were put in a trench. Mrs. Hillsman says that a lady of unmistakable breeding, who lived in Savannah, came shortly after the battle to look for her son. A deluging rain had swept the shallow covering of earth away, and among the festering bodies she found that of her boy, identifying it by a ring still encircling his ashen, shrunken finger.

THE BATTLE OF OLUSTEE.

BY JAMES A. HARLEY, SPARTA, GA.

As we understand that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was established primarily to obtain and preserve the truth as to the War between the States, the sooner the truth is published the better, and where veterans differ it is especially important that their differences be sifted and threshed out and the real facts ascertained before the actors themselves have all passed away.

These remarks are suggested by the monument to General Finegan and his men on the field of Olustee and the article with reference to the battle by Mr. J. G. Rice in the June number of the VETERAN. We have no quarrel with the good women of Florida for erecting a monument to a Florida general and his men, nor for doing it in ignorance of the facts; though in doing so they have done a lasting injustice to General Colquitt, Colonel Harrison, and their officers and men, who did the principal fighting and really won the victory. It was a great battle which saved a great part of the State of Florida from Federal occupation for a long time. It was a bloody battle, as the losses were reported at from twenty-five to thirty-five per cent of all the troops engaged, but not so bloody as many battles in which Colquitt's men had fought and won; for General Finegan, who seems to have fought his maiden battle here, says that the greater part of the eight hundred and forty-one wounded on our side were slightly wounded.

The inscription on the monument is as follows: "The battle of Olustee was fought on this ground February 20, 1864, between five thousand Confederate troops, commanded by Gen. Joseph E. Finegan, and six thousand Federal troops under Gen. Truman Seymour. The Federals were defeated with a loss of two thousand men. The Confederate loss was less than one thousand."

This statement is literally true, but substantially false, and this false impression is aided by Mr. Rice's article in the June VETERAN. We will state the bald facts, and our statement will be borne out by men who took part in the hottest of the fight and by official reports of the principal officers, General Finegan included. All of the men, excepting the three Florida battalions, who bore their part in the fight bravely and well and deserve all the praise and honor that can be claimed for them, were Georgia troops hurried there on an emergency and who lost seven hundred and seven out of the nine hundred and forty-six men, as shown by the records. The Florida cavalry, commanded by Col. Caraway Smith, and who had the opportunity of the war, did absolutely nothing, with Seymour's army beaten and fleeing before Colquitt's and Harrison's men, and their demoralization was emphasized by the presence of three regiments of green negro troops. We have never known an instance during the entire war when six hundred fresh cavalrymen had such an opportunity as Colonel Smith's command had at Olustee, and it is a good part of General Finegan's troops whom it is sought to immortalize by the Olustee monument. Colonel Smith did not report a single man killed or wounded; and General Beauregard's comment, indorsed on the report of Colonel Smith, would be ludicrous if it were not painful to every lover of the Confederate cause.

General Finegan's report shows that no detail of the battle was directed by himself in person. It shows that he ordered Colquitt forward, but expected him to fall back to the intrenchments, where Finegan thought he could safely meet a superior force. The infantry under General Finegan were two brigades of Georgians, commanded by Colonel Harrison and General Colquitt, in which the commanding general had wisely incorporated the Florida battalions. Mr. Rice says: "Late in the evening the forces became engaged in the pine forest." This is an error. Part of the infantry was sent forward at 12 M., and at 1:30 the fighting was fast and furious enough to cause Colonel Harrison to forward reënforcements to General Colquitt, who had advanced under Finegan's direction; but not, it seems, to "fall back" to the intrenchments, as General Finegan contemplated, but to whip the enemy in the open, as he did. All the evidence is that the battle of Olustee lasted four or four and a half hours; so it was not possible to have begun "late in the evening." It was in February.

General Finegan's report says of Colonel Smith's cavalry that they "skirmished with the enemy with spirit and retired to the flanks in obedience to their orders." As not a single casualty is reported among Colonel Smith's men or horses, we cannot see what General Finegan's skirmishing "with spirit" can mean. General Finegan did give orders to Lieutenant Colonel Hopkins and Major Bonaud to fall into line on the left "in the direction of the enemy's heaviest firing"; but when this order was given, General Finegan was not on the field, for he says: "After I had ordered these reënforcements and they were some distance on the way to the front, and while I was myself on the way to the front, I received from General

Colquitt, commanding in the front, a request for reënforcements already ordered." It is clear that General Finegan was not near the firing line at any time, for had he been he certainly would have known that Colonel Smith was doing absolutely nothing, when Colquitt's and Harrison's men were pursuing for miles a rapidly retreating enemy after a hard struggle for at least four hours and until darkness put an end to the conflict.

This correspondent had heard so much criticism of Finegan's Cavalry and of the General himself that he asked some friends in the 6th Georgia as to the General's part in the fight, and they promptly stated that they "did not see General Finegan at all that day." These men were utterly astounded when they went to Olustee during the Reunion at Jacksonville and saw the inscription on the monument. One of Colquitt's men told me that after they had bagged quite a lot of Yankees in the earlier fighting, before they ran short of ammunition, they were taking some prisoners to the rear, and one of them, a bright, talkative young fellow, said: "Who is that man on the gray horse?" J. W. McCook, of the 6th Georgia, said: "That is Gen. Alfred H. Colquitt, who commands this brigade." The Yankee replied: "God Almighty must be taking care of him, for I shot at him twelve or thirteen times as he was riding up and down your lines when we were fighting in those woods yonder, and I just could not hit him." It was afterwards discovered that two buttons had been shot from General Colquitt's overcoat and his horse shot in the neck, but not seriously injured by the wound.

In the official records of the "War of the Rebellion," Series I., Volume XXXV., page 344, is the key to the situation set forth in General Colquitt's report, which states what really occurred as seen by the biggest actor on the field. This report was dictated to General Colquitt's secretary, my long-time friend, and as true and fearless a man as can be found in Georgia. After the reënforcements the 1st Florida and Bonaud's Battalion and the 27th Georgia came upon the field. The report says: "These troops were put in position near the center of the line and a little in advance to hold the enemy in check till the other commands could be supplied with cartridges. As soon as this was accomplished I ordered a general advance, at the same time sending instructions to Colonel Harrison to move the 6th and 32d Georgia Regiments around on the right flank of the enemy. The 27th Georgia Regiment, under Colonel Zachry, pushing forward with great vigor upon the center and the whole line moving as directed, the enemy gave way in confusion. We continued the pursuit for several miles, when night put an end to the conflict."

To show what was the real estimate of General Finegan's services, as soon after the battle as the details reached General Beauregard, though he had on the first news congratulated General Finegan, he promptly removed him, evidently agreeing with General Gardner that his conduct at Olustee showed him incompetent to command an army on the field. General Seymour seemed to have been in position to judge of the merits of our different commanders on the field at Olustee; for an old Confederate who heard General Seymour speak at the Macon Fair some years after the war says that in speaking of his pleasure in visiting Georgia under such agreeable circumstances he said he had "tried very hard to get here once before, but General Colquitt would not let him."

Until we heard of the Olustee monument we had never dreamed of any one's claiming the honors so fairly won by Gen. A. H. Colquitt, "The Hero of Olustee."

THE DEFENDERS OF VICKSBURG.

BY GEORGE E. BREWER, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

So little has been said in any history I have seen of the valor, suffering, and patient endurance of the defenders of Vicksburg that more ought to be left on record somewhere; and having been a participant, it makes me feel that I should pay some tribute. Of one thing I am sure: no soldiers of any age or country ever fought better, endured greater hardships, bore their sufferings with less complaint, or were more willing to die for their country than the thin line of defenders who held those defenses for months against the fierce assaults of a vastly superior force fully equipped for their work.

It was early in January, 1863, that Stevenson's Division, sent from Tullahoma, Tenn., reached Vicksburg. From then until Grant effected his landing on the east bank of the Mississippi, about the 1st of May, we were engaged in drilling and picket duty. There was much of this kind of duty to be done in guarding against the landing of the enemy for many miles above and below the city. Another duty was to keep up fires at night along the levee opposite the city, so as to reveal any attempt to run boats past the city. I was on this duty one night in a steady downpour of rain, so that it required incessant labor to get material for burning and to keep the fires going. It was a strenuous night, and by morning we were worn out. Added to the unpleasantness was the knowledge that if passage was attempted we would be under the fire of our own guns from the numerous batteries guarding the river.

When we first arrived there was a large number of cattle from Texas on hand, and the beef was good. But these cattle from the grassy plains would not eat fodder, shucks, hay, nor other food we had; so they soon became poor and poorer, until a camp kettle boiled full of their flesh would not raise an eye of greese. Of course the men refused to eat it. There was plenty of sugar and molasses in the place, and this was issued in lieu of meat; but the men soon tired of so much sweet stuff unmixed with anything but bread. Relief came later.

On February 24 a tree fell on me, inflicting severe injuries to both legs. I was sent to the hospital at Montgomery, and I stayed there until about the 1st of May, when I insisted that, although I could not walk, I could do duty in camp. On reaching Vicksburg the soldiers of my division were just returning from the unsuccessful effort to prevent Grant's landing. Pemberton had been so slow that Grant's forces were on Mississippi soil and in better shape for attacking the Confederates than they were for attacking him. They had marched all night, and many had fallen out from sheer fatigue, and those who reached Grand Gulf were exhausted and not in condition for good battle formation. Defeat was the result. Grant pushed on toward Jackson, and Pemberton fell back to Vicksburg. Joseph E. Johnston was not able to hold Jackson with his small force, so he fell back toward Canton, ordering Pemberton to evacuate Vicksburg at once and join him at Canton, as the preservation of the army under such conditions was more valuable than Vicksburg.

Pemberton was slow in obeying, and when he did move out he loitered a whole day, the 15th of May, at Edwards Station, when he ought to have been moving. In the evening of the 15th he was notified that Grant was near and ready to take possession of the Canton road. (General Shelby is my authority.) He lay still till morning, and then the enemy had possession. Stevenson's Division was rushed forward to open the road, and his men went at it with such dash that

for a time the enemy's lines wavered before the charge. It was at this time, the same authority assured me, that Loring asked Pemberton to let him throw his division on the shattered lines and crush the enemy. He was refused and was not put into action until Stevenson was overwhelmed by constant reënforcements sent against him. Loring was then ordered forward and held the enemy at bay, saving Stevenson's broken lines, and kept the enemy in check until after night, when he moved around Grant's flank (not cut off, as stated in some records) and joined Johnston. Stevenson's Division and the other troops fell back to Big Black River and from there to the doomed city. By the 18th the Confederates were in the well-constructed intrenchments, and the enemy was getting well intrenched in our front and quite near us. Firing was going on from the first and increasing in intensity day by day and night by night.

Gen. Stephen D. Lee had been placed in command of Tracey's Brigade when the latter was killed at Grand Gulf. Lieut. Col. E. W. Pettus was placed in command of the 46th Alabama upon the capture of the field officers and nearly half the regiment at Baker's Creek. I was not with the command in the battle, being unable to walk; but when in the trenches, where walking was not required, I assumed my place. We had been in the trenches from the 18th, engaged in steady action night and day. Early in the morning of the 22d the regiment was permitted to leave the trenches and just in the rear under the shelter of the hill to rest and sleep. But the rest was short, as by the middle of the morning a general assault was made upon all the lines. The enemy were brave and desperate in their efforts, and along all that part occupied by our division and adjacent to it they reached in many places within a few yards of our lines and everywhere quite near, but succeeded in piercing it in only one place, the fort on the south bank of the Jackson Railroad. The 46th Alabama was just in the rear of this part of the line. Upon notice of the assault the regiment was rushed up the hill by the flank, left in front, led by Colonel Pettus, and the right, then in the rear, led by me. Pettus reached the captured fort and that part of the line, and my part was to support the second redoubt to the south of that part of the line. The fight was desperate, but at last the enemy found the Confederates too stubborn to be driven and fell back to their own lines, leaving the ground in our front blue with their dead. Pettus, with a few Alabamians and a larger body of Texans from Waul's Legion, boldly attacked in a hand-to-hand struggle the Federals in possession of the fort and retook it, capturing a number of the enemy and three stands of colors. He was highly complimented for his valor, and was soon after made a brigadier general. Waul says in his report that Pettus called for volunteers among the Alabamians and none would go, and he then secured them among the Texans. I know that two officers and some privates of the 46th went in with Pettus to the successful hand-to-hand grapple.

From the time of this general assault there was no effort to relieve any command from the trenches for rest, for we were only a thin line when all were in; so every man had to be at his place ready for the next assault, daily expected. There was no undressing for sleep during all that long siege. Of course napping was done in an irregular way, but gun was at hand and cartridge box on the body, so that when awakened there was readiness for fight.

In a few days Colonel Garrett, of the 20th Alabama, was killed, and Pettus assumed command of this, his own regiment, and I was placed in command of the 46th Alabama, continuing there throughout the remainder of the war, reading the order of surrender to the consolidated 23d and 46th at Salisbury, N. C.

A brief statement will present the condition so far as our part of the defense went, for it was exceedingly monotonous day in and day out. As before stated, there was no regular sleep, but usually from 11 P.M. to 3 A.M. quite a number of men slept, leaving enough to keep up the firing and hold the lines in case of attack until the sleepers could awake and get in place. There was constant firing day and night, though fiercer in the daytime. The constant firing of small arms was at times very heavy. Numerous batteries of the enemy were continuously sending shell and shot over us and upon the works. At times heavy firing of artillery was concentrated upon certain points in the hope of making a breach in the earthworks. Numerous mortars were planted on the Louisiana shore, and these were in almost constant use day and night, sending their screeching bombs into the city and feeling for our lines. Finding themselves falling somewhat short of us, on one day they gave greater elevation and overshot us, their bombs falling along their own lines. Each explosion called forth a hearty Rebel yell from the whole line of defenders, with shouts of derisive laughter. This ended their efforts to get nearer to us. Sharpshooters were so placed that when a Confederate head showed above the works it was a target for half a dozen rifles. Frequently the men would put a hat upon a ramrod and slowly raise it to just see how soon it would be pierced by a ball. The result was that most of our killed were shot in the head. Sandbags were placed on top of the works as a protection to the firing line, with portholes between through which to shoot. Think of this continuing from May 22 to July 4 without rest day or night, in the din of small arms, roaring cannon, bursting bombs, swirling shrapnel missiles, screeching of mortar shells. It was no holiday sport. With weakness for want of proper food and bowel troubles common, it is a wonder that patriotism did not slumber.

As to lack of food and other discomforts, they were more trying than soldierly dangers. From the first it was known that the siege would be long, so to husband resources we were put on short rations at the start, and these were soon made shorter; so from the early part of the siege to the surrender only half rations were issued, and there was no way by which more could be had. The bread was mainly corn bread, with a very small piece of meat. The weather was hot, and sometimes the bread was sour by the time it reached the lines. By morning the rule was sour bread, and on breaking it threads from the sourness spun out like spider webs. For about two weeks at one time it was worse than ever; for some one in charge of the commissary, concluding that peas were nutritious, and there being a good supply on hand, had a large quantity ground and made into bread. Peas do well boiled with grease, but are exceedingly unpalatable when ground and baked. The grinding had been done, and it could not be wasted; so for two weeks these brave boys lived on pea bread and a small piece of meat. This bread soured more quickly than the other. What a makeshift! It still makes me shudder when I think of it. The drinking water was from the Mississippi River, hauled up in barrels when the food was brought, and it stood in these barrels in the sunshine and constituted our refreshing drafts. But little could be spared for face and hands and none for the rest of the body. The food and water were generally brought in wagons winding their way along the ravines under

cover of night. When the food was issued some would divide the meager portion into two or three parts, but very many ate all at the first sitting and waited till the next night for the next meal. The prevailing dry weather made the soil in the trenches (our habitation) a bed of fine dust, covering our sweated garments and bodies, without the opportunity to bathe. Is it any wonder that we were filthy and covered with loathsome vermin? Yet not a curse upon the Confederacy was heard by me; nor was there a soldier who desired to surrender or desert, nor one not ready to fight to the death. The only complaint I heard was that our officers did not permit us to cut our way out. Occasionally a rumor was heard that Johnston was going to attack Grant from the rear, and we would then cut our way out. Such reports were received with gladness, and the fire flashed up in the eyes of all.

The only news from the outside world was when some Yankee picket gave a Confederate a newspaper. This was possible because our opposing lines were on opposite hills, and both lines kept up a night picket in the intervening ravine. These pickets were necessarily so near that it would have been like cold-blooded murder for either to attempt the life of the other; so by mutual consent hostilities ceased between them until the return to the trenches. The Confederate swapped tobacco, of which he had plenty, for the Yankee's hard-tack.

In our front the lines were so near that conversation was possible. For two weeks before the surrender they called out to our boys: "Johnny Reb, why are you fighting and suffering? We have bought you and will have you on the 4th of July." "We'll see you when you get us, Billy Yank," or some such response was returned. Of course strange thoughts came into my mind when on the morning of the 4th of July orders came to me to march my regiment out of the trenches and stack arms, as terms of surrender had been agreed upon, and that we would be paroled and return home until such time as we should be exchanged.

Much as we would be improved in all physical conditions, and much as we desired to hear something of our loved ones, from whom no word had come in two months, yet I saw no man who did not feel humiliated and who would not rather have fought on than to have surrendered self and gun while still able to fight. Many tears marked their way down those grim, bronzed cheeks. No one not in Vicksburg can conceive of what was endured by its defenders nor the patriotic spirit animating them under such conditions.

GRANT'S FAILURE AT LAKE PROVIDENCE.

BY J. L. DAVIS, M.D., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

Lack of engineering skill leaves its mark upon the Civil War history in Grant's attempt to enter Vicksburg via Lake Providence. What might have been the effect upon the progress of the war between the North and the South had success crowned his efforts at Lake Providence?

In February, 1863, the inhabitants of the beautiful little town of Lake Providence were surprised to behold entering their quiet precincts an immense host of United States soldiers whose object was supposed to be the occupation of the place and the invasion of the adjacent country. The ulterior purpose was not even surmised. To explain the invasion, which was subsequently revealed, is the design of this paper.

To make it intelligible to the general reader, it is essential to describe the surrounding topography of the country, embracing the eastern boundary, defined by the Mississippi River, the northern boundary, represented by Providence Lake and Old River, and the western boundary, limited by Bayou Macon, while fertile plantations formed the southern.

The little village of Lake Providence, with a population of twelve to fifteen hundred, fronting the Mississippi on the east and Providence Lake on the north, is in the northeast corner of the State, and, following the southern margin of the lake, the town extends westwardly about a mile and a half. Lake Street was built up in compact form chiefly with substantial brick buildings, and beyond the business portion many handsome residences beautify this street, with its broad view of the lovely lake. At the western extremity of the town is outlined the head of the Tensas Bayou, a bridge of two hundred feet in length spanning that stream. Westwardly, the public road extends along the lake and in front of highly cultivated cotton plantations, many lovely homes being interspersed on the way. This description will apply to the entire length of the lake, which is eight miles, and its width, one mile. Going still westwardly, or perhaps northwestwardly, through plantations two or three miles, we reach Old River, whose banks are protected by a considerable levee, and the road is fenced on the opposite side for many miles to protect the magnificent cotton plantations extending to Ashton, the head of Old River. Thence to the Bayou Macon the public road runs at the base of the Mississippi River levee proper. At that point the Bayou Macon is capable of floating the largest man-of-war in flood tide, having a depth of perhaps forty feet; but it is because of its junction with a smaller stream that special interest attaches in this history.

There was no better camping ground in the Mississippi Valley than the locality described at the date given, as the plantations were still in cultivation by slave labor, and the land was groaning under immense crops of corn and foodstuffs generally; while for the commissary department fat cattle and hogs abounded, and to enrich the Federal treasury thousands of bales of cotton were ready for shipment. The army commanded by General Grant, consisting of General McPherson's corps, was said to number about seventy-five thousand men. The area occupied by the army embraced the plantations along the lake and those down the Mississippi River for several miles. It may be said that the position was acquired without resistance, as it was really nominal, a small Confederate force making feeble protest near Lake Providence. In a few days there was not a Confederate soldier east of Bayou Macon.

The ulterior object of the seizure of this location, as in most army movements, became known to the public only by subsequent developments. The topography of the country suggested the adoption of an engineering scheme upon the arrival of the commanding general, or he may have decided upon it previously. The relation of the district to the Mississippi River for the perfection of the object contemplated was all that could have been desired. The lake joining the river at right angles, having a depth ranging from twenty to seventy-five feet and about a mile in width, presented apparently an easy solution to the question how best to flank Vicksburg.

The time of the year was favorable for the work contemplated, a rise in the river almost always occurring in January of each year, so that the banks should have been full and ready to overflow upon their arrival. Besides, having full control of the upper river, they were cognizant of the existing stage of the water even before they began the descent of the river to Lake Providence. With the river overflowing its banks, submergence of the described district was a simple mat-

ter. Providence Lake commenced about a mile from the Mississippi River levee (not as now six hundred yards distant), the intervening space between the lake and the levee consisting chiefly of low marshy ground, which gave unmistakable evidence of having, with the lake, been the bed of the river at some former date unknown to the oldest inhabitant. With the river over its banks and the water standing three or four feet against the levee, it is easy to comprehend the readiness with which Providence Lake could be flooded were the levee cut. At its normal stage the banks of the lake are several feet above the water. The river, only bank-full, it will be observed, was capable of flooding the lake by digging a canal a few feet deep connecting the two, especially when it is remembered that the land slopes from the river toward the swamp; besides, the bed of the lake is quite as deep as the river.

The time for action had arrived. A large body of troops was impatient and anxious to go forward. Expert engineers had pronounced the project feasible, and orders were issued to commence the canal. It was soon excavated by the soldier host employed, and upon cutting the levee the water rushed into the lake, and in a few hours there was sufficient depth and width to float the boats designed for the passage from the river into the lake. Bayou Baxter heads at Providence Lake about five miles from the town. Its banks are high, and it has sufficient capacity to float a large steamer at flood tide. From its source to its mouth, where it becomes tributary to Bayou Macon, is about ten miles, the stream being rather tortuous.

The flotilla having entered the lake, it steamed up to Bayou Baxter, expecting to enter and pass through to the Macon, which is navigable by the largest steamers. The Macon emptying into Red River and the Red into the Mississippi, the command should have flanked Vicksburg in a few days, as was planned, instead of three months later, as the sequel shows.

What the ultimate effect of this passage might have been can never be known, but the final capture of Vicksburg did more to weaken the Confederacy than all other causes combined up to that time, severing its population as well as its territory.

The flotilla arriving at Bayou Baxter was confronted by an impassable barrier, existing evidently on account of the engineer's want of foresight. The numerous standing trees in Bayou Baxter became at once a menace to the well-devised plans of the commanding officer. Had the trees been felled and removed before cutting the Mississippi levee, there would have been no hindrance to the passage of the entire army through this and other connecting tributaries to the Mississippi and up to Vicksburg.

To prove the passage fully ample for the boats of the United States, at least of such dimensions as would have been necessary to convey the troops, for years after the war, the Arkansas levees being down, the annual spring overflow sufficed for large flatboats loaded with cotton to reach the river at Lake Providence through Bayou Baxter and Providence Lake without the removal of the growing trees.

How many lives would have been spared and how much treasure saved during the intervening months between the time of the failure to get through Bayou Baxter in February and the surrender of Vicksburg the 4th of July following had the army reached Vicksburg promptly, say in twenty days, by the all-water route may not be estimated; but it may safely be said that the defenses of Vicksburg were greatly strengthened, the powers of resistance increased, and there was a larger concentration of Confederate troops and consequently greater mortality.

Now, can it be denied that, had the fall of Vicksburg occurred only three or four months earlier, the war would not have been shortened by that length of time? and might not the *esprit de corps* of the South have been lost much sooner, Appomattox being found at Murfreesboro?

FORT STEADMAN'S FALL.

[In this paper the last aggressive move of the Confederacy is narrated by a leader of the "forlorn hope"—the charge of Capt. J. P. Carson's command. This article was published in the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph in 1882.]

There was a keen bite in the morning air, strongly suggestive of a Virginia winter, as I stepped from the train at Reynolds. The large number of idlers (for the train arrival is one daily event of a railroad town) were muffled to their ears in cloaks and overcoats. In response to my inquiry for Captain Carson a bystander turned and pointed to a figure approaching through the sunlight that fell unchecked beyond the cloud of engine smoke, which drifted back and made a chilly shade about me.

Looking in the direction indicated, I saw a man six feet in height, strongly built, and as erect as an Indian. His slightly florid face was square-cut in its lines, but relieved by a tawny mustache, and tawny, waving hair tinged with gray, brushed straight back, fell in view beneath his slouched hat. As I shook his hand a low, pleasant voice welcomed me and two bright, smiling eyes, steel-blue (or were they gray?), indorsed the kindness of his voice. Instinctively I felt the presence of a gentleman; yet I could scarcely disguise the intention of my somewhat protracted gaze, for before me stood as gallant a soldier as ever wore the gray, the hero of Fort Steadman.

Informed of my mission, he led the way through a pleasant little town to his own cottage, where, with his wife, a grandniece of Chief Justice Marshall of Virginia, and a happy family of children, he dwells secure in these piping times of peace. There was an air of thrift and prosperity about the house and a boast of prosperity in the well-kept premises and in the fields stretching away and losing themselves in the distance—a suggestion of success.

The good soldier was evidently a good farmer. In the glow of a ruddy fire of oak logs and with the flow of old war flames upon his face, he told me the true story of Fort Steadman and its capture on March 25, 1865—a story never before faithfully reproduced in print. Nothing could exceed the simplicity and the modesty with which it was related by the chief actor. Many of these facts were drawn out by questions oft repeated, and not until the duty to his children, to his comrades, and to history were dwelt upon did I receive the full text as given here, every word of which, unless the writer is himself at fault, is true; every fact is capable of substantiation by living witnesses.

Captain Carson's Story.

The spring of 1865 found Lee's army in a critical position. His line was curved above Petersburg, confronting Grant's for nearly twenty-five miles. My recollection of Grant's line is that the center rested on the James River. Every reënforcement he received would be thrown on his left, to face which it was necessary that Lee's line should be also extended. Our line was thus extended until it threatened to snap. I

suppose the average strength of it was one man to every twelve feet; and as day by day death found its victims in the heavy fire directed upon us, it became weaker. Our line was protected by a long, deep ditch, with cross ditches in the rear, from the cannon and musket fire, but not from the mortar shells, which were thrown up and dropped with fatal precision directly among us. To avoid this we had to burrow underground. You remember that an effort was made to break our lines by mining. The great crater was the final result of this effort. The events I am about to describe occurred about half a mile to the left of the crater.

About the 18th of March General Gordon, whose sharpshooters I commanded, went to General Lee for consultation. They spoke of the hopeless task of seeking longer to hold the immense line over which our forces were extended. Both agreed that the situation was alarming. What General Lee's plans were I do not know, but Gordon was in favor of making one last desperate effort to break the line in front of him and in a sudden movement, with his troops massed, crush the left wing of Grant's army, thereby raising the siege. He thought that the destruction of the Federal army would inevitably follow and peace be obtained. Lee declared the scheme impracticable; that in no way could the Federal line be broken. Gordon, however, did not agree with him. He told the commander in chief that his sharpshooters could and would break it by the capture of Fort Steadman if he would give him permission to order the assault. After a long discussion, Lee yielded. There was nothing else to be done save to abandon Richmond, Petersburg, and, indeed, Virginia. Very quietly preparations for the assault were begun.

I was at that time captain of the sharpshooters, about one hundred in number. They came from every Southern State, were selected for their skill, and armed with the celebrated Whitworth rifle of the latest pattern, having range and accuracy at eighteen hundred yards. The men were tried and trusty. Their courage had been too often tested to admit of a doubt. General Gordon notified me of what had been decided upon, but enjoined the strictest secrecy. I was not even to tell my brother of the coming event, which was fixed then for the night a week distant. You can imagine that it was for me an anxious week. The assault was to be made upon Fort Steadman, situated about two hundred yards from our line upon an eminence. The Confederate works opposite were also upon an eminence. Between the two flowed a branch about ten feet wide, but only an inch or so deep. Between the branch and the fort ascending the hill were three lines of obstructions as perfect as human ingenuity with such material as was accessible could make them. The first was composed of skinned pine logs about eight inches thick. Holes had been bored into these, and sharpened spikes had been inserted. These logs, about twenty-five feet long, had been crossed and recrossed and fastened with wire. About forty steps farther back was the second line composed of tangled brush piled up, with the sharpened butts projecting toward us. The third and last line was composed of fence rails stuck into the ground with their sharpened ends also slanting toward us. These obstructions extended all along the Federal line. There were no weak spots in it.

These were the obstructions to be surmounted with eight rifled siege guns trained upon them and backed by nearly five hundred infantry in the fort. The fort itself was surrounded by a large moat four feet deep and half full of water. The dirt taken from this ditch had been piled up beyond with a perpendicular front, until from the bottom of the moat to the summit was about thirteen feet. A man could not unhindered in the daytime climb up the front of this fort. To cross these obstructions and scale these works was the task, as I have said, assigned to my sharpshooters.

On the afternoon of March 24 a courier rode up to the camp and ordered me to organize my corps and follow him to the point from which the attack was to be made. I immediately formed my men into line and made them a little speech. I told them that we were going to undertake a hazardous task, from which very likely few of us would return; that I had confidence in their courage and valor, which I had often seen tested; and that if any one desired to withdraw he was at liberty to do so. To this only two responded by falling out of the ranks. We then followed the courier, who led us by a circuitous route through the outskirts of Petersburg, and finally brought us up in front of Steadman about dark. There we awaited orders.

Arriving at this place, I noticed for the first time that my brother Bob, a boy of eighteen, was with my men. He did not belong to my command, but was serving as a courier for Gen. Phil Cook. Surprised at his appearance there, I asked what he desired. He replied that he had come to go with me wherever I went. I talked with him on the folly of such a course and implored him to give up the idea, but it was all in vain. I then reminded him that both of our brothers had been killed and that our old father at home would need him to lean upon in his old age; that I was going upon a perilous expedition with but little chance of returning alive. He declared that he too believed I would be killed, and for that reason he was going with me so as to be able to bring me out. What could I say then? Nothing. We spread our blankets there in the open air and lay down, he to sleep and I to lie awake and think. It was intensely dark. No gun broke the stillness of the night as we lay awaiting the last order. I could not sleep. I could not rid myself of the thought that it was the boy beside me who would be killed. It seemed to me that we lay there side by side for the last time.

At three o'clock General Gordon came. He issued strips of white cloth to the men, which were to be drawn down over the right shoulder to the left side, run around the body, and fastened. This was the mark by which we were to recognize each other in the dark. General Gordon then made the men a speech. He told them that if they succeeded their names would go down to posterity upon the roll of honor; he would see that, living or dead, the name of every man present should be honorably mentioned by the papers of his native State; that those who survived should go home on a thirty days' furlough with silver medals bearing his own and Lee's name (the men belonged to Gordon's Brigade). It was a stirring and impressive speech as we heard it standing there in the night with the awful task and eternity staring us in the face.

The command was to advance at the sound of the bugle. It came at last. In an instant we were over the works and heading for the fort with all the speed we could command. We had hoped to reach there undiscovered, but twenty-five yards had not been passed before the fort opened upon us. I do not even now understand it. We were not visible and made no noise, but they knew we were coming and our direction. By the flash of those guns two hundred yards ahead of us darkness disappeared. It was at quick succeeding intervals as light as day. We soon got beneath their line of fire at the foot of the hill. I don't think we had up to this time lost a man. We were still going on the run as hard as we could

when we crossed the branch and started up the hill. How we got past the first line of obstructions I could never remember. I was very fleet of foot, but when I reached the line Bob was there ahead of me. I saw him for an instant in the flash of the cannon tearing down and dragging aside the wire and logs. He was very strong, and had broken the wire when I got up. We went through the gap together. How the others crossed I do not know. The next minute we struck the middle line of brush, climbing and rolling over it into the open ground beyond. There the wind from the cannon and flying shot was so strong that we could not keep our hats on, while the frightful roar of the guns drowned every other sound. We went the rest of the way with hats and guns in hand until we struck the last line of obstructions. The men seized the rails with the strength of desperation, dragging them out of the ground and rushing through the gap. The next instant we came into the fire of the smaller guns. Here we hurried forward at full speed. It was every man for himself. Not only were we exposed to the musketry fire, but we had risen to the line of fire from the artillery.

I do not know exactly how we got through it all, but in a minute more we were in the moat and in two feet of water. The fort had been struck just about the middle. Immediately the infantry ran out upon the works and began to fire straight down upon us. Lieutenant Gay, of La Grange, fell at this moment mortally wounded, and would have drowned had we not lifted him back upon the bank, where he died. We were in the dark, while the men above were faintly outlined against the gray sky. I called to the men to shoot every Yankee who showed himself. They began firing at once, and in an instant almost the works were cleared. It was but thirteen feet up, and my men were sharpshooters. When the enemy found that it was death to show themselves, they thrust their guns over and discharged them downward. It was a critical moment; we could neither advance nor retreat. I heard simultaneous inquiries from along the line as to what must be done and one or two more suggestions to fall back. Just at this moment with the utmost coolness word was quietly passed along from right to left that a low place had been found. I heard the intelligence coming before the man next to me repeated it. Returning the command, "By the right flank, march," we filed along until the place was reached and then scrambled into the fort. Forming my line, I struck the forces within at right angles, and in a minute more they surrendered. The fort was commanded by General McLaughlin, and over five hundred men surrendered with him.

When a man surrenders he is demoralized. It was night, as I have said, and very dark. These Yankees thought our whole army was attacking them and were anxious to get out of the way. Before I could give commands, they asked what they should do. I told them to form a double-quick back to our lines. This they did, and in a hurry too. We had killed a great many of them.

My orders had been executed. They led me no farther than Fort Steadman. Expecting Gordon's arrival at every moment, I determined on my own responsibility to advance. Forming my line, we advanced about three-quarters of a mile. Still there came no sound from the rear. For some reason Gordon had been delayed. Just before daylight, as we stood awaiting developments, an officer coming from the Federal side dashed up. He was magnificently mounted and reined up almost against me. "Hello, boys; how's things a-going?" he exclaimed with an accent which told me where he belonged. I told him they were going pretty well and invited him to alight. Two of my men trained their guns on him, and, thoroughly satisfied as to his capture, he dismounted and gave up his horse with the injunction to take good care of him. The prisoner was a colonel, but I forget his name.

I then deployed my men in skirmish along the crest of the hill back to the fort. I met General Gordon, who had crossed where we did. He received my report, commended my movement, and ordered me back to my command. There I stayed until daybreak. Then arose a tremendous commotion over among the Federals. I could hear the popping of the whips, the shouting of drivers, the whistle of engines, and the rumble of artillery and wagons. It was evident that a general movement was taking place. The Confederate movement had failed. It was too late then to attack. Pickett's Division, the largest in Gordon's Corps, had not come up, as ordered. The Confederate force was too weak to accomplish the intended assault. General Gordon told me after the war, while visiting me here, that Pickett's Division was fifteen miles off and was to have come up by railroad, but the rail service was faulty and did not bring it up.

About eight o'clock I saw the Federals coming. The whole field was blue with them. I think the columns must have been twenty deep. With our Whitworth rifles we began to pick off a few prominent individuals; but we could not kill a whole army, and presently we had to retire, which we did, contesting every foot of ground.

At ten o'clock we struck Gordon's line stretched out for three miles along the Federal works. I would not let my men merge into this line. They stood out in front like marble statues, enjoying the honors they had so hardly won. In the meantime the Federal artillery and sharpshooters were pushing forward, and it began to grow warm. I was still mounted upon my horse—was the only mounted person on the field—and became a conspicuous mark. I finally dismounted when Capt. F. T. Sneed, of Montezuma, Ga., was wounded and helped place him on the horse, which, though shot through the nose, not only lived to carry Sneed out but to serve me after peace had been declared. The fire then became terrific. It seemed that nothing could live in it, and it was at this moment that one of my men asked me if I knew where Bob was. For the first time since I saw him at the first line of obstructions I remembered that he had gone into the fight with me. The soldier said after a few moments that he believed Bob had been killed in front of the fort. Overwhelmed with fear of the terrible truth, I hurried to the spot. As I approached I saw a form lying about twenty feet from the moat and recognized my overcoat. We had exchanged the night before. But not until I had turned him over did I know that it was my brother. He had been shot through the heart.

I called up one of the men, determined to carry the body to our lines. We started across an open space, and they fired upon us. Neither of us was struck, but the body we bore was shot through four times. As I entered our lines again, from which we had gone so hopefully in the early morning, I looked back on Fort Steadman. There in the sunlight floated again the Stars and Stripes. The last aggressive movement of the Confederacy had ended. Ten days later Richmond was evacuated.

"For the blood that flowed from his hero breast
On the spot where he nobly perished
Was drunk by the earth as a sacrament
In the holy cause he cherished."

BURIAL OF GEN. JOHN GREGG IN MISSISSIPPI.

BY E. L. SYKES, ABERDEEN, MISS.

It was a bleak, cheerless morning early in December, 1864, when the widow of Brig. Gen. John Gregg, of Texas, left the home of her father, J. W. Garth, near Decatur, Ala., where she had temporarily resided, passed through the Federal lines at that point, and made her way to the home of Dr. Francis W. Sykes, in Lawrence County. Resting there for a few days, and having been provided with necessary transportation, she continued her journey overland through the mountains of Lawrence, Winston, Walker, and Marion Counties, Ala., with no attendant except a faithful negro manservant, who was both driver of her carriage and her bodyguard. After three days' travel through the wild, mountainous section, beset with Tories, deserters, and jayhawkers, she reached Aberdeen, Miss., and went at once to the home of Simon B. Sykes, her father's friend.

Her object in getting beyond the enemy's lines was to undertake the removal of the body of her husband, who had fallen in battle in front of Richmond, to Aberdeen, Miss., where she had decided to make her future residence.

It was on the morning of October 7, 1864, while at the head of his brigade and leading his old regiment, the 7th Texas, charging the enemy's lines on the Darbytown road in front of Richmond, that brave Gen. John Gregg fell "in defense of Southern rights and constitutional liberty." His body was taken in charge by his faithful soldiery and conveyed to Richmond, where it was deposited in a vault owned by Mr. Sturdivant, a capitalist of the city, until the wishes of the family were known. Recognition of the valiant services of this brave, good man was made by Gen. Robert E. Lee in general orders read on parade to the Army of Northern Virginia.

Days elapsed before the poor wife knew of her bereavement; and when the news came that General Gregg had been killed in battle, borne to her by the War Department of the Confederacy and by loved ones at home, her soul was plunged in "grief beyond all other grief." For weeks her sorrow knew no bounds. No comfort came to the aching heart. No desire in life seemed hers save that the body of her dead husband should find a last resting place safe from the hands of the despoilers. With a determination possessed by this brave woman through life and against the earnest protests of those who pointed out the dangers of the undertaking, she made the journey to Aberdeen and ultimately to Richmond, resolved to accomplish her purpose. Arriving in Aberdeen, she at once opened communication with her dead husband's friend, Gen. John H. Reagan, of Texas, then Postmaster-General of the Confederacy, and with Gen. John C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War. This correspondence finally resulted in the issuance of the following order by Gen. Dabney H. Maury, commanding the Department of the Gulf:

"MOBILE, ALA., January 12, 1865.

"*Special Order No.* —.

"Sergt. E. L. Sykes, of Company C, 16th Confederate Regiment, now stationed at Spanish Fort, is hereby detailed from his regiment and will at once repair to Aberdeen, Miss., and there join Mrs. General Gregg, widow of the late Gen. John Gregg, of Texas, and proceed as her escort to Richmond, Va. Upon arrival at Richmond he will report to Gen. John C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War, for further instructions.

DABNEY H. MAURY, *Major General Commanding;*
D. W. FLOWEREE, *Major and Adjutant General.*"

On receipt of this special order the writer set out for Aberdeen, Miss., arriving there on January 15, 1865, and three days later the journey to Richmond was commenced. Our route from Aberdeen was to Meridian, Miss., via the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, thence to Selma, thence up the Alabama River to Montgomery. The journey thence to Atlanta and on to Richmond, via Greenville, Spartanburg, Charlotte, Salisbury, Greensboro, and Danville, was accomplished under many difficulties. The occupation of Atlanta in September, 1864, followed by sacking and burning November 15, 1864, preparatory to Sherman's march to the sea, had resulted in the tearing up of railroad tracks, rendering travel except by teams or march impossible. After surmounting many obstacles, journeying along the highways and byways, across swollen rivers, and over mountains, riding at times in the rude mountain conveyances of North and South Carolina or on horseback, the journey was brought to an end February 24, 1865, by our arrival in Richmond. The next day I accompanied Mrs. General Gregg to the War Department and reported to the Secretary, Gen. John C. Breckinridge, as directed in the order of detail. A visit was also made to Postmaster-General John H. Reagan, who aided materially in the preparation necessary for the return trip.

With the assistance of a detail made by the Secretary of War, preparations were begun for the removal of the body of General Gregg to Aberdeen, Miss. The heavy metallic case was taken from the vault, and, after being recoated with varnish and hermetically sealed, it was inclosed in a close-fitting wooden box. This box was reinclosed in a large outside box and the space between packed securely with charcoal and sprinkled inside with a disinfectant, all under the supervision of surgeons of the army and officers with a detail of men. These preparations consumed several days, and when finally completed it was found that Mrs. Gregg was suffering too much from nervous prostration to start at once on the homeward journey. On March 8 the surgeon in attendance gave consent for Mrs. Gregg to leave, and the case was placed on a truck drawn by four horses and, under escort of cavalry and infantry detachments, conveyed to the depot and then placed on a train bound for Danville. From Danville we proceeded to Salisbury, N. C., where information of Sherman's movements in Georgia and South Carolina reached us. General Sherman had evacuated Savannah, Ga., on February 1, and with his army was marching through Georgia and South Carolina, leaving the country a barren waste. The Capitol at Columbia had been burned, and the people were fleeing before the Federal horde.

With these conditions confronting us, it was deemed advisable to change our route lest all plans should be frustrated by capture. Accordingly we left the railroad and, after being provided with wagon transportation by the Confederate government, proceeded across the country to Asheville, N. C., and there remained until more assuring news was had. We then continued our march overland to Union, S. C., dismissed our wagon conveyance, and took a narrow-gauge railroad to Spartanburg. We again had recourse to wagon transportation, making our way to Greenville, S. C. Along this route to Greenville Mrs. Gregg was again prostrated and was compelled to accept the hospitality of an old friend, Colonel Kenan, living at Kenansville, and was left behind.

This brave, good woman, while bowed down with her grief, never ceased her appeals to me to hurry on to a place beyond the reach of the Federal army. Reaching Greenville, I was joined by the late Col. H. Clay King, of Memphis, Tenn., and

a detachment under his command, charged with a secret mission to the Trans-Mississippi Department.

At this point I was forced under orders of the quartermaster's department at Spartanburg to release the wagon transportation, and a local teamster with poor equipment undertook to convey the body to Washington, Ga., to which place we proceeded in company with Colonel King and his detachment. This portion of the journey was accomplished on foot, the condition of our team requiring it. Many difficulties were encountered along this route. Deserters and stragglers from the Army of Northern Virginia and from Johnston's army in North Carolina were crowding the highways in a mad effort to get beyond harm and to see the loved ones at home. One's life and belongings were not safe where these men roamed.

Reaching the Saluda River, we found the stream swollen from heavy rains and the river at every crossing lined with these same lawless characters. The ferryman was contending with them in their effort to seize the ferryboat and to put themselves across the stream, which was at flood tide. After seeking in vain to have these men give the right of way, Colonel King ordered his detachment to clear the ferryboat and guard the entrance until the funeral cortege could be ferried across the river. With our precious cargo on board, we put out into the stream. The swift current bore us rapidly downstream, and the boat was soon beyond control of the ferryman. Rapidly we passed beyond the appointed landing place. The possibility that the last resting place of this gallant soldier's body would be the bottom of the Saluda River nerved us all to renewed effort. Hastily improvising two additional oars from rude material for this emergency, we took turns in rowing, the ferryman steering the boat for the bank. Clinging to the overhanging willows skirting the bank, and after great effort, we pulled the ferryboat upstream half a mile to the usual landing place.

After this exciting incident we had no more trouble, and successfully reached Washington, Ga., where we rested for the night. We secured another local conveyance to Covington, Ga.; but on reaching that point on the Georgia Railroad we found that with the evacuation of Atlanta November 15, 1864, this section of the railroad had been torn up, and we were forced to continue our march on to Atlanta, forty miles distant. Approaching the city on the afternoon of April 2, 1865, we beheld in the distance the blackened walls and smokeless chimneys of the Empire City of the South, giving mute evidence of the vandalism of Sherman and his horde when he commenced his march to the sea. Lodging was obtained after much effort, and, weary from travel and anxiety, we found in sleep a much-needed rest.

On the morning of April 3 we found the city in dire confusion. Rumors of the collapse of the Confederacy were heard on every hand, and here, as elsewhere, the stragglers and deserters were robbing and plundering whenever opportunity offered. Upon presentation of the order from the Secretary of War, railroad transportation was furnished by the government quartermaster to Montgomery, Ala., and upon arrival at that point passage was taken on the government steamer Commodore Farrand to Mobile, where we arrived on April 6, to find Gen. Dabney Maury, in command, preparing to evacuate the city, which was done on April 12, 1865. The services of an undertaker and embalmer were secured, and a thorough overhauling of the case was made. The outside box of poplar had absorbed the rain until the weight of the case had increased to fourteen hundred pounds.

Leaving Mobile on April 7 over the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, at Meridian we parted company with Colonel King and his detachment. On the morning of April 8 we left the train at Prairie, Miss., and, with the case in a wagon drawn by four stout mules, we proceeded to Aberdeen, eight miles distant. Ten days later the faithful wife of General Gregg arrived in company with Col. John W. Daney, of Texas, to find that the interment of her husband's body in Aberdeen had been successfully accomplished.

On April 28, 1865, I rejoined my command, which had retired upon the evacuation of Mobile to Gainesville, Ala., and there on May 24, 1865, the command formally surrendered to Maj. Gen. E. R. S. Canby, U. S. A., and each soldier received his parole. I then returned to my home, in Monroe County, Miss., and for forty-nine years have been fighting the battles of life.

Side by side in the beautiful cemetery at Aberdeen, "The Odd Fellows' Rest," are the tombs of the husband and the wife. That of General Gregg is surmounted by a towering marble shaft, upon which is inscribed: "To the memory of Gen. John Gregg, of Texas, a Christian soldier and a patriot. Born in Lawrence County, Ala., September 2, 1828, and fell before Richmond in behalf of Southern rights and constitutional liberty October 7, 1864."

On the marble slab protecting the masonry of this tomb is the following: "Brigadier General Gregg, who fell in defense of Richmond October 7, 1864. Aged thirty-six years."

The wife has a less pretentious shaft with this inscription: "Mary Frances Garth, wife of Gen. John Gregg, born September 15, 1828; died June 15, 1897. Aged sixty-eight years and nine months." There is also an appropriate Scripture quotation.

As the years go by and the annual Confederate reunions are held, some loyal Texan, a survivor of Gregg's 7th Texas or of Gregg's Brigade, makes a special pilgrimage to Aberdeen to view the spot where the ashes of his brave commander repose, and with head bowed in prayer or in spoken words of eulogy recounts the virtues and the value of his dead chieftain. His name and his fame are a part of the history of Texas, and the time will come when that commonwealth in appreciation of his heroism will ask the privilege of removing to her soil the bones of this chivalrous soldier and of his heroic and devoted wife.

A SONG.

Might, sing your triumph songs!
Each song but sounds a shame.
Go down the world in loud-voiced throngs
To win from the future fame.

Our ballads, born of tears,
Will track you on your way
And win the hearts of the future years
For the men who wore the gray.

All lost! but by the graves
Where martyred heroes rest
He wins the most who honor saves—
Success is not the test.

The world shall yet decide,
In truth's clear, far-off light,
That the soldiers who wore the gray and died
With Lee were in the right.

—*Father Ryan.*

THE AGGRESSIVE VS. THE DEFENSIVE POLICY.

BY JOSEPH T. DERRY, ATLANTA, GA.

Without any intention of criticizing adversely our Confederate leaders in any part of the field of operations, to one who will carefully study the movements of our armies during the four years of war it appears that in almost every instance the purely defensive policy ended in disaster, while the boldly aggressive held back on several occasions the hand of fate.

At Fort Donelson, Island No. 10, Vicksburg, and Port Hudson the effort to hold back the swarming hosts of invasion ended in overwhelming defeat. The bold dash of the Confederate ram Arkansas, defying all odds, caused a powerful fleet to sail away from Vicksburg and gave to that heroic city four months of reprieve from the doom that later returned to threaten and finally to befall it.

The battle of Shiloh, though disappointing in its result, gave new heart to the Confederates in a time of threatening collapse; and the Kentucky campaign, though falling short of our expectations, recovered much lost ground and for many months put off the evil day that saw the abandonment of Chattanooga. Later on the brilliant aggressiveness of Forrest held for the Confederacy for several months a considerable part of West Tennessee and North Mississippi at a time when we had lost Middle and East Tennessee and were steadily losing ground in Georgia.

May, June, and the first half of July, 1864, witnessed one of the most brilliant, purely defensive campaigns that history records, a campaign in which the Confederate army under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston successfully held its ground in every battle, and on its wonderful retreat from Dalton to Atlanta lost but two guns and not a single wagon, maintaining to the last a steady front and unbroken courage which repulsed on every field the valiant efforts of an army greatly superior in numbers and resources. Yet, on the other hand, we had abandoned successively Dalton, Rome, Marietta, Rosswell, and all Northwest Georgia, with many manufacturing establishments, whose loss was sorely felt by the hard-pressed Confederacy.

The aggressive position assumed by Gen. John B. Hood, under orders from Richmond, held back Sherman from Atlanta for forty-six days and after the fall of that city detained him in North Georgia seventy-three days longer, thus keeping him for four months from any farther advance into the heart of the Confederacy than he had already made when Hood was placed in command. Sherman's two efforts to push his cavalry southward during the siege of Atlanta had been disastrously defeated by the aggression of Wheeler and Iverson.

In Virginia, wherever Lee and Jackson led, the aggressive policy was the rule. Stonewall Jackson's advance to the Upper Potomac in the first days of January, 1862, put off for several weeks the advance of Banks into the Shenandoah Valley. His apparently rash assault at Kernstown upon double his numbers stopped the movement of troops to strengthen McClellan, and his rapid and venturesome aggression from May 8 to June 9, 1862, defeated four times his numbers, who, stunned and perplexed, stood fortifying against his farther advance; while he gave them the slip and joined Lee in time to aid the magnificent attack of the Army of Northern Virginia which raised the siege of Richmond and for nearly two years changed the nature of the war in Virginia. Then Lee and Jackson, pushing northward, bowled over Pope and carried the victorious banners of the South across the Potomac. Then on the soil of Maryland a fraction of Lee's army delayed the march of McClellan's host; while Jackson captured Harper's Ferry, with its rich spoils, and rejoined Lee in time to aid in holding the field of Sharpsburg against McClellan's twofold odds. After recrossing into Virginia, Stuart's raid up as far as Chambersburg, Pa., delayed the Federal advance into Virginia, which, when it was resumed, met with overwhelming disaster on the plains of Fredericksburg. Next, with Stonewall Jackson as his strong "right arm," Lee in May, 1863, taking the initiative against Hooker's tremendous odds, overthrew the boastful "Fighting Joe" at Chancellorsville.

Notwithstanding the loss of his trusted lieutenant, Lee's aggressive movement into Pennsylvania, which was brought to a close at Gettysburg after one day of brilliant triumph, one of partial success, and one marked by the failure of Pickett's immortal charge, had the effect of preventing any other serious attempt by the enemy against Richmond until May, 1864. Counting from the 3d of June, 1863, when Lee's movement northward began, to the beginning of Grant's campaign in May, 1864, we have eleven full months during which there was no serious Northern aggression in Virginia, notwithstanding the fact that in September, 1863, Lee sent half of Longstreet's Corps to aid in winning the great victory of Chickamauga. Meade's failure to press Lee after Gettysburg, his retreat before Lee's advance in October, and his fiasco at Mine Run in the last days of November justify the Confederate claim that Gettysburg was a drawn battle, from which their army came off with at least equal honors.

One needs only to study the map of the military operations in Virginia during the spring, summer, and fall of 1864 to see that Lee by his aggressive-defensive policy not only did not lose a single battle but at no time fell back before the enemy. In every instance Grant left the battle field first and Lee followed and checkmated him at every point, not only holding Richmond and Petersburg, but also his railroad communications northward to the Shenandoah Valley. At Cold Harbor, holding the position which he had wrested two years before from Porter, Lee inflicted upon Grant the most disastrous defeat ever suffered by that general.

Then Lee detached from the Army of Northern Virginia one corps under General Early, who, driving Hunter from before Lynchburg, by a daring movement across the Potomac alarmed the North for the safety of Washington, and by subsequent movements along the upper Potomac and even into Pennsylvania excited such alarm that Grant, again disastrously in the battle of the Crater, abstained for months from serious aggressive movements and sent Sheridan with fifty thousand men to check Early's gallant army, which at its best could not muster twenty thousand men for battle.

About the middle of November, notwithstanding Early's defeats at Winchester, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek (less than a month after the last-named battle), that dauntless Confederate leader advanced again, and on the north of Cedar Creek for two days threw down the gauge of battle to Sheridan and, unmolested, returned to his camp at Rude's Hill. Moreover, he sent out expeditions which captured artillery and prisoners and brought them off in safety. At the close of the campaign of 1864 Early held more of the Shenandoah Valley than was in the possession of the Confederates at the opening of the campaign in the previous spring.

It was by such bold maneuvers of Lee and his lieutenants that the Confederate army in Virginia held its own until all the Confederacy east of the Mississippi had been overrun by the enemy. Lee's aggressiveness was the most audacious and his defense was the most daringly aggressive of any general whose deeds have been heralded by the trump of fame.

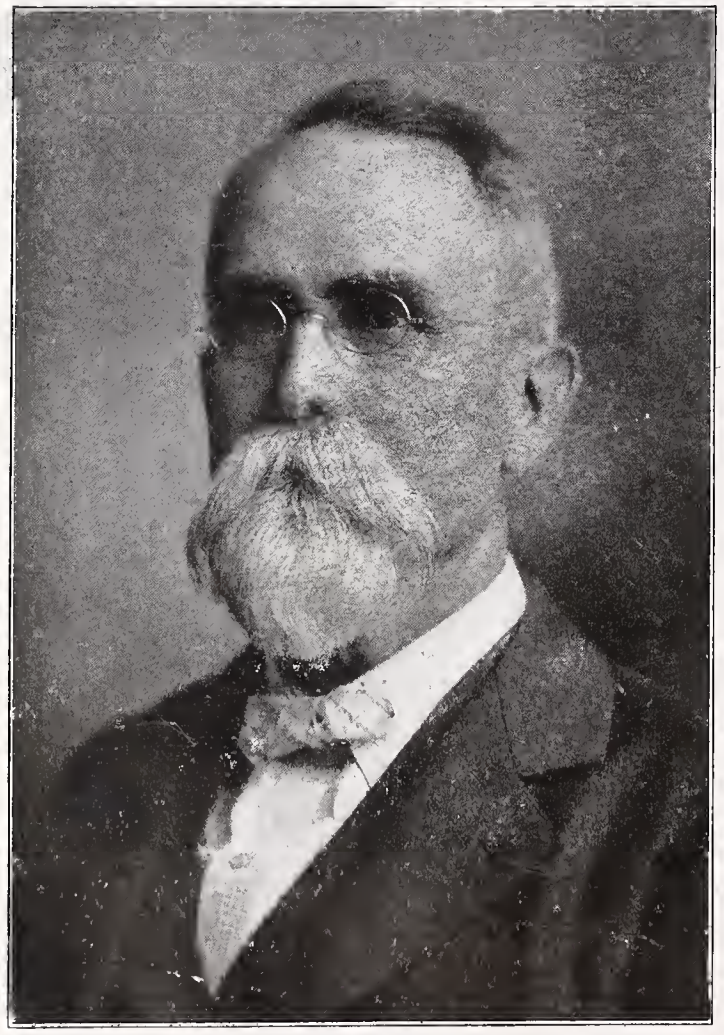
THE LAST ROLL

"In the hush of the valley of silence
I dream all the songs that I sing,
And the music floats down the dim valley
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the dove of the deluge,
A message of peace they may bring."

MAJ. RICHARD HOUSTON DUDLEY.

Maj. R. H. Dudley, a gallant Confederate soldier and one of the most prominent citizens of Nashville, Tenn., died in this city on the 30th of August, 1914, at the age of seventy-eight years. He was a man of great public spirit; and though his tastes inclined to commercial pursuits, he was always interested in the material and civic welfare of his State and community, lending his influence to the betterment of conditions as needed. He served one term as Mayor of Nashville and in other ways had taken prominent part in the life of the city.

Richard H. Dudley was born near Shelbyville, in Bedford County, Tenn., July 29, 1836, and was educated in the county schools. Upon reaching his majority he engaged in the general merchandise business at Smyrna, in Rutherford County, until the outbreak of war. After the war he went back to his business at Smyrna, but in 1873 he removed to Nashville and became one of the firm of Ordway, Dudley & McGuire, wholesale cotton and grocery dealers, and later went into the hardware firm of Dudley Brothers & Lipscomb, which was succeeded by Dudley Bros., and in 1895 by the large wholesale and retail firm of Gray & Dudley Hardware Company. Although he had given up active business for several years, he remained in the firm as a director and stockholder.



MAJ. R. H. DUDLEY.

As a Confederate soldier Major Dudley made a gallant record. In May, 1861, he enlisted in Company I, Maney's 1st Tennessee Infantry, with which command he served three years as a private. In the summer of 1864 he and others of similar spirit organized a cavalry command in Middle Tennessee, inside the Federal lines, enlisting over a thousand men, and he was made captain of Company K of the command, known as the 21st Tennessee Cavalry, under Colonel Carter, and later he was elected major of the regiment. In the battle of Nashville Colonel Carter was wounded; and as Lieutenant Colonel Withers was absent on detached service, Major Dudley commanded the regiment on the retreat of Hood's army from Tennessee and surrendered with Forrest's Corps at Gainesville, Ala., in 1865. The 21st Cavalry saw most of its service under General Wheeler, but was attached to Forrest's command at the last.

The operations in which he participated included the campaigns of Cheat Mountain and Romney, W. Va.; the battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge; the numerous engagements during the hundred days' campaign in Georgia; the raid into Tennessee (September, 1864) with General Forrest, including the battles at Athens, Sulphur Trestle, and Pulaski; the campaign with Hood and the fights at Lawrenceburg, Franklin, and Shelbyville, and finally Forrest's campaign against Wilson's Raiders. Amidst all these dangers he escaped with only one wound, at Murfreesboro, by a piece of shell.

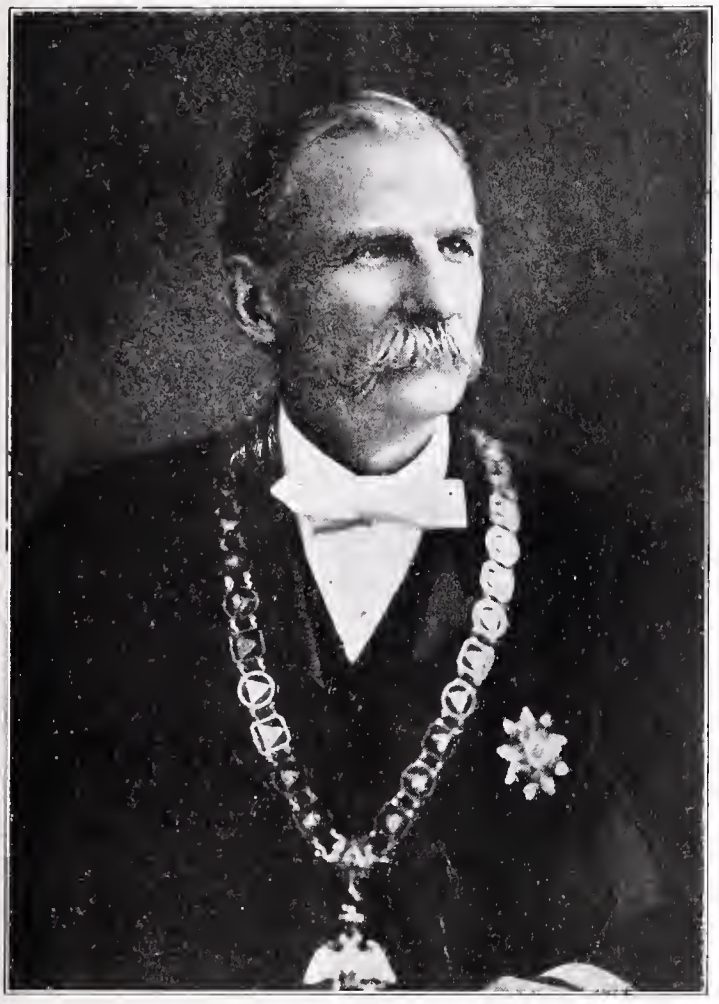
Major Dudley was one of the original members of Cheatham Bivouac, at Nashville, and had served as its President. He took active interest in the organization of the Confederate Soldiers' Home of Tennessee and made the first subscription, a substantial amount, toward its construction, and for many years he was one of its board of trustees. In accordance with his wish, he was buried with Confederate military honors. A detachment of veterans from Troop A, Forrest's Cavalry, stood guard until the funeral, and Frank Cheatham Bivouac conducted the burial services.

Major Dudley was thrice married. His first wife was Miss Mattie Ross, of Rutherford County, who lived but a few months. A few years later he was married to Miss Mary E. Beasley, of the same county, of whom he was bereft in 1907. His third wife was Mrs. Mollie Beasley, who survives him, as also three brothers and two sisters. No children were born to him, but he was a father to his younger brothers and sisters, and he also educated a number of his nephews and nieces.

Major Dudley was a long-time friend of the late Editor of the VETERAN, by whom he was highly esteemed and loved, and by the will of Mr. Cunningham he was appointed a member of the Board of Trust under which the VETERAN was to be continued for the benefit of all Confederate organizations.

Maj. James D. Richardson.

Maj. James Daniel Richardson, Sovereign Grand Commander of the Scottish Rite Masons, Southern Jurisdiction, died at his home, in Murfreesboro, Tenn., on July 24, 1914, at the age of seventy-one years.



MAJ. JAMES D. RICHARDSON.

James D. Richardson was born in Rutherford County, Tenn., March 10, 1843, receiving his education at the country schools and at Franklin College, near Nashville, where he was a student when the war began. Enlisting at the age of eighteen as a private in the 45th Tennessee Infantry, he was later made adjutant of the regiment, and as such he served the remainder of the war. With his regiment he participated in the battles of Baton Rouge, La., Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and the actions in the Atlanta campaign from Dalton to Resaca, where he was wounded in the arm and incapacitated for further field service. He was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., in 1865. Returning home, he studied law and began to practice in 1866. He was elected to the Tennessee House of Representatives in 1871 and made Speaker, although but twenty-eight years old, and in 1873 was elected to the Senate. His career in Congress began with his election in 1874 to the House of Representatives, and for eighteen consecutive terms he was the Representative from the Fifth District to that branch of Congress, in which he was leader of the Democratic minority, and then refused a further nomination. He was permanent Chairman of the Democratic Convention at Kansas City in 1900.

In Freemasonry Major Richardson held high rank. He entered the order forty-seven years ago at Eufaula, Ala., and his rise was phenomenal. In a few months he held office in that lodge and then in the lodge at Murfreesboro. He was made Senior Grand Warden in 1871, Deputy Grand Master in 1872, Grand Master of Tennessee in 1873, and Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter in Tennessee, Royal Arch Masons. He was coronated Inspector-General of the Scottish Rite Masons in 1884, Supreme Council in 1885, and was elected Lieutenant Grand Commander when the position was made vacant. He became Grand Commander in 1900, and at the next session of the Supreme Council he was elected Sovereign Grand Commander for life.

By his request, a kadosh funeral was held for him by the lodge in Nashville on the night following his death.

Major Richardson was author of "Tennessee Templars," published in 1882, and of the valuable work entitled "Messages and Papers of the Presidents." To him also is due credit for the compilation of the "Messages and Papers of the Confederacy."

Gen. A. V. Rieff.

Gen. A. V. Rieff died on the 24th of March, 1914, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He was born July 1, 1830, in Nashville, Tenn. When he was about six years old his father removed to Arkansas and settled in the town of Fayetteville. In 1847 he volunteered to serve with the Arkansas troops in the Mexican War until its close. On returning home he studied architecture and subsequently engaged in contracting and building. He was married to Miss Mary J. Spencer at Cane Hill, Ark., in 1854.

At the beginning of the war Comrade Rieff was among the first to enlist in the Confederate cause. On May 1, 1861, he organized a company of one hundred cavalrymen and, with some Missouri troops, expelled the Federal forces from the vicinity of Cassville, Mo. His company was known as McCulloch's Scouts and Spies. It was part of the advance guard to combat General Lyon's command near Springfield, Mo., August 2, 1861, and it is reported of him that with a muzzle-loading shotgun and two Colt's revolvers, single-handed and alone, he killed five Federal cavalrymen. He took part in the battles of Dug Springs, Oak Hill, Cane Hill, Backbone, Prairie de Ann, Poison Springs, Mark's Mill, Little Missouri, Pine Bluff, Bold Knob, Franklin, Jefferson City, Independence, Little Blue, and Marl de Nino, all in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and came through unscathed. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel because of his efficiency and gallantry.

After the close of the war Comrade Rieff went to Little Rock and was for many years engaged in the lumber business. In 1901 he was elected Commander of the Third Brigade, Arkansas Division, U. C. V. Up to the time of his departure he took an active interest in the meetings of Omer R. Weaver Camp, No. 354, of which he was an honored member.

W. T. Criswell.

W. T. Criswell was born in Greensboro, Tenn., September 11, 1833; and died December 28, 1913. He enlisted in the 7th Tennessee Infantry on the 20th of May, 1861, and served faithfully until the close of the war. In 1887 he went to Little Rock, Ark., and soon thereafter was married to Miss Mary A. Wright, who survives him. He had no children of his own, but reared several orphans. His last illness confined him more than a year, and his suffering was severe. He was a member of Omer R. Weaver Camp, No. 354, and was held in high esteem by his comrades.

Col. Alexander Hunter.

Alexander Hunter, of the 17th Virginia Infantry Regiment and later of the Black Horse Cavalry, C. S. A., died at his residence, near Washington, D. C., June 30, 1914. By order of the Secretary of War he was buried with full military honors in the Virginia division of the Confederate section of the National Military Cemetery at Arlington, Va. The casket was draped with a large battle flag of the Confederate States army. The burial service of the Episcopal Church was rendered, after which twelve cavalrymen of the United States army fired three volleys over the grave and taps were sounded. Many Confederate veterans of Alexandria, Va., and of Washington, D. C., with the family connections and personal friends, were present.



COL. ALEXANDER HUNTER.

The circumstances attending the interment of this Confederate soldier in providing the military service by the United States government are destined to become historical and may be regarded as one of the important events which have arisen since the close of the war in its tendency to allay sectional ill feeling, the aftermath of that lamentable period in the history of our country. The other principal events in the same direction were, first, the "reburial of the Confederate dead in the Confederate section in Arlington Cemetery" by act of Congress in the year 1900; second, the provision by the United States Congress in the year 1906 for the honorable care of the graves of the thirty thousand Confederate soldier prisoners of war lying in the Northern States; and, third, the restoration to the Southern States by the United States government in the year 1907 of the five hundred and fifty Confederate flags which had fallen into the hands of the Federal soldiers during the war. These three important measures made possible the very large assemblage of Confederate and Federal soldiers at the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg in the year 1913, then the unveiling of the imposing Confederate monument in the Confederate section in Arlington Cemetery, Va., in the year 1914, and now the timely action of the Secretary of War mentioned above.

Alexander Hunter, of distinguished colonial ancestry, was born in Norfolk, Va., in the year 1843. His father was Lieut. Bushrod W. Hunter, of the United States navy and afterwards of the navy of the Confederate States, a descendant of Dr. John Hunter, one of the first trustees of the town of Alexandria, Va. His mother, Mary Frances Blow, was the daughter of Col. George Blow, of Sussex County, Va., who was a descendant of Dr. John Camm, President of William and Mary College.

His boyhood was a happy one—hunting, fishing, boating, etc., ever in the fields and forests and on the water, with a group of young negroes and hunting dogs at his command, popular with his friends, loved by children, idolized by his mother. His education, obtained in academies and private schools, was well advanced in the classics and mathematics when at eighteen years of age, in the year 1861, he became a member of the Alexandria Riflemen, the forerunner of the 17th Virginia Infantry. A courageous, enterprising soldier, daring and fearless to the utmost degree, he was the life of the camp, loved by his comrades and held in high regard by his officers.

After the war, having been despoiled of his inheritance by confiscation and seriously handicapped by the loss of hearing resulting from heavy cannonading, he was compelled to live, as it were, almost altogether within himself, devoting his time to reading and study and giving his marked ability and energy to press-writing and magazine endeavor. At one time he represented Alexandria (city and county) in the legislative assembly of the State of Virginia. Later he became an author of war history and other works which have been widely read, among which may be mentioned "Johnny Reb and Billy Yank," the story of a private soldier, the basis of which was the personal diary kept by himself during the war, and his last work, "The Women of the Debatable Land," having its scene laid mainly in Fauquier County, Va., which is a tribute to the heroism, suffering, and fortitude of the women of what was known as "Mosby's Confederacy." The object of this book was to secure funds for the erection of an appropriate monument to the devoted women of the State of Virginia of the war-time period, a project very dear to his chivalric heart. In recognition of the literary merit and patriotic value of these works the Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, Gen. Bennett H. Young, bestowed upon him the honorary title of Assistant Adjutant General, with the rank of Colonel, upon his military staff.

Colonel Hunter was a member of the R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., of Alexandria, Va., and a member and Historian of the Charles Broadway Rouss Camp, No. 1191, U. C. V., of Washington, D. C.

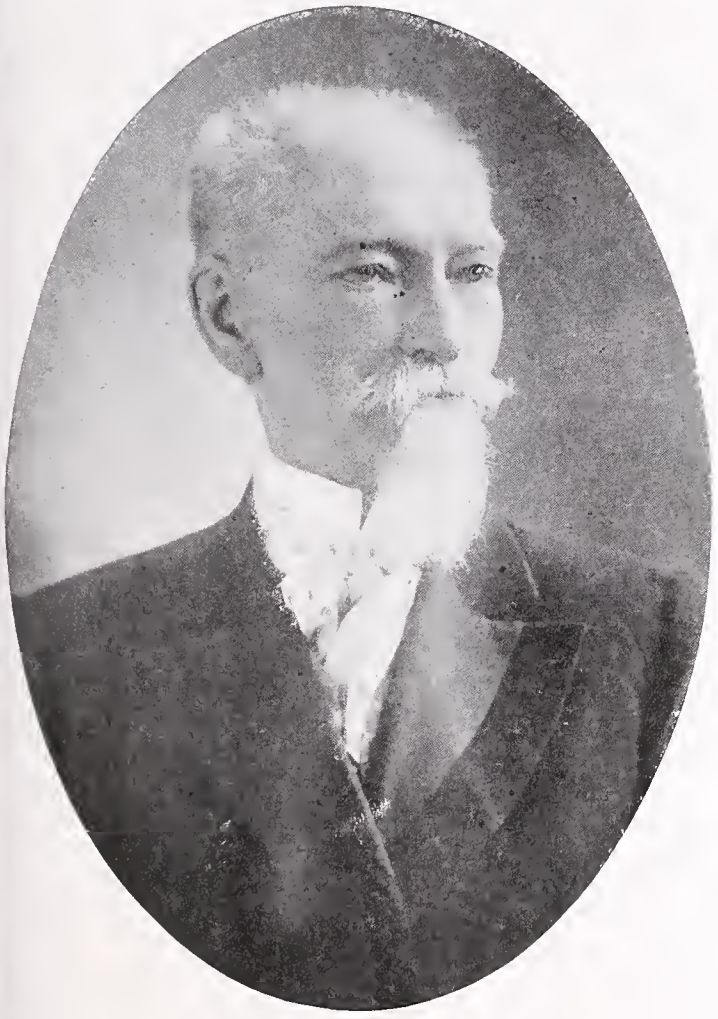
A fine scholar, a polished gentleman, and a true friend, he will always be remembered.

W. S. Berkley.

On April 10, 1914, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Ida Berkley Moss, near Mount Sterling, Ky., the passive hands of W. S. Berkley were folded in death across the breast that had fronted many a bullet when he was a soldier of Company I, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, under Gen. J. H. Morgan. He met the last call as he did the first, for his life had been that of a first-class citizen and Christian gentleman.

Dr. B. A. Hollenberg.

A few months prior to the beginning of the War between the States, Benno Albrecht Hollenberg, a young German of prominent lineage, came from his birthplace, Osnabruck, Germany, to visit his brother, H. G. Hollenberg, of Huntsville, Ala. He was accompanied by two of his college friends, Kemp Turner and John Gamble, young Americans who had gone abroad for study in a German university, where the three students formed a firm and lasting friendship. When the first inspiring call of the Confederacy was sounded, it fired the souls of these two young Americans of Southern birth and ancestry and filled them with enthusiasm. Young Hollenberg became interested, and with warm-hearted impulsiveness said,



DR. B. A. HOLLENBERG.

"As this is my friends' fight, it must be a right fight," and therewith enlisted in Company F, 4th Regiment Alabama Volunteers, with his friends. Kemp Turner was killed in the first battle of Manassas within two feet of the young German volunteer.

Young Hollenberg then became imbued with true Southern patriotism, far from his fatherland, under foreign skies, and served the cause of the South with honor until captured and sent to the Nashville penitentiary, a military prison during the Federal occupation. When the war was ended he began the study of medicine in Memphis, Tenn., receiving his diploma at the Memphis College of Physicians and Surgeons. He practiced medicine in Memphis, and during the siege of yellow fever in that city he made an enviable record for his noble work among the sick and dying. His career in New York City as a physician and nerve specialist was wonderfully successful. He was a devotee of all the arts and sciences and a beloved physician of undisputed merit. Philanthropic and charitable, he was ever a friend to all who called on him. He was an associate member of the New York Chapter, U. D. C., and the Dixie Club. At the annual meeting of the New York Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy on January 18 Dr. Hollenberg would have received the cross of honor which that organization intended to confer upon him as a Confederate veteran.

Through the columns of the Confederate Veteran Dr. Hollenberg was enabled to locate his old war-time comrades, W. H. Fariss and Charles McAully, of Huntsville, Ala., of the same regiment, who were rejoiced to hear from their old comrade and messmate.

The keynote of his life was loyalty to his God and his friends, with a generous love for all humanity. He departed this life in his seventy-ninth year January 1, 1914, beloved and lamented by all who knew him. He is survived by a son, J. C. Hollenberg, of Memphis, Tenn., and a nephew, Col. F. B. T. Hollenberg, of Little Rock, Ark., the only relatives in this country.

[Obituary by Elizabeth Robertson, formerly of Nashville, Tenn.]

Mrs. Mary E. Miller.

The Johnson City (Tenn.) Chapter, U. D. C., has recently suffered a great loss in the death of Mrs. Mary E. Miller, one of the charter members and one whose heart was with the great work she so loved. Having lived during the great Civil War, she was one of a sadly diminishing number who could realize and appreciate the beauty and greatness of the U. D. C.; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That, since God in his wisdom has taken from us such a true and faithful member of our Chapter, we can only bow in submission to his will, for he doeth all things well.

2. That we all try more faithfully to do our duty, keeping before us the lovely Christian character of the one who has gone before us.

3. That we extend to the family our deepest sympathy in their sorrow.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our minutes and sent to members of the family.

Mrs. W. J. Barton,
Mrs. P. H. Wofford,
Committee.

Martha E. Thompson.

Mrs. Martha E. Thompson, wife of Comrade J. S. Thompson, of Seminary, Miss., died on August 3, 1914.

Martha E. Rogers was born August 3, 1852, and was reared during the struggles of civil conflict. She was married to J. S. Thompson in October, 1874, and as a wife and mother she was the embodiment of truth, loyalty, and self-sacrifice. As a laborer in the Master's vineyard she was zealous and faithful; as a servant of humanity she was never found wanting. Through her untiring efforts many civic and religious enterprises have been made successful. Her influence has been an inspiration to higher ideals. While her last years were those of extreme suffering, she was always thoughtful of the comforts of her friends and loved ones.

[From resolutions passed by Seminary Camp, U. C. V. L. L. Davis and J. M. Welch, committee.]

Prof. A. H. Buchanan.

Prof. Andrew H. Buchanan died in Lebanon, Tenn., on August 11, 1914, at the age of eighty-six years. He was born in Boonesboro, Ark., June 28, 1828, and went to Lebanon when twenty-one years of age to enter Cumberland University. In four years he graduated with high honors and two degrees—Bachelor of Arts and Civil Engineering. His instructor in mathematics was Gen. A. P. Stewart, who, after graduating from West Point, accepted the professorship of engineering in Cumberland University, and was there until shortly before the outbreak of the Civil War. In 1854 Professor Buchanan was called to the university as assistant to General Stewart, and remained at his post in the university until the call for volunteers, when he entered the Confederate service and was assigned to duty with the engineering corps. He was intimately associated with Gen. J. E. Johnston, who referred to him in his "Narrative" of the war as "that very intelligent officer."



PROF. A. H. BUCHANAN.

Professor Buchanan resumed his college work with his election to the chair of mathematics in Cumberland University in 1869, and for forty years he filled that position most acceptably, resigning some four years ago. In all he rendered forty-nine years of active service to the university.

So pronounced was his ability as a mathematician that he was recognized as one of the most accurate in the United States. In addition to his duties with Cumberland University, he was for twenty years employed during his vacation periods in the United States Geodetic Survey, in which capacity he received many compliments for his accuracy. Further evidence of his ability is found in his triangulation of Tennessee, of which he had complete charge, and he was one of the three men employed by the government to settle the dispute as to the boundary line between Tennessee and Virginia. Professor Buchanan was also the author of a textbook on "Plane and Spherical Trigonometry," which is used in Cumberland University.

In his death not only has the educational world lost one of her most famous men, but the loss is as great to the world of religion, for Professor Buchanan placed the religion of Jesus Christ above everything else, believing that it was the foundation of all success in life. He became a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church early in life and was an elder at the time of his death, his Church having been merged with the Presbyterian U. S. A. For more than twenty-five years he had taught a Sunday school class of men, young and old, which was kept up until a few weeks before his death. Throughout his entire professional career he was noted for faithfulness to duty with rigid discipline, combined with the tempered spirit of a Christian.

Professor Buchanan was a relative of the late editor of the Veteran, and the tribute to his life and work appearing in the Veteran for September, 1911, occasioned by his retirement from active duty, was from the pen of one who loved and revered him.

John Nicholas Dickinson.

John Nicholas Dickinson died at his home, in Walton County, Ga., on July 19, 1914, having nearly completed seventy-four years in age. His parents died when he was quite young, and he had no brothers nor sisters. His wife, two daughters, and a son survive him.

John Dickinson was the first to enlist from his native county in the Confederate service. He was visiting relatives in Alabama and joined a company there, served one year, and was mustered out. He then went home and reënlisted in Captain Grant's company, with which he served throughout the war. He was never wounded by a bullet, but was seriously injured when a tree was cut down by a cannon ball and fell across his back, and he never recovered entirely from that injury. He was a brave and gallant soldier and was true and loyal to his comrades, who always received a hearty welcome in his home, and he was a devoted subscriber to the Veteran, eagerly awaiting it each month.

Comrade Dickinson had been a member of the Missionary Baptist Church for thirty-six years.

Lieut. W. E. Brothers.

W. E. Brothers was born July 19, 1843, in Rutherford County, Tenn.; and died at his home, in Wichita Falls, Tex., April 19, 1914. He was educated under the noted Prof. A. J. Fanning. At eighteen years he enlisted as a private in Company E, 20th Tennessee Infantry, and served throughout the war in the same command, surrendering at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865. He was promoted from the ranks to second lieutenant, which place he filled admirably. His record as a soldier is without blot. He was always at his post of duty and was never known to complain. He did not miss a fight in which his regiment was engaged. He was wounded at Shiloh and again at Nashville, but was never a prisoner

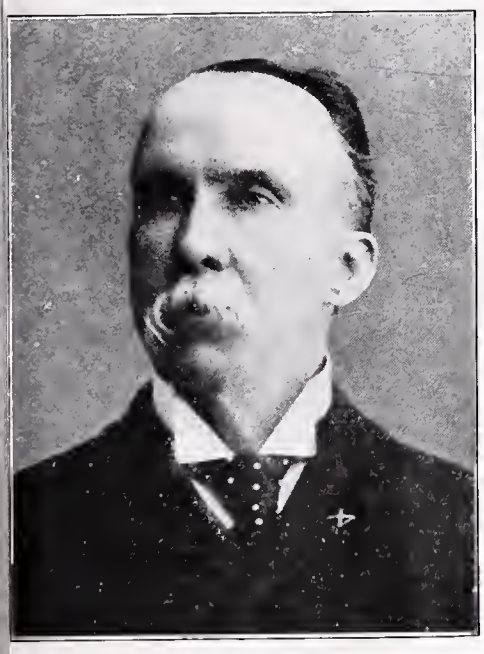
After the war he farmed for a while and then went West, where he was successful in the cattle business. He finally settled in Wichita Falls and served as Clerk of the County Court for two terms. He then engaged in the real estate business and accumulated a neat fortune.

Lieutenant Brothers was twice married and reared a family of boys and girls, to whom he gave a liberal education. He was a consistent member of the "Old School Presbyterian Church" and lived the life of a consecrated Christian. The writer was closely associated with him in boyhood, serving in mess with him during the entire war, and can truthfully say that few men ever measured up to the true standard of manhood as did Lieut. W. E. Brothers. He was the very embodiment of honor, entirely unselfish, and full of charity, yet as true as steel to his convictions. As a soldier he was brave to a fault. He was an ideal citizen, a companionable friend and comrade, and a devoted and loving husband and father. The world is made better by the lives of such men. At his death he was filling the office of city judge of Wichita Falls.

[From his friend and comrade, Ralph J. Neal.]

F. C. Marsden.

On the morning of August 14, 1914, the soul of Comrade F. C. Marsden passed into the life of immortality. He was born in Norfolk, Va., in 1846, and in October, 1863, at the age of seventeen years, he volunteered in the first company of Richmond Howitzers, Cabell's Battalion, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V. In this command he participated in some of the great battles of the war. It was his boast that he never surrendered. With hundreds of his comrades he slipped away from Appomattox without parole and returned home.



F. C. MARSDEN.

In 1871 Comrade Marsden went from Norfolk to Memphis, Tenn., where he resided for a while, and thence went to Texarkana, Ark., and from there to Shreveport, La., which place had been his home since 1886. In January, 1878, he was married to Miss Mary Virginia Alfred, who survives him, with one daughter, Miss Mazie Marsden.

In every sphere of life Comrade Marsden had duty for his guide, and he fulfilled his every obligation honorably and creditably. He was sympathetic and generous, steadfast to his friends and comrades, by whom he was loved and trusted, and his home life was a reflex of his splendid character. Friends and comrades of LeRoy Stafford Camp, U. C. V., laid him to rest in Greenwood Cemetery at Shreveport.

The Veteran deplores the death of this good friend who had so long been loyal and devoted to its interests in his community and by his efforts had built up a large patronage here.

James Turner Smith.

James T. Smith was born in Davidson County, Tenn., May , 1842; and died on the 9th of May, 1914, at Colorado, Tex. He was the eldest son of G. Washington and Elizabeth Smith, and of the large family two brothers and four sisters survive him. James Smith served as a Confederate soldier and was wounded at Chickamauga while a member of Company , 50th Tennessee Regiment. After the war he went to Texas and made that State his home. In 1871 he was married to Miss Julia L. Loftin, who died in 1885. Of their four children, two survive him.

Comrade Smith was a man of untiring energy and of the highest type of integrity. Although he received a wound at Chickamauga that crippled him for life, he attained a fair measure of success as a farmer in the West, and he was widely known and greatly beloved. "Uncle Jimmie," as he was familiarly called in his late years, was ardently devoted to the Confederate cause and enjoyed meeting his comrades in reunion. He was a member of the Church for many years and bore his affliction with patience.

Judge Capers Dickson.

Judge Capers Dickson was born in 1845 and died at Covington, Ga., on June 11, 1914. Early in the war he joined the Richmond Hussars, which was a part of Cobb's Legion, in which command he served until the end of the conflict. In his passing from earth a loss has been sustained that is deeply deplored. As the Commander of the Camp, U. C. V., at Covington he was efficient, capable, courteous, and kind; as a comrade he is sadly missed. He was a golden-hearted gentleman, a good Confederate soldier, and unswervingly true to the memory of the cause for which he had fought. O'er his last resting place

"May the Southern sun shine softly!
May the warm south wind blow gently!
Green sod above, lie light, lie light;
Good night, true heart, good night, good night."

[From tribute prepared by a committee composed of John Branham, T. J. Speer, and John W. Lee, comrades of the Camp.]

R. E. Charles.

R. E. Charles, a native of Kentucky, an adopted citizen of Mississippi, joined Sweet's Battery at Vicksburg in 1861 and served throughout the war until the surrender at Bentonville, N. C. He was beloved by his captain and admired by his comrades for his gallantry and devotion to duty as a soldier.

This Southern patriot and gallant Confederate soldier has joined the great majority and sleeps beside his devoted wife in West View Cemetery, Atlanta, Ga.

[The tribute of a comrade who knew him well and loved him.]

Thomas Jefferson Hughes.

In the late afternoon of June 3, 1914, death came suddenly to Thomas J. Hughes at his home, in Fountain Inn, S. C., leaving to mourn him the devoted wife and eight children—four sons and four daughters. He was a brave soldier of the Confederacy, having enlisted in Company A, 16th South Carolina Regiment, and he endured the hardships of war with fortitude, suffering the cruel indignities of Rock Island Prison for many months rather than be false to the principles dear to every true man of the South. He loved the companionship of his old comrades and delighted in their annual reunions. He loved the South and was keenly interested in her affairs, yet withal he was broad and liberal-minded toward the views of others. In his home and Church his life was an inspiration to others. As husband and father none was ever more tender and affectionate. In his Church he was a friend and helper in its service. The influence of such a man will live to bless even those who never knew him.



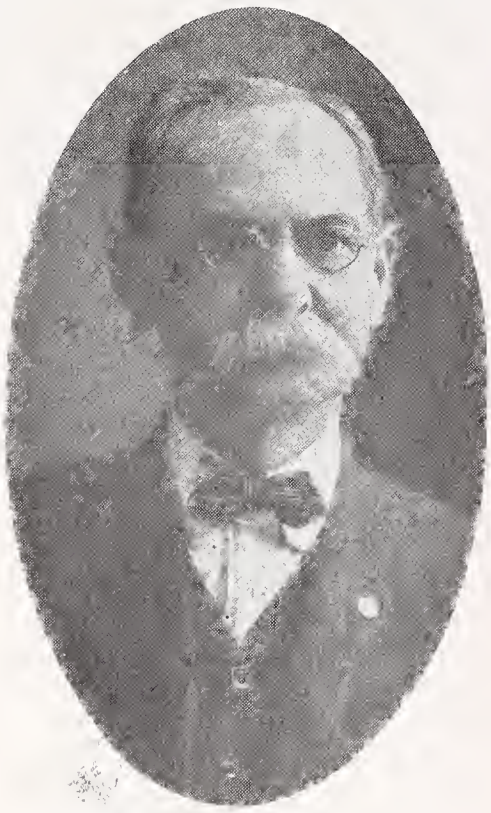
T. J. HUGHES.

Louis Volmer.

Louis Volmer, who died April 16, 1914, at Little Rock, Ark., was born in Germany July 4, 1840, and came to America when quite a youth. He was located in Arkansas at the breaking out of the War between the States. He enlisted in Churchill's Regiment of Mounted Riflemen in the spring of 1861 and was in the battle of Oak Hills, August 10, 1861, where he was wounded and subsequently discharged. He reënlisted in 1862 and was transferred to the commissary department. After the war closed he engaged in the mercantile business for many years. He was a member of the City Council of Little Rock, Ark., at the time of his death and had been a member of that body seventeen years. He had long been a member of Omer R. Weaver Camp.

Joseph Floyd Parks.

Joseph F. Parks was born in Oak Bowery, Chambers County, Ala., February 17, 1846; and died at Stoneham, Tex., July 1, 1914. The family went to Texas when he was seven years of age and settled in Grimes County, later removing to Washington County. At the age of seventeen he bade farewell to his home and entered the Confederate army as a member of Chisholm's Regiment, Major's Brigade of Texas Cavalry, and was attached to Green's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. He was later transferred to Walker's Division of Infantry, and his last service was as a clerk in the commissary department. Though a mere boy in years, he fought with the courage and valor of a man and served his country with fervor and devotion. In this service rendered he left to his family a priceless heritage.



JOSEPH F. PARKS.

In September, 1869, Mr. Parks was married to Miss Helen Garrett, of a pioneer family of Washington County, and to them seven children were born, of whom three sons and two daughters survive.

Comrade Parks moved to Bryan, Tex., in 1885 from Brenham, and thenceforward was one of Bryan's most aggressive business men. He was a Mason, a member of the A. Q. U. W., and a devout Christian, having been a member of the Baptist Church since early manhood.

The cross of honor bestowed by the Daughters of the Confederacy he bequeathed to his little granddaughter to be ever held as an emblem of sacred trust.

In the service rendered by this man and citizen no higher tribute can be paid than to say that the world is better that he has lived, and his children shall rise up and call him blessed.

Lieut. John Crittenden Warren.

John Crittenden Warren was born in Edenton, N. C., April 13, 1845; and died July 21, 1914, in Atlanta, Ga. He was the son of Dr. William Christian Warren and Harriet Alexander Warren. The late Dr. Edward Warren Bey, of Paris, France, was one of his brothers.

In 1861, at the age of sixteen, John C. Warren enlisted as a private in Company H, 52d North Carolina Regiment (Col. James Keith Marshall), Pettigrew's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V. He was soon promoted to lieutenant for bravery in battle. In the battle of Gettysburg he was supposed to have been killed, as the regiment, officers and men, was nearly annihilated. His brother, Dr. L. P. Warren, brigade surgeon, was ordered by General Pettigrew when General Lee fell back to remain in the enemy's lines and look after the wounded. The gallant Colonel Cody nor his horse was ever found after that dreadful carnage; but two weeks later Dr. Warren, in succoring our wounded, heard some one exclaim: "Lieutenant, here is your brother, the doctor." In looking through the opening of a tent he discovered the emaciated form of Lieutenant Warren lying on some blankets on the ground. A hasty examination revealed five bullet holes through his body, the blood from which had stiffened his clothing like pasteboard. He had been given up to die. The Federal surgeons, as an act of mercy, had given him morphine to relieve his sufferings, but had not attended his wounds. Dr. Warren washed and dressed him, replaced his blood-stained garments with his own, and was allowed to remain several days with him, thereby saving his life. They were then separated, the Doctor being sent to Fort Norfolk and the Lieutenant to Point Lookout as prisoners of war. The most serious wound, by a Minie ball through his right lung which lodged under his shoulder blade, the surgeon at Point Lookout thought best not to disturb.



LIEUT. J. C. WARREN.

After hovering between life and death Lieutenant Warren was exchanged, but was incapacitated for active duty. His desire to do some service was so great, however, that they detailed him to recruiting for the army, at which post he remained until the war ended. The wound in his chest not having healed and his health being in a weakened condition necessitated his going to a milder climate, and he lived for many years in Panama. At one time he was assistant superintendent of the Panama Railroad. From there he went in July last to the home of his family in Atlanta, Ga., to die. He was of a modest and gentle nature, was a loving husband and father, a true and tried friend, a chivalrous gentleman, a gallant and courageous Confederate soldier, of the strictest honor and integrity, with the happy faculty of drawing people to him, making and retaining friends, and his death was mourned by a sorrowing and wide circle.

Mrs. Sallie H. Carothers.

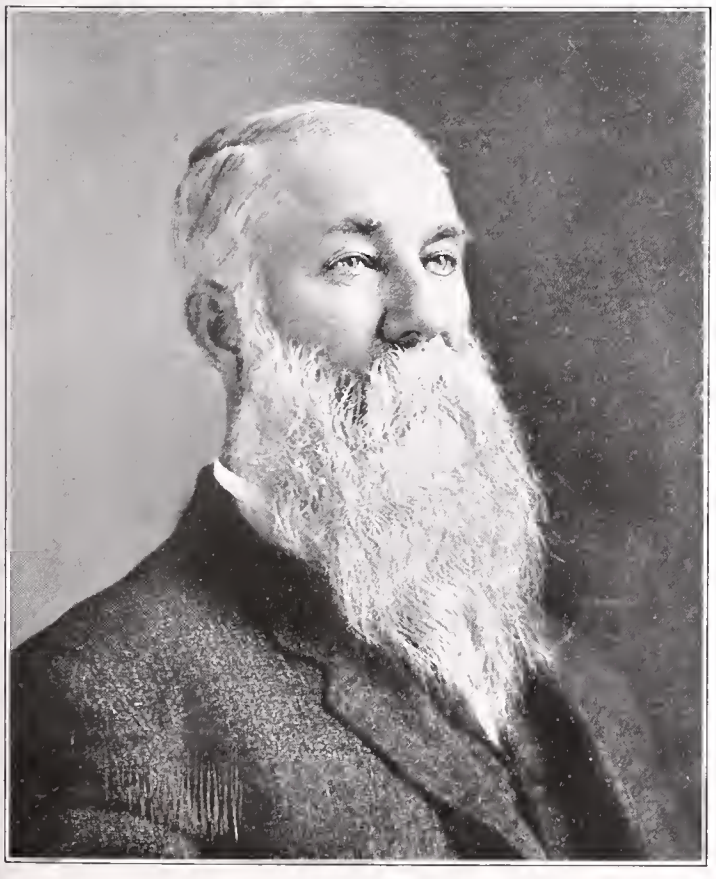
At her home, near Goldthwaite, Tex., Mrs. Sallie H. Carothers died on March 24, 1913. She was born November , 1847, in Humphreys County, Tenn., and was the fifth sister of Capt. I. P. Young, of the 11th Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers, C. S. A.

S. M. Carothers and Sallie Young were married at her home, n Humphreys County, Tenn., on November 8, 1866, and to hem were born eight children, seven boys and one girl. Five of their sons yet live to mourn the loss of one so near and lear to them.

Capt. William Hicks.

Capt. William Hicks was born in Hawkins County, Tenn., n 1837; and died at Austin, Ky., November 20, 1913. He became a member of Blanchard's company, C. S. A., in November, 1861, and was elected second lieutenant. After a ew months he was made assistant quartermaster-general, and ater he was transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department, where he assisted in organizing the 10th Arkansas Cavalry, nder Price, with which he served as captain of Company G, remaining with that regiment to the end. He was at Ironton, Independence, Lawrence, and numerous other engagements, nd before his transfer he had participated in the battle of Corinth.

After the war Captain Hicks lived in Mississippi until 1869, and then went to Macon County, Tenn., removing from here in 1876 to Barren County, Ky., which continued to be his home. He was twice married, and is survived by the second wife and eight children by the first marriage. Captain Hicks was a very active man until a few years ago, when his health failed.



CAPT. WILLIAM HICKS.

Newton L. Bennett.

Newton Leland Bennett, one of the seven sons of Mark and Loucetta Brockman Bennett, was born May 26, 1844; and died February 3, 1914. At the age of seventeen he volunteered with Company B, 13th Regiment, S. C. V., and drilled with the company at Lightwoodknot Springs, near Columbia, S. C., but was not mustered into service at that time. By the advice of Captain Brockman he returned home and spent five months at the Reidville Male High School, where he distinguished himself as a student in English. He went to Virginia in 1863 and shared the fate of his company thereafter until the surrender. He was often almost miraculously preserved from injury. He was never in a hospital nor ever left behind, but was always in the front, cheerful and bright, encouraging his comrades to do their best.



N. L. BENNETT.

Of his own experiences, he has said: "In the battle of Spottsylvania, the fiercest engagement I ever witnessed, I fought sixteen hours without ceasing. The Bloody Angle, shaped like a horseshoe, was taken by Hancock's Corps just at the break of day. He captured Bushrod Johnson's division with the artillery on the lines. McGowan's Brigade, of South Carolina, and Harris's Mississippians were sent to retake the angle, which they partially succeeded in doing with dreadful loss. Of the thirty-four men in Company B who went into this battle, only seventeen answered to roll call next day. Here Col. Ben Brockman and his brother, Capt. Jess Brockman, received their death wounds. My own hat and clothing were riddled with bullets, but I was unhurt. I was in the redoubt which was next to that in which stood the famous red oak tree, sixteen inches in diameter, that was shot down by grape and Minie balls. I was within fifteen feet of this tree and saw it fall, wounding Sergeant Kinard, of Newberry, and Simon Baswell, of my company. I was on picket when the lines of Petersburg were taken. I stacked my gun with my comrades and surrendered at Appomattox."

After this bloody warfare was over he walked from Virginia to his old home on the Buncombe Road, in Spartanburg County, and for several years drove a wagon to and from Augusta, Ga., along with his old comrade and later brother-in-law, James Denny Leonard, encountering many hardships and struggling to make an honest living.

On December 24, 1868, he was married to Miss Leonora Ann Leonard, and they settled on a little farm near Bennett's Bridge, in Spartanburg County, and from a very modest beginning, through industry, economy, and efficiency, built up a comfortable estate and a home noted for its wholesome atmosphere and generous hospitality. Five sons and four daughters came to bless this home.

A MONUMENT TO "UNCLE BEN" AND "AUNT MATILDA."

BY HUGH G. BARCLAY, MOBILE, ALA.

Those of us who were in the South during the war and who cherish tender memories of the old times (and all of us do) are prone to wonder why the love of truth and justice of the Southern people has not long since consigned the memory of the faithful slaves, who tilled the soil, ground the meal, and kept untiring watch over the white man's rooftree while the soldier was fighting at the front, to our posterity in a monument of enduring granite and marble. All of us can recall many instances of loyal service when the Yankees raided through our Southern land and would have completely pillaged our homes but for the ever-watchful negroes, who helped to hide the provisions and valuables and drove the stock to safe asylum in the hills until the raiders had passed.

Exceptions to the affectionate loyalty of the negroes were practically unknown. The "uncles" and dear old "mammies," who helped to clothe and feed the women and children (and soldiers too) of the Southern homes while our men were at the front, were held in as affectionate esteem by the helpless ones at home as if they had been of the same race and bound by the ties of blood. And truly the negroes nobly responded to the need for help and the confidence universally bestowed.

Now seems to be a monumental era in our land and a fitting time to raise a monument to the faithful slaves who blessed and fortified our homes during that time of despair and gloom with their loyal labor and protection. Who could take this noble work of grateful appreciation in hand and carry it to a successful completion like our Daughters of the Confederacy? And to whom should such a work appeal as one of gratitude and graceful retribution as to that body of reverent and loyal Southern mothers and daughters? And should it not be done before all the old darkies of the South are dead and gone?

Proud Southland, risen from a grievous wrong,
Whose valor earned the wonder of the world
And wove a fadeless wreath of poesy and song
To crown the tattered flag defeat had furled—

O, why has slumbered long our gratitude,
That not a granite shaft in all our land
Tells to the world how bondslaves, brave and good,
Took tender care of all our helpless band?

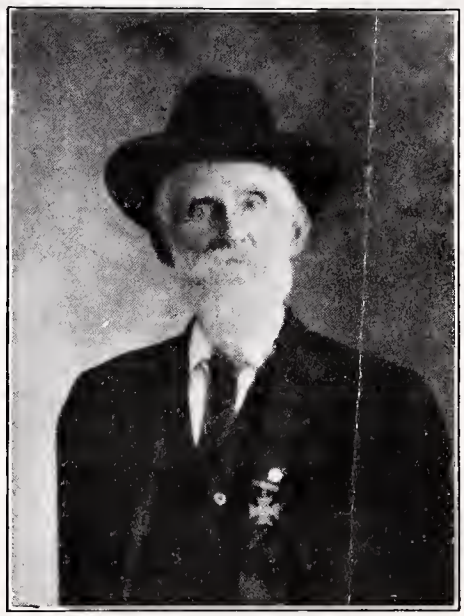
In all the world there's not a case to stand
Beside this wondrous war song of the ages,
When fettered slave upheld the master's hand
That forged his chains. 'Twill shine in history's pages.

Awake, ye scions of our dear Southland,
And rear a shaft of marble, broad and high,
To tell our children how the slave's kind hand
Brought bread and safety in that time gone by.

The Omer R. Weaver Camp, of Little Rock, Ark., has started a movement to erect a memorial in the capital city of the State in recognition of the faithful service of the slaves who guarded the families and property of their masters who were at the front fighting for the Confederacy. A resolution on the subject was introduced by Jonathan Kellogg, Adjutant General of the State Division, and adopted by the Camp, and the matter will be brought before the State Reunion, which meets in Little Rock November 3-5. The U. D .C. Convention at Jacksonville last May adopted resolutions recommending that each State take proper steps toward the erection of a granite shaft or other permanent memorial that will commemorate the loyalty of the slaves of the South during the war of the sixties.

WITH GENERAL POLK AT PINE MOUNTAIN.

James I. Doig, who was sergeant of Company C, 7th Florida Regiment, Finley's Brigade, Bate's Division, Army of Tennessee, was in the battle about Pine Mountain, where General Polk was killed. His regiment was on the main line just below the brow of the mountain, and Comrade Doig had discovered that the Federals were placing a battery just opposite to where he was stationed; so he took this information to the captain of one of our batteries, who made observation and found it correct. General Polk came up shortly and took out his glass to locate the battery, and just at that moment he was struck by a shot from that battery and killed.



JAMES I. DOIG.

Comrade Doig is now in his seventy-eighth year, a member of Stonewall Camp, U. C. V., of Gainesville, Fla., and lives at Waycross, Ga. He was at the first bombardment of Fort Sumter, in April, 1861, and served throughout the war, taking part in the last battles of Hood's army in Tennessee.

MEMORIAL HOME FOR WOMEN.

Miss L. A. Norrell writes from Marietta, Ga.:

"Something over a year ago I was the means of starting a movement for collecting a fund with the ultimate object of founding a Memorial Home for Women in memory of Gen. James Longstreet. Later on the friends of this movement held a meeting, and a society was formed with that object in view. I was elected to the joint offices of President and Treasurer. Up to the present time no great headway has been made in the matter of accumulating a fund, but a small sum is in the treasury drawing interest and slowly growing.

"I am now considering the publication of a small pamphlet of my own verses under the title of 'Random Rhymes,' but before doing so I wish to have some assurance of being able to dispose of them. The net proceeds from the sales will be devoted to this memorial fund, should I have sufficient encouragement to go to the expense of an edition of one thousand. How many of the readers of the VETERAN will buy a copy of my 'Random Rhymes'?

"These rhymes will be rather random and perhaps crude, but some may afford amusement at least to a few readers; also some personal friends may feel an interest because of the identity of the writer. The price of the pamphlet will be 25 cents."

MEMBERS OF THE CHI PSI FRATERNITY.

Inquiry comes from G. V. Scheuber, of New York City, or information of some members of the Chi Psi Fraternity ho served in the Confederate army, which he hopes to se- ure through friends or relatives of these members who have ropped out of sight. Replies may be sent to him at the office f the Fraternity (Room 307, 50 Pine Street) in New York ity. The inquiry is for the following:

Alonzo Claudius Whitridge, lieutenant of artillery, Gist uards.

Gustavus Rodolphus Whitridge, sergeant of cavalry, 3d outh Carolina Regiment.

William Simpson Campbell, three years in navy; major in my.

Charles G. Martin, aid-de-camp to General Pillow.

Robert Nash Ogden, lieutenant colonel.

Cadwallader Polk,

John McRory Richmond, physician and surgeon, field hos- tal service.

Timothy Walton, private 4th Alabama Infantry; sergeant f cavalry.

Francis Porcher Gleason.

Thomas Scott Adams, captain.

John Francis Laneau, captain of cavalry, Hampton Legion, nd at the end of the war lieutenant of engineers of the same gion.

Thomas Lake Moore, lieutenant Company H, 2d South arolina Volunteers.

Edward Gunning Roberts, captain South Carolina Volun- ers.

James Henry Taylor, second lieutenant 16th South Carolina olunteers.

Halloway I. Bird, captain 15th South Carolina Volunteers.

William Albert Cooper, private 3d South Carolina Volun- ers (in army only for short time).

Robert James Cunningham, in Nelson's Rifles, Hagood's rigade.

James Thornwell Dargan, cadet.

Charles Mallory Neel.

Hugh Quin Bridges, private Company A, 11th Mississippi egiment, first lieutenant, and adjutant general on the staff f General Hodge.

William Henry Harris.

Wiley Gartman Johnson, captain Company C, 18th Missis- ppi Volunteers, Army of Northern Virginia; promoted for llantry at Gettysburg.

Reginald Heber Lipscomb, sergeant Blythe's Mississippi egiment and also 8th Mississippi Regiment.

David Nelville, sergeant Company B, Crescent Regiment, of ouisiana.

Elbert Oliver, first lieutenant Company K, 18th Mississippi avalry.

William Lowordy Young, 14th Mississippi Regiment, Saun- rs' Scouts.

William Brown, captain 47th Virginia Regiment, Army of orthern Virginia.

Thomas James Carson, 5th Mississippi Cavalry.

Robert Perry Duncan, lieutenant 4th South Carolina Vol- nteers, and then successively assistant adjutant, assistant djutant general, and chief of staff, Anderson's Corps, Army Northern Virginia.

Albert Carey Estes, private 7th Tennessee Cavalry.

James M. Stewart, in South Carolina Cadets.

INQUIRY FOR UNITED STATES SOLDIERS.

E. P. Anderson, Sr., of Waxahachie, Tex., wants to learn of some United States soldiers whom he saw during the war and to get in communication with them or their families if they are not living. He writes:

"In 1863, just a month or so before the surrender of Vicksburg, after the Federals had taken possession of the Yazoo River and probably their first trip down the river after getting possession of it, a number of transports, about eight or ten, had a small fight with some dismounted Confederate cavalrymen that were ambushed on a high bluff on the south side of the river. As one of the transports got opposite the Confederates a fine-looking United States officer was standing upon the hurricane deck by the smokestack. The first shot fired was at this officer, and it was with a shotgun. The first barrel snapped, and by the time the second was fired he had gotten behind the smokestack.

"After the fight was over and the Federals were landing some men, the Confederates fell back. One of the Confederates was wounded and carried off the field by two of his friends. For fifty or one hundred yards the Federals were firing at them very fast, and it is a wonder somebody wasn't hurt. It is my impression that the Federals stopped firing, and I should like to hear from the officer who ordered them to cease firing and to thank him.

"On the 3d of July, before Vicksburg surrendered, Lieutenant Chase, who said he was a nephew of Chief Justice Chase, of the Supreme Court, was captured on the Yazoo River above Vicksburg while he was foraging with some Federal cavalrymen.

"In the fall of 1863, about twelve or fifteen miles east of Natchez, the advance guards of the Confederates and the Federals met about eleven o'clock at night in a grove of timber. It was a star-light night, but with no moon shining. A Federal and Confederate fought a pistol duel at a distance of not exceeding twenty or twenty-five yards. At the third fire from the Confederate the Federal was shot, and from the flash of his pistol the Confederate saw him fall and saw him taken off by his friends.

"All of these Federal soldiers I should like to hear from or of."

S. E. Penland writes from Juliaetta, Idaho: "On the 4th of July, 1863, at Gettysburg, I was left at a barn in front of Little Round Top in charge of ninety-eight wounded and sick of General Rodes's division. After having established a field hospital two miles on the opposite side of Gettysburg for the wounded of both armies, the surgeon in charge, Dr. Sturdivant, of Ohio, came to see us. He thought best not to move us then and kept us there for three months, he furnishing everything we needed. He was truly one of nature's noblemen. I should be happy to hear from any who were with me in that barn."

Robert B. Bolton, Past Commander of Kearney Post, Department of Pennsylvania, G. A. R., an interested subscriber to the VETERAN, comments on a recent article in which the importance of accuracy was dwelt upon, and in that very article he noticed that the battle of First Manassas was mentioned as having been fought on July 21, 1864, "three years off the date," he says. That, of course, was a typographical error, but an error, nevertheless, and such must be guarded against so the uninformed may not be wrongly informed. Corrections are appreciated.

THE CANTRELLS OF TENNESSEE.

BY WILL T. HALE, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Having noticed in the VETERAN for September, 1914, an account of the four White brothers of Alabama who served in the Confederate army, I am reminded of the large number of Cantrells who served in one Confederate company from DeKalb County, Tenn.—Company A, 16th Infantry. Of the one hundred and forty-eight officers and privates, no less than twenty-two were Cantrells, as follows: J. H., U. E., J. R., James, Jehu, John, M. L., James (second), I. D., W. H., L. D., D. W., Leonard, W. C., Watson, Isaac, Peter, P. G., A. M., George P., Martin, and B. M. Three of these were killed at Perryville and one at Franklin, while two were wounded at the former place and one at Murfreesboro. All the Cantrells mentioned were closely related. The company was made up around Smithville by Capt. L. N. Savage (a brother of the distinguished Col. John H. Savage), who was mortally wounded at Murfreesboro at the age of twenty-six years.

"RICHARDSON'S DEFENSE OF THE SOUTH."

In this book of six hundred pages Professor Richardson has given a logical arrangement of facts in defense of the South's secession from the Union and presents his arguments in a clear and entertaining manner. Some of the subjects treated are: "The Part Taken by the South in Establishing American Independence," "The Institution of Slavery," "The Two Confederations," "The Constitution," "Lincoln's Cooper Institute Speech," "The South's Demands," "The South and Her Efforts to Preserve the Union and the Constitution," "Sovereignty and Secession," "Lincoln's Inaugural Address," "Who Caused the War?" "The Fall of the Confederacy and Arrest of Jefferson Davis," "The Treatment of Prisoners by the Confederacy," "The Confederate Navy," and a number of other equally interesting topics.

A. B. Caldwell, publisher, Atlanta, Ga. Price, $2.50.

MONUMENT FOR BATTLE FIELD OF MCDOWELL, VA.—The Highland Chapter, U. D. C., of Doe Hill, Va., is desirous of erecting in the near future a monument on the battle field of McDowell, Highland County, Va., in commemoration of the engagement there on May 8, 1862. Contributions from survivors of the battle, veterans, or others who wish to perpetuate the memory of friends who lost their lives in that battle will be appreciated. This appeal is made by the order of Highland Chapter, U. D. C. Please send contributions to Mrs. S. C. Eagle, Treasurer, Doe Hill, Va.

REUNION OF THE BLUE AND GRAY.—J. Stoke Vinson, of Hiram, Ark., writes of the Blue and Gray Association of Arkansas, the first organization of the kind in the country, which held its twenty-fifth annual reunion at Heber Springs, Ark., on the 20th and 21st of August, 1914. A good program was carried out and officers elected. Ben F. Allen was made President, and a committee was appointed to form an organization of the Daughters in connection with this association for its perpetuation.

A CORRECTION.—In the article on the battle of Pilot Knob, Mo., page 417 September number of the VETERAN, a typographical error makes the reference to General Ewing's famous "Order No. 11" read as "Order No. 2."

REUNION OF THE ARKANSAS DIVISION, U. C. V.

Maj. Gen. J. R. Gibbons, commanding the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., has issued an order calling the membership of the Division to meet in Little Rock November 3, 4, and 5 for the annual reunion. The Sons of Veterans will hold their convention at the same time. It is intended that this be a general reunion of all Confederate interests of the State, and leading veterans from other States will be invited to attend. This will be the first reunion ever held by the Arkansas State Division, U. C. V.

ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT.—The Tift County Camp of Confederate Veterans, headquarters at Tifton, Ga., held their annual encampment at Baker's Ford, on Little River, August 12, and on the 13th the Camp and other veterans of the county were complimented with an old-style barbecue and basket dinner by the good people of the county. This encampment is held as a reminder of days in the sixties, and about the camp fire many incidents are recited of happenings in those days. The U. D. C. Chapter members always take part, and with their presence and baskets help to make the occasion a success. The last encampment was largely attended, about eight hundred being present, and the day was spent in the old-time associations that add to the pleasure of life. The Adjutant of the Camp is J. S. Royal, who, as the son of a veteran, has been identified with the Camp since its organization, four years ago, as honorary member and Secretary, and at their first meeting he was taken in as a Son and has since been Adjutant. He says: "I love their association and get much pleasure from the meetings."

FOR SALE.

Odd volumes of the VETERAN, bound in half morocco, from 1899 to 1912. Also the following extra copies: 1893, October; 1894, April and November; 1896, July; 1897, March and October; 1898, June; 1900, July; 1906, June, October, November, and December.

The following complete volumes are wanted: 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898; also extra copies for January to September, 1893; January, March, April, May, and July, 1895; June and August, 1896; July, 1897; October, 1898; January, 1907.

Address, "Son of Veteran," P. O. Box 103, Pensacola, Fla.

A SPECIAL CLUBBING OFFER.

The World's Work was the first magazine to issue an authoritative manual on the great European war now raging, and will continue to be the first to give its readers facts in regard to this great conflict. Another great number will be issued for October and a new manual for November. A three months' subscription to this magazine, including the numbers mentioned, is offered for fifty cents. With a year's subscription to the VETERAN the cost is only $1.25. Send your orders to the VETERAN.

HALF-TONE ENGRAVINGS FOR SALE.

The VETERAN has an immense stock of half-tone engravings many of which were used with personal sketches. It has become necessary to reduce this latter stock largely, and these plates are offered at the very low price of one dollar each postpaid. They are all fine engravings and would be valuable for use with Confederate records.

THE KU KLUX KLAN
Or Invisible Empire
"K. K. K. Banner"



Just Out —Most Fascinating Book of the Day. Profusely illustrated. Letters from charter members of the Klan, biographical sketch of its great leader, Gen. Nathan Bedford Forest. Indorsed by leading educators, historians, the U.D.C. and S.C.V., who will cooperate in placing the book in schools and libraries. Interesting from start to finish. Price, 75 cents; postage, 10 cents. Order from author,
Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, West Point, Mississippi

The Direct Route to
Washington Baltimore
Philadelphia New York
and all Eastern Cities from the South and Southwest is via Bristol and the

NORFOLK & WESTERN RY.

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

The Direct Line
to Antietam, Md., Gettysburg, Pa., Manassas, Va. (Bull Run), and other famous battle fields in the Shenandoah Valley and other sections of Virginia.

Best Route to
Richmond Norfolk
and all Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, General Agent Passenger Department, Chattanooga, Tenn.
W. C. SAUNDERS, General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.
W. B. BEVILL, Passenger Traffic Manager, Roanoke, Va.

The South in History and Literature
By Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford
ATHENS, GA.
50 pages. Price, $1 net; postage, 21 cents.
Writers since 1906 will be found in supplement being prepared.)

Harvey Edwards, of Glasgow Junction, Ky., writes that Robert Bonner, supposed to have been of the 1st Arkansas, Hindman's Legion, is buried in his family burying ground at Glasgow Junction, and also two other unknown Confederate soldiers who had been attended his father as physician in 1861.

Mrs. Sarah J. Kidd, wife of William J. Kidd, of Company B, 3d Georgia Infantry, wants to hear from his surviving comrades who can testify to his service. Address her in care of H. W. D. Hurt, Ramsdell, Tex.

The widow of Robert R. Grizzle, who was a teamster under Captain Rice in Forrest's command, is now seeking a pension and will appreciate hearing from any of his surviving comrades. Address her at Afton, Tex.

For the benefit of his widow, information is sought of the record of A. J. Ashworth, who enlisted in the 4th Georgia Cavalry at Rome, Ga., November 1, 1862. Send reply to I. B. McCormack at Bowling Green, Ky.

S. S. Waldrop, of LaGrange, Ky., wants to recognize his old comrades who may attend the Reunion at Richmond next year, and he urges all to wear a badge with name and command in bold type on the lapel of the coat, so it may be easily read. This suggestion is good for any reunion.

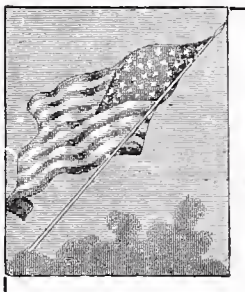
Dr. A. B. Gardner, of Denison, Tex., wants to hear from surviving comrades of Charles Reardon who can recall his service as a member of Company I, 1st Confederate Battalion, organized at Mobile, Ala., in the spring of 1862. He was under command of Capt. Michael Donahue, and Major Forney commanded the battalion.

Morgan P. Robinson, 710 Mutual Building, Richmond, Va., wants to secure the following numbers of the VETERAN: 1893, January, February, March; 1894, the first ten numbers; 1895, January, February, May, July, August, September; 1896, February, March, August, December; 1897, December; 1898, January; 1912, June, July.

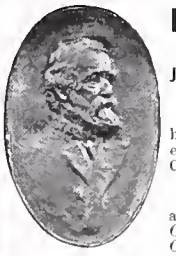
Mrs. C. W. Kealhofer, 852 Madison Avenue, Memphis, Tenn., seeks to secure the war record of her husband, Capt. C. W. Kealhofer, who enlisted at Memphis in the beginning of the war with the Sumter Grays, 38th Tennessee Regiment, and was orderly sergeant of his company. He was transferred to the commissary department. Information as to his service is asked of surviving comrades.

Bronze Memorial Tablets of the Highest Standard
Our experience of 27 years is our guarantee of results.
Paul E. Cabaret & Co.
120-126 Eleventh Avenue
New York
Illustrated booklet sent on request.

FREE Complete Catalog of **CLASS PINS RINGS, PRIZE MEDALS, and TROPHIES**
Priced in Gold, Silver, and Bronze, of every shape and style and finish. This catalog is yours for nothing. Write to-day.
Meyer's Military Shop
Makers of Official Pins
1231 Pennsylvania Ave. N. W., Washington, D. C.
"Visit our Show Shop when in Washington"



THE BEST PLACE to purchase all-wool
Bunting or Silk Flags
of all kinds
Silk Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps
and all kinds of Military Equipment and Society Goods is at
Joel Flag & Regalia Co., 57 E. 96th St.
Send for Price List New York City



Bronze Memorial Tablets
Designs and estimates free.
Jno. Williams Inc., Bronze Foundry
554 W. 27th St., New York
Cast Bronze Medallion, 6 1-2 inches high, Gen. Robert E. Lee, 75 cents each (postage extra) to readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.
"The medallion of Lee is a beauty and much valued."—*Murfreesboro Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy.*

WAR RELICS
Make extra money by getting up a list of War Relics that your neighbors have and send to me. I want all kinds of Confederate Curios, especially Buttons. Can you find any? Address **DR. GEORGE BROWN, Austell Building, Atlanta, Ga.**



Catarrh, Asthma

CURED WHILE YOU SLEEP

E. C. C. Catarrh-Asthma Cure

Will Cure You. Costs Two or Three Cents a day if you are satisfied, and nothing if you are not.

Is perfectly Harmless, Convenient, Agreeable, and Marvelously Certain.

Succeeds because it Combines **Common Sense** Method with **Right Medicine.**

The Medicine is the discovery of an Eminent Physician, improved by us through years of study and experience.

The Instrument of its application is the best ever devised, and is our patent.

Its Cures of **CATARRH** won for it long ago the name of "The Little Wonder."

Its Cures of **ASTHMA** have been most astounding.

For **BRONCHITIS, HAY FEVER, THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES** it is unrivalled.

Cures **COLDS** and prevents Pneumonia.

BAD BREATH it has never failed to correct. It Cures **INCIPIENT DEAFNESS** and restores **LOST SENSE OF SMELL.** It lays the Healing Balm directly, **CONTINUOUSLY** on the sore spot, whether at the top or at the bottom of the breathing organs. **You change your climate without leaving your country.**

It does not hinder the breathing, and can be regulated to any force desired.

It has always been sold under **STRICT GUARANTEE—a Legal Paper** which would have ruined us long ago but for the astonishing Reliability of the Remedy.

We offer you overwhelming Testimonials, but you will need none, since the thing will speak directly to your Common Sense.

AMPLE TRIAL to all that ask. Full information **SENT FREE.**

Write to-day, as you may not see this again. Address

E. C. C. CATARRH-ASTHMA CURE, 2744 Gladys Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!



Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

often called **"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears"** are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.



Drum in Position

What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. **Write today** for our **FREE** 168 page **Book on Deafness**—giving you full particulars.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
125 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.

IF THE BABY IS CUTTING TEETH

USE

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

A SPLENDID REGULATOR

PURELY VEGETABLE—NOT NARCOTIC

Mrs. J. E. Malone, of Louisburg, N. C., asks for assistance in ascertaining the earliest date on which the Stars and Bars was presented to a military organization.

B. P. Hancock, of Hendrick's Store, Va., writes that he has been a subscriber to the VETERAN for seven years, and in that time has missed only one copy. A good record for the VETERAN.

A. B. Hill, of Memphis, Tenn. (fourth floor Goodwyn Institute), has some back volumes of the VETERAN (1898 to date) which he offers for sale at a reasonable price. Write him as to terms, etc.

Mrs. G. Smith Norris, Honorary President of the U. D. C. at Bell Air, Md., writes that a friend has in his possession an old musket found on the battle field of Petersburg on which the owner's name had been cut, "J. H. Whitelock, Co. A, 9th Louisiana," and he would like to restore it to the owner or his family.

The family of Dr. S. M. Ross, a volunteer surgeon of the Federal army, have in their possession a Confederate blanket, butternut-colored, on which is marked in cross-stitch the name of "J. B. Gibbs." They are anxious to return this relic and hope to get in communication with the owner or his family. Address Miss Margaret M. Ross, 1218 Twelfth Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

Mrs. E. C. King, of Meridian, Miss seeks information of C. M. Bisbee, wh had been an inmate of the Confedera Home at Austin, Tex., but left there o furlough on January 31, 1914, and ha not returned.

Thomas J. Moher, of Gillett, Ark makes inquiry for surviving comrade of H. C. Taylor, who served in Com pany H, 1st Arkansas Cavalry, who ca testify to his service. His widow trying to secure a pension.

N. L. Broadwater, of Johnston, S. C reports having found on the speaker stand at the Jacksonville Reunion cross of honor with the name "Ir Smith" on it. The owner can get th cross by communicating with Mr. Broad water.

Any one who knew Charles Young a a soldier of Company E, 47th Alabam Regiment, will confer a favor by writin to R. H. Young, Pecan Gap, Tex., Rout No. 2. He was taken prisoner at Ge tysburg and died in Camp Morton i December, 1864.

Mrs. S. E. Moffett, 212 West Fift Street, Austin, Tex., is the widow o S. L. Moffett, who enlisted from Ponto toc, Miss., and served under Genera Forrest, but she does not recall his com mand. That she may secure a pensio it is necessary to prove his service as Confederate soldier, and surviving com rades who can do so are asked to giv his record.

Dr. A. B. Gardner, of Denison, Tex asks who can recall T. J. Moore, o Company F, 3d Tennessee, Colon Clack. He enlisted May 21, 1861, an his last service was with General Hoo at Nashville. His widow needs proo of his service, and responses should b sent to Mrs. T. J. Moore, 301 We Monterey Street, Denison, Tex., or t Dr. Gardner.

The widow of Alfred Wesley Cump ton, who was in the Missouri Army, ask for information of his record. To th best of her recollection her husband wa under an officer named Stanway or Star weigh, and was in several battles in Mis souri, one of which was Pea Ridg She hopes to hear from some of h comrades. Address Mrs. L. B. Evan Frankston, Tex.

Southern Historical Society
PAPERS
NEW SERIES. 1914. VOLUME I.
WHOLE NUMBER 39

Letter of General R. E. Lee—Convention between Johnston and Sherman—Beauregard, Bragg, R. S. Ewell—Missionary Ridge—Boonsboro Gap—Confederate Gold—Spotsylvania Markers—Bishops' Visitation in War Times—Morgan in Ohio—Stuart's Raid and Death of Latane—Dahlgren's Raid and "the Boy Company"—and other papers.

MEMBERSHIP ENTITLES TO THIS VOLUME, $3
Thirty-eight volumes, per volume.....$ 3.00
Set complete, with few exceptions..... 35.00
Index for the whole..... 1.00

JAMES POWER SMITH, Secretary
2304 Grace Street Richmond, Va.

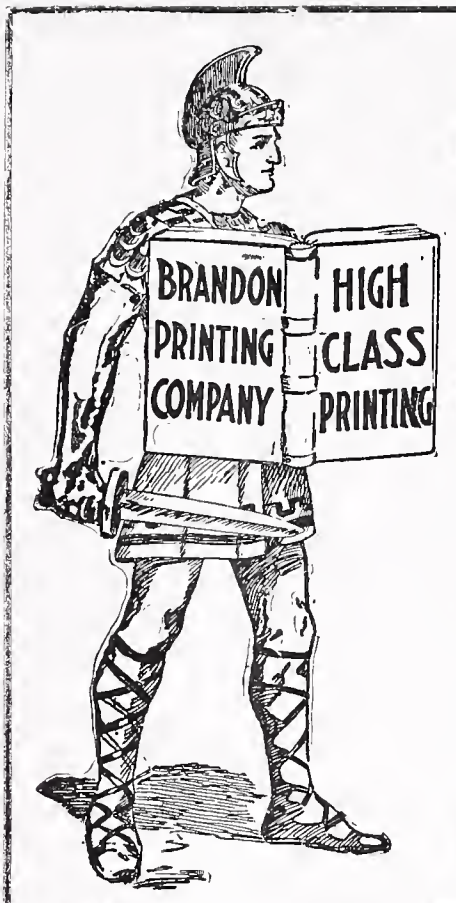
CONFEDERATE VETERAN
UNIFORMS

Highest Quality Lowest Prices

Tailor-Made to Your Measure

Send for Catalogue No. 341 and cloth samples.

The Pettibone Bros. Mfg. Co.
CINCINNATI



Facts about PRINTING

¶ To obtain efficiency in the result, whether it be in the **Stationery,** the **Catalogue,** the **Lithographing,** the **Blank Books,** or whatever task the printer may be called upon to perform, you must demand the best—**HIGH-CLASS PRINTING.** This we are prepared to produce by virtue of experience, artisans employed, and equipment. ¶ We give thought to our productions. Write to us. We will be able to carry out your ideas or possibly to suggest something new.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.
Nashville, - - Tenn.

Woodland Bronze Works
DEPARTMENT OF
ALBERT RUSSELL & SONS COMPANY
Bronze Memorial and Inscription
TABLETS
ESTIMATES AND DESIGNS FURNISHED UPON REQUEST
105 Merrimac St.
Newburyport, Mass.

Richardson's Defense of the South
By PROF. J. A. RICHARDSON
Appeals to the Student, the Historian, and the General Reader

A prominent Confederate Veteran writes: "This is the book I have been wishing for for years."

Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief of the U. C. V., writes: "I greatly appreciate and prize my copy of 'Richardson's Defense of the South,' and I shall have occasion to make much use of it in both writing and speaking hereafter."

598 pages, silk cloth binding, gold stamping, $2.50.
For sale by local bookstores or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price.

A. B. CALDWELL, PUBLISHER, ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Samuel Turner, of Barnes, Ark., wishes to ascertain the burial place of his friend and cousin, Col. Eli Hufstedler, who commanded the 25th Arkansas Infantry and fell in the battle of Peachtree Creek.

Mrs. J. R. Alexander, of Crosbyton, Tex., is trying to ascertain the war record of her father, Wyatt Melton, who enlisted somewhere in Texas, and she has been informed that he served as a home guard at Tyler, Tex., from which place he was sent to the border.

A. P. Marr, who belonged to Company A, 11th Missouri, Parson's Brigade, under Sterling Price, is now old and needy, and will appreciate hearing from any of his war comrades who can testify to his services and thus enable him to get a pension. Write him at Gordon, Tex., in care of T. W. Sarrett, Box 71.

J. W. Poole, of Rockdale, Tex., served Company D, 20th Texas Cavalry, and wants to hear from any surviving comrades who can help him prove his record and thus secure a pension. He volunteered in Navarro County, Tex., and surrendered at Fort Washington, Ind. Ter. He is now eighty-four years old and in need.

J. W. Homer, of Louisville, Kans., says he would like to see something in the VETERAN on the mistakes of the leading generals of both sides of the War between the States. Such an article could be made of great interest and value.

N. P. Ferrin, Jr., of Idabel, Okla. (Box 105), is interested in securing the war record of J. D. Brewer, of Company E, 42d Georgia Regiment, Stovall's Brigade, Pemberton's Corps, and hopes to hear from surviving comrades who can testify to his service.

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER

The Story of Europe and the Nations at War

This Large Illustrated $2.50 Volume

CONTAINING MORE THAN 400 LARGE PAGES, SIZE 6x9 INCHES

WILL BE DISTRIBUTED TO ALL READERS OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT PRACTICALLY FREE

THE CAUSES AND ISSUES OF THE GREAT WAR

The general desire for a book laying bare the causes of the present titanic struggle of the European nations is so great that an unusual effort has been made to place a *comprehensive* and *reliable* volume in the hands of all. The publishers of the *Christian Advocate* are enabled to offer this remarkable book to every reader of this advertisement, by special arrangement with the publishers, in such a way that they may secure it NOW practically FREE, as explained below.

A Book That Every Intelligent Man and Woman Should Read

The dogs of war are loosened in all Europe. A new map of a continent is in making. Nations will be obliterated, and new nations will be established. Europe is running red with blood, while field gun and cannon belch forth fire and death, and men are shot down like rows of clay pigeons.

This unique book of more than 400 pages, size 6x9 inches, contains a full and clear account of the world-wide influences which have precipitated the great powers of Europe into the most stupendous war of all time. It takes you across the battle fields of a hundred years and into the star chambers of diplomacy, and makes plain the effect which past conflict and intrigue have had in bringing about the present conflict.

Vivid Illust

C L Willoughby Aug 15
Lakeland Fla

One of the many valuable features of "STORY OF EUROPE AND THE NATIONS AT WAR" is comprised in the magnificent collection of historical pictures of current and permanent interest which it contains. In this collection are photographs of the rulers, great statesmen, and great military and naval leaders of all Europe, scenes of great battles of history described in the book, and graphic illustrations of the wonderful developments of modern instruments of warfare. No similar collection of vivid photographs has ever before been brought together in a single volume. The illustrations also include a map in colors.

How to Obtain This Great Book

With a view to making it as easy as possible for our people to obtain this unprecedented book, the publishers of the *Christian Advocate* have arranged so that you can procure it almost without expense by getting it with a

Year's Subscription to the

Christian Advocate

a large 32-page weekly family paper, containing something good for every member of the family. Finely printed on high-grade paper, with illustrations. One of the best family papers in the country. Regular subscription price, $2 per year (52 issues).

$2.50 Send Us Two Dollars and a Half $2.50

just the price of the book alone, and we will send you the book at once, postpaid, and the paper every week for one year.

Just Think of It---a $2.50 book and a $2 paper (total cost of both, $4.50) sent to you for ***only $2.50!***

This Offer Is Limited.

Send Your Order at Once to

SMITH & LAMAR, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXII. NOVEMBER, 1914 NO. 11



MRS. DAISY McLAURIN STEVENS, PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C.

973.705
C748

NASHVILLE

"The Convention City"

¶ A city of schools, churches, factories, parks, and playgrounds.
¶ A pleasant place to live---a profitable place for employment.

NASHVILLE RAILWAY & LIGHT CO.

Read Read Read

MARMADUKE *of* TENNESSEE

(A Story of the Civil War)

By
EDWARD CUMMINGS

THE chronicles of knighthood and chivalry record no finer examples of loyalty, heroism, and sacrifice than are afforded in this story of the Civil War.

Marmaduke will be easily recognized as the prototype of a famous southern cavalry leader noted for personal daring and dashing exploits.

There is forceful, picturesque description of the scenes of battle, and all the charm of a ballad of sentiment in its interludes of hope, friendship, and love.

At all bookstores.

A. C. McCLURG & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
CHICAGO

Any surviving comrade of John R. Finley, who went from Georgia and served under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, will confer a favor by writing to Mrs. Frances Finley, Milam, Tex.

LOST.—Somewhere on the Reunion grounds in Jacksonville, Fla., during the Reunion in May a package of papers containing historical matters pertaining to the record of Maj. J. W. Ratchford. The finder will please return it to George R. Ratchford, Madison, Fla., and receive suitable reward.

Mrs. Frank Carter, 301 Spring Street, Weatherford, Tex., wishes to get in communication with any member of the family of Gen. Henry McCulloch, a brother of Gen. Ben McCulloch. She desires the address of Col. E. I. Stirman, who wrote the article on Gen. Ben McCulloch in the VETERAN for April, 1913.

A. C. Burnett, of Cadiz, Ky., seeks information of one John W. Martin, who was a member of Company B, Cummings's Brigade, Stephen's Division, Army of Tennessee, C. S. A. This information is wanted for Mrs. Martin, who is trying to get a pension, and has the record complete up to the surrender of Vicksburg, and now wants to know what company and regiment he was a member of after being exchanged.

Lewis E. Drummond, Box 118, New York City, is trying to locate Henry Oswald Yarrow, an Englishman, who fought with the Confederate army. After the war he lived in California, then went to Asuncion, Paraguay, South America, in 1898, and from there he went back to California. If dead, he would like to know when and where he died and the address of his nearest relative.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Date given to subscription is the month of expiration.
All remittances should be made to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and all communications so addressed.
Published by the Confederate Veteran Company, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XXII. NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1914. No. 11. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, FOUNDER.

U. D. C. CONVENTION IN SAVANNAH, GA.

BY MISS KATHARINE LATHAM, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY SAVANNAH CHAPTER, U. D. C.

Extensive arrangements are being made for the entertainment of the General Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy to be held in Savannah November 10-14. Mrs. A. B. Hull, President of the Savannah Chapter, is lending every effort toward making this one of the very best general conventions ever held. The Savannah Chapter is working with its President to attain this end, and when the delegates arrive they will find a warm welcome and five days of pleasure awaiting them.

The headquarters for the Convention will be at the De Soto Hotel, one of the most attractive hotels in the country, and the management will give the officers and delegates every attention. Special rooms will be conveniently arranged for the use of several committees which will be located in the hotel.

All of the business sessions of the Convention will be held in the Guards Hall, which will be attractively arranged for the convenience and comfort of the officers. Unique and artistic decorations will be placed around the platform and the hall, and convenient corners for the several committees will be fitted up with every necessary equipment.

The Program Committee, with Mrs. A. B. Hull as chairman, has arranged a program that will give the visitors to the Convention a most delightful and varied form of entertainment. The Musical Committee, composed of two of Savannah's leading musicians, Miss Colding and Mrs. Harry Altick, will furnish a program of music for the entire Convention.

Welcome Evening will be opened with a musical number by Jacobson's Orchestra. Addresses of welcome will be given by Mayor Richard J. Davant, Commander of the Veterans' Association; Mr. Harris M. King, Commander of the Sons of Veterans; Mrs. A. B. Hull, President of the Savannah Chapter (hostess Chapter); Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, President Georgia Division, U. D. C.; and Miss Lillian Emerson, of the Winnie Davis Chapter, Children of the Confederacy. Addresses will also be made by the President General U. D. C., Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, and Congressman Charles G. Edwards, former commander of the Sons.

The response to the addresses of welcome will be given by Mrs. Josephus Daniels, wife of the Secretary of the Navy.

Just after the addresses of welcome the magnificent "Recessional," by Kipling, will be rendered by a double quartet, and other musical numbers will be given during the evening.



VIEW OF SAVANNAH. DE SOTO HOTEL IN RIGHT FOREGROUND.

At the first business session "How Firm a Foundation!" will be sung by the audience and "The Conquered Banner" by Mrs. W. G. Harrison.

On Tuesday evening a beautiful reception will be given at Hotel De Soto, which will be elaborately decorated for the occasion. The receiving line will be composed of the officers of the United



SOME OF SAVANNAH'S HANDSOME MONUMENTS.

1. GORDON MONUMENT. 2. GREEN MONUMENT. 3. TOMOCHICHI MONUMENT. 4. PULASKI MONUMENT. 5. JASPER MONUMENT. 6. OGLETHORPE MONUMENT.

Daughters of the Confederaey, the President of the Savannah Chapter, and the presidents of the women's organizations of Savannah. This will be one of the most brilliant soeial affairs of the Convention.

On Wednesday afternoon all of the women's organizations of the eity will tender to the offieers and delegates a luneheon whieh will be beautifully earried out in every detail.

On Thursday afternoon the direetors of the Savannah Board of Trade will be hosts at an oyster roast to be given at the Savannah Yaeht Club at Thunderbolt. An automobile ride over the famous roads of Savannah will then be enjoyed.

On Thursday night the Savannah Musie Club will have the offieers of the Convention and the President of the Savannah Chapter as guests at their first artist eoneert, when Madame Fremstad will appear for the first time in the eity. The boxes of honor will be deeorated in the colors of the Confederacy. After the eoneert Mrs. A. B. Hull will entertain at her home with a buffet supper for the offieers of the Convention and the presidents of the women's organizations.

Every afternoon during the Convention eharming teas will be served at Memorial Hall, the handsome new home of the Savannah Chapter. A eommittee of ladies has these teas in eharge, and on Friday afternoon the Children of the Confederaey will be hostesses.

During the sessions of the Convention prominent ministers will take part. On Wednesday morning Rt. Rev. B. J. Keiley, D.D., Bishop of Savannah, will give the invoeation, and on Wednesday afternoon Rt. Rev. F. F. Reese, D.D., Bishop of Georgia, will conduet the memorial hour.

THE CITY OF SAVANNAH, GA.

Savannah has a historie past, a past full of romanee, of sentiment, of deeds of patriotism and publie worth. It is now a eity of the active, progressive present, and is looking forward to a golden future.

The history of the eity begins with the year 1733, when Gen. James Oglethorpe, with about one hundred and twenty-five eolonists from England, founded at Savannah the youngest of the original thirteen colonies—Georgia. A eharter for this eolony had been granted the year before by George II. of England, in whose honor it was named. The eolonists under Oglethorpe played a eonspieuous and important part in the war between England and Spain. In 1776 the first Constitu-



MRS. A. B. HULL, PRESIDENT SAVANNAH CHAPTER, U. D. C.

tional Convention of Georgia was held, and the next year Georgia became a sovereign State. Its first legislature as a State met in Savannah. In 1778 Savannah was captured by the British. During the siege of the city in 1779 by the combined French and American forces Count Casimer Pulaski and Sergt. William Jasper bravely fell. Three years later Savannah was evacuated by the British, the American troops taking possession.

Though not attacked during the War of 1812, Savannah's proximity to the sea made her liable to an assault at any time. Fort Jackson, two miles below the city, now known as Fort Oglethorpe, was occupied during the War of 1812 by a detachment of the Chatham Artillery, a military company organized in 1786 and which has continued in existence to the present. General Washington presented to the Chatham Artillery two light brass field pieces, surrendered by Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown in 1781. Upon the secession of Georgia in 1861 Fort Pulaski was seized and occupied by the State military under the command of Col. A. R. Lawton, but this fort was captured by the Federal forces in 1862.

Savannah is situated on a plateau forty feet above and on the south bank of the Savannah River, eighteen miles from the Atlantic Ocean. Fanned in summer by soft winds of the sea, tempering the heat of midday and rendering the nights cool and pleasant for refreshing sleep, and blessed in winter with a succession of Indian summer days, Savannah has a climate which leaves nothing to be desired. In natural advantages—ingress and egress—Savannah is the point of vantage and therefore enjoys enviable prestige as a distributing center. It is the greatest South Atlantic port.

In addition to the many handsome public buildings and private homes which give evidence to the wealth and culture of its people, an especially attractive feature of the city is its beautiful parks. Savannah has retained in her magnificent system of streets, parks, and squares the original design of Oglethorpe. No other city in the world has such a system.

Savannah is a city of monuments, and among them is perhaps the handsomest Confederate monument erected by any city of the South. This was dedicated in 1875. Other Confederate memorials are the monuments to Gens. Francis S. Bartow and Lafayette McLaws, erected in 1909.

Eighteen miles from Savannah is Tybee, queen of South Atlantic Coast resorts, situated on Tybee Island, at the mouth of the Savannah River. In 1733, under the supervision of Oglethorpe, the first lighthouse on Tybee was erected. The present substantial structure is the highest lighthouse between Charleston, S. C., and St. Augustine, Fla. One of the quaint sights of Tybee is the Martello Tower, built by the government in 1812, during our last war with England.

Thunderbolt, four and a half miles from Savannah, on a high bluff above Wilmington River, is one of the fish and oyster depots of the coast and has several oyster canneries.

On the Wilmington River is Bonaventure, Savannah's beautiful city of the dead. With its winding avenues, arched by the sturdy limbs and evergreen foliage of stately live oaks centuries old and laden with pendant moss, it is justly famed for its scenic intrenchment. About 1760 Bonaventure was the home of Col. John Mulryne, a prominent Royalist. There was born (1795) and there lies buried (1871) Josiah Tattnall, originally of the United States navy and later of the Confederate navy.



MRS. WALTER D. LAMAR, PRESIDENT GEORGIA DIVISION, U. D. C.
Dressed in an old-fashioned silk from the trousseau of her mother, who was a bride of the early sixties.

United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, *President General.*
Mrs. B. B. Ross, *First Vice President General.*
Mrs. W. T. Culbertson, *Second Vice President General.*
Mrs. I. W. Faison, *Third Vice President General.*
Mrs. F. M. Williams, *Recording Secretary General.*
Mrs. E. C. Schnabel, *Corresponding Secretary General.*
Mrs. C. B. Tate, *Treasurer General.*
Mrs. Orlando Halliburton, *Registrar General.*
Miss Mildred Rutherford, *Historian General.*
Mrs. John W. Tench, *Custodian Cross of Honor.*
Mrs. F. A. Walke, *Custodian Flags and Pennants.*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal."

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the Daughters of the Confederacy—Greetings: When our convention meets in Savannah, Ga., November 10-14, I will give in full my report, as President General, of the year's work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and will tell you of the many things that have happened since we met in historic New Orleans. This has been a wonderful U. D. C. year, the most wonderful of them all, full of work and full of pleasure. We have steadily grown in numbers, many Chapters increasing their membership, many new Chapters welcomed, and one new Division created—the Colorado Division, the first State convention being held in Denver April 18, 1914. During that same month a Chapter was organized in Boston, Mass., the first in the New England States.

We have Divisions in twenty-three States and Chapters in thirty-four, with a membership aggregating about one hundred thousand. I know of no larger patriotic organization in America.

I have spent much time signing certificates of membership. These certificates are very attractive and are given to applicants as soon as they are admitted to membership. Many crosses of honor have been bestowed during the year. These bronze emblems are of little intrinsic worth, but invaluable for what they represent, for they tell of valor not surpassed by the heroes of Balaklava or Thermopylæ.



EMBLEM AND MOTTO U. D. C.

During this year we have realized the completion of our seven years of revering toil for the Arlington Confederate monument, our joy, our pride. On June 4 at Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington, the home of Robert E. Lee, this monument to the memory of our brave Confederate dead was unveiled. Where in all history can be found a monument presented by the vanquished to the victors? Unique, isn't it? It is well worth a pilgrimage to our national capital to feast upon the beauties of this memorial.

Along monumental lines, our interest now centers in our proposed monument on the battle field of Shiloh. It is my earnest desire that this year the amount necessary for its completion will be realized.

Another monument, another work of love, which is close to our hearts, is the monument to our beloved Col. S. A. Cunningham, who, in December, 1913, gave back his soul to God. Since that time gladly have the Chapters been giving of their time and means to show proper love and honor to his memory.

In educational work, the year has wrought advancement. Our general organization maintains fourteen scholarships in the most prominent colleges of the States, one of which is valued at one thousand dollars. For these scholarships there have been many applicants.

During this year history and education have been our watchwords. Our organization intends that a true history of the titanic struggle of 1861-65 and the causes leading up to it shall be properly placed before the American people, so that generations yet to come may know that their ancestors were neither rebels nor traitors, but martyrs to constitutional liberty. Never before in the history of our organization has historical interest been so loyal and acute. It is manifested in schools and colleges, by old and by young. It is to our shame that we are not better acquainted with what the South has done in American literature. As has been the custom, the one-hundred-dollar prize for the best essay on some given subject written by a student of Teachers' College, Columbia University, has been awarded, and an additional one hundred dollars has been offered, for which a student of any Northern university may contest.

Our organization has deeply appreciated the offer made to us this year by Martin & Hoyt Company, of Atlanta, Ga., of a set of the "Library of Southern Literature," sixteen volumes, to each Division for the best essay on a given subject prepared by any person in that State, these prize State papers to be rejudged and the best to be given a prize of a hundred dollars in gold. This offer has aroused interest and study.

On and on I could write of what our splendid organization is accomplishing. These are just a few of a host of good works. May the work of the year of 1915 be greater still!

Faithfully,
Daisy McLaurin Stevens,
President General.

SOME GENERAL OFFICERS, UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.



MRS. ORLANDO HALLIBURTON, Registrar General.

MRS. B. B. ROSS, First Vice President General.

MRS. I. W. FAISON, Third Vice President General.

MRS. JOHN W. TENCH, Custodian Cross of Honor.

A PLEA FOR INEXPENSIVE MEMORIALS.

BY MRS. B. B. ROSS, FIRST VICE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

As Chairman for Alabama of the Committee on Memorials, Historic Places and Events, the fact was recently brought vividly home to me that very soon, even while we wait for that more convenient season, valuable assistance of the veterans and women of the sixties in collecting accurate information for locating and marking historic sites and commemorating important events will not be available, as the heroes in gray are now rapidly answering the roll call of the immortals.

Many individuals, and even members of our organization, are indifferent, not realizing that the time will come, is near at hand indeed, when they would give their dearest possessions to know definitely the part taken by their fathers and mothers in the Confederacy. If they were fully awake to the urgency of the situation, they would spare no means to learn important facts about the history of their town; but soon no person will be left to verify hearsay statements.

While seeking to gather accurate information for the inscriptions on a number of tablets unveiled this spring in my home town it was found that very few eyewitnesses were yet living, and with these in many cases the pictures on memory's walls were growing dimmer with the added years. The task would indeed have been difficult but for the timely aid and coöperation of that distinguished veteran, Dr. Howard M. Hamill, Chaplain General, U. C. V.

Tablets should be placed and sites of historic interest should be marked, not because the event to be commemorated is dear to us, but as a patriotic duty not only to honor our heroic dead but also to teach a lesson to the living. Gen. Stephen D. Lee in one of his last messages said: "I urge monuments to the Confederate soldier, first, for the sake of the dead, but most for the sake of the living, that in this busy industrial age these tablets and stones to our soldiers may stand like great interrogation marks to the soul of the beholder. We must not overtax posterity by expecting those who come after us to erect memorials to the heroes whom our generation was unwilling to commemorate."

Nothing is so helpful, so inspirational to a Chapter as local work. Try it, Daughters, and results will follow.

A veteran is ever slow to magnify himself and his deeds, but he will gladly give us the information we need.

We must really be in a hurry if we would fulfill our obligation, for the youth of our land await instruction from us.

Our incomparable Historian General, Miss Rutherford, says: "It is now regarded as a stigma of reproach to that town or city where no monument has been raised." But as memorials have a power greatly beyond the cost incurred, and as weak Chapters in small places often hesitate to undertake an expensive monument, I am making a special plea for simple, inexpensive markers, tablets, and native bowlders that will answer every purpose and will serve as guideposts to the young, reminding them of the unselfish service of their fathers to their country and telling to the passer-by the part their State and her sons have had in making the nation.

The splendid Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor stands with a flaming torch in Liberty's hand, so that all the world may see by the aid of her light as it illumines the waters.

My dream will be realized when every important historic event is fittingly commemorated and every site of prominence connected with Confederate history is lastingly marked. Then these memorials will be as patriotic lighthouses throwing the light of history and truth on the events of the War between the States.

THE REGISTRATION.

BY MRS. ORLANDO HALLIBURTON, REGISTRAR GENERAL.

The registration of members is an important part of the U. D. C. work, and the revised constitution calls for more systematic work in this department as well as more complete records. The compiling alphabetically of the entire U. D. C. registration was too great a task for one year and is not yet completed. There are few who appreciate the historical value of the Registrar's work or the possibilities in the hands of Chapter Registrars for collecting local historical data.

I am sure the future will show more interest in the work as the importance of registration is more appreciated.

ALABAMA DIVISION, U. D. C.

MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, PRESIDENT.

Because of the faithful service of the loyal Daughters of Alabama we can look back upon a year of splendid achievement which found culmination and consummation in the convention at Tuscaloosa. This convention, the largest in attendance and voting strength (157), was made memorable by the distinguished presence of our President General and the many interesting events of its three days' session. During this time the Division presented to the university a bowlder as a memorial to all the sons of the university who went to the defense of the Southland in the sixties, to those who fought and lived and those who fought and fell. Upon request of the President of the Alabama Division, representing the Daughters of Alabama, the university consented to confer honorary diplomas upon its war students, living and dead, who, because of their service to the Confederacy, were prevented from completing their course of study. Nobly did the university contribute to the awful struggle that left our Southland bleeding and torn and bereft of many of its noblest and best. Her sons have marched and fought from "valley's depth to mountain's height and from inland rivers to the sea." The record inscribed on this memorial bowlder reads like a story in gold written on pages of glory: "The university gave to the Confederacy seven generals, twenty-five colonels, twenty-one majors, one hundred and twenty-five captains, two hundred and seventy-three staff and other commissioned officers, and two hundred and ninety-four private soldiers."



MISS A. M. EARLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.



MRS. C. L. HAMIL, TEXAS.
MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, ALABAMA.



MRS. L. S. SLAUGHTER, MISSISSIPPI.

The reports of Division officers and Chapter Presidents show growth and increased interest in all departments of the Division. Contributions for Shiloh and Arlington will far exceed our pledges. Many Chapters report headstones placed and contributions amounting to $3,000 for monuments within and without the State.

The memorial work of Admiral Semmes (Auburn) and Father Ryan (Greenville) Chapters deserves the highest commendation. In April the former Chapter unveiled and presented to the Alabama Polytechnic Institute and town five tablets and two bowlders, marking and commemorating historic sites and events. On September 25 Father Ryan Chapter presented to the city a tablet marking the site of the Confederate hospital and a memorial fountain to Miss Mary Ina Porter (Mrs. Ockenden) marking the spot where her beautiful version of "Dixie" was first sung. As the representative of the Daughters of Alabama, the President of the Division took part in both these programs.

The Selma Chapter and Andrew Barry Moore (Marion) have begun raising funds for marking historic sites in their respective towns. Those to be marked at Selma, the foundry where the Confederate cruiser Tennessee was built and the arsenal where were molded the bullets that were "heard around the world," are of special interest and importance, and Daughters of other Divisions will no doubt want to have a part in the marking of these historic sites.

Interest in historic work seems awake and vital. Chapters report eight medals awarded during the year in addition to those given by the President of the Division and Mrs. Sophia Hertz as incentives for historical study. At our next convention the Lizzie Crenshaw Memorial Medal will be awarded for the best essay on "Alabama in the Confederacy." Competition is open to all white students under nineteen years who are residents of the State.

In recognition of the efforts of the Division to promote interest in Children of the Confederacy organizations, our Historian General, Miss Mildred Rutherford, has offered a copy of "The South in History and Literature" to that Alabama child of the Confederacy who submits before April 6, 1915 the most complete and authentic list of "First Things in Alabama."

Mrs. Charles Sharp, recently elected State Historian, ha

entered actively upon the duties of her office. She has offered a U. D. C. pin to that Chapter which submits the most interesting scrapbook compiled between May 1, 1914, and the corresponding date in 1915. Beginning in December or January, a series of historical articles will be published weekly under her supervision in one of the leading State papers. These are to be written by prominent Daughters, veterans, and educators, and promise to be of unusual interest.

The increase in membership (more than five hundred) has exceeded that of any two preceding years. Our Recording Secretary General reports more Chapter charters issued to Alabama during the past twelve months than to any other Division. Since May, 1913, fifteen Chapters have been chartered, two delinquents reorganized, and six hundred and eight certificates of membership signed. The number of Children of the Confederacy Auxiliaries has been tripled, with fifteen Chapters to the Division's credit as compared with five in 1913.

Our thought for the Confederate soldier has been attested by generous contributions to those in the Soldiers' Home, for whom we have this summer provided many of the comforts and luxuries of life, and we have also fitted up a modern operating room in the hospital. Through our Relief Committee an invalid's chair has been given a poor unfortunate soldier. The Tuscaloosa convention created the Relief Committee to relieve the needs of the unfortunate bound to us by Confederate ties and to serve as the connecting link between general and State relief work. With Mrs. Ed Hausman as chairman, we are sure it will never prove the "missing link."

The progress of the Division in educational work is most gratifying. During the past year twenty-seven scholarships, with a valuation of $2,600, have been secured and $619 added to our endowment fund. Our scholarships now number sixty-seven, with a total valuation of $8,857. One of these, the Alabama Division, is maintained by an annual appropriation of $100 from the Division treasury; four are supported by the proceeds of an endowment fund of $4,860. No other Division, except South Carolina, with $500 to her credit, has any scholarship fund. We would especially commend the educational work of two of our new Chapters, the William T. Hodges (Odenville) and S. S. Gaillard (Perdue Hill), and Troy Chapter. The former Chapter is maintaining two annual gift scholarships of $125 each and the latter Chapters each a loan scholarship of $100.

The corner stones of our organization are memorial and historical, and for eighteen years our Division has builded wisely and well upon that foundation. We will make education the capstone of this splendid structure and do all we can to promote the education of our people at large.

During the summer it was a very great pleasure to have as my house guest Mrs. George Pickett and to introduce her to two of her Chautauqua audiences. This wonderful woman combines all the charm of the progressive woman of to-day with the "sweetness and light" which characterized the Southern lady of that golden age "before the war."

The success of any organization depends upon the individual member, and each is urged to meet the unusual adverse conditions in the South at present with greater effort, greater determination, and with some sacrifice of self for our cause. May we meet our responsibilities as Daughters with a feeling of consecration to our service in the sense that our motives be lofty, our cause worthy and just, our efforts noble, and that we eliminate all selfishness of purpose and with a singleness of mind and heart "look to the end"!

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. D. C.

MRS. LILLIE SCALES SLAUGHTER, PRESIDENT.

This "Little Miss" was born in Meridian on April 27, 1897. Under the able guidance of the President, Mrs. Lillie Scales Slaughter, the girl of "sweet sixteen" has developed into splendid womanhood and is doing a woman's work.

Realizing that the future of her great organization depends upon the children of to-day, and that a twig will grow as it is bent, she added to her coworkers a Director of the Children of the Confederacy, whose duty it is to train the children so that they will be prepared to take our places when we pass down Sunset Hill. She is making every effort to have only true history taught them and to instill within them a love for the Confederacy and a reverence for the Stars and Bars. She offers a medal in the three highest grades of public schools (white) for the best essay written on a Confederate subject assigned to her Historian and a prize to the Chapter submitting the best historical report.

In her zeal to add to her list all who are eligible and desirable members she inaugurated the "New Member Contest," through means of which her enrollment has grown so rapidly that she now has over four thousand enlisted in her noble cause. She is supporting scholarships in most of the colleges in the State, through which she is educating the descendants of Confederate veterans and fitting them to fill that station in life to which their birth entitles them. Believing that education is the corner stone of the only monument that can perpetuate the true history of those great men who fought for State rights and in defense of home, she inaugurated an "Educational Contest" with the hope of endowing scholarships as well as increasing the number she is now supporting. The award in these two contests (a silver loving cup in the "new member" and a silk banner in the "educational") are personal gifts of the President, who spares neither time nor expense in her efforts to advance the work along all lines.

But the sweetest privilege granted the "Little Miss" by right of heritage is administering to the needs of disabled Confederate veterans and their wives. Their life's journey has been



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN SAVANNAH.

a long one, and it is meet that their last days be spent in peace and comfort. When their journey ends, with loving hands she lays them down to their last sleep and marks their last resting places. She builds monuments to perpetuate the noble deeds of those whom she honors as well as to show the world the love she bears her departed heroes and to tell the future generations the history of the War between the States. When she found that the parlors of the old home of our beloved and only Confederate President were not large enough for the inmates of Beauvoir to assemble for services on the Sabbath, she built for them a chapel, where all may go and worship. Recently she placed an organ and hymn books in this chapel, so as to add the pleasure of music to their services. For the dear old veterans who are not in the Home she has a maintenance fund by which their immediate needs may be supplied.

Twice she has been honored in having her ex-Presidents elected to the office of President General, and her own beloved Honorary President is one of the fifteen Honorary Presidents of the General Association. She has contributed liberally to both the Arlington monument and Shiloh monument funds and to all other U. D. C. work.

KENTUCKY DIVISION, U. D. C.

MRS. MARY DOWLING BOND, PRESIDENT.

Every one with a spark of love for the Southern soldier can appreciate the privilege and the pleasure of having attended two State reunions of Confederate veterans—Kentucky State veterans—within a period of two months, especially when one was the gathering at Olympian Springs of those daring knights-errant, John Morgan's men, and the other the peerless Orphan Brigade of Kentucky. The brigade was entertained at Elizabethtown by the ladies of the Ben Hardin Helm Chapter, U. D. C. Just thirty years ago the Orphan Brigade had held a reunion in Elizabethtown. This was their thirty-first reunion, and the veterans to a man declared that it was the very best one of all and that they never had been more beautifully entertained.

Elizabethtown is the home and the last resting place of Gen. Ben Hardin Helm, commander of the Orphan Brigade. During the war Mrs. Helm accompanied her husband through the South. She is personally known to each member of the command and is always an honored guest at the brigade reunions. Her life is the embodiment of historical interest. A sister-in-law of President Lincoln, her own husband and her brothers were enlisted in the Confederate army and her home and her fortunes cast in a border State. Mrs. Helm is very beautiful and possessed of a sweet dignity that adds grace to every distinction and attention repeatedly conferred upon her.

The officers of the brigade had prepared for the 1914 reunion a souvenir program which is highly valued. The business sessions were short, and the social features were indulged to the extent that it was an ideal occasion for the exchange of greetings and courtesies. "Hearts don't change much, after all." With thoughts of all life's hardships and trials since the day of Chickamauga put aside, the Orphan Brigade veterans at the reunion seemed happy boys, perfect types of chivalry, and each so debonair that women who know them needs must sigh over the prophecy that the future will furnish no prototype of such gallantry.

[At the last annual convention of the Kentucky Division Mrs. Bond was unanimously reëlected President.]



MRS. MARY DOWLING BOND, KENTUCKY.

ARKANSAS DIVISION, U. D. C.

MRS. RICHARD B. WILLIS, PRESIDENT.

While this Division is not very strong numerically, it nevertheless possesses a clear conception of the purposes of our great order and works incessantly toward these aims. All of the basic ideas, memorial, historical, benevolent, and educational, have engrossed from the beginning the energy of the women of the Arkansas Division. Many Chapters have erected monuments, and the exquisite statue, "The Defense of the Flag," at our Capitol in Little Rock, was largely due to the efforts of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Our Division has also erected a monument at Shiloh to the Confederate dead of our own State who fell on that field of blood, that field on which the name of Patrick Cleburne, Arkansas's greatest gift to the Confederacy, first began to reflect the rays of the orbed sun of renown.

In the work of history the women of the Chapters are advancing in their critical ability to estimate the value and trend of the textbooks and are demanding of school boards that the grandchildren of Confederate veterans should be taught neither the bitter condemnation of their ancestors nor the mildly apologetic stuff that has been passing for United States history. Along the lines of conservation of history our Division is making an excellent record. Mrs. J. T. Sifford, of Camden, Historian of the Division, has turned over to the Arkansas History Commission, created by the State legislature, sixteen volumes of records, beautiful in their neatness and carefully edited.

From a literary point of view our Division is decidedly to the front. We have many members of talent and ability. Mrs. Josie F. Cappleman, of Little Rock, has written many

graceful and appropriate stanzas reflecting the real sentiment of the South, past and present. To her has been accorded the honorable title of poet laureate of the Trans-Mississippi Division, U. C. V. Also Mrs. J. W. Meek, of Camden, has given to the columns of our leading newspapers a number of poems which excel in imaginative power, lofty sentiment, and correct technical structure.

The Confederate Soldiers' Home in Little Rock, affording a shelter to the dear old men who marched so gayly in the sixties, is dear to every Chapter and appeals to our filial love, especially at Christmas time, and through the J. M. Keller Chapter, of Little Rock, our kindnesses are extended.

The work of educating the grandchildren of the Confederate veterans, those unable to secure an education for themselves, is second to none in the hearts of our State. While our treasury does not contain the thousands that some other Divisions control, still our intelligent interest and coöperation in this work are growing steadily under the leadership of Mrs. Joe T. Beal, of Little Rock. We maintain scholarships in the State university and in many of our excellent denominational colleges, and we mean to enlarge steadily our borders in this line of effort.

Perhaps the two most prominent women of our Division are Mrs. L. C. Hall, of Dardanelle, and Mrs. Orlando Halliburton, of Little Rock, both of whom have unusual ability in conducting the affairs of our organization. Both are characterized by great devotion to its interests, and both have been honored officially by the General U. D. C. after having worthily worn the highest honors in the gift of our own State. Mrs. Hall, ex-Vice President General, is the Secretary of the General Shiloh Committee and Shiloh Director for Arkansas; Mrs. Halliburton is Registrar General at present.

Any sketch of the Arkansas Division would be notably incomplete without reference to our Honorary Division President, Mrs. Clementine Boles, of Fayetteville, who has been the Arlington Director for Arkansas since the inception of the work of the Arlington monument. A Confederate veteran herself, in that she endured the suffering and privations of the sixties with heroic devotion, she has for decades poured the wealth of her loving heart and strong mind into the channels of the great objects of the Daughters of the Confederacy. May her bow long abide in strength!

In addition to the days for bestowal of crosses of honor common to all our Divisions, Arkansas has chosen for her special day the 10th of November, the birthday of David Owen Dodd, the boy of seventeen years who went to the scaffold rather than betray another; the boy whose name will shine in history with that of Nathan Hale. Perhaps no story elicits from the hearts of the people of Arkansas a more tender reverence than the pathetic narrative of the death of David O. Dodd at the hands of the Federal General Curtis during the occupation of Little Rock in 1863. There are other great names on our records; there are other great women in our Division; there are other great causes embedded in the structure of our existence; but time would fail me to do them justice. The Arkansas Division rests content to blazon to the world the story of the glory of David Owen Dodd.

"Heroes from out the hoary days of old,
Trojan or Spartan or iron Roman race,
Saxon or Norman, Goth or storied Celt,
Come ye in spirit and bend before the face
Of one, your peer in honor's golden mouth,
David O. Dodd, a hero of the South!"

GEORGIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

MRS. WALTER D. LAMAR, PRESIDENT.

The Georgia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, leads all others in its educational work. After finishing a handsome colonial structure, "The Winnie Davis Memorial," at the Normal and Industrial College at Athens, the Division undertook to accumulate a fund of $10,000 to be known as the Francis S. Bartow Memorial. That fund was completed last year and is now invested in farm lands, the income from which is to be used toward the expenses of an industrial school, already well established and wisely directed, in the mountains of North Georgia.

With the zeal of the faithful worker, the Division immediately proceeded to another educational investment, that of maintaining a young student of Confederate descent at each of the two normal and industrial schools of the State. For this purpose an endowment fund will be created.

Georgia has the distribution of $8,500 worth of gift scholarships to descendants of Confederate soldiers within the State. Her annual historical essay contest interests the school children over the State in writing upon a subject pertaining to Confederate history selected by the committee. The first year (1903) that this method of inciting study was employed there were only three essays sent in, but each year interest has grown, so that the report of the chairman this year shows four thousand essays entered in the contest for the



MRS. R. B. WILLIS, ARKANSAS.
MRS. J. H. STEWART, CALIFORNIA.
MRS. T. D. DAVIS, OKLAHOMA.

State medal on "Famous Georgia Battles of the War between the States." The subject for next year will be "The Causes That Led to the War between the States."

Memorials of various sorts are promulgated by Chapters over the State, contributions are made to all the undertakings of the general organization, and when the U. D. C. convenes at Savannah the hostess State can point with pride to each patriotic endeavor. Georgia has made the special plea to her Daughters this year: "By the love and veneration for our work that grows with the passing years I adjure you leave not a duty undone nor a word unsaid that might emphasize your belief in the sovereignty of States and the wisdom of our fathers in fighting for it."

MISSOURI DIVISION, U. D. C.

MRS. CHARLES P. HOUGH, PRESIDENT.

The seventeenth annual convention of the Missouri Division, U. D. C., will be held in St. Louis November 5-7, during which time the St. Louis monument to the Confederate dead will be unveiled. Work on several other monuments in the State is progressing nicely. While honoring the dead, the living are not forgotten. Books, fruit, candy, and tobacco are sent to cheer the veterans in the Confederate Home at Higginsville.

To promote a study of Southern history, an essay contest takes place each year, two beautiful prizes being awarded.

As it is to the children of to-day that the continuance of this great work must be intrusted, to arouse an interest in it our Directress of Children's Chapters offers a beautiful pin, the gift of her own Chapter, for the best essay on "Heroes of the Confederacy" written by a boy or girl under eighteen who is a descendant of a Confederate soldier.

The Division has published a book entitled "Reminiscences of the Women of Missouri during the Sixties," which is replete with interesting experiences.

The Chapters are becoming interested in educational work, and the first year shows three scholarships placed—one the State university, one in Christian College, Columbia, and one in Central College, Lexington.

THE ILLINOIS DIVISION, U. D. C.

MRS. J. W. HEATFIELD, PRESIDENT.

The Illinois State Division, U. D. C., held a most enjoyable convention in the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, October 14 and 15. Reports from the different Chapters were most encouraging, showing increase in numbers and interest in the U. D. C. work. All are doing noble work in assisting veterans to Confederate Homes in the South, relieving the sick, and burying the dead. During the past two years the Daughters have given special attention to educational work, renewing the pledge of $100 in gold as a prize for the best doctor's thesis on Southern history in the University of Chicago. Dr. William E. Dodd, of Virginia, has the chair of Southern history. This university decided to give free tuition not only to the winner of the prize, but to every student who competes for it. The prize this year has been awarded to Mr. Rice Robins Anderson, of Richmond, Va. The title of his thesis was "William B. Giles," a study in the politics of Virginia and the nation from 1790 to 1830. We have an Alabamian and a Virginian working for the prize next year. This is the first $100 prize by the U. D. C. given for the best doctor's thesis on Southern history where all competitors get free tuition in a Northern university.

The Stonewall Chapter has a $50 scholarship in the Alabama Technical Institute, of Montevallo. The Daughters in Illinois have always responded liberally to all calls, Chicago and Stonewall Chapter pledging $25 each for Arlington and Shiloh. At this convention we pledged $25 for the monument to our beloved Mr. Cunningham, the founder of the VETERAN. All of this work is, of course, a labor of love; but our Daughters of the dear Southland little know what a struggle it is to raise funds and make ourselves, as Daughters of the Confederacy, known in this great, big Western city. Yet we see results of our efforts and are making our presence known more and more.



MRS. J. W. HEATFIELD.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Mrs. John A. Lee, Honorary President.
Mrs. John Willis Heatfield, President.
Mrs. L. H. Manson and Mrs. A. L. Pinney, Vice Presidents.
Miss Mary Lee Behan, Recording Secretary.
Mrs. John Carl Jacobs, Corresponding Secretary.
Mrs. J. G. Michelbacker, Treasurer.
Mrs. Julia E. Bottomley, Historian.
Mrs. W. G. Howell, Registrar.
Mrs. N. F. Friend, Custodian of Crosses of Honor.

Mrs. J. W. Heatfield was a member of the R. E. Rodes Chapter, Tuscaloosa, Ala., before making her home in Chicago. In 1906 Mrs. Heatfield organized the Stonewall Chapter, U. D. C., in Chicago, was made President, and was reëlected for seven years. In 1913 she was elected President of the Illinois State Division, U. D. C., and reëlected at this convention.

OKLAHOMA DIVISION, U. D. C.

MRS. T. D. DAVIS, PRESIDENT.

The seventh annual convention of the Oklahoma Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, met September 7, 1914, in Tulsa, Okla. The first session was held with the Veterans and Sons of Veterans in the new auditorium.

The convention was called to order at Convention Hall by Gen. D. M. Hailey, Commander of Oklahoma Veterans, following which were the addresses of welcome by Hon. W. T. Brady, Mrs. F. W. Purdy, President of Clement A. Evans Chapter, M. J. Glass, and O. D. Hunt, which were responded to by Mrs. T. D. Davis, Col. A. P. Watson, and Gen. W. F. Gilmer. A program of music and readings was then given for the entertainment of the convention. The business ses-

sion was held in the afternoon. The Chapters were well represented, and their responses showed good, enthusiastic work.

Five new Chapters have been added: the Hugo Chapter at Hugo, the Antlers Chapter at Antlers, the S. A. Cunningham Chapter at Holdenville, the J. (Hooley) Bell Chapter at Nowata, and the Bertie E. Davis Chapter at Wewoka.

Our Division studied Oklahoma history during the past year, and much information in regard to the part taken by Oklahoma and Indian Territory people in the War between the States was gained.

The Division has undertaken the erection of a monument to our only Indian general, Stand Watie. The work is well under way. The Chapters made liberal pledges to this fund, and we hope soon to have a beautiful monument marking the resting place of our own brave general. The Chapters also made pledges to the educational and Shiloh monument funds.

The next annual convention of the U. D. C. will be held in Ada, Okla. The Veterans and Sons of Veterans will hold their meetings at the same time and place.

The following Division officers were elected: Mrs. Lutie Hailey Walcott, President; Mrs. R. M. Jones, Mrs. Michael Conlan, Mrs. F. W. Purdy, Mrs. A. C. Risner, Vice Presidents; Mrs. James H. Gill, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Viola Crisler, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. J. C. Wilson, Treasurer; Mrs. Plato, Registrar; Mrs. Mabel Anderson, Historian; Mrs. G. L. Bradfield, Recorder of Crosses; Mrs. DeWeese, Custodian of Flags; Mrs. C. G. Watts, Auxiliary Director.

Mrs. Hester, of Muskogee, was made Division Chaplain; Mrs. T. D. Davis, the retiring President, Honorary President.

SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION, U. D. C.

Miss Alice M. Earle, President.

In reviewing the work of the South Carolina Division, U. D. C., for the year 1914, it is gratifying to note the interest and enthusiasm in our historical and educational work. We are making an effort to have all authentic data of our South Carolina soldiers recorded, thereby giving to future historians the real truths of the War between the States. We cannot add anything to the fame of our peerless Confederate soldiers, but they must have justice.

The scholarships in South Carolina are valued at nearly $3,000. This gives some idea of what the Daughters are doing in an educational way. We esteem it a privilege to give these scholarships to the boys and girls of our Southland. The Daughters of South Carolina are looking forward with interest to the General Convention U. D. C. in Savannah.

CALIFORNIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

Mrs. J. Henry Stewart, President.

The California Division might be termed a grand symphony, so harmoniously do the Chapters work together. Our Division President, Mrs. J. Henry Stewart, wields the baton with such skill that happy results are inevitable.

The Chapters have had their September meeting after the summer vacation, and all report their *per capita* tax as paid.

Mrs. Emma A. Loy, Mrs. F. L. Morgan, President of Robert E. Lee Chapter, and our Division President, Mrs. Stewart, are going to Savannah, Ga., to present the invitation to the San Francisco convention to be held next year. We hope to welcome many visiting Chapters.

Mrs. Loy and Mrs. Stewart were the guests of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, El Paso, Tex., at the Texas Division convention, which has just been held. It was an inspiration to meet such a charming band of U. D. C. workers.

TEXAS DIVISION, U. D. C.

Mrs. Charles L. Hamil, President.

Despite floods, war "scare," and other hindrances, the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy of Texas has steadily moved forward. A number of new Chapters have been organized and many new names added to the rosters of the old Chapters, with increased interest in all our work.

The special work of the Texas Division just now is the raising of a fund to endow a scholarship in our State university and the Texas Room in the Richmond Museum. However, in our zeal for this work we have not neglected any other work of our organization.

We are endeavoring to make a list of names of all Texas Confederate soldiers buried on battle fields and will appreciate authentic information on this subject from any individual.

The Confederate Woman's Home, built by our Division and given to the State to be maintained as a monument to the women of the Confederacy, is truly a home for those dear old mothers of the Confederacy. While the State furnishes all necessities and many luxuries, the Daughters remember the old ladies at intervals during the year, especially at the glad Christmas time, Easter, and Thanksgiving, sending them fruits, cakes, and other things to add a ray of sunlight to the evening shades of life. This year the U. D. C. contributed several hundred volumes of good books to the Home, which before had no library.

VIRGINIA DIVISION NOTES.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL.

The nineteenth annual convention of the Virginia Division, U. D. C., held in Bristol September 23-26, is a happy memory and an inspiring retrospect. The delightful plans made by the hostess Chapter under its attractive President, Mrs. Hagan, were beautifully executed, and ideal weather added to the success of the occasion. From the auspicious "Welcome Evening" to the last note of "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," which preceded adjournment, harmony and enthusiasm were apparent, while the various committees of the hostess Chapter were unremitting in their zeal for the pleasure and comfort of their guests. All business meetings were held in the Hotel Bristol, where delegates were entertained at luncheon each day by the Bristol Chapter. A handsome reception by Bristol Chapter, a reception by Sycamore Shoals Chapter, D. A. R., and an automobile ride were among the festivities enjoyed by all the delegates. A charming feature of the meeting was the exquisite music rendered by Bristol's gifted musicians.

The convention was called to order by Mrs. S. A. Riddick, State President, Wednesday morning. After the reading of the U. D. C. Ritual, the memorial service was impressively conducted by Mrs. E. H. O'Brien, a former beloved President of the Virginia Division. Many loving words were spoken of those who have entered the life eternal, and the solemn thought was impressed that we know not how soon the "Vale, in aeternum vale" may be pronounced above our dust.

The roll call of Chapters indicated an attendance of two hundred representatives from the one hundred and thirty-one active Chapters of the Virginia Division. The report of the

President depicted a year of fine achievement and steady growth, six hundred and ninety-seven new members being added, one new Chapter chartered, and several others in process of organization.

The Treasurer, Mrs. L. B. Allen, reported the *per capita* tax paid on over nine thousand members and the financial status of the Division satisfactory. Statistics are not given lest the Secretary of the treasury suspect us of hoarding.

Much regret was felt at the absence of the Second Vice President, Miss Cowan, the Third Vice President, Mrs. Blenner, the Custodian, Miss Berkeley, and the Custodian of the Virginia Division Badge, Mrs. James Mercer Garnett.

The Fourth Vice President, Mrs. Cabell Smith, who has eminent domain over the junior work, reported the wonderful development in this department, and especially mentioned Mrs. Cassell's five hundred juniors. The flag offered by Mrs. Merchant as Shiloh Director was won by Lee Chapter Auxiliary, of Richmond, and was presented by Mrs. Merchant in appropriate words, to which Mrs. Montague, President of Lee Chapter, gracefully responded on behalf of the Auxiliary.

The Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. James E. Alexander, reported five hundred and twenty-nine crosses bestowed, and urged the Chapters to file applications one month before date of bestowal.

The Chairman of the Relief Committee, Mrs. Randolph, reported the increased appropriation from the legislature obtained through her efforts and also the completion of the list of beneficiaries who can be reached by the State Auditor on this fund, and Chapters were reminded that many others are paid by the Virginia Division Relief Fund the monthly stipend of three dollars, contributed by the Chapters to the State Treasurer, Mrs. Allen, and generous support of this fund was insisted upon if these needy old women and others as destitute claim our help.

The report of the Educational Committee was read by Mrs. Yates McAlpine Wilson, President of Stonewall Chapter, Portsmouth, and increased interest in this work was evident.

Other committee reports showed that chairmen had been diligent in the discharge of their duties. Chapter reports conformed admirably to the conciseness required and revealed splendid work accomplished. One especially gratifying fact was the number of new members present from recently formed Chapters, promising to become fine material for the extension and upbuilding of the Division and for its future usefulness.

Mrs. Charles E. Bolling, of the Stonewall Jackson Monument Association, reported that on Flag Day, May 1, $7,163 had been contributed, about half of this sum being raised in Richmond. Those Chapters which had not observed the day were reminded that remittances could still be sent to Mr. E. D. Hotchkiss, Treasurer of the Association, Richmond, and it is sincerely hoped that every Chapter will be proud to have a share in erecting this memorial to our immortal Jackson.

The two amendments offered to the constitution were carried, one giving to State officers and chairmen of standing committees the privilcges of delegates, the other fixing the *per capita* tax at twenty-five cents. Several admirable recommendations offered by the State Presidcnt were unanimously adopted. Much routine business was transacted and some minor changes made in appropriations. The cordial invitation of Danville Chapter and Ann Eliza Johns Chapter to hold the next convention in Danville was gratefully accepted.

The Historical Evening was a triumph for the State Historian, Miss Preston, whose eloquent tribute to Maury will long be remembered. Mrs. Alexander Stuart, of Abingdon, and Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, of Norfolk, added greatly to the occasion by charming articles delineating varied aspects of the life of the great pathfinder of the sea. The State flag, offered by Miss Preston as the historical prize, was won by Rawley Martin Chapter, of Chatham, and was presented by Miss Preston in a most attractive speech.

The time limit retired several valued officers, among them our capable Recording Secretary, Mrs. Merchant, whose fine business capacity and administrative talents have long been recognized in the organization.

The officers elected are as follows:

President, Mrs. S. A. Riddick, Smithfield.

Vice Presidents, Mrs. C. W. Sumter, Christiansburg; Miss Shannon, Portsmouth; Mrs. B. A. Blenner, Richmond; Mrs. Cabell Smith, Martinsville.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. H. H. Andrews, Bristol.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. E. H. Williams, Smithfield.

Treasurer, Mrs. L. B. Allen, Salem.

Registrar, Miss Lucy Wood, Richmond.

Historian, Miss N. C. Preston, Seven-Mile Ford.

Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. James E. Alexander, Alexandria.

Custodian, Mrs. J. F. F. Cassell, Staunton.

Custodian Virginia Division Badge, Mrs. James Mercer Garnett, Baltimore, Md.

WASHINGTON STATE DIVISION, U. D. C.

MRS. W. T. MILES, PRESIDENT.

Mrs. Miles writes: "The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is such an inspiration to the Daughters in the U. D. C. work that I consider no officer, either State or Chapter, able to accomplish the best results without it. I would like to suggest a special U. D. C. department, where State and Chapter officers and members could exchange their clever ideas and plans for promoting the growth and interest in the work."



MRS. W. T. MILES.

SOME PERSONAL MENTION.

The Third Vice President General U. D. C., Mrs. I. W. Faison, of North Carolina, is closely identified with the highest social and intellectual life and interests of women in her native State and city, Charlotte. She was a pioneer standard bearer for woman's right to develop herself in service for the common good. She helped to establish the Stonewall Jackson Training School for wayward boys, the first State institution to have women as members of the board of trustees, and she has been secretary of the board since the Governor named the members.

From being conversant with the usages and aims of various organizations and an active leader in many, she has acquired a breadth of vision and experience that is a great asset in her

ork. Her fellow workers in Charlotte have at different mes honored her with the responsible posts of Regent f the Daughters of the American Revolution, President of ie Charlotte Woman's Club, Registrar, Treasurer, and leader i the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy. She was also Division President and North Carolina Director for the Arlington monument. She is now hairman of a revision committee for the State constitution.

Mrs. Faison is a lover and a student of history. She beeves the children's work is one of the most important phases f the U. D. C. and strongly advocates its further developent. Of all her interests, the U. D. C. has engaged her most ntiring energy and enthusiasm; but she believes in women nd takes a personal pride in their every success or resents heir wrongs. She is a woman of rare moral courage and teadfastness, candid and fearless, kind-hearted and faithful.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Custodian of the Cross of Honor, is he oldest member of the present Executive Board, U. D. C., oth as to age and active service. Mrs. Tench has been engaged in U. D. C. work since 1898, when she organized the Kirby Smith Chapter at Gainesville, Fla. Two years later she vas elected President of the Florida Division, being Florida's econd State President. From the time she entered the work n both the State and General Divisions she was a member of he Cross of Honor Committee, and in 1910 she was made hairman of the committee, which office she has held, with he exception of one year, until the present time.

At Houston, Tex., in 1909 she was elected Honorary Presilent of the General Division. At the New Orleans convention n 1910 she was elected Custodian General of the Cross of Honor to succeed Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Savannah, Ga.

When the United Daughters took over the building of the Arlington monument, Mrs. Tench was appointed Florida Director, and worked faithfully and successfully for the culmination of the Arlington work, and her greatest pleasure in all her work was in living to see the monument unveiled. Two things which delight her most are that she was one of the women of the sixties and that she has been permitted to give her time and efforts to the upbuilding of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

MRS. PICKETT'S BEQUEST.

To the Confederate Veteran: For years I have been giving my lecture on Gettysburg to thousands of auditors in the North and in the West. Last summer I had the privilege of giving it before very many of my dear friends in the South. As I thrilled to the enthusiasm with which they received my message from that far-past era of fire and storm, I thought of the time that would come when my own voice would be silent. I wanted the story still to be told, and wondered who would take up the work for me when my strength should fail.

In Troy, Ala., I had the good fortune to meet Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, President of the Alabama Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, a lady of wide and deep culture and of a remarkable gift in oratory. As an inspiration the thought came that here was the one to tell my story with a power that would make it live in the hearts of all who heard. Mrs. Bashinsky graciously promised to do this work for me, and I shall leave to her as her own individual possession my lecture on Gettysburg when I have no longer the power to tell the story.

Faithfully yours, LA SALLE CORBELL PICKETT.

THE CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

BY MRS. W. J. BEHAN, PRESIDENT GENERAL.

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

These lines are particularly adapted to memorial women who are bound in loving memory of the South's heroic dead. It is with pleasure that we report to-day seventy or more Memorial Associations still faithful to their trust.

The minutes of the Jacksonville convention have been published and two copies mailed to each Association. If you have not received a copy, notify the Recording Secretary General, Miss D. M. L. Hodgson, 7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans.

The next convention will be held in Richmond, Va. I know we are all pleased to have the privilege of meeting in the capital of the Confederacy. Let us show our appreciation by a large and enthusiastic attendance.

The attention of Recording Secretaries is called to Section 2, Article I., of the By-Laws, which says: "It shall be the duty of the Recording Secretary of each Association to furnish the Vice President of her State annually with the number of members in the Association and a correct list of officers, with their addresses and the date of election, to be forwarded to the Vice President not later than ten days after the election."

State Vice Presidents are reminded of Section 2, Article II., of the By-Laws—viz.: "The State Vice Presidents shall forward to the Corresponding Secretary General not later than December 1 of each year the rosters received from the Recording Secretaries of Associations. When Associations neglect to forward these lists to the State Vice Presidents within the prescribed time, it becomes the duty of the Vice Presidents to communicate with such Associations with a view of obtaining the required information. The State Vice Presidents shall assist the Treasurer General when called upon in the collection of dues from delinquent Associations."

When supplying lists of officers and members, Secretaries are requested to give street and house number to insure prompt delivery. A recent order from the Post Office Department in Washington, D. C., states that all mail not having proper addresses will be turned over to the general delivery.

In conclusion, let me enjoin upon you to perform your duty at all times, to be prompt to cancel all obligations, to extend your influence, especially among the younger generation, to encourage the children of the South to unite with you in the beautiful observance of Memorial Day, the "Sabbath of the South," and to impress upon their young minds a reverence and love for the Confederate dead.

Again, my friends and colaborers, it is my duty to remind you that there are still three hundred copies of the "History of the Memorial Associations of the South" awaiting your orders. We have been carrying this load since 1904, selling only a few copies now and then. Is it not time to adopt a definite plan by which we can be relieved of this obligation and turn it over to the credit of the treasury?

It has been suggested that each Association subscribe for five copies at one dollar per copy, to be presented to schools and libraries or sold to friends in order to reimburse the Association. Take this under consideration and let me hear from you.

My wish to each and every one is that this Thanksgiving Day may bring peace and happiness to every household.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

FOUNDER OF THE U. D. C.

Mrs. Caroline Meriwether Goodlett, the beloved "mother of the U. D. C.," has passed into eternal rest. On the night of Friday, October 16, that sleep fell upon her which gave her spirit happy release from the burden of eighty-one years.

Mrs. Goodlett was universally known as the founder of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the idea of bringing together the various organizations of Confederate women into one great body having been her inspiration, and so came into being that great association of Southern women, the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Goodlett was a native of Kentucky, born in Todd County, and she lived there on the Meriwether estate, Woodstock, until after the war. Throughout that clash of arms she spent thousands of dollars in supplying the wants of the Confederates. Her large tobacco barns were converted into sewing rooms, and there the ladies of the neighborhood would meet every day to sew for the soldiers. She was a skilled horsewoman, and this accomplishment enabled her to serve the Confederacy in securing information, for which purpose she often entered the Federal lines.

After the war her work was continued for the survivors of the Confederate army, and largely through her efforts a part of the Hermitage tract of land was secured for the establishment of the Tennessee Confederate Home, near Nashville. Mrs. Goodlett was also a charter member of the Monumental Association that erected the handsome Confederate monument at Mount Olivet Cemetery. Not to Confederate affairs only was her activity confined, for she was interested in many charitable associations of her city and prominent as a member of the Humane Society, and to her efforts is due the placing of drinking fountains for horses about the city of Nashville.

Mrs. Goodlett represented Tennessee as one of the commissioners at the World's Fair at Chicago and at the Portland (Oregon) Exposition. The Portland authorities presented her with a diploma in recognition of her services in connection with the city and government in having the remains of Meriwether Lewis removed to that city.

In accordance with her wish, the funeral services were very simple. Members of Nashville Chapter, No. 1, U. D. C., attended in a body, and many representatives of other Chapters of the city and State were present. At a special meeting of the U. D. C. in Nashville on the morning of October 19 many tributes were paid to the life and work of the beloved founder, and a special memorial service was arranged for the afternoon of Sunday, October 25.

Mrs. Goodlett is survived by one sister (Mrs. R. W. Humphreys, of Madison Station, Tenn.), one brother (W. D. Meriwether, of New Orleans), a stepson (Dr. C. H. Goodlett, of Nashville), and two grandsons. Her husband was Col. M. C. Goodlett, an officer in the Confederate army, who died many years ago. Her only child, a daughter, died in 1897.

THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

The organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy represents, perhaps, the largest organized body of women in the world, its membership aggregating about 100,000. No organization was ever moved by a more philanthropic or patriotic spirit, for its purposes are benevolent, educational, and historical. To this body of women the whole South looks when any great undertaking is under way, and to them has been largely delegated that recognition of Southern valor in the War between the States by which the Southland has become a land of monuments.

In the membership of the U. D. C. may be found women who suffered and sacrificed when war's red tide flooded the land, who bore the agony of suspense over the fate of loved ones on the battle line, who nursed the wounded and buried the dead. Others are there who went through that period as little children, sensing but dimly the awfulness of that tragedy, hardly realizing in their childish ignorance what it all meant. Still others are a part of this patriotic band who know the "story of the glory" only as told by others, yet none the less true and loyal daughters of the South by inheritance. All have a place in the great organization, and their zeal never flags in the great work which they have taken upon themselves, whether in looking after the comfort and welfare of the indigent veterans of that gray-clad host or as defenders of their fame. The little bronze cross which they bestow upon the soldiers of the South is an emblem of their love for those who bravely bore the fire of battle or the sufferings of prison life—loyal to the end.

Brave women of the South! No laurel crown yours for deeds of self-sacrifice and renunciation, but, enshrined in the heart of a grateful country, all honor is yours as the real strength which upheld the arms of the South through four long years of war, which nerved anew the survivors of that awful struggle to take up the task of rebuilding a country laid waste, and which is still the strength that fails not when our country calls.

AN APOLOGY.

It is deeply regretted that several contributions to the number of the VETERAN had to be held over because of limited space. While all Division reports received are published some special articles by other Division Presidents could not be used. Sister Esther Carlotta, President of the Florida Division, contributed a beautiful poem on the Confederate flag, dedicated to Camp Zollicoffer, U. C. V., of St. Petersburg, Fla.; an article on the neglected graves of our dead at Fort Donelson tells of the interest nearest the heart of Tennessee's Division President, Mrs. H. N. Leech; while the President of the Ohio State Division, Mrs. E. T. Sells, writes of what has been done to transform the cemetery of Camp Chase Prison. "A Call to the Southern Women of Milwaukee, Wis.," by Mrs. Joseph N. Johnson, of Chicago, gives an interesting account of her efforts to organize a Chapter in that Northern city. A splendidly written "History of the U. D. C.," by Mrs. Anne Bachman Hyde, was also prepared for this number.

The friends who so kindly prepared these articles will understand that publication is only deferred, and they will accept this explanation as apology for any disappointment.

Acknowledgment is here made of courtesies extended by the Board of Trade of Savannah in permission to copy from their official booklet and in furnishing some engravings.

WAR MEMORIES.

BY COL. U. R. BROOKS, COLUMBIA, S. C.

"Sweet memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the tide of time I turn my sail
To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers."

SOLDIERS' PASSPORT.

"CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,
RICHMOND, July 17, 1864.

"Permission is granted U. R. Brooks, Company B, 6th South Carolina Cavalry, to pass to Edgefield, S. C. (subject to the discretion of the military authorities).

J. H. CARRINGTON, *Major and Provost Marshal.*

"Description: Age, seventeen years and eight months; eyes, gray; hair, light brown; height, five feet seven inches; complexion, fair. J. H. C."

Although I had a short furlough signed by Butler, Hampton, and R. E. Lee, so strict were the orders that the above passport had to be issued before I could pass through Richmond.

Butler's Cavalry was easily distinguished from other commands. They rode with military primness and were mounted on steeds of delicately shaped limbs, with glistening eyes and full of fire and motion. At their head rode M. C. Butler, then in the full bloom of manhood and looking every inch the soldier that he was by nature.

"And they rode forth so glorious in array,
So mannerly and full of gentle grace,
That every tongue would be compelled to say
They were the noblest of a noble race."

Every man who served in the Army of Northern Virginia remembers Old Traveler, General Lee's famous war horse, and those who fought under Stonewall Jackson can never forget Old Sorrell. Where is the cavalryman who followed Wade Hampton that has forgotten his beautiful charger Butler? It was with this horse that General Hampton made the charge at Gettysburg and Trevilians.

General Butler could not keep a horse long at a time, because his horse was shot in nearly every fight that he led his cavalry into. I am sure he had more horses shot under him than any general in Lee's army. He had some splendid mounts, but the Yankees took special pleasure in shooting them.

Jack Shoolbred, that gallant and famous scout, loved his beautiful horse Don almost as much as Prioleau Henderson was devoted to his admirable little horse Arab that he rode through the war in Butler's Cavalry. General Hampton rode him in 1876 at Green Pond. Arab lived to be twenty-seven years old. Wherever the horse is mentioned in Biblical history it is readily seen that he is second only to the pretty woman in the estimation of man. More than once did brave Jack Shoolbred risk his life to recapture his noble steed Don from the 8th Illinois Cavalry. The adjutant of this gallant old regiment rode Don from the time that he was captured until the Army of Northern Virginia reached Appomattox.

In the fall of 1864 the fearless Jack Shoolbred, while scouting for Butler in the rear of Grant's army, captured a negro soldier and brought him to General Butler, and when asked what he was going to do with him said: "Well, General, I think I can sell him to Dick Hogan." Captain Hogan gave him two nice Yankee horses for the Yankee "nigger," and then sent the negro home and put him in the cotton patch. Jack Shoolbred rode one of the horses (a splendid claybank) until the end of the war and took him home.

One afternoon Bill Mikler, Barney Henegan, and Prioleau Henderson were riding along down near the Stafford County (Va.) line, and just before sunset they started across a field to a house. The horses of Mikler and Henderson jumped the fence; but Henegan dismounted and let the fence down, and just as he mounted his sorrel mare Emma, after going over, two Yankees rode up beside him, one on each side, both questioning him as to what command he belonged to. Barney called to Hogan, and they got each Yank by the neck and held tight while their horses walked from under them. He said: "It flashed through my mind in an instant to pull them off their horses. I did so, and here they are." Barney was six feet four inches tall and a perfect athlete, with not a surplus pound of flesh, and was about twenty-seven years old.

Barney Henegan was the very life of the scouts. When any of them got into trouble among themselves Barney threw oil on the troubled waters, and everything was amicably settled. He was the peacemaker. Barney studied law before the war and was quite an orator. He would frequently appear before the court-martial and could outtalk them all when his friends were in trouble. Once he beat General Stewart in a speech and got his man off, and Barney was the man. He departed this life about twenty-five years ago.

"When marble wears away,
And monuments are dust,
The songs that guard over soldier's clay
Will still fulfill their trust."

On the 7th of October, 1864, in the battle of Darbytown, Col. Alex Haskell, with two men, Sergeant Snowden and Private Welch, was trying to get to Gen. R. E. Lee when he rode up on General Kautz at the head of his Yankee brigade. Kauts ordered him to surrender. Haskell responded by killing two of Kautz's staff officers, and was himself shot by Sergt. James D. Keech, of Company D, 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry. Sergeant Snowden was killed, and Private Welch was captured. When Kautz learned that Colonel Haskell was not dead he returned his watch and his papers under a flag of truce and said that Colonel Haskell was too brave a man to take anything from. Colonel Haskell was wounded four times—on the 13th of December, 1862, at Fredericksburg; May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville; June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor; and October 7, 1864, at Darbytown. He commanded the 7th South Carolina Cavalry. Capt. John D. Caldwell was captain of Company D, of this gallant old regiment, and he was known as the fighting captain of Gary's Brigade. His men loved him for his manly qualities and coolness in battle. He fought his way up from corporal to captain. General Gary had explicit confidence in his calm judgment and trusted him with most hazardous undertakings, which he always accomplished with much credit to himself.

On one occasion in Virginia General Hampton came upon a Yankee soldier who was taking a bath in a stream, having left his clothes upon the bank. When the General quietly told the man he was his prisoner the man was dumfounded, not being aware that the Confederates were near at hand and supposing himself quite secure. He begged and pleaded to be let off, using every argument he could think of. After amusing himself by his captive's supplications for some time, General Hampton consented to let him go free. At this the man was delighted and most profuse in thanks and came ashore to put on his clothes. But the General said: "Ah, no; I can't let you have them. My men are too much in need of clothes. I can't spare them." After fruitless entreaties the Yankee soldier

finally left for his camp as naked as when he was born, and the last words heard from him were: "I'll name my first son Wade Hampton." Many years after this, as the then Senator Hampton stepped into an elevator in a hotel in Washington, a young man said to him: "Are you General Hampton?" On his replying that he was, the stranger asked if he remembered capturing and releasing a naked Federal prisoner at a certain time and place in Virginia. "Yes, I remember it perfectly," answered General Hampton. "Well," said the stranger, "he is my father. My name is Wade Hampton."

On another occasion General Hampton was scouting along at night, for he was as good a scout as he was a general, and he quietly rode up to the headquarters of a Yankee general and stopped where their horses were parked. A staff officer walked out to see about his horse, and by the time he got up to the place General Hampton put his pistol in the Yankee's face and told him to walk fast, as he was in somewhat of a hurry, and then said to the Yankee: "If you holler, I will kill you." After getting the information he wanted from the prisoner, he turned him over to our provost guard with instructions to send him to Libby Prison, and he then slept soundly on the information imparted to him by the Yankee, which proved to be of much value.

On the 16th of November, 1863, in the fight at Campbell's Station, East Tennessee, Gen. M. W. Gary was hard pressed and was falling back, contesting every inch of ground, and he promoted two men of his command on the battle field in a way that doubtless has no parallel in history. The same day he had orders to that effect read on parade—one to be chaplain for "distinguished piety" on the battle field, and the other to command a company for "extraordinary profanity." It happened in this way. The General, as all knew him, was paramount as a fighter and had the gift of profanity to an extraordinary degree. He used to say that there was nothing like "cussing" to make men obey an order quickly. He had very little faith in the fighting qualities of what he called a psalm singer, but he admitted that he had done the pious man an injustice. On this occasion, at Campbell's Station, his command had to retreat rapidly from overwhelming numbers, and his killed and wounded were left where they fell. A man in his command fell mortally wounded. His comrades left him on the field, but when the psalm singer, the Rev. William Thomas, came along he stopped and, kneeling down beside the dying soldier, proceeded to offer up a prayer and to take his last message to his family. Seeing him stop on the field, the enemy commenced a rapid fire upon him; but, regardless of the flying bullets, he stayed the few minutes until the soul of the wounded comrade took its flight. The enemy stopped firing upon the pious and brave soldier, and he was cheered by his retreating comrades and the advancing foe. General Gary complimented him upon his bravery and told him he would make him chaplain for "distinguished piety" on the battle field.

How the cussing man won his promotion was in this wise: It was the custom of General Gary to visit his picket posts frequently, and while on his rounds one dark and rainy night he met a cavalryman in the road. Knowing that this man had no business out of camp, General Gary, with a string of cuss words, demanded who he was and what company he belonged to. The lone cavalryman, not knowing the rank of his questioner, "cussed" back at the General and, as the latter expressed it, made the "air blue with cuss words." He had struck at last a man who could outcuss him. Finally by mild words he induced the cavalryman to inform him that he was a sergeant in one of the companies of General Gary's command, which in a recent fight had lost all of its officers. The General complimented the soldier on his swearing abilities and said he was just the man to command that company. The next day an order was issued promoting the brave religious man to be chaplain of his regiment for "distinguished piety" on the battle field and the cussing man to the command of his company for "extraordinary profanity."

"May he peacefully rest! His warfare is o'er;
The eye of the eagle is dim.
His clarion voice we shall never hear more;
Carolina will long mourn for him.
And well may she mourn for her warrior son,
And his name and his fame shall not die
As long as our flag bears a palmetto tree
Or the Southern Cross gleams in the sky."

FROM PETERSBURG TO HART'S ISLAND PRISON.

BY J. S. KIMBROUGH, WORTHAM, TEX.

I went into service from Cartersville, Ga., as a member of Company K, 14th Georgia Regiment, commanded by Col. A. V. Brumley, President of Marietta Military Institute. My first captain was Thomas F. Jones, of Cartersville, and the regiment was raised principally by Col. William H. Stiles, of Stilesboro, Ga., an orator and statesman as well as soldier. We went into service in May, 1861, and were at Lynchburg, Va., when the first Manassas battle was fought. Passing over the many engagements in which our command took part, I will write of our last engagement in the last fights around Petersburg. My commanders then were Capt. J. M. Eares, Col. W. L. Goldsmith, Brig. Gen. E. L. Thomas, Maj. Gen. C. M. Willcox, and Lieut. Gen. Ambrose P. Hill.

Our position on the line was to the right of Petersburg and just below the famous Fort Gregg, which held out so gallantly and fought until the enemy poured over the parapets into the inclosure. On the 25th of March our position, which was very thinly garrisoned, was assailed, and on the morning of the 26th about daybreak the lines below us were broken. I was on picket duty during that night as well as the night before, having been relieved only long enough to prepare my scanty rations, which consisted of corn bread and a slice or two of bacon. (Sleep was not considered in the bill of fare.) Just as the shadows of night began to gather I returned to the picket line (which, by the way, was about as strong as the line at the breastworks) in the face of a heavy cannonade from the enemy's lines, directed principally against our skirmish line. At the picket line I found the men all in the rifle pits expecting a charge from the Yankee lines.

After night set in and no advance had been made, I was informed by the officer in command that he wanted me about an hour before day the next morning to go on vedette duty in front of the pit where he was stationed. I saw, and so did he, that a general advance of the enemy next morning was a foregone conclusion.

Sleep was weighing my eyelids down, and I retired about fifty yards from the rifle pit, rolled myself up in my blanket by a smoldering fire, and slept to the music of shrieking shot and shell from Yankee batteries. The officer awoke me the next morning about four o'clock; and as I passed out into the dense darkness in front of his position to the vedette post, I cautioned him not to allow the men to fire until I could get in when the advance of the enemy was made. Advancing

nearly two hundred yards in front of the skirmish line, I nervously awaited developments. I could hear distinctly the enemy in my front preparing for the charge, although they had not begun to advance, when suddenly to my right, perhaps a mile below, our skirmish line began a rapid firing which came steadily up the line until our men behind me caught the infection and began pouring a fusillade into the woods behind me. I crawled on my hands and knees back to the pits, while bullets hissed above me too uncomfortably close to be at all pleasant or assuring. How I escaped I could never tell, and I gave my excited comrades a piece of my mind in not very complimentary terms.

When day dawned we soon saw that our works below had been captured, and our troops were scattered badly and were retreating up their works toward the city of Petersburg. We left our position on the skirmish line and fell back to the works, only to find them deserted and the enemy, line after line with colors flying, close in pursuit of our decimated and now scattered column. Our skirmish line commander no longer tried to keep us in ranks, and each man constituted himself a committee of one to look out for his own safety.

In company with Lieut. Buck Ryles, of Company B, and several others of our regiment, I was making my way up the breastworks when we came to a battery of heavy artillery, having several pieces well mounted and fortified in position on our line of works. The brave fellows had fought their guns until their infantry support had been driven off, and the heavy line of bluecoats was now drawing a fatal cordon around the devoted battery, but still the brave cannoneers fought their pieces. One defiant fellow, who seemed to be in command, was walking the parapets around his gun with hat off and hurling anathemas loud and deep at the advancing foe, while the air was vocal with the hiss of their bullets. We stopped for a while at his earnest solicitation to help defend his guns, although there was no shadow of a chance for a successful resistance.

Line after line of Federal troops were seen as far as the eye could reach, and the front line was now within two hundred yards of the battery. Just above the battery the breastworks turned obliquely to the right; and as we left them still firing their guns and hurried on up the works, Lieutenant Ryles, who was just in front of me, discovered a squad of ten or twelve bluecoats, led by an officer waving his sword and urging them on to cut us off from the works ahead. When discovered they were within one hundred yards of us, and in a very short time they would have gained the works in front. Lieutenant Ryles in a startled tone directed my attention to the squad of Federals, and we were about ready to admit that with us the jig was up. We stopped, and I dropped upon my left knee, laid my Enfield rifle across the breastworks, took deliberate aim, and fired at the officer. At the crack of my gun I saw his sword thrown into the air above his head and the brave fellow fall forward upon his face. The men gathered around him and made no further effort to cut us off. This was the last shot I fired in the war, and the last word I heard Lieutenant Ryles speak was: "I'll be d—n if you didn't get him."

As I turned from the breastworks here and made my way to Fort Gregg, I was still in sight of the gallant battery, but it was silent. No doubt the brave fellows, if there were any of them left, had spiked their guns and submitted to the inevitable. I went into Fort Gregg and found it crowded with miscellaneous troops, three brigadier generals among the number. I soon saw that there were more men in there than could well be fought, and I left it before its capture. I repaired to a hill some five hundred yards distant, and from my position I saw five separate and distinct lines of Yankees charge the gallant fort. The slaughter was terrible, and not until the walls of the fort were scaled was the garrison silenced.

On this fatal day the gallant and chivalrous A. P. Hill, the commander of our corps, laid down his life for the cause of the South. Fired and stung by the disasters of the day, and striving to check or stay the tide against him, he grew reckless and heedless of danger. Galloping here and there over the field, rallying and inspiring his troops, he dashed into a squad of eight or ten Federals and demanded their surrender. They threw down their guns, and as General Hill turned to ride off one of them snatched up his gun and shot him from his horse, and the noble black charger that had borne him through many hard-fought actions found himself without his gallant rider. No grander compliment could have been bestowed upon any general of the war than was paid to A. P. Hill when the spirits of the immortal Lee and Jackson both called upon him to "prepare for action" as they were passing with their imaginary columns over the river to rest in the shade of the trees.

The Last Day at Petersburg.

On the night of the 1st of April, after the terrible reverses of our army, weary, faint, and sleepy, we were at the breastworks just to the right of the beleaguered city. Darkness had gathered over the gory field when I noticed that the artillery was being quietly removed from the works, while staff and field officers were unusually conspicuous. I knew that this meant a retreat or change of base.

There was no longer any effectual organization of the sharpshooters of our brigade, to which I belonged, and we were of our own volition for the time being merged into the thin and scattered line at the breastworks. In company with two other comrades belonging to our organization of sharpshooters, I withdrew from the works while the artillery was being withdrawn and made my way to the headquarters of our corps commander, A. P. Hill, situated within the southern suburbs of the city. We climbed over into an inclosure in which was a grape arbor and within less than fifty yards of the main road by which our part of the army would travel in case a retreat was ordered. We spread our blankets, laid our guns by our side, and were soon oblivious of what was going on. The retreat was ordered, and along that road, fifty yards of where we lay, the army passed without awaking three weary sleepers.

The first thing that recalled me to consciousness was the hoarse huzzas of the bluecoats as they crowded into Petersburg the next morning about an hour after sunup. We sprang from our sleeping place, snatched our guns, and in double-quick time made our way to the bridge across the now swollen Appomattox. Yankees were visible everywhere when we arrived at the river. Our rear guard had passed over and fired the bridge, and nothing but the charred, smoking abutments were left to show where it stood. No language can describe my feelings as I gazed across that muddy, swollen stream and realized that there was no chance to cross nor time to escape, for by this time we had been discovered and a squad of bluecoats was coming to effect our capture. Freely would I have given my right arm to have been across that river and allowed to take my chances on the other side. I looked at my polished Enfield rifle, which had served me well in many tight places before, and tears came into my eyes as I thought

of having to give it up. I took it from my shoulder, bent it over a large rock near which I was standing, and threw it into the swollen stream just as the squad of bluecoats came down the bluff and demanded our surrender.

We were taken through the streets of Petersburg, where everything was in terrible commotion. Irish women, negro women, men, and boys were running hither and thither, some of them with slabs of bacon on their heads and others with sacks and bundles of various sorts and sizes. We were marched by and in front of a regiment or brigade of negro troops, who cursed and abused us to their hearts' content without any protest from either our captors or the white officers who commanded them. We were marched to City Point, and there we found an army of "hospital rats, camp followers, provost guards, and hangers-on" sufficient to have presented a formidable front to Lee's little band of ragged and starving heroes. Here another "patriot," this time a white one, came out of his tent and proceeded to give us an all-round cursing. But he had not gotten under much headway when an officer came out of his tent near by and gave him a good dose of his own medicine, at the same time vigorously applying the toe of his boot to the well-worn seat of the "patriot's" military trousers and imparting to him in plain English, strongly accented, the information that only a low-bred dog would abuse a prisoner. We gave him a hearty cheer and the "patriot" a hearty jeer and passed on to the boat landing.

Strangely or significantly, we were carried to Hart's Island Prison on a steamer bearing the proud name of R. E. Lee. It was my first experience in water navigation, and a stomach revolt against a week's drunk was child's play compared to it. I think I threw up everything I had in me except the lining of my stomach, and it had some narrow escapes. We were conveyed to our prison quarters, twenty-one miles above New York City, and placed in an inclosure of about four acres in company with about forty-four hundred other representatives of our cause. The commander of our prison camp was a General Weitzel, who had once been placed under the fire of Federal batteries while bombarding Charleston. Of course he showed us very few favors. We were examined and stripped of every kind of weapon, from a pistol to a barlow, and we never saw them any more. We were placed in wards of a hundred to each ward, with three rows of bunks and two men to a bunk. The first ward was composed mostly of jail birds, blacklegs, and toughs from Petersburg, and their nocturnal rounds of robbery and thieving were a terror to the camp.

I well remember when we first received the news of General Lee's surrender. It was read to us by the guard, and I told them just to wait a while and they would be telling a different tale. But we soon found that the report was too true. In a few days we were put in possession of the astounding news that President Lincoln had been assassinated at the instigation of Jeff Davis, and that there would be a detail drawn from among us to shoot him for the act. The guards were also instructed to fire into us if they saw or heard any demonstration of approval or rejoicing over the death of Lincoln.

We were kept in prison until the 17th of June, and our rations consisted of four hard tacks, a small piece of pickled beef (or mule), and a cup of soup per day. Often have I eaten my two days' rations at one meal and subsisted upon water and wind until the next drawing. Many of the men would peddle their crackers for tobacco, giving a cracker for a chew. This led to a reduction of rations on the plea that we were getting too much. We drew fresh beef at intervals, which was carried to the cook house (two in number) and cooked for us. At the window of these cook houses was a swill tub, or barrel, half filled with slop and refuse. Into these barrels was thrown the trimmings from the beef before cooking, and I often saw hungry men scratch, shove, and scramble for these raw scraps of beef. I also saw them gather up old beef bones, grind them between rocks, and then boil them for hours, making soup. A game of keno, with a cracker or a chew for a stake, was played with as much excitement, interest, and science as though hundreds of dollars were at stake. I could also hear hungry men munching beef bones in their bunks in the dead hours of night long after every vestige of meat had been eaten off, and when on the 17th of June we were turned out of the prison walls and marched to the boat landing the men scattered like hogs turned into a cornfield and gathered up the old, stale, and moldy bread that had been thrown from the guards' tents and devoured it voraciously. I got my first square meal at an Irishman's restaurant in New York City. He kindly and graciously sat me down to a bountiful table and insisted that I eat just as long as I could find a place to put it, and I ate until I was fully satisfied.

We were placed on board the steamer Fulton and landed at Hilton Head, S. C. From there we were sent down the river to Savannah, Ga., where I weighed and tipped the beam at one hundred and twenty-seven pounds, my former weight having been one hundred and seventy-two. I then took the gravel train from there to Atlanta and arrived at home, in Lee County, Ala., on the last day of June as one alive from the dead. When I got off at the depot near home I saw a man, whom I knew well, meet his wife after having been in Camp Douglas two years, and she had never heard from him. He had to carry her through the streets in his arms, as she was too happy to walk.

WITH COBB'S BRIGADE AT FREDERICKSBURG.

BY STEPHEN DENT.

The morning of December 13, 1862, dawned with a spiteful snow which changed to a steady downpour of sleet. Day was dawning as Phillip's and Cobb's Legions marched into Fredericksburg to the relief of Barksdale's gallant Mississippians, who had been picketing there for a week, and were much fatigued from their constant vigilance and desultory warfare. The enemy had pontooned the Rappahannock, and were throwing their heavy columns across to the attack. So impetuous was the assault that we retired before them, taking position behind the stone wall under cover of our guns on Marye's Hill. This position was strengthened by digging a trench at the foot of the wall and placing logs on top, training our guns through loopholes on the open commons reaching to the railroad cut, about one hundred yards from the stone wall.

Phillip's Legion was on the left, Cobb's Legion, 16th, 24th in the center, and the 18th Georgia holding the right. The positive order to regimental commanders was not to fire until the enemy reached the plank fence, sixty yards from the stone wall. Ah, the fatality of that order for Meagher's Irish Brigade! Into the jaws of death they charged as they reached the fence, mounting and tearing it away. The deadly fire of the brigade was delivered as the discharge of one gun, cutting out the entire line; not even a corporal's guard was left to the

Irish brigade. (To explain the maneuvering of the enemy and plan of attack, they moved in column, massing in the railroad cut, where they were sheltered from the firing line and altogether hidden from view, and there deployed into four lines of battle and advanced to the attack.) On came the second, third, and fourth lines, receiving their medicine like soldiers and a little nearer their goal.

At this critical moment the 18th Georgia was out of ammunition, and above the roar and din of battle could be heard the ringing command of Col. S. Z. Ruff, their gallant commander: "Fix bayonets! Eighteenth Georgia, hold your ground!" Just then I was dispatched to direct the fire of artillery on windows in Fredericksburg, where sharpshooters were picking off couriers and men manning the guns on the hill. Returning, I saw the troubled and anxious look upon General Cobb's face. With flashing eyes he was scanning the field, expecting the advance of Cook's North Carolina Brigade, held in reserve over the hill. Immediately on my approach the order was given: "Order Cook forward. Three dispatches have been sent him." The outcome of the day depended upon Cook's prompt advance. General Cook had never received the order to advance. The lips that were to deliver the order were sealed in death, and the order remained with the glorious dead. What greater sacrifice could be offered on the field of battle?

The first courier dispatched was numbered with the missing; the second was the gallant Hungarian, Slashenger. Gloriously did he die for the cause he loved so well. Poor fellow! He had a promonition that he would not survive the battle and had requested our adjutant, Captain Rutherford, to send his beautiful ring to friends at home. A little distance from the ghastly scene of his mutilated and dismembered remains, mingled with the mangled remains of the little pony he was riding, I caught the sparkle of the ring upon a finger of the severed hand and recognized poor Slashenger. Ascending the hill some fifty yards from the point where Slashenger was killed, I found Capt. Francis Berrien, aid-de-camp and ordnance officer, under his horse, which had been killed, and Captain Berrian dangerously wounded in the effort to reach Cook. As I approached he said: "For God's sake, Dent, have me taken off the field. I have been wounded three times while under my horse. Do this before Cook's advance, if you reach him." Proceeding, I delivered the order to General Cook and returned to aid Captain Berrien. With four men and stretchers we rescued him from under the horse and succeeded in getting him to the field hospital.

Returning, I did not follow in the wake of Cook; but, spurring to the top of Marye's Hill, I found myself in a most terrific storm of shot and shell. At this point the concentrated fire of all the guns on Stafford Heights was directed, making it the most disastrous artillery duel of the war. The "whish" of the Minies and explosion of shells curiously but firmly possessed me that I would get my eyes shot out. Closing them firmly, I sent the rowels into the flanks of my horse, making a dash for the foot of the hill and friendly shelter of the stone wall. Feeling, though not seeing, the flash of the fatal shrapnel, the explosion of which gave General Cobb his death wound, I found myself bundled up in the middle of the road with the firm belief that my horse's head had been shot off and myself fatally hurt. I was aroused by Captain Rutherford asking: "Are you hurt, Dent?" Shaking myself, I found that I was not hurt and so replied. "Then get Dr. Eldridge at once. General Cobb is dangerously wounded." Captain Rutherford was flat in the road, holding General Cobb's head in his lap, and had applied a tourniquet in his endeavor to stop the flow of blood which was pouring from the femoral artery freely. Recovering my horse, I started for the doctor and met him with Mr. Porter, our chaplain, together with four men bearing stretchers. General Cobb was borne to the old telegraph road, placed in our ambulance, and carried to his headquarters, attended by Dr. Eldridge, Mr. Porter, Captain Rutherford, and myself. The last order from his lips was addressed to me. Rising on his elbow and looking at me from the rear of the ambulance, he said: "Steve, report to Colonel McMillan. He has no one with him. You are the only one I can send; the others are dead."

During my absence with the order to General Cook General Cobb had discovered the aid the old railroad cut was giving the enemy, as under its shelter they could mass their heavy columns and from this comparative security deploy in line of battle and rush on to the attack of Cobb's right. General Cobb had ordered two pieces of Captain Carlton's Troop Artillery into position commanding the cut, which, unlimbering within fifty yards of the cut, opened with grape and canister into this solid mass. The frightful slaughter is horrible to recall. This was the pendulum swing which decided the glorious victory of the day. It was about 3:30 P.M., and even had the opportunity come earlier General Cobb could not have weakened his line at any point to support the guns in position until he received the promised help from Cook. The 18th Georgia was out of ammunition and using the bayonet in the most sanguinary hand-to-hand engagement of the war. He could not spare a single man from behind the wall.

I reported to Colonel McMillan as the last assault was made upon the stone wall, the most desperate, if possible, of all. But conditions were now changed, as the 18th Georgia had received ammunition and Cook had come to the front, the artillery in position was well supported, and the result was a crushing repulse, disorganized, demoralized, and broken. Night put an end to the carnage. In vain their officers endeavored to stop the rout. The Rebel yell rang out with defiance. "No quarter!" cried the pursuers, and in their wild flight the pursued fought madly with each other for the privilege of running away. So mad was the flight that they had a frightful crash with their cavalry, which came pouring into and riding them down, shoving hundreds of them into the river, where they were drowned. The horrible result of such a panic, had it been followed up, would have given us Washington and the capture of Hooker's entire army.

It is said that General Jackson advised the firing of Fredericksburg and pursuit on to the cover of their gunboats on the Potomac. This was the advice of General Jackson delivered at the consultation on the Telegraph Road, composed of only one other, Gen. John B. Gordon. General Lee demurred to this proposal, and it is said the reason for the inactivity was that the army was short of ammunition. Be this as it may, after witnessing their terrible struggle at the pontoon and unreasonable panic, I feel certain that with a few pop guns and the Rebel yell, with Longstreet pressing his rear and Jackson confronting him, Hooker would have been crushed and Washington captured. Official report of the enemy places their loss at 13,500, while our loss was between 7,000 and 8,000.

Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia never sustained defeat. Finally succumbing to exhaustion, to the end they were not overthrown in fight.—*Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts.*

GEN. LEWIS ADDISON ARMISTEAD.

[From address by Rev. James E. Poindexter, captain in 38th Virginia Regiment, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, before R. E. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans, Richmond, Va., in January, 1909, upon presentation of General Armistead's portrait to the Camp.]

The Armistead family, coming direct from England, settled in Virginia in 1636 and became a family of soldiers. Five brothers, three of them in the regular army, took part in the War of 1812. Col. George Armistead, the oldest of the five, defended Fort McHenry, at Baltimore. The flag which waved over it during the bombardment, which Key immortalized as the "Star-Spangled Banner," was long guarded as a sacred heirloom by his descendants, and it is now laid up in the National Museum. A second brother, Lewis Gustavus Adolphus, named for the Swedish hero, "The Lion of the North," fell at Fort Erie. Walker Keith Armistead, the father of our old chief, graduated at West Point in 1803, fought in Canada, closed the Seminole War, and was, when he died in 1845, second in command in the regular army. Miss Stanley, who became his wife, was a native of the Old North State, and so it happened that Lewis A. Armistead was born at Newbern, N. C., in 1817.

As a matter of course, young Lewis entered West Point in 1836. Here, however, his career was cut short. He became involved in a personal conflict with Jubal A. Early, who had insulted him on the parade ground, and, cracking that worthy's head with a mess hall plate, as the story runs, he was retired from West Point. However, in 1839 he entered the regular army as lieutenant in the 6th Regiment of Infantry and fought against the Seminoles under Zachary Taylor and under his own father. During the war with Mexico he did splendid service. He led the storming party at Chapultepec and was brevetted captain and then major for gallantry displayed at Contreras and Cherubusco and Molino del Rey. That war being ended, he served for fourteen years on the frontier and in 1859 marched against the hostile Indians and defeated them.

On the secession of Virginia Captain Armistead promptly resigned his command in the old army, tramped on foot across the plains to Austin, Tex., came straight to Richmond, and in April, 1861, was made colonel of the 57th Virginia, and twelve months afterwards, in April, 1862, was commissioned brigadier general. In that capacity he fought at Seven Pines, at Malvern Hill, at Second Manassas, at Sharpsburg, displaying everywhere conspicuous gallantry and winning by his coolness under fire, by his stern perseverance and his indomitable pluck, the applause of his superiors and the entire confidence of his men.

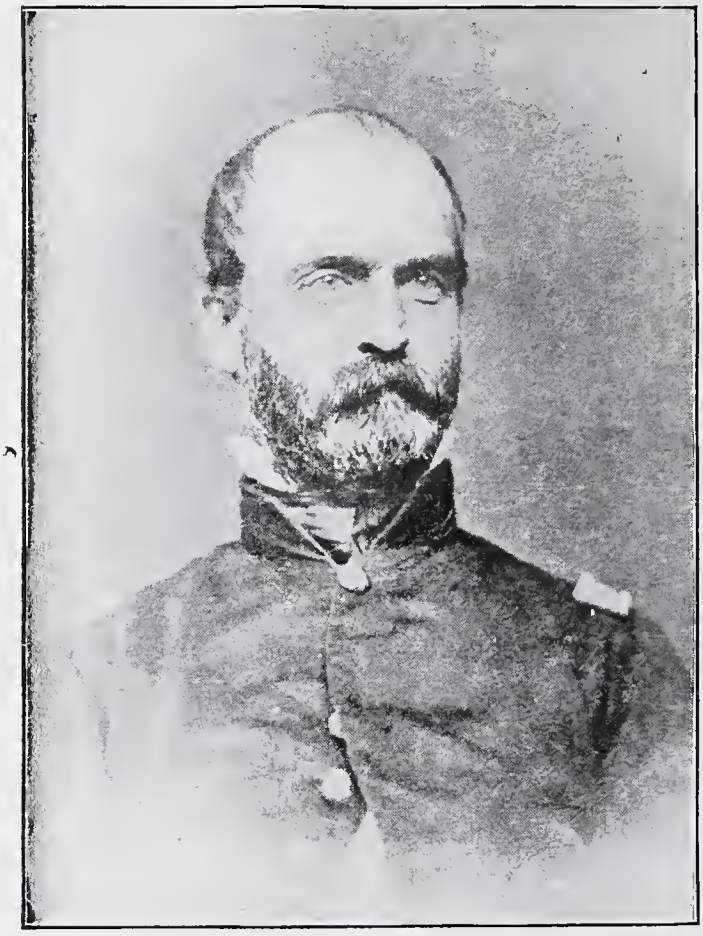
During the first Maryland campaign he was made provost marshal of the army and received the personal thanks of General Lee for the ability with which he discharged the duties of that office.

In September, 1862, his brigade, which comprised the 57th, the 53d, the 14th, the 9th, and the 38th Virginia, was incorporated with Pickett's Division.

General Armistead was no "holiday soldier," no "carpet knight." "He was," says Colonel Martin, "a strict disciplinarian, but never a martinet. Obedience to duty he regarded as the first qualification of a soldier. For straggling on the march or neglect of duty on the part of his men he held the officer in immediate command strictly responsible. The private must answer to the officer, but the officer to him."

Thus far have we followed his career. Born of noble stock, a Virginian to his heart's core, linked by ties of blood with many of our best, the son of a soldier, familiar from childhood with tales of war, trained at West Point, tested by years of service in Florida, in Texas, in Mexico, in Virginia, obedient to duty, demanding in turn obedience from others, resolute, unyielding, with courage tempered in the flame of battle, he waited only for a fit opportunity to prove himself the hero he was, to write his name high on the roll of fame and win the plaudits of the world.

That opportunity came at Gettysburg. Of the charge made by Pettigrew and Pickett on Cemetery Ridge, I do not propose to speak at length. On the controversies which have raged around it I shall not touch. But in order to appreciate the heroism of Armistead we must picture in few words the part played by Pickett's Division.



GEN. LEWIS A. ARMISTEAD.

During the artillery duel which preceded the charge we lay quiet and (some of us) hugged the ground. When the cannonade subsided we fell in at the word of command and moved in line of battle over the wooded ridge in front, past our artillery, and down the slope to the edge of the woods. Here for the first time we caught sight of the field of battle. A thousand yards away lay Cemetery Ridge, curving around on the left to Culp's Hill, and off to our right stood Round Top and Little Round Top, crowned with artillery. Beyond that ridge and on its crest lay eighty thousand men, every breastwork finished, every reserve posted, every gun in position, awaiting our assault. Between us and Cemetery Ridge was a field as open as this floor, not a tree, not a stone to shelter one man from the storm of battle. The scene which met the eyes of Armistead's men as we descended the slope

was splendid. Before us, one hundred and fifty yards away, moving on like waves of the sea, marched Garnett and Kemper, their battle flags flashing in the sunlight. The regiments of Armistead, marching in perfect order with disciplined tread, followed where they led.

Soon the heavy guns on Round Top were trained upon us, and howling shells burst around us or crashed through our ranks. The farther we advanced, the more tremendous was the cannonade. Our own artillery on the heights behind thundered over our heads at the enemy's guns on Cemetery Ridge. And so we marched "vaulted with fire."

As we crossed the plain beyond the Codori house we halted at the word of command, moved by the left flank till opposite the point we aimed to strike, then in line of battle, the guns on Cemetery Ridge blazing in our faces, and every regiment of Armistead's Brigade dressed on its colors as straight as the line of yonder door.

The gallant men who met our onset thrilled with emotions of fear and admiration—they tell it themselves—at the "grandeur" of the scene, at the "magnificence" of our advance. To Count de Paris, as he watched the Confederate column bearing down all opposition, buffeting with unshaken courage the fierce volleys that met it, moving on with disciplined steadiness under the fire of eighty guns, "it seemed," he says, "to be driven by an irresistible force."

Meanwhile the fire of the enemy grew ever more violent, ever more destructive. The cannon on Round Top "volleyed and thundered." From Cemetery Ridge grape shot and canister tore through our ranks. We marched, says Longstreet, "through a fearful fire from the batteries in front and from Round Top. The slaughter," he says, "was terrible, the enfilade fire from batteries on Round Top very destructive." But worse remained behind. From the stone wall which sheltered their ranks the hostile infantry "poured down," as Longstreet says, "a terrific fire." The hiss of bullets was incessant. Men fell at every step; they fell, I thought, like grass before the scythe.

Such were the scenes which some of us witnessed that day. The severity of our loss attests how deadly were the perils through which we passed. Of three brigadiers, two were buried on the field and one left weltering in his blood. Of the fifteen men who led the regiments of Pickett, not one escaped. Seven were disabled, some with ghastly wounds, and eight of them were slain outright. Of all the field officers in the whole division, only two remained unhurt. "It was a miracle," says Count de Paris, "to see them safe and sound."

And now, bearing these things firmly in mind, let us follow Armistead. "A short time," says Colonel Martin, "before the advance was ordered the General, as his custom was, marched up and down in front of his troops, encouraging them in every way" for the shock of arms so soon to follow. "Remember, men, what you are fighting for. Remember your homes and your firesides, your mothers and wives and sisters and your sweethearts."

When the signal guns were fired he promptly called attention, and instantly every man was on his feet. Coming then right to the front of the 53d Virginia, which was that day the battalion of direction, he said to Color Sergeant Blackburn: "Sergeant, are you going to plant those colors on the enemy's works over yonder?" "Yes, General," was the firm reply, "if mortal man can do it, I will." Then the chief exhorted his men to follow their colors and to remember the brave words of Sergeant Blackburn; and, giving the command, "Battalion, forward! Guide center, march!" he placed himself in front of the 43d Virginia, and, marching on foot twenty yards ahead of his brigade, watched and directed our advance. It was not long before the battle was raging in all its fury.

The brigades of Garnett and Kemper were in our front, and as we drew near the advance line Kemper rode back to Armistead, who marched on foot, and said: "Armistead, hurry up; I am going to charge those heights and carry them, and I want you to support me." "I'll do it," was the reply. Then, glorying in the conduct of his men, he said to Kemper: "Look at my line; it never looked better on dress parade."

And now came the supreme test. He quietly gave the order: "Colonel, double-quick!" And, putting his black felt hat on the point of his sword, he led the advance, all the time in front of his line of battle, marching straight ahead through a hail of bullets, the very embodiment of a heroic commander. The sword pierced through the hat, and more than once it slipped down to the hilt, and we saw above it the naked steel. As often as the hat slipped down, the old hero would hoist it again to the sword's point. And so, borne aloft with matchless courage, it caught the eye, it nerved the hearts of his devoted men, a standard as glorious, as worthy to be sung, as the plume that floated at Ivry above the helmet of Navarre.

And now the battle raged with redoubled fury. "As we got within forty yards of the stone wall," says Lieutenant Whitehead, "came all along the line the order to charge, and charge we did. From behind the fence the Yankee infantry rose and poured into our ranks a murderous fire. Garnett's Brigade and Kemper's had almost entirely disappeared; their brave commanders, their gallant officers were stretched on the field, and it remained for Armistead's men to do the work. After a desperate fight the Yankees began to give way; and as they fell back our men rushed forward to the stone wall with unfaltering steps, Armistead still leading the charge."

The advancing line halted here, but only for an instant. The veteran Armistead took in with the eye of a trained soldier the whole situation and saw in a flash that to halt there meant ruin and defeat. Just ahead, bristling with cannon, was Cemetery Ridge. Just beyond it Hancock, a foeman worthy of his steel, was hurrying up his heavy reserves. On the right and on the left the enemy's lines were still intact. On both flanks fierce assaults would soon be made on Pickett's men. "Colonel," said Armistead to the commanding officer of the 63d, "we cannot stay here."

A word to Martin was enough. "Forward with the colors!" he cried, and over the wall they went, Armistead and Martin, and with them went a gallant band resolved that day to conquer or die. The flag of the 53d Regiment, borne by Lieutenant Carter, flashed like a meteor in the van. The indomitable Armistead, his hat on the point of his sword, towered before them like a pillar of fire. "Follow me, boys; give them the cold steel." A hundred and fifty undaunted men followed their chief.

They left behind them the stone wall. They passed the earthworks. They seized the cannon that, doubled-shotted at ten yards distance ("Double Canister at Ten Paces," inscription on monument of Cowan's Battery, Gettysburg), had torn our ranks with canister. Victory seemed within their grasp. But, alas! the support they looked for never came. In the nick of time Hancock's reserves were hurried to the front. They came on, he says, "four lines deep" and, firing

at close range, poured into the little band that followed Armistead a destructive volley. In that "hell of fire," as Bilharz says, "nothing could live." The intrepid Martin fell maimed for life. Forty-two of his brave Virginians lay dead around him. And there in the Bloody Angle our heroic chief, grasping a captured cannon to turn it on the foe, fell amongst his devoted men, pierced with mortal wounds "and sealing with his heart's blood the high-water mark of the Confederate cause."

As they bore him to the rear they met the gallant Hancock hurrying to the front. (A different account of this is given in Junkin's "Life of Hancock," page 117. I followed Colonel Martin.) Each recognized the other. They had been comrades in the old army. And, learning who he was, Hancock dismounted and, grasping Armistead's hand, told him with a soldier's sympathy how sorry he was to see him wounded and promised to send mementos and messages to his loved ones in Virginia and tried to cheer him with the hope that his wounds would not be mortal, as our hero said. But Armistead was right. He knew that death was near at hand.

Carried from the field a prisoner, he lingered through the 4th of July and died on the 5th, "leaving," says Martin, "an example of patriotic ardor, of heroism and devotion to duty which ought to be handed down through the ages."

When his kinsmen heard of his glorious death they came and took his body, took all that was mortal of him, down to Baltimore and with reverent hands laid him to rest amongst his own people in the churchyard of old St. Paul's, the hero of Gettysburg beside the hero of Fort McHenry. A granite obelisk marks the spot where he fell on Cemetery Ridge. The sword which dropped from his dying grasp you may see now in the Confederate Museum.

"None died on that field with greater glory than he, though many died, and there was much glory." Yes, comrades, we know how many died whose names we hold in deathless honor—Edmonds and Owens, and Patton, and Hodges, and Magruder, and the knightly Garnett.

The heart of Virginia was wrung with anguish. Her stately head was bowed in grief. The flower of her chivalry fell in that fatal charge. But none fell so lamented as Armistead, none crowned with glory like his. Many another had done valiantly, but he surpassed them all. He did a deed that was matchless, unique, and without a parallel on that field when, leading his men with unflinching courage through the storm of fire, he pierced the enemy's line and fell there in the Bloody Angle. Not Wolfe at Quebec, not Ney at Waterloo ever exhibited a grander example of heroism and devotion than that displayed by our lamented chief.

The fame of his heroic deeds has spread through all the world. In every history they stand recorded. A generous foe unites with us to honor his memory. The stolid Longstreet kindles with enthusiasm to tell how "the noble Armistead fell on Cemetery Ridge by the wheels of the enemy's cannon."

His dust was as another's dust;
  His bones—what boots it where they lie?
What matter where his sword is rust
  Or where, now dark, his eagle eye?
No foe need fear his arm again,
  Nor love nor praise can make him whole;
But o'er the farthest sons of men
  Will brood the glory of his soul.

—*John Charles McNeill.*

WITH EARLY IN THE VALLEY.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

To describe in detail all the battles and skirmishes with the enemy from the time we returned to the valley from the march to Washington—about two months—until the great battle of Winchester, September 19, 1864, would require too much space; but in all this fighting we invariably routed the enemy. Early's activities were a great source of uneasiness to Lincoln, who was always nervous and apprehensive for his own safety at Washington. It was decided to send a picked force from Grant's army large enough, with those already there, to overwhelm Early's little army and destroy or capture it. These were armed with breech-loading rifles, and every man was a seasoned soldier and well equipped. Sheridan was selected to command the army, which numbered nearly four times as many as the Confederates. Ten thousand of these were well-mounted veteran cavalry. He collected the various commands which had been operating against Early into one compact army and took position behind a range of mountains to the east of Winchester and adopted the Fabian policy of delay. He was now between Washington and the Confederates, and no doubt the authorities there felt easier. These tactics continued so long that General Early, who knew that heavy reënforcements had come, felt a contempt for Sheridan and his big army. But I would call attention to the fact that the range of mountains not only shielded the Federal army from view, but their signal stations on top of it had a fine view of all the valley and every movement of Early's army and all of his maneuvers.

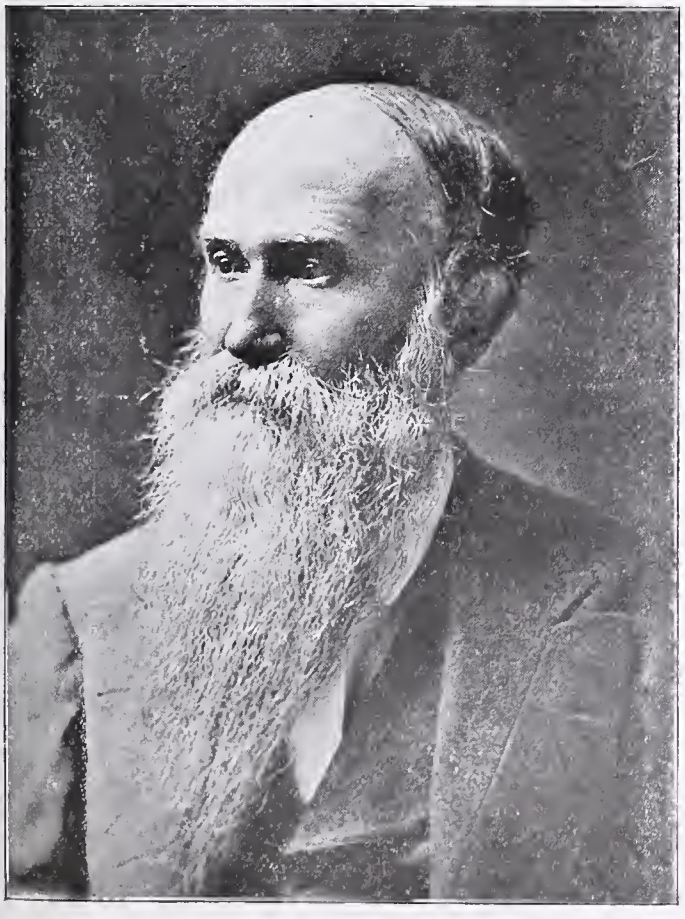
This was the status when Early, for some unaccountable reason, decided to take Gordon's Division, which was about half of his small army, and a few cavalry and go away from Winchester, where his presence was so necessary, to Martinsburg, about twenty-one miles to the north. He left General Rodes with the rest of the army, about six thousand men, to hold Sheridan in check. This movement was signaled to Sheridan from the top of the mountain range, and he saw that his opportunity had at last come. He now set his army in motion and crossed the mountains and the Opequon River at its base and attacked Rodes in a spiritless engagement.

This was on the 18th of September. General Early proceeded on his wild goose chase and late that evening arrived at his destination after his cavalry had driven the Federal cavalry out of the town. Just as his infantry arrived, tired from their long march, a courier came in great haste from General Rodes with the news that fighting was in progress, that his force was not able to hold the enemy in check, and that our communication with the rear was about to be cut. Early marched his men back that night over the same road by which he had come and bivouacked at Bunker Hill, about halfway on his return to Winchester. Long before day the army was in motion, and about nine or ten o'clock in the morning we could see far to the south small knots of white smoke in the blue sky made by bursting shells and hear the sound of artillery. Before we reached the vicinity of the fighting, we left the main pike to the right and traveled somewhat parallel with it, but bearing a little farther to the east. Flankers were thrown out on our left to prevent our falling into an ambuscade. When we had reached a point about east of Winchester our brigade (Gordon's) took up a position in the edge of a forest in a deep but narrow ravine, with high ground in front. Here our line was formed, and skirmishers advanced to open the engagement with the enemy.

As these brave fellows started to move forward some one said to them: "Go and drive those Yankees away; we don't want to be bothered with them." In another moment, to our surprise, they came running back to us down the steep hill in great confusion, and our men shouted: "What's the matter? What's the matter?" The reply was: "You'll soon see." Colonel Low, of the 31st Georgia Regiment, who was seated on his horse at the head of his command and could see farther from his more elevated position, called out to the entire brigade: "Forward! Forward!" Sheridan's whole line of infantry, supported by another in the rear and extending far to our right and left, was coming down the hill on us, without supports on our flanks.

Here it is proper to say that at this time the brave and accomplished Rodes was bringing up his old division to our help when, unfortunately for us and the South, he was killed by a shell, and the army lost one of its greatest generals.

We were hidden from them, and they were not expecting to meet us so suddenly. At the command of Colonel Low the brigade moved up the hill as one man and found themselves face to face with the enemy's line advancing with their arms at "right shoulder shift." Without waiting a moment, a sheet of fire flashed out from one end of the brigade to the other, and the blue line broke in disorder, with the Confederates in pursuit and making the panic worse by yelling, as usual. It was the Wilderness over again, as we thought, where twenty-five hundred of the enemy threw down their guns and surrendered, and everything was going in our favor when the regiment on the right suddenly became panic-stricken and gave way in confusion. Then the one on the left was seen to waver and fall back also. The regiments in the center continued to advance and drive the enemy for some time; but seeing that they were about to be enveloped on the right and left, they were compelled to fall back to their original position in the ravine. Here they found the Alabama brigade of Rodes's Division forming on the same ground and General Gordon galloping to and fro in the rear of them, shouting to his own men as they were coming back, mixed up in great disorder, saying: "What in the world is the matter, men? Fall in here and fight with General Rodes's men." Seeing the confusion, the enemy took courage and advanced, but were met by the Alabamians on the same ground and were driven through the woods and a field to the protection of a forest beyond.



GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY.

These brave fellows made a splendid charge and could have driven the Federals from their last stand, but there was no one to lead them, and every one did as he pleased. They met the enemy face to face, and the lines came together. The writer of this article saw the color bearer of one regiment take the standard out of the hands of a Federal soldier and drag it along on the ground, while he held aloft our colors and led the charge. Having heard General Gordon say, "Fall in here with General Rodes's men," he did so and fought with them until late in the afternoon, when they were finally driven from the shelter of the woods. He then rejoined his own command. A few of them held the right all that dreadful evening under fire from the left, front, and right, and with the ammunition found on the bodies of the dead held back the heavy lines of the Federals.

It is but just to say that the Federal officers exhibited the greatest gallantry in rallying their men and bringing them up to renew their assaults on the thin gray line, as they were broken and scattered by the deadly fire of the Confederates. But for their efforts and those of General Gordon, who rallied his old brigade and formed it far to the left and north of the position held by Rodes's men, Early's army would have been annihilated. The only reason this did not happen was that the Federal army was not properly handled. The whole thing on both sides was a series of bungling. When the engagement was at its height the Federal cavalry massed an overwhelming force and rushed on to our thin picket line of cavalry, deployed to hold the left, and swept them from the field. They then rode into Winchester, where our wounded men had taken refuge, and among our surgeons, who were busy in their ministrations to those who needed attention. Our wounded comrades who could do so came back to us on the firing line and told us that there was no safety in the rear, as the enemy's cavalry was everywhere.

Night and the lack of ammunition on the part of the Confederates put an end to this battle, our first defeat, in which our small force of about 12,000 men, according to Early's report, lost 3,611 in killed, wounded, and missing; while Sheridan's force of 43,000 lost over 6,000 in wounded alone. If our men had been properly handled, we would have been more than a match for Sheridan's big army.

That night the enemy followed us with cavalry, but General Gordon, who was always active and resourceful, somehow secured a little ammunition and placed what was left of the Louisiana brigade in a favorable position on both sides of the pike to receive our pursuers. As they came up in full gallop in the darkness, the road was blocked with dead men and horses. This put an end to the fighting, and we made our way that night and the next day without molestation to Fisher's Hill, a short distance to the south of Strasburg, where we rested for two or three days before the enemy made his appearance.

Battle of Fisher's Hill.

This was another scene of somebody's incompetence. On the right the position for defense was excellent, but on the left, toward the North Mountain, the place could be easily outflanked by sending a force down on the west side of the low range of mountains and cutting the communication of an army to the south. Early formed his army across the valley here and endeavored to hold this weak position with it, his men being now reduced in number and morale by the previous battle. Sheridan seemed to be in no hurry to follow from Winchester, but when he came he took in the situation at once. He saw the advantage he had over his opponent and sent a large force down on the west side of the mountain, and while he was making a demonstration in front with his main force his flankers crossed the mountains and easily routed the left wing of the Confederates. The center and right wing made some resistance, but soon gave way, and the greater part of Early's army was demoralized and retreated in disorder. In the short fight which ensued the Federal loss was heavy in front of the center and right, where the Confederates held a splendid position and could have maintained their ground against almost any number. Strange to say, our loss in this disgraceful affair was light.

A few remained on the pike and resisted the advance of the enemy step by step, fighting from one favorable position to another for two or three days with the greatest bravery until they reached a point in the upper valley, where they left the main pike and turned to the east and finally made a stand near Wier's Cave, in the Blue Ridge Mountains. There the refugees returned to their commands, and the army was once more reorganized and made ready for the campaign which resulted in the battle of Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864, an account of which was published in the July number of the Veteran, page 315.

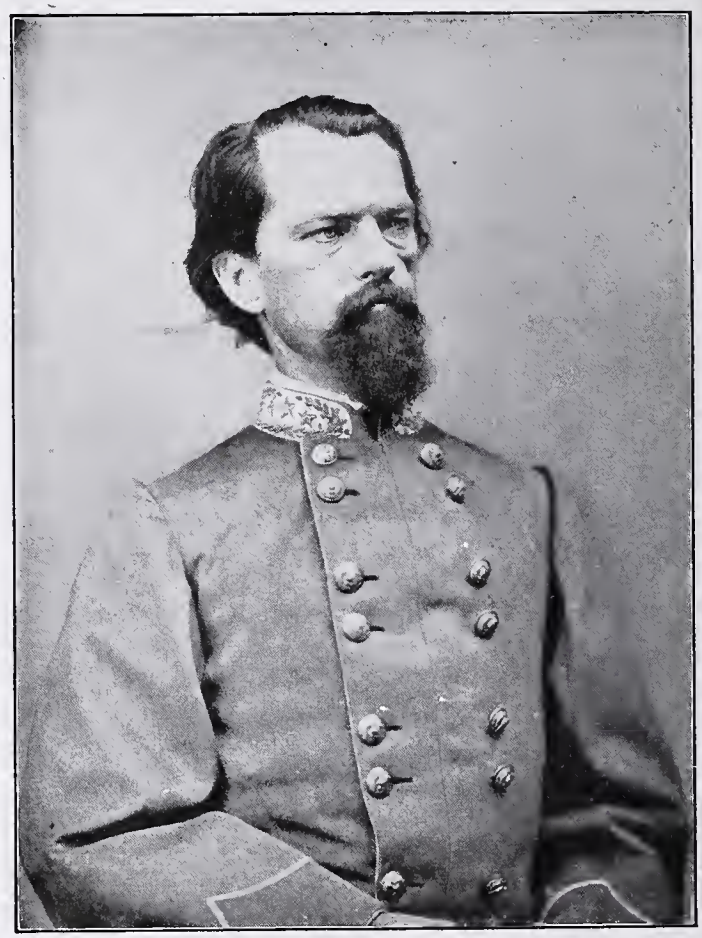
When the Confederates left the pike the Federals did not follow, but marched farther south and turned their attention to destroying this beautiful valley, which they did as far as Winchester. Every house was burned and every animal killed, and the country was left desolate. In this Sheridan carried out his instructions from Grant to leave this valley so that a crow in flying over it would have to carry his rations with him.

From this time until the close of the war Lincoln and his cabinet at Washington could sleep better without the fear of having their slumbers disturbed by the Confederates in the valley, but Mosby's activities never ceased.

Battle of Cedar Creek

After the battle of Cedar Creek the army remained in the valley until December and offered battle to the enemy, but they were not disposed to fight. General Lee then at last did what he ought to have done when he detached the old Stonewall Corps from his army in June and sent us on that long march to meet Hunter at Lynchburg and on to Washington, D. C. This was removing brave old Jubal Early and putting Gen. John B. Gordon in command. General Early was as true a soldier as ever drew a sword in defense of his country, but there were reasons why he should have been left under the direction of the commander in chief.

The army was marched to the railroad and sent to Petersburg, where it did much hard service and no little fighting under its new commander. He enjoyed the love and confidence of every man under him. His commanding voice, his soldierly bearing, and his engaging manner won and inspired his men and made every one of them a hero in battle. If General Lee, General Ewell, and General Early had listened to Gordon the evening of the first day's battle at Gettysburg and acted on his advice by taking possession of the heights then occupied by a beaten and demoralized mass of the enemy, history would have been quite different. When he had begged them in vain to let him drive them off that evening, it is said he turned away sadly and said: "O for Stonewall Jackson!"



GEN. JOHN B. GORDON.

Again, at the Wilderness on the second day of the battle, when he saw his opportunity and begged his superiors so earnestly to let him strike a stunning blow to Grant's army, his request was not heeded until sundown. Though too late to relieve the pressure on Longstreet on the Confederate right, he doubled up Grant's right on his center and captured Generals Seymour and Shaler and many prisoners. Night alone put a stop to his progress. If this charge had been made earlier in the day, the whole Federal army would have been routed as completely as Stonewall Jackson did Hooker at Chancellorsville a year before.

Again Gordon showed his good judgment and foresight on May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania C. H., where General Lee's army was cut in two and about to be destroyed. With three regiments of his brigade and his sharpshooters and with some other troops he struck the vast numbers of the victorious Federals such sledge-hammer blows on their flank as to win the victory when everything seemed to be lost and saved the army from utter defeat. But his promotion came too late to save the Southern cause.

THE PROTEST SENT TO PRESIDENT DAVIS.

BY W. J. MILNER, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

In the September VETERAN Comrade Dabney, of Mississippi, criticized my paper on General Hardee in the August VETERAN, saying that I am mistaken in stating that when Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was removed from the command of the Army of Tennessee at Atlanta July 17, 1864, the three corps commanders, Stewart, Hardee, and Hood, joined in a telegram to the President urging him to suspend his order until Johnston could fight the battle planned for the next day. Mr. Dabney says that only General Stewart telegraphed the President, Hardee and Hood declining to join him, giving General Stewart as his authority for this statement.

I do not question the correctness of Mr. Dabney's quotation of what General Stewart says, but it is difficult to reconcile that statement with the facts given by General Hood ("Advance and Retreat," page 126)—viz.:

"Lieutenant Generals Hardee and Stewart then joined me in a telegram to the President, requesting that the order for his [Johnston's] removal be postponed, at least until the fate of Atlanta was decided.

"The following extract from a letter of Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart will show that I was desirous that General Johnston should remain in command:

"'ST. LOUIS, August 7, 1872.

"'*Gen. J. B. Hood—My Dear General:* Your letter of the 25th ultimo was received some days since, and I avail myself of the first opportunity to answer it. You ask me to send you a statement setting forth the facts as I understand them of the circumstances attending the removal of Gen. J. E. Johnston from the command of our army in Georgia in 1864 and your appointment to succeed him. It gives me pleasure to comply with your request. * * * On Monday morning, July 18, you will remember that we met about sunrise in the road near Johnston's headquarters, and I then informed you of the object of seeking an interview, and that was that we three unite in an effort to prevail on General Johnston to withhold the order and retain command of the army until the impending battle should have been fought. I can bear witness to the readiness with which you concurred. We went together to Johnston's quarters, and you and he had a long conversation with each other, which I did not hear. At the close of it, however, you and General Hardee and I went into the adjutant general's office and together prepared a telegram to the President, stating that, in our judgment, it was dangerous to change commanders at that juncture, and requesting him to recall the order removing Johnston at least until the fate of Atlanta should be decided. That was the substance; I cannot remember the language. An answer was received that afternoon from the President, declining to comply with our request or suggestion on the ground that, the order having been issued, it would do more harm than good to recall or suspend it. * * *

"'Very sincerely yours, ALEX P. STEWART,
Late Lieutenant General, C. S. A.'

"The President's answer to our telegram was as follows:

"'RICHMOND, July 18, 1864.

"'*To Generals Hood, Hardee, and Stewart:* Your telegram of this date received. A change of commanders under existing circumstances was regarded as so objectionable that I only accepted it as the alternative of continuing a policy which has proved disastrous. Reluctance to make the change induced me to send a telegram of inquiry to the commanding general on the 16th inst. His reply but confirmed previous apprehensions. There can be but one question which you and I can entertain—that is, What will best promote the public good? And to each of you I confidently look for the sacrifice of every personal consideration in conflict with that object. The order has been executed, and I cannot suspend it without making the case worse than it was before the order was issued. JEFFERSON DAVIS.'"

CRITICISM OF GENERAL HOOD.

BY CAPT. A. C. JONES, THREE CREEKS, ARK.

The September number of the VETERAN had an article by T. C. Dabney, of Clarksdale, Miss., headed "When Hood Superseded Johnston," upon which I desire to make some comments.

It is to be deplored that Comrade Dabney should use his fine abilities as a writer to reflect on the fair name of a distinguished soldier and officer of the Confederacy whose valor and loyalty to his country had been proved on many battle fields and whose marred body has for many years been in its last resting place. If he had confined himself to a criticism of General Hood's military movements, I should not have presumed to question his judgment or his right; but when he affirms that the probable cause of the failure at Spring Hill was the fact that General Hood during the progress of a great strategic movement inaugurated by himself was wasting his valuable time over a barrel of "applejack" to the neglect of his duties as commander in chief, I must be allowed, as a very humble friend under many obligations for personal kindnesses while under General Hood's command, to express my indignation and to challenge the statement.

Before proceeding to a review of the Spring Hill case, I wish to say that I have always believed that the removal of General Johnston by President Davis was one of the greatest mistakes of the war and in its effects could not fail of disaster. It would have been far better had General Hood refused to accept the burden, although the appointment was in the form of a military order. There is no doubt that the entire army, and especially the commanding officers, bitterly resented the change, and General Hood found himself in the very embarrassing condition of having neither the confidence nor sympathy of his subordinates. The consequence of this feeling was that in the execution of this movement on Spring Hill a portion of his command at least seemed more afraid of being led into a trap than anxious to make a success of what was, in fact, up to a certain point one of the most brilliant achievements of the war.

And now, having no personal knowledge of these matters, I call the attention of the readers of the VETERAN to an article published in the January (1908) number of the VETERAN under the caption, "Hood's Failure at Spring Hill," written by Capt. J. P. Young, of Memphis. The author states that it was an extract from a history of the "Armies of Tennessee" which he was then writing. This article seems to have been prepared with great care and impartiality, and it was accompanied by a map of the locality, with diagrams showing the exact positions of all troops on both sides from the arrival of Hood's advance guard to the close of the scene. The facts as stated in this paper have never been challenged, so far as I know.

Out of the mass of testimony the following facts seem to be well established:

First, I wish to correct an error in Mr. Dabney's statement that there was only one brigade at Spring Hill when the advance of Hood's army arrived; in fact, there was one whole division of three brigades, numbering about six thousand men, under the command of General Stanley, who seems to have been a very able and energetic officer. This division had marched that morning from Columbia as an escort for Schofield's wagon and artillery trains, arriving in town about noon.

The advance of General Cheatham's corps reached the vicinity of Spring Hill about three in the afternoon, General Cleburne's division in front, and General Hood present at the head of the advance brigade. Cleburne was ordered to attack the enemy as soon as they appeared in his front, which he promptly proceeded to do under the direction of General Hood in person. Supported by Granbury on his left, he drove the enemy for a considerable distance, forcing them to concentrate and form a new line of defense. Very near the town General Cleburne was re-forming his line for another attack when he was ordered to halt and await reënforcements. General Brown, with the largest division of the corps, was ordered to form on Cleburne's right. When the alignment was completed, General Cheatham rode up to Brown and asked if he was ready. He replied that he was and that skirmishers were already out. "Then it is General Hood's order that you attack at once. Your guns will be the signal for Cleburne and Bate." General Cheatham then rode to the left. Sometime after, not hearing Brown's guns, he sent a peremptory order to Brown to attack immediately. Brown gave as a reason for not obeying orders that the enemy had made some movement in his front by which he was overlapped. It is stated that his own officers remonstrated with him; but he persisted in refusing to move, and instead went in search of Cheatham to make his excuses. In the meantime night closed in and darkness put a stop to all operations. During all this time General Hood was momentarily expecting the attack and continually sending orders to urge it on.

I will call attention to a circumstance which ought to be considered in deciding who was to blame. When General Bate's division arrived, General Cheatham not being present, General Hood gave him orders in person to form his division across the Columbia Pike and sweep down toward Columbia and take position to head off any troops coming from that direction. Bate promptly took position and was skirmishing with the advance of Schofield's column, which had already made its appearance, when he received an order from Cheatham to withdraw his division and join Cleburne's left, Cheatham not knowing that he was placed by Hood. General Bate hesitated, but received a second order to move, which he did. This was a most unfortunate circumstance, as it left the road open for the passage of the enemy uninterrupted, of which fact Hood was not aware. If Bate had been left in position, a conflict would have been brought on, whether Brown moved or not.

It seems to me from the foregoing that the charge against General Hood of failure to do his duty (barring the applejack incident) is narrowed down to the one point made by General Stewart, that Hood should have seen to his own orders being executed. Far be it from me to say one word in disparagement of this officer, but I think it plain that he was just a little prejudiced. It seems a strange sort of military discipline that a commander in chief should issue his orders to his corps commanders and then go to the front to see those orders executed. Was that the custom of General Johnston or any other great commander?

It is very true that in cases of great emergency, when some great disaster is impending, it becomes necessary for the commander in chief to go to the front to direct affairs; such, for instance, as General Lee's attempt to lead the Texas Brigade at the Wilderness, for which General Longstreet severely censured him. How could General Hood know of the dereliction of any particular officer and be on the spot to correct it? His proper place was at some central point, where he could have been communicated with by his subordinates.

There is another fact I wish to state that has never been alluded to by any of the parties to this controversy. General Hood physically was only a part of a man, having one arm and one leg, one lost at Gettysburg and the other at Chickamauga, both lost while leading his division in the thickest of the fight. In his condition it could hardly have been expected that he could follow up the moivements of every division, especially after nightfall.

Comrade Dabney in the beginning of his article says that he was writing in the interest of "true history." Certainly I am willing to submit the question as to what is true history to the opinion of VETERAN readers.

"THE STORY OF THE GREAT MARCH."

FROM THE DIARY OF A STAFF OFFICER.

[Dr. Joseph A. Mudd, of Maryland, sent this contribution to the VETERAN some years ago.]

In 1865 Harper Brothers, New York, published a book with the above title written by Brevet Maj. George Ward Nichols, aid-de-camp to General Sherman, a few extracts from which may be interesting.

Page 41: "To-night I heard the really fine band of the 33d Massachusetts playing 'John Brown's Soul Goes Marching On' by the light of the burning buildings. I have never heard that noble anthem when it was so grand, so solemn, so inspiring."

Page 81: "One thing is certain, that neither the West nor the East will draw any supplies from the counties in this State traversed by our army for a long time to come. Our work has been the next thing to annihilation."

Page 112: "With untiring zeal the soldiers hunted for concealed treasures. Wherever the army halted almost every inch of ground in the vicinity of the dwellings was poked by ramrods, pierced with sabers, or upturned with spades. The universal digging was good for the garden land, but its results were distressing to the Rebel owners of exhumed property, who saw it rapidly and irretrievably confiscated. It was comical to see a group of these red-bearded, barefooted, ragged veterans punching the unoffending earth in an apparently idiotic but certainly most energetic way. If they 'struck a vein,' a spade was instantly put in requisition and the coveted wealth was speedily unearthed. Nothing escaped the observation of these sharp-witted soldiers. A woman standing upon the porch of a house, apparently watching their proceedings, instantly became an object of suspicion, and she was watched until some movement betrayed a place of concealment. The fresh earth recently thrown up, a bed of flowers just set out, the slightest indication of a change in appearance or position—all attracted the gaze of these military agriculturists. It was all fair spoil of war, and the search made one of the excitements of the march."

Page 151: "Our conscription is remorseless. Every species f four-footed beast that South Carolina planters cherished nong their live stock is swept in by our flanking foragers, id the music of the animal creation mingles with the sound f the footfall of the army."

Page 170: "Columbia will have bitter cause to remember e visit of Sherman's army. Even if peace and prosperity on return to the land, not in this generation nor the next— , not for a century—can this city or the State recover from e deadly blow which has taken its life. It is not alone in e property that has been destroyed—the buildings, bridges, ills, railroads, material of every description—nor in the loss f slaves, who within the last few days have joined us by e hundreds and thousands, although this deprivation of the eans by which they lived is of incalculable importance, at the most blasting, withering blow has fallen. It is in the ushing downfall of their inordinate vanity, their arrogant ide, that the Rebels will feel the effects of the visit of our my. Their fancied unapproachable, invincible security has en ruthlessly overthrown. Their boastings, threatenings, id denunciations have passed by us like the idle wind. The et of one hundred thousand abolitionists, hated and despised, ve pressed heavily upon their sacred soil, and their spirit is oken. I know that thousands of South Carolina's sons are the army of the rebellion, but she has already lost her best ood there. Those who remain have no homes. The Hamp- ns, Barnwells, Simmses, Rhetts, Singletons, Prestons have homes. The ancient homesteads, where were gathered cred associations, the heritages of many generations, are ept away. When first these men became traitors they lost nor; to-day they have no local habitations; in the glorious ture of this country they will have no name."

Page 207: "An enterprising officer in charge of a foraging rty would return to camp with a substantial family coach ell filled with hams, meal, etc.

"'How are you, captain? Where did you pick up that car- ge?'

"'Elegant vehicle, isn't it?' was the reply. 'That was a gift om a lady out here whose mansion was in flames. Arrived the nick of time—good thing. She said she didn't need the rriage any longer—answer for an ambulance one of these ys.'

"After a while this joke came to be repeated so often that was dangerous for any one to exhibit a gold watch, a tobacco x, any uncommon utensil of kitchenware, a new pipe, a ard chain, or a ring without being asked if 'a lady at Co- mbia had presented that article to him for saving her house m burning.'

"This was one of the humors of the camp."

Page 277: "Over a region forty miles in width, stretching m Savannah and Port Royal through South Carolina to ldsboro, in North Carolina, agriculture and commerce, en if peace came speedily, cannot be fully revived in our y."

Page 278: "Day by day our legions of armed men surged er the land, destroying its substance. Cattle were gathered o increasing droves; fresh horses and mules were taken to place the lame and feeble animals; ricks, granaries, and rehouses were stripped of corn, fodder, meal, and flour; tton gins, presses, factories, and mills were burned to the ound; on every side the head, center, and rear of our col- n might be traced by columns of smoke by day and the re of fires by night. * * * In all the length and breadth of that broad pathway the burning hand of war pressed heavily, blasting and withering where it fell. It was the penalty of the rebellion."

Page 289: "When General Sherman was in pursuit of Hood he stood one evening upon the top of Pine Knob, eagerly watching the western horizon for indications of the presence of an army. Cox had just arrived upon the ground with his head of column by a detour around the eastern base of Kennesaw. Welcoming him, General Sherman pointed in the direction of the Allatoona and Dallas Road and said: 'General Cox, I wish you to push out upon that road until you strike the Dallas Road. Let me know the position of your head of column by flame and smoke. Burn barns, houses, anything; but let me see from this point where you are.' General Cox instantly departed. In a few moments a blue column of smoke rose up into the still air and then another and yet again another, stretching out and winding among the hills and valleys, creeping up out of the forest, and gradually lost in the gray and purple twilight. No sound of cannon disturbed the exquisite beauty of the scene, and these silent witnesses of the forward steps of our soldiers told us that no enemy was near. Cox's merit in this movement was that of prompt and vigorous action at the right moment."

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

BY W. D. PERRY, SMITH'S STATION, ALA.

After the battle's awful roar
Had died in sullenness away,
By the camp fire's flickering light,
In my blanket wrapped, I lay.

Through the battle's murky smoke
Faint the stars began to peep,
And I murmured drowsily:
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Then the thought of other days
Softly o'er my memory came,
And the forms of childhood's friends
Rose before me in the flame.

And I felt a tender peace
Gently o'er my senses creep
While I prayed as when a child:
"I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep."

Then my mother seemed to stand
In the camp fire's flickering blaze,
Breathing blessings on her child
As she did in other days.

And she raised her eyes to heaven,
Praying for her boy's sake.
"O may I go to her," I prayed,
"If I should die before I wake!"

Then the gentle dews of sleep
O'er my senses seemed to come.
Distant to my drowsy ear
Seemed the army's muffled hum.

From this sleep which o'er me falls
I perhaps shall ne'er awake;
And O, if such should be my lot,
"I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take."

"NO MAN'S BATTLE."

BY G. J. PURYEAR, MAYFIELD, KY.

There were several reports as to how the fight was brought about. I heard that Lee and Forrest differed as to the way the engagement should take place. It seemed that General Lee wanted to fight by detail, holding back a reserve, and General Forrest wanted to put the whole force in at once. General Lee would not agree to it; and as he was the ranking general, Forrest submitted, but said it was not his fight.

Sometime about the first week in July, 1864, we learned that Gen. A. J. Smith had left Memphis with a large force and was coming in the direction of Pontotoc, so there were pickets, or advance guards, sent out to meet them. I was with one of the squads. In a few days we were ordered to fall back and concentrate our command about five miles south of Pontotoc. We must have stayed there some four or five days, for we were ordered out several times toward Pontotoc to try to bring on an engagement, but we could not bring it about.

On the morning of the 13th of July we were ordered to strike camp and go in the direction of Pontotoc, and when we got near there we found that the enemy had flanked us and was going in the direction of Harrisburg and Tupelo; so we struck out in pursuit. There were two roads, about two and a half miles apart, one leading out from Pontotoc and the other south of the first, running parallel with each other; so part of the command followed in the enemy's wake and the other part took the south road leading in the same direction. That afternoon, about two or three o'clock, we left the road we were on and struck across to our left to flank the enemy. There had been some very heavy rains, and we had to ford a very muddy creek, and the last part of the command got considerably behind. Bell's Brigade was in front and the Kentucky brigade behind. Bell struck the enemy in the right flank and caused them to burn some of their wagons. We followed on in their wake, occasionally skirmishing with them. The weather was exceedingly hot, and a great many of our men got overheated. We lay in line of battle that night. I was very tired and slept well.

The next morning, the 14th, about sunup, I awoke and looked down our line. I think I was the only one awake for five or ten minutes, and I had time to think. I thought: "Some of you are sleeping your last sleep before you sleep the sleep that knows no waking." Skirmishing was already going on in front, and the balls were whistling over us. When the sun was about three-quarters of an hour high we were ordered to form and move forward. I don't think we were more than three-quarters of a mile from their fortifications when we started. We moved steadily along until within three hundred yards of their fortifications. About that time Colonel Faulkner's bugler sounded the charge, and we charged to within forty-five yards of their fortifications. There was such a storm of shot and shell that all who were not killed lay down. I never heard any command to lie down, but I lay down, and everybody else did. The blaze of the cannon reached halfway to us. I feel satisfied that our own cannon did not reach their mark, but fell among us, and that a shell from our own battery killed Colonel Faulkner's horse and wounded him. How long we lay there I don't know, but our right was unprotected, and the enemy had gotten in a ditch to our right and opened a cross-fire on us. I think I was the last one to leave the field, and I carried off a wounded boy by the name of Murray. Our regiment was on the extrem right of the brigade, with the 8th Kentucky on our left.

I heard afterwards that General Roddey's division of Ala bamians was to have come up on our right, but they neve came, so that left our right unsupported, and we retreate under a cross-fire. We rallied and formed in line, and th 12th Kentucky was sent around to Verona, some five mile south of Tupelo, to guard the railroad. The next morning the 15th, we opened up skirmish lines on them, and the evacuated their fortifications at Harrisburg and starte toward Memphis, making a stand at Old Town Creek, wher we pursued them, attacking them again; and after a terrifi battle we were repulsed, with heavy loss of men and officers killed and wounded. It was here that Col. L. J. Sherrill, o the 7th Kentucky Regiment, was killed, Col. Ed Crosslan and General Forrest both painfully wounded, and Maj. H. S Hale severely (thought at the time mortally) wounded However, on being permitted by General Forrest to go to private house for care and treatment, he fell into the kin hands of a family by the name of Sykes in Columbus, Miss After lingering between life and death for several weeks, h underwent an operation by the surgeon of the post, who re moved sixteen pieces of shattered bone and a piece of hi uniform coat from the wound in his left hip. However under the tender care and nursing of this godly family of th Southland, Mr. and Mrs. James Sykes, he was sufficiently recovered in eight months to report to his command o crutches, and General Forrest promoted him to the rank o lieutenant colonel and assigned him to duty with the 3d an 7th Kentucky Regiments, consolidated.

The battle of Harrisburg, Miss., is known among Confed erate soldiers as "No Man's Battle," as all the generals in th engagement, from Maj. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, the senior of ficer in command, to Brig. Gen. H. B. Lyon, commander o the Kentucky brigades, disclaimed responsibility for th charge by the Confederates that opened the battle, laying i all on Colonel Faulkner's bugler who blew the charge. Thi was an unfortunate engagement for the Confederates. Gen eral Forrest was quoted as saying: "The Kentucky brigad was slaughtered in front of the fortifications of the Federals." Major Hale's horse was shot from under him while he wa leading his regiment in a charge on the enemy's breastwork on the 14th of July, fifty years ago.



MEMBERS OF GEN. E. KIRBY SMITH'S STAFF.

Lieut. E. Cunningham, C. A.; Capt. Ernest Walworth, A. A. G.; Lieut John Compton French, V. A. D. C.

STONEWALL JACKSON AT PORT REPUBLIC.

BY CLEON MOORE, CHARLESTOWN, W. VA.

Those who followed Stonewall Jackson through the campaign of 1862 in the Valley of Virginia well remember how he baffled the three Federal generals who opposed him—how he defeated General Milroy at McDowell, General Banks at Winchester, Va., and prevented Generals Fremont and Shields from flanking him on the retreat up the valley from Harper's Ferry to Port Republic.

When we reached Port Republic the bulk of the army encamped north of the branch of the Shenandoah River, which flows from the western part of the valley to that of the same river which flows at the base of the Blue Ridge Mountains, having its source near Waynesboro, on the (now) Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. It is well remembered by those who survive how jaded and worn out General Jackson's army was when it reached Port Republic, in Rockingham County, Va., after passing through the strenuous campaign of that spring. The writer of this article was in the Stonewall Brigade, organized and commanded by General Jackson before he was promoted and put in command of a division.

When we went into camp at Port Republic, General Jackson's headquarters were located on the south side of the middle branch of the Shenandoah River, and very few troops were near where his quarters were located. As stated, the bulk of the army was encamped north of the stream in the direction of Harrisonburg, Va. After the arduous campaign through which we had passed, all were disposed to rest. I was sent with a detail, a small force, and we were stationed to guard the wooden bridge at the edge of the village of Port Republic.

On a bright Sunday morning early in June, 1862, we were quietly resting at that place. Those not on post were quietly fishing in the stream. Quite early in the morning some of our cavalry came riding up the river on the side next to the mountains. They were riding rapidly and called to us as they passed that the Yankees were advancing in force. We replied to them to ride fast or the Yankees would catch them. They took our advice and ran through the town, continuing their flight toward Waynesboro. Soon after they passed a shell came crashing through the bridge from the eastern side of the river. This was followed by more shells fired in rapid succession, and the splinters flew from the side of the bridge.

Major Stewart, in command of the detail, directed me to go to Capt. John Avis, the provost marshal, whose quarters were a short distance from the bridge, and ask him what he should do. I went to Captain Avis, who, with Dr. Hunter McQuire, was loading the sick and wounded in wagons to send them beyond the range of the artillery fire. They were not using very choice language in giving their orders. Upon delivering my message to Captain Avis, he told me to return to Major Stewart and tell him to hold the bridge as long as possible. I returned to the bridge and found that Major Stewart had withdrawn his small force to the north side of the river, where the bulk of the army was encamped.

I did not consider it my duty to hold the bridge alone nor to cross it under the heavy artillery fire to which it was then subjected. I had heard the day before that one infantry company, commanded by Capt. S. I. C. Moore, of our brigade, afterwards on General Early's staff, was stationed at a ford up the stream which flows at the foot of the mountain. Although I did not know where the company had been placed, I thought I could be of more service with that company than by trying to hold the bridge. I went down a side street of the town to the river, and instead of finding one of our companies I saw a regiment of Federal cavalry charging up the east side of the river, which was not a large stream, shooting at everything in sight.

Being of the opinion that I could not successfully charge a whole regiment, I returned to the main street of the village, and as I reached it General Jackson came down the street, riding furiously toward the bridge. I did not undertake to stop him, but pointed in the direction of the enemy. He seemed to understand, and without slackening his speed, but rather increasing it, he rode through the bridge, which was under a terrific fire of artillery. I wondered that he was not killed. But he rode through the bridge and up the hill to where the troops were in camp. Very soon after he reached the camp a battery was unlimbered on the brow of the hill and opened fire on the enemy. My recollection is that it was the Rockbridge Artillery. I had never heard artillery fire so rapidly. This drew the attention of the enemy from the bridge, and very soon the infantry charged with a yell down to the bridge, and the advance of the enemy was checked.

A short time before this I heard a volley of musketry up the stream in the direction that the regiment of Federal cavalry had moved, and it was well understood that Captain Moore's company was drawn up in line, repulsed the Federal cavalry, and sent them scampering back to General Shields's army. If they had not been repulsed, they would have captured the headquarters and ammunition wagons.

Major Henderson, in his "Life of Stonewall Jackson," gives this company the credit for repulsing the enemy and saving the wagons. On that day the battle of Cross Keys was fought, where Gen. Turner Ashby was killed. On the next day General Jackson concentrated his forces and drove General Shields down the valley.

THAT LIGHTNING BUG BATTLE.

BY W. H. SMITH, WEALTHY, TEX.

I have read several accounts of the so-called lightning bug battle at Kennesaw Mountain, and as I was there I would like to give my version of it.

I belonged to Capt. W. B. Turner's battery, and we were attached to General Maney's brigade. On the night of the battle our battery was on that part of the line occupied by Maney's Brigade. The Federals had made a charge on our line a few days before, and we had repulsed them. Our lines were close together and our pickets as near the Federal line as they could get. With holes in the ground for protection during the day, they could be relieved only at night. On the night of the so-called lightning bug battle the Federal wagons came in with rations for the men, and our pickets, hearing the rattle of the wagons and the Federals out of the ditches drawing rations, concluded that they were advancing and fired off their guns, running back and jumping into the ditches. As soon as the last man was in we opened fire, thinking the whole Federal army was charging us. We kept up the fire several minutes before we found out our mistake.

My recollection now is that the Federals never fired a shot. A few days later one of the boys got hold of a Northern paper, which gave an account of this engagement and the number we killed. I do not recall the exact number, but think it was two or three hundred.

GENERAL BURBRIDGE IN KENTUCKY.

BY B. L. VANMETER, LEXINGTON, KY.

Gen. Stephen Burbridge held sway in the city of Lexington, Ky., for several years during the war and committed many deeds which stirred the wrath and indignation of all Southern sympathizers. Many of these have already been recorded, but there was one of which I have seen little record.

Gen. Humphrey Marshall, of the Southern army, held the pass of Pound Gap from the beginning of hostilities for several years, and until the Federal armies had flanked him on both sides and his rear was threatened, which compelled him to withdraw his forces from this gap. Then General Burbridge determined to take possession of this mountain pass and by placing a garrison there cut off all from Kentucky. About the time he began this move Gen. John S. Williams, who was with his brigade in the vicinity of Nashville, heard of his intentions and determined to get to the Gap first and be ready to receive him. As my brother, L. M. Vanmeter, who commanded a company of cavalry in Morgan's Brigade, was at this time with his company, detached, in the vicinity, General Williams had him to gather up all the odds and ends of cavalry that he could collect on short notice, which gave him more than one hundred mounted men as the cavalry force of this expedition. They set out on a forced march for Pound Gap, where they arrived about twenty-four hours in advance of General Burbridge and quietly awaited his arrival.

Meanwhile it had rained a great deal, and the mountain streams were furious torrents, entirely out of their banks. I need say only that the battle was sharp, short, and decisive. In a few hours after the skirmish began Burbridge's entire army was scattering pell-mell, making for the bushes and rugged places in the mountains, with the Southern soldiers in pursuit and hard pressing the larger squads, forcing them into the raging streams, which, when the Federals escaped drowning, proved to be quite a protection to them because the Southern men would not risk crossing. For months before this General Burbridge had been organizing a regiment of negro cavalry, and it numbered several hundred, not a few of them mounted on their masters' horses. Very much against my wishes, I had furnished one cavalryman for this regiment, a boy named Anderson, about nineteen years of age, and an excellent house servant. He was found some distance downstream weeks after he had been drowned, and he had not been in the service three months. Down this stream for miles a number of these cavalrymen were found who had been washed off of their horses by the raging torrent and drowned.

But what became of General Burbridge? To give a full and correct answer, I must be permitted to go back a little. A short time before he started on this expedition he had issued an order for my arrest, which meant for me Camp Chase Prison and to stay there until the close of the war or pay thousands of dollars for my release. But I had at least one good and true friend, Judge James H. G. Bush, who was a loyal Union man from the teeth out. He had procured some good government contracts and made considerable money. He heard of the order for my arrest in time to give me about thirty minutes' notice, which was time enough, and when they came for me I was miles away and they knew not where. The next morning I boarded a train before daylight at Lexington (Burbridge's headquarters), and my friends let it be known that day that I was well on my way to Canada. Instead I stopped off at Chillicothe, Ohio, where I had friends and relatives who were as true and loyal to the Southern cause as could be found in Richmond, Va., and there I remained, not at all conspicuous, for about two weeks. In the meantime Maj. George Moore, of West Virginia, whose post office was Gallipolis, Ohio, but whose one thousand acres of fine land and his residence were in West Virginia a few miles down the river, came over to Chillicothe and had me go home with him. We went to Portsmouth, on the Ohio River, to take a boat to go to Moore's Landing, and while waiting at the hotel a little boat came down from Big Sandy River with General Burbridge and one or two of his staff. They came up to our hotel to wait for another boat to take them to Cincinnati. I saw the brass buttons and blue coats coming up the hill from the wharf and had sufficient gallantry to retire to a back room and give those distinguished guests full and free possession of the front. Major Moore remained to assist the landlord in receiving them. General Burbridge began at once to relate in detail his disaster, to which Major Moore listened in sympathetic silence until he could hold no more, when he quietly retired to the back room where I was and fell into a chair, so convulsed with restrained laughter that he tried my patience in waiting for him to compose himself sufficiently to tell me what I was so eager to know. Finally he threw up both hands and blurted out in an audible whisper: "Old ——! Give him hell." And then he commenced another convulsion, but after a little he whispered again, "He has got all of his army that is left with him here," and then another laugh.

General Burbridge had to wait only a short time after this until a boat came down and took him to Cincinnati, and about a half hour later another boat came on and took us to Moore's Landing. After getting to ourselves on the boat, Major Moore related in detail and in a very entertaining way General Burbridge's woes and wailings and gnashings of teeth. I do not know when I ever had a more enjoyable boat ride, with the satisfaction of knowing exactly where General Burbridge was, while he may have thought he knew where I was and didn't.

I extended my visit with Major Moore for more than two weeks, while my wife and others interested her cousin, Mrs. Goodloe, who was a very influential friend of General Burbridge, in procuring a pledge from him that I might come home (from Canada) and that, so long as I committed no overt act, I should not be molested. So I came home home to be good, and for some time afterwards stragglers of General Burbridge's army continued to come in small squads to this vicinity, but he never had a negro regiment after that campaign.

PROMOTION FOR A CONFEDERATE PRIVATE.

A bill has been passed by the United States Senate which gives Lieut. Col. Junius L. Powell, U. S. A., the rank of brigadier general, U. S. A., on the retired list. He is now the only officer on the rolls of the United States army who was in the Confederate service. Colonel Powell was a private in the Confederate army, and in 1879, by special act of Congress, he was appointed assistant surgeon in the United States army. After nearly thirty years of active service he was retired in 1908 with the rank of lieutenant colonel. On account of his long and faithful service, taken in connection with the precedents in the cases of Gens. Joseph Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee, who were brigadier generals, U. S. A., on the retired list, this rank is given to the last Confederate soldier in the United States army.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

Commander in Chief, Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Memphis, Tenn.

STAFF.

Inspector in Chief, George W. Drummond, Savannah, Ga.
Quartermaster in Chief, Edwin A. Taylor, Memphis, Tenn.
Commissary in Chief, Harry L. Seay, Dallas, Tex.
Judge Advocate in Chief, John W. Dodge, Jacksonville, Fla.
Surgeon in Chief, Dr. Selden Spencer, St. Louis, Mo.
Chaplain in Chief, Rev. J. Cleveland Hall, Danville, Va.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo., Chairman.
C. Seton Fleming, Jacksonville, Fla., Secretary.
John W. Bale, Rome, Ga.
W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, Va.
Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex.
W. W. Old, Jr., Norfolk, Va.

COMMITTEES.

Historical Committee: ——, Chairman.
Relief Committee: A. D. Smith, Jr., Chairman, Fayetteville, W. Va.
Monument Committee: R. B. Haughton, Chairman, St. Louis, Mo.
Finance Committee: A. L. Yates, Chairman, Columbia, Miss.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

Army of Northern Virginia Department, E. Hening Smith, Montgomery, Ala.
Army of Tennessee Department, P. J. Mullen, Rome, Ga.
Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Creed Caldwell, Pine Bluff, Ark.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

Alabama, John L. Moulton, Mobile, Ala.
Arkansas, C. M. Philpot, Pine Bluff, Ark.
California, H. P. Watkins, Los Angeles, Cal.
Colorado, J. A. Gallagher, Denver, Colo.
District of Columbia, J. Roy Price, Washington, D. C.
Eastern, John Clifton Elder, New York, N. Y.
Florida, W. W. Harriss, Ocala, Fla.
Georgia, John S. Cleghorn, Summerville, Ga.
Kentucky, F. B. Adcock, Carrollton, Ky.
Louisiana, J. W. McWilliams, Monroe, La.
Maryland, A. W. Hawks, Ruxton, Md.
Mississippi, George C. Myers, Jackson, Miss.
Missouri, H. C. Francisco, Marshall, Mo
North Carolina, C. B. Denson, Raleigh, N. C.
Ohio, Ralph Reamer, Columbus, Ohio.
Oklahoma, W. F. Gilmer, Oklahoma, City, Okla.
Pacific, Merritt F. Gilmer, Seattle, Wash.
South Carolina, A. L. Gaston, Chester, S. C.
Tennessee, Thomas B. Hooker, Memphis, Tenn.
Texas, W. R. Blain, Beaumont, Tex.
Virginia, Garland P. Peed, Norfolk, Va.
West Virginia, A. D. Smith, Jr., Fayetteville, W. Va.

[This department is conducted by N. B. Forrest, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., Memphis, Tenn., to whom all communications and inquiries should be addressed.]

APPEAL TO MEMBERS TO WEAR THE OFFICIAL S. C. V. BUTTON.

The Constitution of the Sons of Confederate Veterans provides that every member of the organization is entitled to wear the official badge of the Confederation.

It is the earnest desire of your Commander in chief and the Executive Council that every Son secure one of these buttons and wear it constantly, thereby showing affiliation with our order and his interest in same. All Camps are urged to secure subscriptions at once from their members and forward to general headquarters.

It is suggested that new Camps charge an initiation fee sufficient to cover the cost of the button and that all the members be provided with them.

All officers of the Confederation are requested to secure these buttons without delay and are asked to wear them constantly. The buttons can be purchased only from Adjutant in Chief Forrest, Memphis, Tenn. Price, $1 each.

SEYMOUR STEWART, *Commander in Chief.*

ANNUAL REUNIONS, S. C. V.

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

The reunion of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., was held at Jackson, Miss., on October 7 and 8, and, following the usual custom, Comrade George C. Myers, Commander of the Mississippi Division, S. C. V., called a reunion of the Sons on the same dates. The reunion was one of the most enjoyable in the history of the Mississippi Division, over five hundred veterans being in attendance and many Sons from different sections of the State. Every home in Jackson was thrown open to the visitors and every courtesy shown them.

The reunion of the Mississippi Division, S. C. V., was held at the Board of Trade Auditorium on the afternoon of October 7, and among the visitors present were Adjutant in Chief Forrest and Comrade Moulton, Commander of the Alabama Division, S. C. V. Division Commander Myers presided, and his report showed the following Camps in good standing: Camp Mildred Humphreys, Greenwood; Camp L. Q. C. Lamar, Oxford; Camp W. S. Davis, Waynesboro; Camp M. A. Metts, Louisville; Camp Issaquena, Mayersville; Camp Natchez, Natchez; Camp J. F. Sessions, Meadville; Camp Jefferson Davis, Jackson; Camp Harrisburg, Tupelo.

Comrade J. Pink Cagle, Commander of the First Brigade, reported the organization of Camp Philadelphia at Philadelphia, Miss. Division Commander Myers has divided his Division into six Brigades, comprised of counties as follows:

First Brigade: Attala, Kemper, Lauderdale, Leake, Neshoba, Newton, Noxubee, Rankin, Scott, Winston.

Second Brigade: Bolivar, Hinds, Holmes, Issaquena, Madison, Sharkey, Sunflower, Warren, Washington, and Yazoo.

Third Brigade: Carroll, Coahoma, De Soto, Grenada, Lafayette, Leflore, Marshall, Montgomery, Panola, Quitman, Tallahatchie, Tate, Tunica, and Yalobusha.

Fourth Brigade: Alcorn, Benton, Calhoun, Chickasaw, Choctaw, Clay, Itawamba, Lee, Lowndes, Monroe, Oktibbeha, Pontotoc, Prentiss, Tippah, Tishomingo, Union, and Webster.

Fifth Brigade: Clarke, Covington, Forrest, George, Greene, Harrison, Jackson, Jasper, Jefferson Davis, Jones, Lamar, Pearl River, Perry, Smith, and Wayne.

Sixth Brigade: Adams, Amite, Claiborne, Copiah, Franklin, Hancock, Jefferson, Lawrence, Lincoln, Marion, Pike, Simpson, and Wilkinson.

Brigade Commanders will be appointed at once and an active campaign made to report fifty Camps at the Richmond Reunion. The next reunion of the Mississippi Division will be held at Biloxi.

ALABAMA DIVISION.

Comrade John L. Moulton, Commander of the Alabama Division, S. C. V., has called a reunion of his Division to be held at Mobile October 20-23, and orders have been issued urging all Camps in the State to send delegates.

Comrade Moulton anticipates a large representation from his Camps, and he expects to reinstate the Camps at Montgomery, Huntsville, Evergreen, Bessemer, Jacksonville, Tuscumbia, Birmingham, Jackson, and Fort Payne.

COLORADO DIVISION.

Commander John A. Gallaher, of the Colorado Division, is actively at work increasing the membership of the Denver Camp and advises that he expects to organize Camps at Colorado Springs, Pueblo, and several other points in his Division.

District of Columbia Division.

Commander J. Roy Price, of the District of Columbia Division, reports that the membership of the Washington Camp has doubled since the Jacksonville Reunion, and that they intend to show the largest increase of any Camp in the Confederation during the coming year.

The Washington Camp has selected as sponsor for the Richmond Reunion Miss Sallie Williams, daughter of Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, and as maid of honor Miss Italy Carter, daughter of Representative Carter, of Oklahoma. A reception and dance in honor of these ladies will be given by the Camp on Tuesday evening, October 20, 1914.

Georgia Division.

The annual reunion of the Georgia Division, S. C. V., was held in Macon, Ga., September 16 and 17, 1914. The convention was opened on the morning of the 16th by Judge Augustin Daly, Commander of Thomas Hardeman Camp, No. 18, of Macon, who welcomed the visiting comrades and then turned the meeting over to John S. Cleghorn, of Summerville, Ga., Commander of the Georgia Division. After the appointment of the Committee on Credentials, the meeting became a renewal of old acquaintances and greeting of new comrades, and adjournment was then made in a body to the City Hall, where the reunion of the Georgia Division, U. C. V., was in session.

In the evening, at the invitation of the members of Thomas Hardeman Camp, S. C. V., a large and enthusiastic audience of Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and their friends gathered at the City Hall, where the beloved Commander in Chief, U. C. V., Gen. Bennett H. Young, introduced Judge N. E. Harris, Governor elect of the State of Georgia. Following the enthusiastic greeting, Judge Harris delivered an address that made a deep impression upon his hearers. At the close of the address the visiting Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and their wives and daughters were invited to a dance at the Auditorium.

The convention was again called to order on the morning of the 17th, with Commander John S. Cleghorn presiding. After hearing the report of the Credentials Committee, by motion of W. L. Williams it was voted to remit the back dues of all Camps that would reorganize and place themselves in good standing by April 1, 1915.

Upon motion of J. H. Palmer, minimum dues of one dollar per member were fixed for all Camps in the Division, to be divided as follows: Fifty cents per member to be paid to the general headquarters, twenty-five cents per member to be paid to the Division headquarters, and twenty-five cents per member to be paid to the Camp headquarters.

John S. Cleghorn was reëlected Commander of the Georgia Division and was authorized to appoint the commanders of the five brigades composing the Division.

The following resolution, offered by W. L. Williams, was passed:

"*Resolved*, That it is the sense of the Georgia Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans that at the General Reunion at Richmond in 1915 a complete statement should be made concerning the woman's monument, giving the subscriptions to this cause, how these have been paid, how much is now on hand, and in whose hands it is."

It was further resolved that this matter should be pushed to completion as rapidly as possible.

Arkansas Division.

Judge C. M. Philpot, Commander of the Arkansas Division, S. C. V., has called a meeting of his Division for November 3-5 at Little Rock, and the following order has been issued:

"Headquarters Arkansas Division, S. C. V.,
Pine Bluff, Sept. 24, 1914.

"A reunion of the sons and grandsons of the Sons of Confederate Veterans within this jurisdiction is hereby called for the 3d, 4th, and 5th of November in the city of Little Rock, this being the date designated by the Commander of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V.

"All staff officers are requested to attend this reunion, together with all Brigade Commanders within this jurisdiction, and all Camps of this Division are requested to send delegates and to have their Camps represented by sponsors, maids, and matrons. The basis of representation for the several Camps is hereby fixed at one delegate for each ten members, or a fraction of six or more members, provided that each Camp shall be entitled to at least two delegates to this reunion.

"All Camps whose *per capita* tax has been paid for the year 1914 are entitled to representation, and all Camps in this State which have been organized since the Jacksonville Reunion and those that are in arrears for the dues for 1914 can become eligible for representation at this reunion by sending their *per capita* tax to Nathan Bedford Forrest, Adjutant, on or before the first day of November, 1914.

"All Camps in this State who have not paid their *per capita* tax are requested and urged to so before the 1st of November in order that they may participate in this reunion. A program for the entertainment during the reunion will be made and published later.

C. M. Philpot, *Commander Arkansas Division.*
"By W. H. Adams, *Adjutant Arkansas Division.*"

Oklahoma Division.

Comrade W. F. Gilmer, Commander of the Oklahoma Division, has just forwarded to general headquarters papers with the request for charters for new Camps at the following points: Pryor Creek, Wagoner, Stigler, Checota, McAlister, Muskogee, and Altus, Okla., making a total of seven new Camps that he has formed since the Jacksonville Reunion. This makes a total of fifteen Camps that Comrade Gilmer has organized during the past ten months, and he advises that Oklahoma will be represented by not less than fifty Camps at the Richmond Reunion.

Tennessee Division.

The reunion of the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., was held at Union City, Tenn., on October 8 and 9. The Sons were represented by Comrade Thomas B. Hooker, Commander of the Tennessee Division, S. C. V., and his Adjutant, Comrade Vanden J. Willey, of Memphis.

Every courtesy was shown the Veterans and Sons by the citizens of Union City. Comrade Hooker, in behalf of the city of Memphis and the N. B. Forrest Camp, S. C. V., extended an invitation to the Tennessee Division to hold their 1915 reunion in Memphis, which invitation was unanimously accepted. The Forrest Camp will have active charge of this reunion; and as they handled both of the large Memphis Reunions, the visiting Veterans and Sons are assured a cordial welcome and an enjoyable time.

Comrade Hooker is actively at work reorganizing his Division and expects to travel over a large part of the State in the interest of the organization during the coming year. With the Veterans and the Daughters have promised their support in building up a splendid organization throughout the State, and many new Camps are now being formed.

Texas Division.

Adjutant Forrest reports that renewed interest is being manifested in the Texas Division and that new Camps are now being organized at Bowie and several other points in the State. The Phil Pearson Camp, of Bay City, reports the election of several new members.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT ST. LOUIS, MO.

[Address by Seymour Stewart, Commander in Chief S. C. V., at laying of corner stone of the Confederate monument in Forest Park, St. Louis, Mo., September 23, 1914.]

Madam President, Ladies, and Gentlemen: When I was elected Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans I never anticipated the pleasure of addressing you, for, indeed, it is a privilege I greatly appreciate; but I regret that I am not capable of felicitating you in the manner you deserve nor of adequately expressing my esteem for you personally and my admiration for your zeal and devotion.

Yours has been the true militancy of the American women. Contending against great prejudice and greater indifference, you have gone your steadfast way to a consummation glorious and complete. Every column you erect is at once the shrine of a blessed cause and a monument to the womanhood of the Confederacy. I am sure I voice the sentiments of all present when I say that this token of your love for our Southland fills our hearts to overflowing with admiration and gratitude. It is not a triumph accorded to an army of successful conquerors who gained laurels by the oppression of the weak or, disregarding the rights of others, entered into a devastating conflict for aggrandizement, but a monument of love to those who sacrificed their all for the principles they knew to be right.

Although it was decreed that they should be defeated and the living return to you sad and broken, nevertheless, animated by the sterling qualities that turn defeat into victory, in your love and fidelity you have caused monuments to be erected to commemorate their faithfulness to a trust bequeathed to them by their fathers, and all who gaze upon these memorials must realize that they yet live in the hearts of their countrymen.

The South has been deficient in writers of books—historians, poets, and novelists. Realizing this defect, you have undertaken a work that will hand down to ensuing ages the character of the men of the South with lasting marks of your devotion. Through your instrumentality more than thirteen hundred monuments have been erected to the soldiers, sailors, and statesmen of the South, which means that there is a monument for nearly every four hundred participants in the war. Where in all the ages past can you find such another tribute of love?

Who can visit the cities of the South and see these fine memorials without realizing the love and devotion that has blessed the men who wore the gray? What a consolation it must be for those who lost their dear ones to see such an acknowledgment of their valor as is represented in the marble and bronze erected in all parts of the South! For you did not confine your energies to monuments in a few large cities, but place them on battle fields, in cemeteries, and even in out-of-the-way places where deeds of heroism were performed. Thus you have proved that the greatest valor abounds where merit will be rewarded most abundantly.

Your suffering during the war was as intense as human strength could bear. Time has healed the wounds of some and lessened the pangs of others, yet memory will still recall certain days that brought a confirmation of your fears or filled your hearts with gratitude for the safety of your loved ones. Only the other day a certain French marquise, while attending mass one morning, noticed the nervousness of the Abbe. A mother's intuition told her that a calamity had befallen her. With sad eyes and a trembling voice she asked: "Which one?" I shall not attempt to portray the anguish of that mother, but rather return thanks to God for giving us peace.

Another phase of your work deserves special commendation. I refer to the splendid results you have achieved in clarifying the fair name of the South in the minds of those inhabitants of our country of foreign birth. Some of these left their native lands to better their condition; others came through necessity, being obliged to leave on account of participating in some effort to overthrow their government. These two classes are so numerous in some States that they can dictate the policies of our government. For instance, in the States of North Dakota and Minnesota, seventy-one per cent of their total population is composed of those of foreign birth and of persons one or both of whose parents are foreign-born; in Rhode Island, sixty-nine per cent; in Wisconsin, sixty-seven per cent; in Massachusetts, sixty-six per cent; and in New York and Connecticut, sixty-three per cent. To many of these failure means an unjust cause; and as the South was defeated, its inhabitants were regarded as rebels and traitors. It is your faithful love, your untiring energy and zeal, that has caused a new aspect to be presented to them. Monuments to defeated dead are not erected, principles crushed on a hundred battle fields are not cherished—by rebels and traitors. These are the earmarks of splendid loyalty, of high moral purpose, of attachment to something more than the spirit of revolution. Rather they speak of abounding faith in that truth. Though it be crushed to the earth, it will rise again. Especially is this true when a monument, the grandest of all, is erected in the National Cemetery at Arlington and accepted for the nation by the President of the United States.

Fifty years from now monuments will be erected on the gory fields of the Marne and Aisne. Whether any shall be erected to the glory of arms I cannot say. That love and precious memory will build here and there enduring bronze to the dead, dear to this land or that, is certain. Battle monuments! I can see at their bases the tremendous guns used in that dead yesterday when Britons, Belgians, Gauls, and Teutons grappled in the death struggle of 1914. Thank God the guns that rest forever at the four corners of our monuments are the old Napoleon pieces of 1860! Hushed are our sighs, stanched our tears these many years. Robins nest in these guns, moonlight and sunlight of the peaceful day glint the marble and glow the bronze. These are monuments of fidelity? Yes. Of veneration? Yes. Likewise they are the quiet and enduring corner stones of a nation's peace.

All honor to you, United Daughters of the Confederacy! May a tithe of your love, your energy, your zeal be instilled in the Sons of Confederate Veterans, that they may fulfill the purposes of their Confederation and in the years to come may share with you the praises that I feel you deserve but cannot proclaim to you!

THE LAST ROLL.

"It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And midst the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God."

Capt. Robert McCulloch.

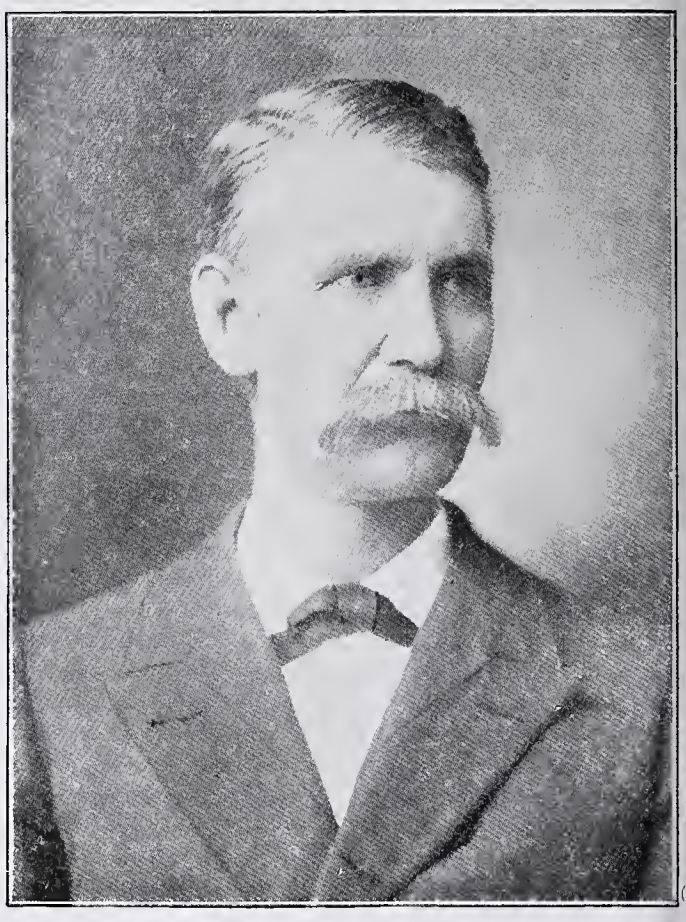
Capt. Robert McCulloch was born in Osceola, Mo., September 15, 1841, of parents who had recently moved from the State of Virginia. He was left an orphan at an early age and went to live with a cousin near Lexington, Va.

He was educated at the Virginia Military Institute, in Lexington, and was in his second year at this institute when the war broke out. The Governor of the State of Virginia ordered all the cadets to Richmond to act as drillmasters for the raw recruits who were then coming into Richmond. After several months of this drilling the cadets were anxious to see active service and petitioned the Governor to allow them to enlist in a body. This was not considered desirable by the authorities, and they disbanded the cadets and allowed them to seek their own companies.

Cadet McCulloch fell in with the 18th Virginia Infantry. As skilled officers were in great demand, he was soon made adjutant of the regiment, which position he held for two years. The position of captain of Company B being vacant at that time, he was elected captain of this company and served during the rest of the war in this position. He participated in all the heavy fighting of the Army of Northern Virginia and was in the charge of Pickett's Division at Gettysburg, where he was wounded twice and left for dead on the field. He lay for two days upon the field of battle and was then placed in an improvised hospital in the city of Gettysburg. After about a month in this hospital he, together with other captured officers, was sent to prison on Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie, and there spent one year. He was then exchanged and returned to his company in the 18th Virginia Infantry. He was among the last prisoners who were exchanged.

In 1868 Captain McCulloch married Miss Emma Paxton, of Rockbridge County, Va., and shortly afterwards moved to St. Louis County, Mo., and took charge of a large tract of land owned by a cousin. After being in St. Louis County for four years, he was made superintendent of the Bellefontaine car line and remained in the street railway business until his death.

In 1890 a group of Chicago capitalists purchased the horse roads in the northern part of the city of St. Louis and engaged Captain McCulloch as manager for their syndicate. These roads were converted into cable and electric traction and were profitably operated until the consolidation of all of the street railways in St. Louis in 1899. At this time the Chicago capitalists sold out their interests in St. Louis, and Captain McCulloch went to Chicago, where he was made Vice President and General Manager of the Chicago City Railway Company. He remained in Chicago until 1904, when he returned to St. Louis as vice President and general manager of the consolidated electric railways of St. Louis. In 1909 he was



CAPT. ROBERT M'CULLOCH.

made President of the United Railway Company of St. Lo and held this position until his death, on September 28, 191

Captain McCulloch leaves a widow and three childre Richard, Roberta, and Mrs. Thomas E. Powe.

Dr. D. K. Morton.

Dr. David Knight Morton died recently at his home, Kansas City. He was born March 1, 1841, at Nicholasvi Ky., and was a son of Dr. William A. and Juliette H. M ton. His parents removed to Liberty, Mo., in 1842, and t place had practically been his home since, or at least he so during all the subsequent years. His education was obtai in the schools of Liberty and at William Jewell College.

At the outbreak of the War between the States Dr. M ton espoused the cause of the South, and was for a time c nected with General Broxton, of Bragg's medical departm He was a private and then a lieutenant in Gen. John H. M gan's command, and was with him in all his army moveme until the 19th of July, 1863, when he was captured, with greater part of the command. He remained in confinem until June 12, 1865, when he was released from Fort Delaw Returning home, he engaged in the drug business and c tinued to do so until 1874, when he studied medicine a graduated from the Kansas City College of Physicians a Surgeons. He engaged in the practice of medicine in C County and subsequently in Kansas City from his graduat to the close of his life.

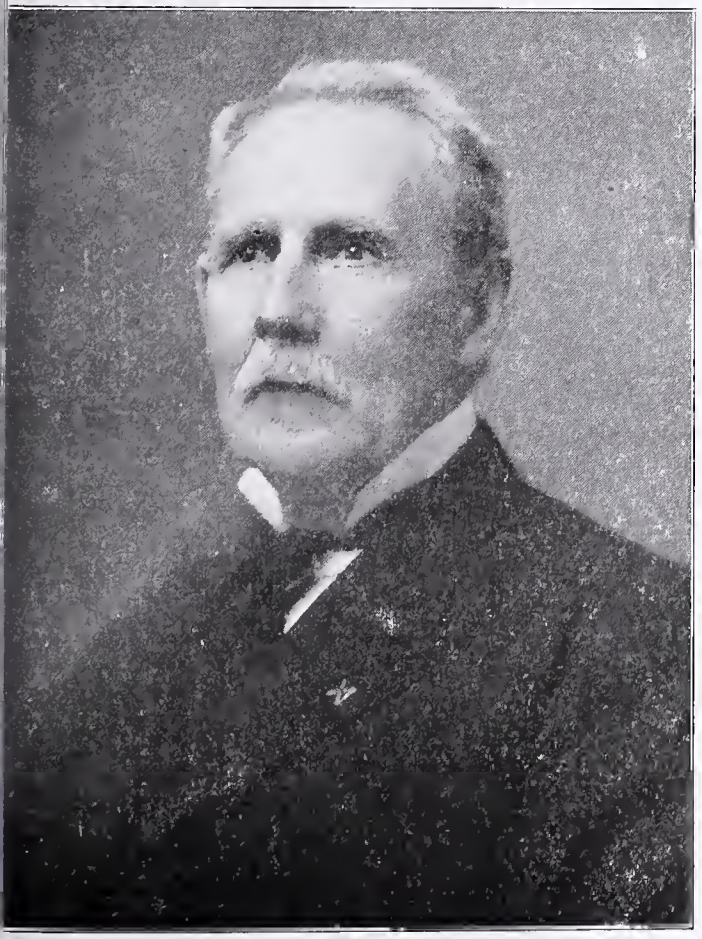
In 1866 Dr. Morton was married to Miss Mary L. M Meekin, whose parents were Kentuckians then living Leavenworth, Kans. To them six children were born. Th daughters and a son survive him, with the beloved wife. the age of fifteen David Morton became a Christian and c tinued a steadfast member of the Christian Church to the e

James Polk Smartt.

n the death of our comrade, J. P. Smartt, on the 9th of tember, 1914, this Camp, the city of Chattanooga, and Tenssee lost one of their most useful citizens and successful iness men. He was born in Warren County, Tenn., Sepber 11, 1844, and received his education in the schools of county. When eighteen years of age he enlisted in Comy C, 16th Tennessee Infantry Regiment, commanded by gallant Colonel Savage, and served as a private in that ipany during the remainder of the War between the States. m beginning to end that regiment did splendid service as art of the Army of Tennessee, and our comrade took part the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary ge, all the general engagements between Chattanooga and esboro, Ga., Franklin and Nashville, Tenn., and at Bentone, N. C., where he was surrendered with the army of Gen. eph E. Johnston on April 26, 1865.

lthough slightly wounded at Murfreesboro, twice at ckamauga, and once in front of Atlanta, he never left the d, and he enjoyed the unusual distinction of having never n absent from his command even one day during his long m of service.

oon after the surrender Mr. Smartt moved to Nashville, l for about ten years he was engaged in mercantile pursuits that city. He came to Chattanooga in 1875 and organized wholesale boot and shoe firm of Smartt & Oehmig, which, ht years later, was succeeded by the firm of Smartt Bros. Co., which continued in business until his death. During long residence in this city he became interested in many er commercial enterprises. He was an active, earnest, and ful member and elder of the Cumberland Presbyterian urch at Chattanooga, and for a great many years he served clerk of its session.



JAMES POLK SMARTT.

On January 21, 1879, he married Miss Rowena Kennedy, who, with their two sons and one daughter, now mourns the loss of a devoted husband and father.

Owing to his very accurate knowledge as to the movement of troops on the battle field of Chickamauga, the United States War Department designated him as Historian for the Park Commission to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Gen. H. V. Boynton, and as such he rendered most valuable service.

Comrade Smartt was a charter member of N. B. Forrest Camp and was active in its organization and greatly interested in its operations. He had served as its Commander and as Chairman of its Committee on the Battle Field of Chickamauga, which started the work of erecting markers and tablets at historic points, and subsequently received the thanks of the Government Park Commission for the devoted and faithful services thus rendered. Previous records of this Camp show that he was a good soldier of the Confederacy, and his surviving comrades and fellow citizens know much of his zeal and fidelity for the welfare of Forrest Camp and the home city of his adoption.

On the day when he would have reached threescore and ten a large concourse of friends, neighbors, and comrades gathered to pay a last tribute of affection and respect to his memory. At the close of remarks by his pastor and another who had previously served his Church our Chaplain and a large number of comrades gathered around the casket, took his cross of honor from its place and delivered it to his eldest son, conducted the usual funeral services, and escorted his body to its resting place.

[From tribute by N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V., Chattanooga. Committee: J. A. Caldwell, S. J. A. Frazier, J. W. Bachman.]

Capt. John S. Simmons.

Capt. John S. Simmons died at his home, in Maitland, Fla., on November 6, 1913, after a long illness. He was born in North Carolina in 1836, and when he was but a small child the family removed to Mississippi, in which State he was reared and educated. He graduated from the University of Mississippi with honor in 1854 and was engaged in teaching for some years before the war came on. At the outbreak of hostilities he dismissed his school and enlisted in the 1st Mississippi Cavalry. His company was ordered to Kentucky and was in some of the battles there under Generals Van Dorn and Forrest. Comrade Simmons was elected captain of his company in a short time and took part in some of the hard-fought battles of Tennessee and Georgia. He was a brave and fearless soldier and held the esteem of all his men. He was captured at Selma, Ala., by General Wilson's command and sent to Macon, Ga., about the time of the surrender and from there was sent home to Carroll County. He resumed his vocation of teaching and helped to educate many of the sons of Mississippi who have been actively connected with the State's interests. In 1876 he removed to Florida and settled at Maitland, in Orange County, and soon went into orange culture. He was also treasurer of the county for fifteen years.

Major Simmons had married Miss Margaret Elliott, of Jackson, Miss., before the war, and while he was away fighting for his country she stayed at La Grange, Tenn., with her father's family and was a faithful nurse in the hospital there. When the Federals invaded the town she returned to Mississippi. She survives her husband with their four children—two sons and two daughters.

Dr. Lindsay Hughes Blanton.

Dr. Lindsay Hughes Blanton, one of the most widely known educators and churchmen in the South, died at his home, in Danville, Ky., on September 16, 1914. He was born in Cumberland County, Va., in 1832, a son of Joseph and Susan Walker Blanton. His father, also a native of Virginia and a planter, represented an English family established in the Old Dominion in 1700. In 1853 Dr. Blanton graduated from Hampden-Sidney College, of Virginia, with the degree of A.B. In 1878 his *Alma Mater* conferred upon him the degree of D.D. and in 1901 that of LL.D. After completing his college course he spent a year at the Union Theological Seminary of Virginia, but completed his studies for the ministry at Danville Theological Seminary in 1857. He then became pastor of the Church at Versailles, Ky., for four years, resigning at the commencement of the war and going to Salem, Va., where he identified himself with the Confederacy. In 1863 Dr. Blanton was appointed chaplain of the 44th Virginia Infantry, under Gen. Simon B. Buckner, but in the spring of 1864 he was transferred to Breckinridge's Division of Lee's army as chaplain of the 26th Virginia Battalion, Col. George M. Edgar commanding. This command, the 22d Regiment, and Darrett's Battalion composed the celebrated Echol's Brigade. He thus served until the conclusion of the war.

After the war Dr. Blanton became pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Salem, Va., until 1868, and for the following twelve years he served the Church at Paris. From 1880 until 1901 he was Chancellor of Central University, at Richmond. Then the institution was consolidated with Center College, and Dr. Blanton served as Vice President of Center College until 1907, retiring then from active duties. During the time he was Chancellor of Central University three hundred young men graduated from that institution, many of whom are now filling the highest places of useful service in Church and State. Dr. Blanton was also instrumental in building up Jackson Collegiate Institute and Matthew Scott Institute, but his monumental work in the cause of education was his splendid labors in behalf of the two central universities. Dr. Blanton had served as stated clerk of the Synod of Kentucky since 1874 and in the Virginia Synod from 1866 to 1868. He was four times commissioner to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States and was also trustee of the Confederate Home at Pewee Valley, Ky., from its organization.



DR. L. H. BLANTON.

Dr. Blanton's first wife was Miss Elizabeth Irvine, of Boyle County, and to them were born six children, five of whom are living, three sons and two daughters. In 1904 he was married to Mrs. Myra Bracken, who survives him.

In expressing his sympathy to the devoted wife, Governor McCreary said: "I knew Dr. Blanton as soldier, educator, minister, Christian, and friend, and he was always successful, able, and worthy."

John W. Killough.

Taps was sounded for another comrade when John W. Killough died at his home, in Vanndale, Ark., on May 7, 1914.

John W. Killough was born in what is now Cross County, Ark., on September 18, 1840. At the beginning of the war he volunteered and went out with the first company from Poinsett County in the 23d Arkansas Infantry. He was in the battles of Corinth, Iuka, Pocahontas, and the siege of Port Hudson. After exchange he organized a new company and was elected lieutenant. In the Brooks-Baxter war in Arkansas he raised a company and was on his way to Little Rock when the trouble was settled. At the time of his death he was Commander of the 1st Brigade of Arkansas Confederate Veterans, which he had also commanded the previous year.

I know him for many years and served on his staff at the Chattanooga Reunion. He was a high-toned gentleman in every sense of the word, a gallant and fearless soldier and true friend, and his many friends and neighbors will miss his kindly face and helping hand.

[Sketch by C. J. Hank, Germantown, Tenn.]

John S. Brantley.

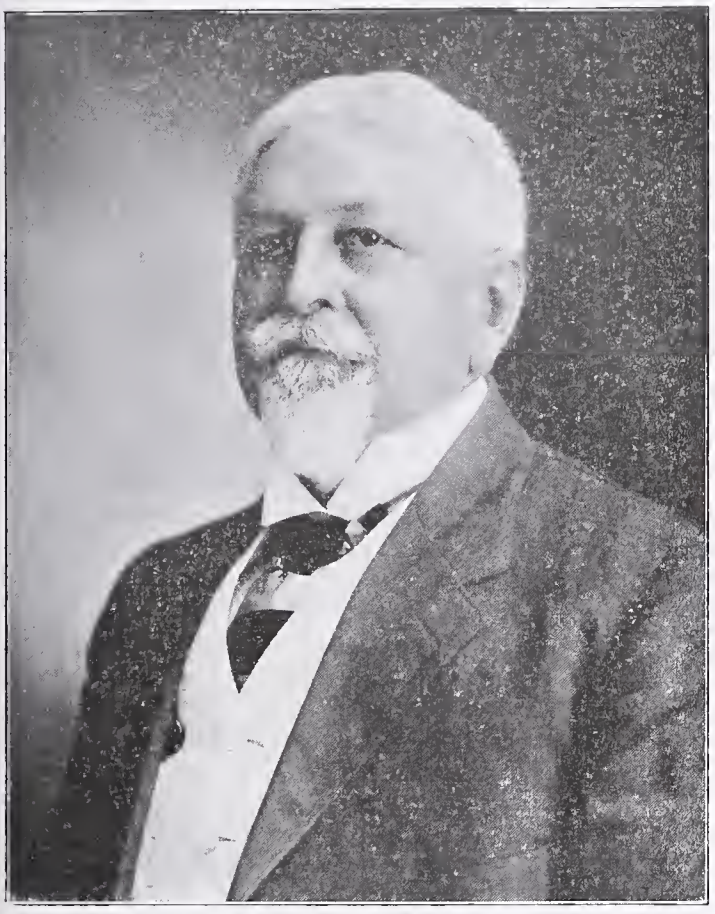
Comrade John S. Brantley was born on the 20th of June, 1844, at Penfield, Ga. In the year 1856 his father removed to Kansas and there resided until 1861, when, because of his Southern sentiments, the notorious jayhawkers made it necessary for him to leave there, and so he moved to Arkansas and located in Little Rock.

At the age of seventeen young Brantley enlisted in Etter's Battery, which was subsequently known as Zimmerman's Battery, serving faithfully to the close of the war, and was paroled June 20, 1865. He then engaged in civil engineering and took part in building the Cairo and Fulton, now the St. Louis, Iron Mountain, and Southern Railroad. He also assisted in building the Fort Smith and Pine Bluff and other railroads. He laid out Texarkana, Prescott, and other towns along these roads. Subsequently he was employed by the United States government in the construction of locks and dams in White River. He was married to Miss Ella Davidson, who, with four children, survives him.

He was for many years a loyal member of Omer R. Weaver Camp, No. 354. He died April 18, 1914. John S. Brantley was a quiet and unassuming Christian gentleman.

Capt. Peter Youree.

The death of Capt. Peter Youree, after a long illness, occurred at his home, in Shreveport, La., in September, 1914. Captain Youree was a Missourian by birth. He volunteered in the service of the Confederacy early in 1861, enlisting in Company A, Shelby's Cavalry, and during the war his command rendered valuable service. He participated in several



CAPT. PETER YOUREE.

battles fought in Missouri and was for a time connected with the Army of Tennessee. His record was that of a gallant soldier, and his title was obtained by promotions. At the close of the war he was honorably discharged at Shreveport.

At that time he was penniless, although rich in the "promises to pay" of the Confederacy. With other Missourians, he decided to remain in Shreveport, where he obtained employment in a clerical capacity at a wage that supplied his needs, but his view was "upward and onward"; and as he progressed in his capacity, he engaged in business on his own account. In 1870 he was married to Miss Bessie Scott, of Scottsville, Tex., and of this union were born two children, a son and daughter, the latter surviving him.

In business and social circles the strong, genial presence of Captain Youree was freely given, and his splendid ability was exerted for the good of the town in furthering its varied interests, helping to make a "greater Shreveport." His home, enriched by treasures of travel and art, opened welcome doors to friends in true hospitality, and in this inner circle he found true happiness.

The beautiful Confederate monument in Greenwood Cemetery was his noble gift to the Daughters of the Confederacy in memory of the cause he loved and for which he fought and would have died, a cause dear to his heart even when defeat had trailed its banner in the dust; and this memorial will stand forever not only to honor the cause of the South, but it will also honor the memory of the gallant soldier of the South who erected it.

At Scottsville, where stands the beautiful little church as a memorial to his beloved son, and where peace and beauty are written on nature's heart, he rests beside his own.

Fredrick William Bush.

Fredrick William Bush was born in Hesse Cassal, Germany, January 30, 1837, and emigrated to the United States in December, 1855, locating at Benton, Ark., where he established a saddlery and harness business. At the call for volunteers for the Confederate army he was among the first to enroll, becoming a member of Company E, 1st Arkansas Infantry. This regiment, organized at Little Rock in May, 1861, was immediately ordered to Virginia and became a part of the Army of Northern Virginia until January, 1862, when it was transferred to the Army of Tennessee, with which it remained throughout the war.

Comrade Bush was a good soldier in every way, always ready for any duty. He was in all the battles of his regiment, battle of First Manassas, Shiloh, Farmington, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and the eighty-five days' fighting from Dalton to Atlanta, Jonesboro, Ga., and Bentonville, N. C., surrendering at Greensboro, N. C., with the army of Joseph E. Johnston in May, 1865. He was also in the battles of Franklin and Nashville, Tenn., and was twice wounded. Returning home, he reëstablished his business for a number of years and then was in the drug business until a few years before his death. He was a Lutheran in religion; but as that Church had no organization at Benton, in 1882 he connected himself with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, of which he remained a loyal and consistent member.

In 1867 Comrade Bush married Miss Angie Lane, who, with two sons and a daughter, survives him. Since 1867 he had been a prominent and active member of the Masonic fraternity, serving as Warden and Treasurer of his lodge, being elected for the fourteenth term just a few days before his death, and he was buried with the Masonic ceremonies. The David O. Dodd Camp, U. C. V., of which Comrade Bush had been a member from its organization, also attended the funeral and fired the usual military salute over his grave.

As a citizen Comrade Bush stood high in the estimation of the community where he had lived so long. He was honest, sincere, big-hearted, universally loved, and respected. He at all times took great interest in the Confederate cause and did efficient work in circulating the Confederate Veteran, our faithful organ at Nashville, Tenn.

[From tribute by the David O. Dodd Camp, No. 325, U. C. V.; J. H. Shoppach, D. M. Cloud, C. F. Wylie, and J. A. A. Leach, committee.]

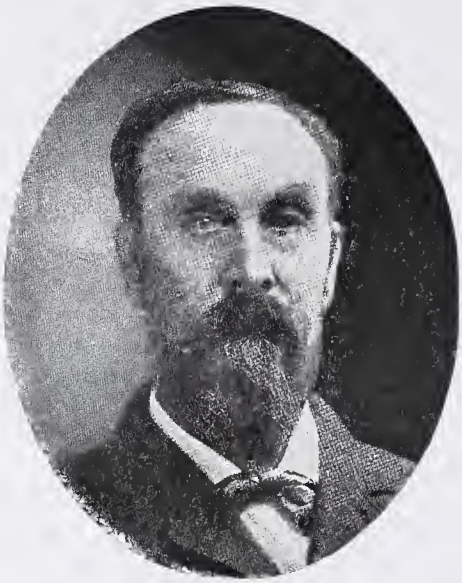
Joseph Morgan.

Joseph Morgan died recently at Salem, Va., in his seventy-first year, having been born November 26, 1843. On June 19, 1872, he was married to Miss Martha Van Staven, of Monroe County, and he is survived by six daughters.

At the outbreak of the war Joseph Morgan enlisted in Company D, 26th Virginia Regiment, better known as Edgar's Battalion, and served gallantly until he lost his leg in the battle of Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864. He took part in the battle of Lewisburg and many of the prominent engagements of that great struggle. He was a member of David E. Creigh Camp, U. C. V., and a number of his old comrades accompanied his remains to their last resting place.

Isaac McCann.

Isaac McCann, whose death occurred at Kennard, Nebr., in October, 1913, was a native of Virginia, having been born at Leplo, in that State, on June 5, 1842. In June, 1861, he enlisted in Company H, 37th Virginia Regiment, and served in the ranks for three years. He was serving under Stonewall Jackson at the time of that general's death. He took part in the battle of Gettysburg with General Ewell's command. In June, 1864, he was captured in front of Richmond and kept a prisoner at Fort Delaware for thirteen months. When released he returned to his old home, and in 1867 he was married to Miss Marguerite C. Wright, of Mocks Mills, Va. In 1872 he removed to Nebraska, and as a resident of Washington County he did much for the upbuilding of the county, leading in many movements for the public welfare. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, and since his young manhood had been allied with the Methodist Church. He is survived by his wife and eight children.



ISAAC M'CANN.

Col. Francis X. Ward.

Col. Francis Xavier Ward, who died at his home, in Philadelphia, in August, 1914, was one of the last survivors of the staff of Gen. Stonewall Jackson. He was a Baltimore man who began fighting for the Confederacy in the famous attack on Massachusetts troops passing through Baltimore April 19, 1861. His wounds, suffered when the Massachusetts volunteers fired on the mob, were so severe that he was reported dead. His college chum, James R. Randall, when a professor in Poydras College, Pointe Coupee, La., wrote the words of "Maryland, My Maryland" while grieving for the friend whom he supposed to have been a martyr for the Southern cause. Colonel Ward recovered in a few months and fought with the Confederates throughout the war. He was with Lee at the surrender at Appomattox.

When the conflict came Colonel Ward had just completed a law course at Georgetown University. He began active practice in 1865, and until ten years ago he was prominent in legal circles both in Baltimore and Philadelphia. He lived in retirement for ten years. He was a member of many military organizations in Baltimore. His wife, two sons, and a daughter survive him.

J. W. Sanders.

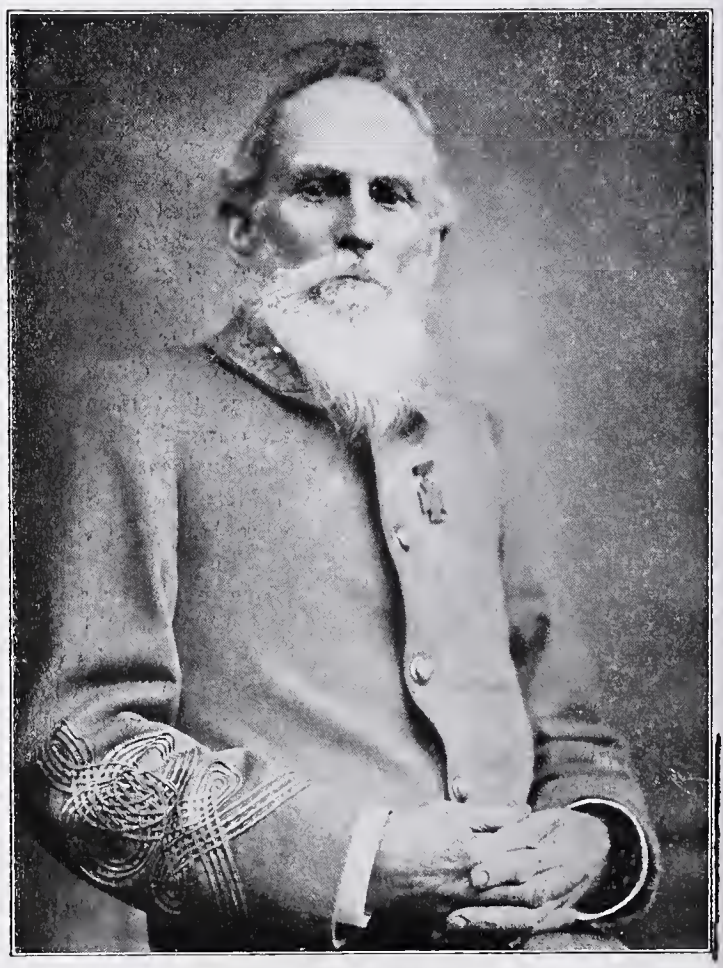
Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, U. C. V., of Beaumont, Tex., reports the death of J. W. Sanders, an honored member, on the 6th of June, 1914, aged seventy-two years. His early life was spent on a farm, and he received but a common school education. In the early part of 1862 he volunteered in the cause of the South, enlisting in the 25th Texas Cavalry, with which command he served until the close of the war. Returning home, he resumed his life on the farm, later embarking in the mercantile business at Weiss Bluff, in Jasper County, and by industry and economy he succeeded in amassing a large amount of property. He was never married. He lived a retired life and had been an honored member of the Camp almost from its organization. In his death a useful member was lost. He was at all times modest and unassuming, delighted to meet and greet his friends. The burial was at Beaumont, conducted by comrades of the U. C. V. Camp.

Col. R. D. Funkhauser.

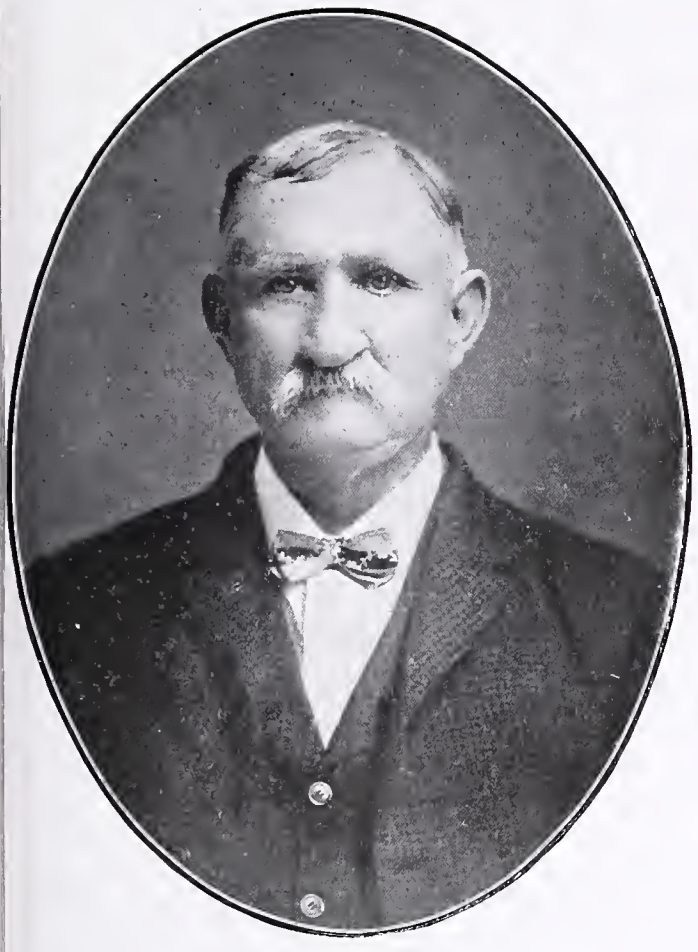
R. D. Funkhauser, Brigadier General commanding the Third Virginia Brigade, U. C. V., died in January, 1914, at his home, near Maurertown, Va. He was a Warren County man and helped to organize the Warren Rifles of that county and later was made captain of the company. Subsequently he became lieutenant colonel of his regiment, the 49th Virginia, Early's Brigade, which was engaged in all the important battles of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, from First Manassas to the 25th of March, 1865, when General Gordon captured Fort Steadman, in the center of Grant's line. Grant recaptured the fort, and Colonel Funkhauser and most of his regiment were taken. No soldier saw more arduous service than he during the four years of war. At the Gettysburg meeting in July, 1913, many courtesies were shown him by the leading veterans of both armies. While there he indicated the place where his command, reënforcing Johnson's Division, captured Meade's breastworks on his extreme right on the night of the second day's fight and held them until eight o'clock on the morning of the 3d of July.

Colonel Funkhauser was a gallant soldier and did all in his power after the war to keep green the memory of the Southern cause. He is survived by three daughters.

[Sketch by J. R. Rust, Haymarket, Va.]



COL. R. D. FUNKHAUSER.



THOMAS E. DOUTHIT.

Thomas E. Douthit was born in Maury County, Tenn., January 8, 1841; and died on March 10, 1914, at Houston, Tex. He was buried in the Angleton Cemetery, Brazoria County, having lived in the county for eighteen years. He was living in Farmington, St. Francis County, Mo., in 1861; and enlisted in the Confederate service as a private in Company E, 2d Missouri Cavalry, Robert McCullough's regiment, on the 7th of November, 1862, serving under General Forrest until his regiment was paroled at Columbus, Miss., May 17, 1865.

Comrade Douthit was Adjutant of A. P. Hill Camp, U. C. V., of Angleton, Tex. He was a chivalrous soldier, a noble citizen, a devoted husband and father.

JOHN WILLIAM THORNTON.

At Cape Girardeau, Mo., on September 1, 1914, John William Thornton died at the age of sixty-eight years. He was born August 16, 1846, in Charlotte County, Va., a lineal descendant of William Thornton, member of the First House of Burgesses of Virginia, and his boyhood was passed amid the scenes of life on a Virginia plantation in ante-bellum days.

When the War between the States began, young Thornton joined the army first in Richmond. He served under Colonel Porter in the campaign with Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley, then back to Richmond for the Seven Days' fight. The regiment was then disbanded and absorbed by other regiments. Being under sixteen years of age, John Thornton was discharged and returned home. In the following summer he reënlisted, serving in the 3d Virginia Infantry (Colonel Farmholt), Walker's Brigade, Kemper's Division. He was in action in the battle of Staunton River Bridge, also in an engagement at Newbern, N. C. As adjutant of the regiment, it was his privilege to read to the command a letter from Gen. Robert E. Lee commending the signal bravery of the Virginia troops at Staunton River Bridge. As he was sick in the military hospital at the time of surrender, Mr. Thornton was neither paroled nor discharged.

On December 27, 1877, he was married to Miss Shapard in Trinity Church, Winchester, Tenn. Three children born of this marriage survive him. His second marriage was to Miss Anna Woody at Christ Church Cathedral, Cape Girardeau, Mo., in February, 1898. His Confederate cross of honor was buried with him.

Mr. Thornton was a lifelong member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Throughout his long sickness, the result of paralysis a year ago, he was most patient and cheerful. His religion, his courage, his birthright as a gentleman showed the depth of his character.

HENRY MARTYN TRUEHEART.

Henry M. Trueheart, a leader among the business men of Galveston, Tex., for more than half a century, distinguished as a Confederate soldier, died at Grandview Sanitarium, Wernesville, Pa., in his eighty-second year. He had gone to the mountains of Pennsylvania for the benefit of his health.

Henry M. Trueheart was a native of Louisa County, Va., born March 23, 1832. The family went to Texas in 1845. His father was John Overton Trueheart, a lawyer by profession. His ancestors took part in the revolution of 1776. Mr. Trueheart's mother was a daughter of Col. Launcelot Minor, of Virginia, whose sister was the mother of Commodore F. Maury. The careful training given to Henry Trueheart by his mother and his daily association with people of refinement and culture more than compensated for his lack of educational advantages. Long before reaching his majority he was thrown upon his own resources. In 1857 he was appointed assessor and collector of taxes for Galveston County, a position which he subsequently filled for ten years. He took part in the battle of Galveston in January, 1863, and upon the recapture of the city by the Confederates he was appointed assistant provost marshal with the rank of captain. Feeling that every able-bodied man should go to the front, he went to Virginia and became attached to Stuart's Cavalry until wounded in a skirmish near Orange Courthouse. After his recovery he joined an independent company commanded by Capt. J. H. McNeil, with whom he served until the surrender. As a member of McNeil's company early in 1865 he took part in the remarkable capture of Generals Crook and Kelly.

Captain Trueheart served as a member of the Galveston School Board for twenty-five years and was its President for four years. He was for a number of years a director in many of the leading corporations of Galveston.

In 1866 Mr. Trueheart was united in marriage to Miss Anne Vanmeter Cunningham, of West Virginia. Three daughters survive him, together with a brother, Dr. C. W. Trueheart, of San Antonio, and four sisters. He was among the oldest Presbyterians in Galveston and an elder in that Church for over forty years.

W. J. PEDIGO.

W. J. Pedigo died at his home, in Piedmont, Kans., in the seventy-third year of his age. While a native of Kentucky, he served with Company K, 7th Texas Cavalry, and surrendered at the close of the war. Faithful to every duty as a soldier, he was no less faithful as friend, citizen, husband, and father, and the community in which he lived was the loser when his arms were folded in death. His life was one of honesty and uprightness.

THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL.

Previously reported	$2,245 32
Breckinridge Chapter, U. D. C., Breckinridge, Tex.	2 50
T. H. Graves, Anderson, Tex	1 00
Winnie Davis Chapter, U. D. C., Memphis, Tex.	1 00
Dr. and Mrs. M. R. Hammer, Newton, Ia	2 00
Katherine B. Fonville, Chicago, Ill	1 00
Benavides Chapter, U. D. C., Laredo, Tex	1 00
R. Todhunter, Lexington, Mo	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. Bert Swor, New York City	2 00
U. D. C. Chapter, Gonzales, Tex	2 50
W. J. Drum, Pittsburgh, Pa	1 00
Capt. J. R. Rust, Haymarket, Va	1 00
Barnard E. Bee Chapter, U. D. C., San Antonio, Tex.	2 00
Navarro Chapter, U. D. C., Corsicana, Tex	2 00
Seventeenth Virginia Regiment Chapter, U. D. C., Alexandria, Va	5 00
L. P. Talley Chapter, U. D. C., Temple, Tex	2 00
Mrs. Louise Robertson, St. Louis, Mo. (correction)	1 00
Total	$2,276 32

REUNION OF THE TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. C. V.

The Tennessee Division, U. C. V., held a large and enthusiastic reunion at Union City October 8, 1914.

The Board of Pension Examiners submitted its report, showing that there were at present 4,833 veterans and 3,155 widows (a total of 7,988 pensioners) on the roll. Tennessee has three classes of soldier pensions: First class, the loss of both eyes, both legs, or both arms, $300 per year; second class, the loss of one arm or one leg and other disabilities from service, $120 per year; third class, the loss of an arm or a leg or disability equivalent thereto or infirmities from old age, $100 per year; pension for widows, $100 per year.

The trustees of the Soldiers' Home submitted their report, showing that there are ninety-five inmates in the Home.

On invitation, Gen. Bennett H. Young addressed the convention. On motion of Gen. Evander Shapard, it was unanimously ordered that the Tennessee Division should vote as a unit for the reëlection of General Young as Commander in Chief at the Richmond Convention in 1915.

Gen. John P. Hickman then addressed the convention and said, among other things, that Mr. S. A. Cunningham, founder of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, had willed the publication to the United Confederate Veterans and other Confederate organizations, and that it was their sacred duty to support it. Every Confederate soldier, every Daughter, and every Son should subscribe for the VETERAN and thereby keep alive this great publication, which has done more for the perpetuation of Confederate history than all other publications combined.

The action of the State Division, U. D. C., in passing resolutions against the indiscriminate use of the flag and name of the Confederacy was heartily indorsed, and similar resolutions were passed by the veterans which state that "neither the name of the Confederate States and the Confederate soldier nor the flag of the Confederacy shall be used for any purpose not in harmony with the high ideals for which they stand."

It was further resolved "that before Confederate flags can be used except as decorations for places of Confederate meetings, at cemeteries, or funerals the purpose for which they are to be used shall be submitted to the nearest Bivouac or Camp in regular meeting assembled, which shall pass upon the right to use them."

The following officers were unanimously elected for the ensuing year:

John P. Hickman, Major General of the Division.

R. C. Crouch, Brigadier General, First Brigade.

Evander Shapard, Brigadier General, Second Brigade.

W. O. Gordon, Brigadier General, Third Brigade.

General Hickman reappointed Col. W. L. McKay as his Adjutant General.

The convention will meet in Memphis in October, 1915.

ACTION BY THE U. D. C.

It was at the U. D. C. convention held at Trenton, Tenn., in May, 1914, that an amendment to the constitution in regard to the flag and name of the Confederacy was offered by Mrs. W. W. Hargrave, of Nashville Chapter No. 1, and unanimously adopted by the convention. It has, therefore, become the rule of both organizations that in future no person shall use the name of the flag of the Confederacy other than as set forth in the amendment without the written consent of the Executive Committee of their respective organizations. The resolution follows:

"*Resolved,* That the constitution be so amended as to insert Article VII., which shall read as follows: 'No Chapter shall use the flag of the Confederacy for any purpose other than for decoration at cemeteries, funerals, and places of Confederate meetings except by the written consent of the Executive Committee of the Tennessee Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy. Nor shall the name of the Confederacy be used for any purpose except by the written consent of the same Executive Committee.'"

"RICHARDSON'S DEFENSE OF THE SOUTH."

A. B. Caldwell, publisher, Atlanta, Ga. 1914. Pages 598.

This book should be read by every one who wishes to know the true history of the causes of the great war of the South for constitutional liberty in 1861-65.

The author was a member of the Palmetto Guards, Company C, 19th South Carolina Volunteers. His portrait in front of the book shows a face of marked individuality, character and intellect. But the book itself indicates the quality of the man. It shows wide reading and careful research, patient study, clear convictions, and lucid style. It is a thorough refutation of the atrocious accusations made by Northern writers and speakers before, during, and after the war against the South and her people.

Mr. Richardson sets forth the important part of the South in establishing American independence and forming a government, a compact between sovereign States. He proves conclusively that secession was a reserved right of the States—right first and often asserted by the Northern States. He shows that when Mr. Lincoln was elected to refuse to the South her rights, affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States, there was but one remedy against the encroachments of the Federal government, and that was secession, and that the Northern States were rebels against the Constitution. He proves by unimpeachable testimony that the duplicity and bad faith of the Federal government was the immediate cause and beginning of the war.

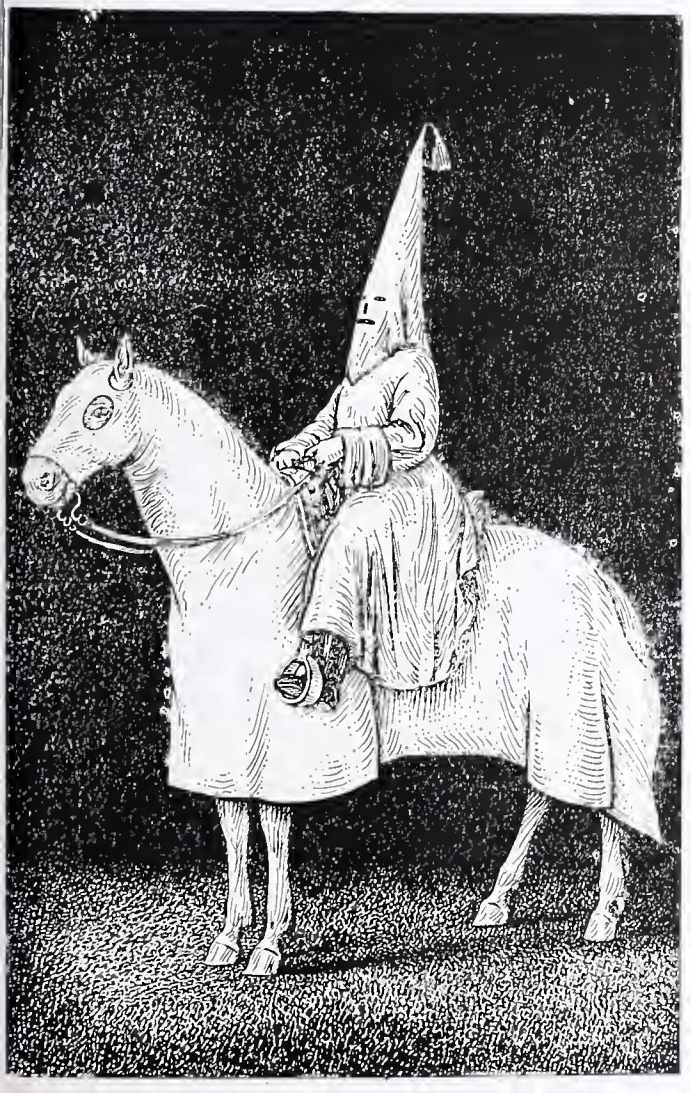
In the story of the brutal treatment of President Davis and the failure to bring him to trial, thereby confessing that the government had no case, and in the account of the ou

es of Sherman's much-glorified march to the sea there lisclosed one of the darkest chapters of the war—a stain n the civilization of the age. The book contains the speech Hon. Ben H. Hill, of Georgia, in answer to Mr. Blaine's sational and hysterical charge of cruelty to prisoners by South. Mr. Hill completely vindicated the Confederate ernment, showing that the sufferings of Federal prisoners e due to the refusal of their government to exchange them. reover, while less than nine per cent of Federal prisoners d in Southern prisons, more than twelve per cent of Con- erate prisoners died in Northern prisons.

All of the author's facts and arguments rest on official uments and the statements of witnesses of indisputable in- rity and show that the South stood for the Constitution l for true liberty against the encroachments of an unright- us fanaticism.

t may be asked, and is asked, often by Southerners: "Why up the dead passions of war?" This book, calm and licial in spirit, is not to stir up passion, but to impress on se who come after us the truth of history and vindicate noble, Christian people against the most malignant, atro- us, deliberate, and systematic falsehood as to their motives l conduct in a war for their rights. If our people in the d pursuit of the dollar forget or ignore the glory and oisms of their history, they will prove unworthy the name freemen.

J. H. McNeilly, D.D.



MOUNTED KU-KLUX IN FULL REGALIA.
Frontispiece of "The Ku-Klux Klan," by Mrs. S. E. F. Rose.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

The committee on arrangements for the reunion on the battle field of Franklin, Tenn., November 30, to mark the fiftieth anniversary of this battle, cordially invites all survivors of both armies in that battle to be present. A welcome awaits all. Much interest in this meeting is felt by the blue and the gray veterans, and a large attendance is anticipated.

W. W. Courtney, Sr. (chairman), H. H. Cook, and N. Cannon, Sr., compose the Confederate committee at Franklin.

The following letter from Gustavus F. Smith, President of the United Survivors' Association of the Battle of Franklin, Detroit, Mich., shows that an effort will be made to properly mark that battle field. Mr. Smith writes: "The coming gathering of the survivors of the battle of Franklin on November 30 is arousing much interest throughout the North and the South. A large number of the veterans of the 23d Michigan and the 4th Corps who fought in that battle, now residing in Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, and Wisconsin, will be there. With the united effort of the blue and the gray, we hope to be able to get Congress to grant our desire to have the battle ground properly marked and made a government park, or such portion of it as is deemed best. It has been suggested by a number of citizens of Nashville that this city be included in the organization. So far as I have been able to inform myself, I believe the members of this Association of the North are agreeable to such an addition, provided the people of Franklin and vicinity approve it."

[Newspapers everywhere are asked to copy this.]

VISITORS TO THE SAN FRANCISCO EXPOSITION.

Daughters of the Confederacy who attended the Convention at San Francisco in 1906 will remember the charming hospitality of Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, who entertained so freely in their honor. Since the great fire in that city Mrs. Voorhies has had her late husband's office building rebuilt as a select hotel and apartment house, and many reservations in the building have been made already by people expecting to attend the Exposition next year. In this building is one very large room suitable for parties of ladies or gentlemen, and Mrs. Voorhies wants friends to know of this for its reasonable rate and convenience. The building is within walking distance of the Exposition. Those who are interested should write to the manager of the Voorhies Building, No. 1334 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, Cal., and let him know the number in party and date of arrival and departure.

INFORMATION WANTED.

The inquiry by Mr. William Gilmore Beymer, in the Veterean for September, for information of any survivors of the crews of the Confederate submarines has brought no response so far. It must be that some of the Veteran readers know something of the brave men who came out safely from that hazardous service, and special request is made that they write to Mr. Beymer, in care of Harper & Brothers, New York, giving him all the information they can.

SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

In the report of the Shiloh Monument Fund in the Veteran for October the Shreveport (La.) Chapter contribution should have been given as $25. This was the procceds of a silver tea given by the U. D. C. of that city.

NASHVILLE'S INVITATION TO THE U. D. C.

The city of Nashville, Tenn., wishes to entertain the United Daughters of the Confederacy in 1915, and during the General Convention in Savannah, Ga., next month cordial invitations will be extended the great organization to hold its next meeting in the "ideal convention city." Nashville Chapter, No. 1, U. D. C., is taking the initiative in extending the invitation, with the cordial coöperation of other local Chapters and Daughters over the State, and the local commercial organizations will also lend their support. Mrs. H. N. Leech, President of the Tennessee State Division, U. D. C., has expressed her cordial commendation, saying: "I am glad to have Chapter No. 1, the mother Chapter of the U. D. C., extend an invitation to the general organization to convene in Nashville in November, 1915. As President of the Tennessee Division of Daughters I shall request the representative of your Chapter to extend also a cordial invitation from the Division and shall gladly second it. I think it indeed fitting that the Daughters should come back home after so many years."

The invitation of the Nashville Chapter will be as follows:

"*United Daughters of the Confederacy in Convention Assembled:* The Nashville Chapter, No. 1, United Daughters of the Confederacy, the William B. Bate Chapter, the Kate Lytton Hickman Chapter, the Harriet Overton Chapter, the First Tennessee Regiment Chapter, the Mary Frances Hughes Chapter, the Gen. George Maney Auxiliary most earnestly and cordially invite you to come to Nashville in 1915 to the cradle of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the home of the organization, as a memorial to our founder. We want to honor our mother, Mrs. Caroline Meriwether Goodlett, by holding a convention to be forever afterwards known as the 'Caroline Meriwether Goodlett Memorial Convention.'

"The United Daughters of the Confederacy was organized in Nashville, Tenn., on the 10th of September, 1894, and it has never met here since 1896. We think it now time for you to come back home while there are still living some of those who were present at the organization. We have the best and most enthusiastic Confederate city in the South. The hearts and sentiment of our people are always with you, and we are anxious that you should meet with us in your next convention.

"Since we have grown from the small child of 1894 to the largest organization of women in the United States, Nashville feels a peculiar pride in our growth and influence and will affectionately welcome your presence in 1915. We beseech you to come among us, pledging our utmost effort for your entertainment and pleasure.

"Lovingly yours,

Mrs. Eugene Crutcher,
President Nashville Chapter, No. 1;
Mrs. W. F. Davis,
President William B. Bate Chapter;
Mrs. John P. Hickman,
President Kate Lytton Hickman Chapter;
Mrs. Frank Fessey,
President Harriet Overton Chapter;
Mrs. Reau E. Folk,
President First Tennessee Regiment Chapter;
Mrs. James B. Armstrong,
President Mary Frances Hughes Chapter;
Mrs. W. B. Maney,
Director General George Maney Auxiliary;
Miss Neppie Porter,
President General George Maney Auxiliary."

The invitations from the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., a from the State and city, all express the most cordial welco to the capital city of Tennessee:

"*United Daughters of the Confederacy—Greetings:* In half of the Tennessee Division, United Confederate Vetera the Division most cordially invites you to hold your 1915 co vention in the city of Nashville, Tenn., pledging every sistanee and courtesy at the command of the Division.

"Very truly, John P. Hickman,
Commandant Tennessee Division, U. C. V."

"*United Daughters of the Confederacy—Dear Mesdam* Wherever the name of Tennessee has gone, there too l gone her reputation for hospitality. It is, therefore, in cordance with history and tradition for me as Governor this State to invite you to hold your next convention in of our beautiful cities. Here you will find yourselves on h toric ground, replete with more than usual interest; a cou try beautiful by nature, whose attractions have been enhan by the hand of man.

"Your hosts will be keenly alive to the honor you will doing them by holding your next convention in their St and will do all in their power to contribute to your pleas while you sojourn among them.

"Very respectfully, Ben W. Hooper, *Governor.*"

"*United Daughters of the Confederacy—Ladies:* Please low me to extend to your organization a cordial invitation hold your next annual convention in the city of Nashville.

"We have a beautiful city, replete with places of histo interest to visitors from every section of the country, and hospitality and facilities for entertaining both large and sm conventions are unsurpassed by any city anywhere.

"We insist that you accept this invitation with a knowle of the fact that your desires will hereafter lead you to capital city of Tennessee.

"Yours very truly, H. E. Howse, *Mayor.*"

"*United Daughters of the Confederacy—Ladies:* The Na ville Industrial Bureau and the Commercial Club of Nashvi representing the commercial, industrial, educational, and g eral interests of Nashville, unite in requesting your asso tion to hold your next convention in this city.

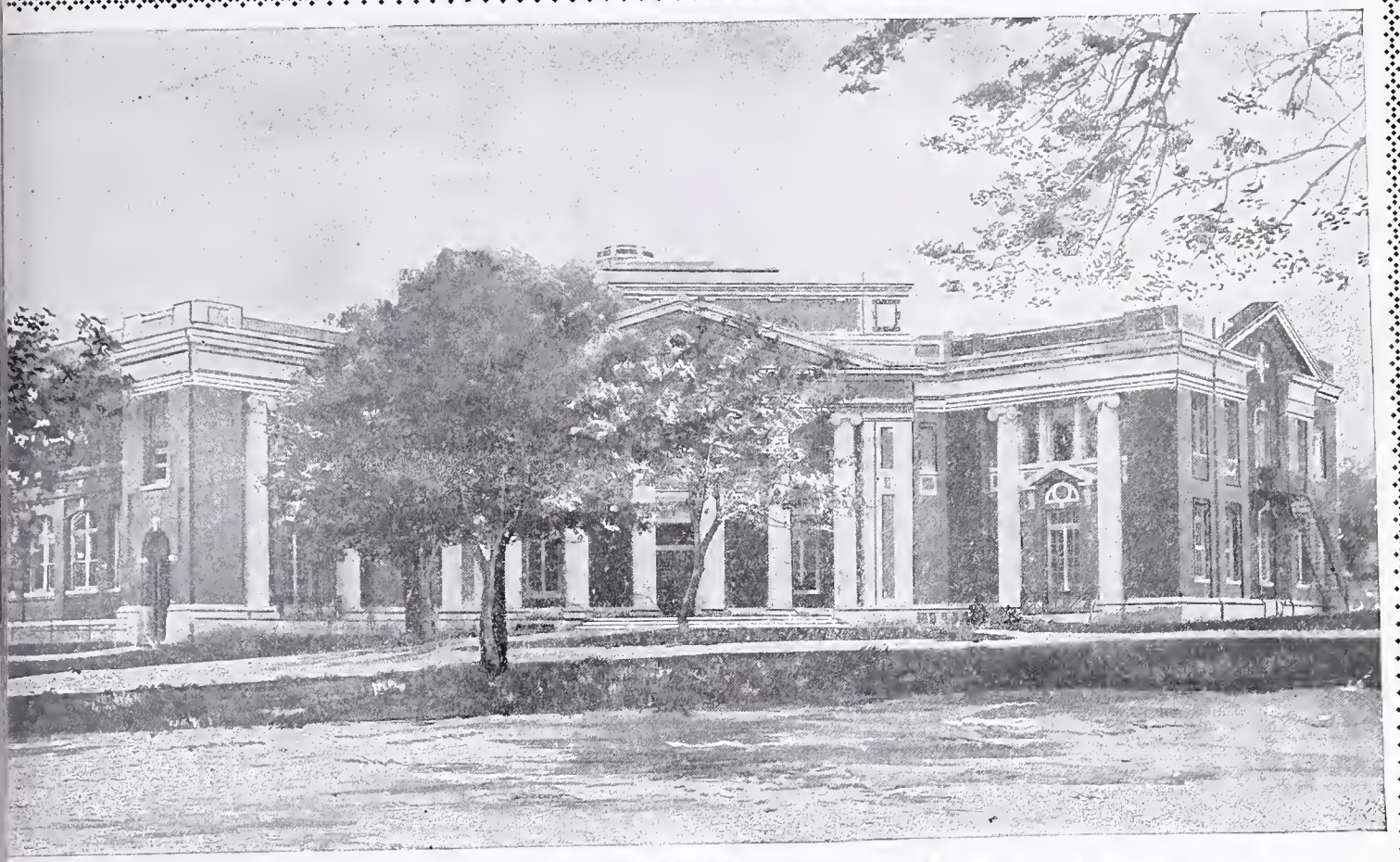
"Nashville is an ideal convention city. Her accommo tions are ample. A new million-dollar hotel, complete a up-to-date, has just been finished, and large expenditures h been made to enlarge and improve others.

"Nashville is rich in historical memories. It has been t home of three Presidents of the United Staes, two of wh are buried near the city. The Hermitage, the home of Pre dent Andrew Jackson, which is second only to Mount Vern in national interest, is easily accessible. Within a radius thirty miles a number of the most important battles of t Civil War were fought, to all of which interesting side tr could be arranged.

"Hoping to have the pleasure and honor of entertaining yo splendid organization at its next convention, we remain,

"Very truly yours,

Nashville, Industrial Bureau,
Robert L. Burch, Chairman Executive Committee,
Commercial Club of Nashville,
A. B. Ransom, President."



George Peabody College for Teachers

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

George Peabody College for Teachers is a reincarnation of e former Peabody Normal College, which in other years ve inestimable service to Southern education. After a ansition period of three years, during which it was absorbed the mighty undertaking of transplanting itself and taking ot in new soil, it has passed to a greater epoch as the first achers' college for the South.

Following a brief summer session of almost phenomenal ccess, with more than a thousand students, it opened its ors September 16 for the first regular college year.

It now has a new name, significant of its present standing d its distinctive mission.

It has a beautiful new campus of fifty acres, adjoining anderbilt University, with which it is affiliated.

It has two new buildings in use, the industrial arts build-g and the home economics building, each constructed and uipped according to modern demands for efficiency in its wn line of work.

It has two other buildings going up, to be ready by June, 015. The psychology building, the gift of the late Morris . Jesup and his wife, is the only building in any American stitution devoted wholly to psychological investigation. The ocial-religious building, the gift of John D. Rockefeller, is e largest and most prominently located of all the buildings nd designed to be the vitalizing center of the social and re-gious activities of the College.

It has new property, all told, amounting to $1,362,000, and new endowment of $2,065,000, the interest on which goes o the salaries of the faculty and the running expenses of the stitution.

It has a new president, Bruce R. Payne, a vigorous young eader to whom the South is looking more than to any other ne man for new inspiration in the solution of educational roblems peculiarly her own.

It has a new faculty of educational experts carefully chosen from all sections of the country because of the individual fitness of each to make a unique contribution to Southern life through the preparation of teachers along the newer lines of education.

It has a new organization of three schools ministering to the predominant needs of modern teacher-training.

The School of Practical Arts comprises two divisions: (1) The Department of Industrial Arts, which prepares teachers to train boys and girls in the manual arts and in planning, building, and decorating their own homes; (2) the Department of Home Economics, which trains teachers to show schoolgirls of the South how to make every phase of home life attractive and efficient.

The Seaman A. Knapp School of Country Life trains teachers as leaders in rural life, able to help every member of the farm home to realize the rich advantages of life on the soil.

The School of Education embraces all courses for training teachers for the kindergarten, the elementary school, the high school, the college, and for such positions as special supervisors, principals, county and city superintendents.

It has a new school year divided into four quarters, which keeps the College in active operation the year round and permits students to enter at the beginning of any quarter.

The winter quarter opens December 9, offering special opportunities to teachers of agriculture and to country life leaders free for the winter months from the actual processes of farming.

The spring quarter opens March 13, a convenient time for teachers of short-session schools.

The summer quarter opens June 17 and is divided into two terms of six weeks each.

Though new in these respects, George Peabody College for Teachers inherits the old traditions of service, retains in full vigor the old "Peabody spirit," and cherishes among its richest assets the loyalty and devotion of its former alumni.

THE KU KLUX KLAN
Or Invisible Empire
"K. K. K. Banner"



Just Out—Most Fascinating Book of the Day. Profusely illustrated. Letters from charter members of the Klan, biographical sketch of its great leader, Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest. Indorsed by leading educators, historians, the U.D.C. and S.C.V., who will cooperate in placing the book in schools and libraries. Interesting from start to finish. Price, 75 cents; postage, 10 cents. Order from author,
Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, West Point, Mississippi

The Direct Route to
Washington Baltimore
Philadelphia New York
and all Eastern Cities from the South and Southwest is via Bristol and the

NORFOLK & WESTERN RY.

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

The Direct Line
to Antietam, Md., Gettysburg, Pa., Manassas, Va. (Bull Run), and other famous battle fields in the Shenandoah Valley and other sections of Virginia.

Best Route to
Richmond Norfolk
and all Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, General Agent Passenger Department, Chattanooga, Tenn.
W. C. SAUNDERS, General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.
W. B. BEVILL, Passenger Traffic Manager, Roanoke, Va.

Mrs. Sallie Bushart, of Cusseta, Tex., is trying to get a pension and would like to get in communication with some comrade who knew her husband, John Cornelius Bushart (known as "Bob"). He enlisted at Houston, Miss., in Captain Tucker's company.

Mrs. C. W. Dawson, 2720 Ferris Street, Dallas, Tex., seeks information of some surviving comrade of her husband, Charles W. Dawson, who served in the Army of Tennessee from 1863-65. She would also like to have the address of Colonel DeMoss, a Tennesseean.

J. J. Robertson, of Crystal Falls, Tex., wishes to correspond with any survivors of John Maberry's company, of Robertson's Battalion, Rains's Brigade, Missouri Volunteers; also of Company D, 11th Missouri Infantry, M. M. Parson's brigade, reorganized after the Lone Jack raid in Benton County, Ark., in August, 1862.

J. W. Homer, Box 48, Louisville, Kans., of Company C, 69th Ohio Regibent, writes that in June, 1863, he placed a Testament, given him by his mother when leaving home for the war, in the forks of a dogwood tree a short distance north of where the railroad crossed Elk River, between Tullahoma and Decherd Station. The return of this Testament to him will be handsomely rewarded.



OFFICIAL U. C. V. SOCIETY BUTTON
For camp members, their wives and daughters only. Price, gold, $1; plated, 50 cents each. Address
J. F. SHIPP, Q. M. Gen., U. C. V.
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Bronze Memorial Tablets of the Highest Standard
Our experience of 27 years is our guarantee of results.
Paul E. Cabaret & Co.
120-126 Eleventh Avenue
New York
Illustrated booklet sent on request.



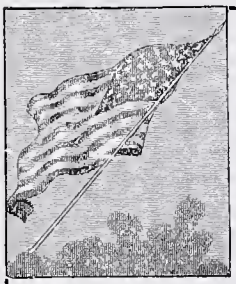
Miniature Pins, Battle Flag, Finest Cloisonne Enamel Brooch, Button, or Hat Pin :: :: :: ::

No. 2270.

Gold-Plated	$0.25
Rolled Gold	.50
Solid Gold	1.00
Solid Gold, Heavy Weight	2.00
14 Kt. Gold, Heavy Weight	3.00

POSTPAID

Special prices on half dozen or more. Illustrated price list of Flags and Confederate Novelties sent on request.
Catalogue of Medals, Class Pins, Rings, Trophies, and Banners now ready.
MEYER'S MILITARY SHOP
1327 F. St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
Visit Our Show Shop When in Washington



THE BEST PLACE to purchase all-wool
Bunting or Silk Flags
of all kinds
Silk Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps
and all kinds of Military Equipment and Society Goods is at
Joel Flag & Regalia Co., 57 E. 96th St.
Send for Price List New York City



Bronze Memorial Tablets
Designs and estimates free.
Jno. Williams Inc., Bronze Founders
554 W. 27th St., New York
Cast Bronze Medallion, 6 1-2 inches high, Gen. Robert E. Lee, 75 cents each (postage extra) to readers of the Confederate Veteran.

"The medallion of Lee is a beautiful and much valued"—*Murfreesboro Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy.*

The South in History and Literature
By Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford
ATHENS, GA.
850 pages. Price, $1 net; postage, 21 cents
(Writers since 1906 will be found in supplement being prepared.)

The B. H. Stief Jewelry Co.

DIAMOND MERCHANTS, SILVERSMITHS
STATIONERS, OPTICIANS,
JEWELERS

STIEF'S CORNER
CHURCH STREET and CAPITOL BOULEVARD
Nashville, Tenn.

J. J. Sampson, of Mango, Fla., makes inquiry for any survivor of Company F, 16th Confederate Regiment, with which he served until wounded and captured at Lafayette, Ga., June 24, 1864.

)eafness

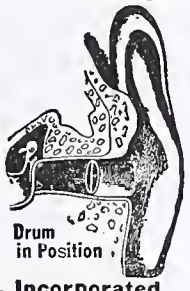
All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear ibles Easily and Permanently Relieved!



Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

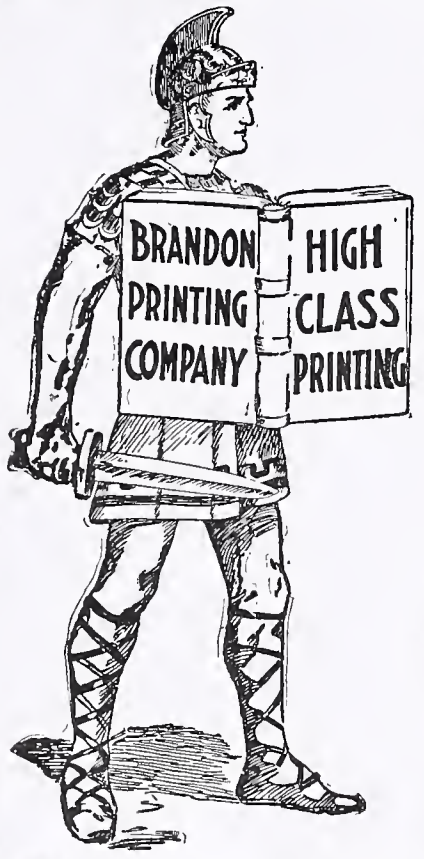
on Common-Sense Ear Drums

called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" storing perfect hearing in every condition of ss or defective hearing from causes such as hal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, ened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, ated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, rge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case long standing it is, testimonials received show lous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthnerves of the ears and conte the sound waves on one of the natural drums, thus sfully restoring perfect g where medical skill even o help. They are made of , sensitized material, comle and safe to wear. They sily adjusted by the wearer t of sight when worn. it has done so much for nds of others will help you. delay. Write today for EE 168 page Book on Deafgiving you full particulars.



Drum in Position

LSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.



Facts about PRINTING

¶ To obtain efficiency in the result, whether it be in the **Stationery,** the **Catalogue,** the **Lithographing,** the **Blank Books,** or whatever task the printer may be called upon to perform, you must demand the best—**HIGH-CLASS PRINTING.** This we are prepared to produce by virtue of experience, artisans employed, and equipment. ¶ We give thought to our productions. Write to us. We will be able to carry out your ideas or possibly to suggest something new.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.
Nashville, - - Tenn.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN UNIFORMS

Highest Quality Lowest Prices

Tailor-Made to Your Measure

Send for Catalogue No. 341 and cloth samples.

The Pettibone Bros. Mfg. Co.
CINCINNATI

Woodland Bronze Works

DEPARTMENT OF
ALBERT RUSSELL & SONS COMPANY

Bronze Memorial and Inscription

ESTIMATES AND DESIGNS FURNISHED UPON REQUEST

TABLETS

105 Merrimac St.
Newburyport, Mass.

WAR RELICS

Make extra money by getting up a list of War Relics that your neighbors have and send to me. I want all kinds of Confederate curios, especially Buttons. Can you find any? Address **DR. GEORGE BROWN,** Austell Building, Atlanta, Ga.

Fall's Business College

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

ESTABLISHED IN 1882 AN ACCREDITED SCHOOL

GET THE EDUCATION THAT PAYS!

Cut out this coupon, check course interested in, write your name and address carefully and mail to-day. Full information will be sent you immediately.

.....SHORTHAND	.....TYPEWRITING	.....PENMANSHIP
.....STENOTYPY	.....BOOKKEEPING	.....ENGLISH, etc.

Name .....

Address .....

C.V.

IF THE BABY IS CUTTING TEETH

USE

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

A SPLENDID REGULATOR
PURELY VEGETABLE—NOT NARCOTIC

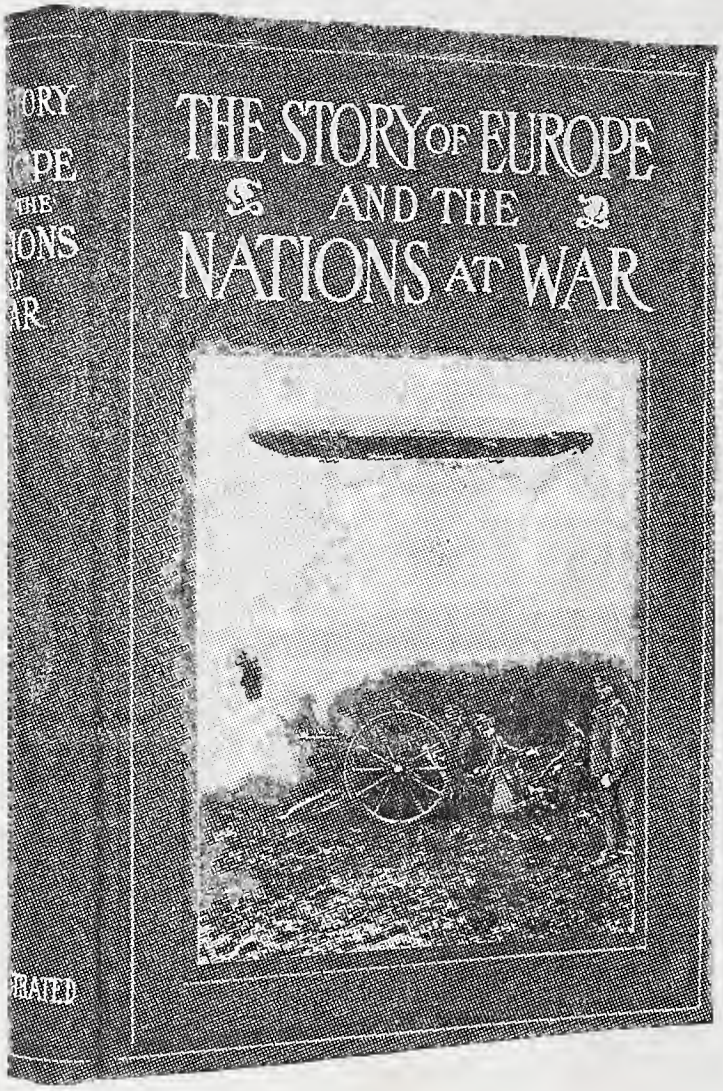
P. J. Willis, of Franklin, Tex., would like to hear from any surviving comrade of Company C, 4th Mississippi Cavalry, Gordon's Regiment.

Surviving comrades of Robert Alexander Roberts, who served in Company K, 31st Tennessee Regiment, are asked to communicate with his widow, Mrs. Adaline Roberts, of Fulton, Ky., who is trying to secure a pension and needs their testimony as to his record.

J. W. Huntley, of Vernon, Tex. (Route 3, Box C), writes that Ingram Morgan wants the testimony of surviving comrades of the company under Captain Tison, 4th Arkansas Regiment, Colonel (afterwards General) McNair. This comrade is trying to get a pension,

THE

Story of Europe and the Nations at War



This Large Illustrated $2.50 Volume

Containing More than 400 Large Pages
Size 6x9 Inches

WILL BE DISTRIBUTED TO ALL READERS OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT PRACTICALLY

FREE

The CAUSES and ISSUES of the GREAT WAR

THE GENERAL DESIRE for a book laying bare the causes of the present titanic struggles of the European nations is so great that an unusual effort has been made to place a **COMPREHENSIVE** and **RELIABLE** volume in the hands of all. The publishers of the **CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE** are enabled to offer this remarkable book to every reader of this advertisement, by special arrangement with the publishers, in such a way that may secure it **NOW** practically **FREE**, as explained below.

A Book That Every Intelligent Man and Woman Should Read

The dogs of war are loosened in all Europe. A new map of a continent is in making. Nations will be obliterated, and new nations will be established. Europe is running red with blood, while field gun and cannon belch forth fire and death, and men are shot down like rows of clay pigeons.

This unique book of more than 400 pages, size 6x9 inches, contains a full and clear account of the world-wide influences which have precipitated the great powers of Europe into the most stupendous war of all time. It takes you across the battle fields of a hundred years and into the star chambers of diplomacy, and makes plain the effect which past conflict and intrigue have had in bringing about the present conflict.

VIVID ILLUSTRATIONS

One of the many valuable features of **"The Story of Europe and the Nations at War"** is comprised in the magnificent collection of historical pictures of current and permanent interest which it contains. In this collection are photographs of the rulers, great sta[tesmen] and naval leaders of all Europe, scenes of great battles of history described in the book, ar[tillery] wonderful developments of modern instruments of warfare. No similar collection of v[ictures] ore been brought together in a single volume. The illustrations also include a map in colors.

C L Willoughby Aug 15
Lakeland Fla

HOW TO OBTAIN THIS GREAT BOOK

With a view to making it as easy as possible for our people to obtain this unprecedented book, the publishers of the **Christian Advocate** have arranged so that you can procure it almost without expense by getting it with a

Year's Subscription to the

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

a large 32-page weekly family paper, containing something good for every member of the family. Finely printed on high-grade paper, with illustrations. One of the best family papers in the country. Regular subscription price, $2 per year (52 issues).

$2.50 **Send Us Two Dollars and a Half** **$2.50**

just the price of the book alone, and we will send you the book at once, postpaid, and the paper every week for one year.

JUST THINK OF IT—a $2.50 book and a $2 paper (total cost of both, $4.50) sent to you for **only $2.50.**

THIS OFFER IS LIMITED.

SEND YOUR ORDER AT ONCE TO

Smith & Lamar, Nashville, Tennessee

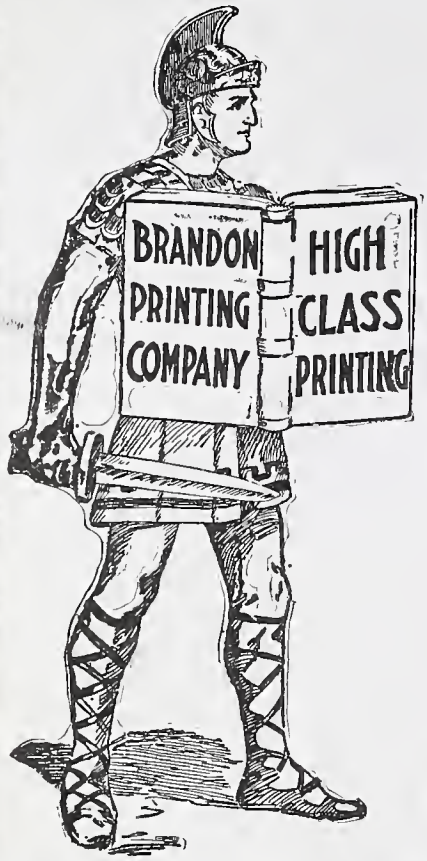
Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXII. DECEMBER, 1914 NO. 12



PORTRAIT OF S. A. CUNNINGHAM
Presented to Cheatham Bivouac at Nashville

973.705
C748



Facts about PRINTING

¶ To obtain efficiency in the result, whether it be in the **Stationery**, the **Catalogue**, the **Lithographing**, the **Blank Books**, or whatever task the printer may be called upon to perform, you must demand the best—**HIGH-CLASS PRINTING.** This we are prepared to produce by virtue of experience, artisans employed, and equipment. ¶ We give thought to our productions. Write to us. We will be able to carry out your ideas or possibly to suggest something new.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.
Nashville, - - Tenn.

Woodland Bronze Works

DEPARTMENT OF

ALBERT RUSSELL & SONS COMPANY

Bronze Memorial and Inscription

ESTIMATES AND DESIGNS FURNISHED UPON REQUEST

TABLETS

105 Merrimac St.
Newburyport, Mass.

Mrs. B. T. Vinson, of La Porte, Tex., wants to secure the full volume of the VETERAN for 1893; January, May, June, and December, 1894; March to November, 1895; January, March, April, July, August, and September, 1896; July and September, 1898. Write her in advance as to what can be furnished, condition, and price asked.

Mrs. R. L. Knowles, of Oakwood, Tex., wants to learn if there is any one living who was in the army with James H. Jones, a member of Company K, 15th Mississippi Cavalry, under Colonel Armstead and Lieutenant Colonel Spence. Some of this company were: Charles Kline, Stanford Brown, Nat Bowen, Monroe Barger, Luther Freeman, Jim and Bill Watts, Felix Grizzle, and Joe Morris.

Mrs. Mattie B. Cameron, 827 Avenue B, San Antonio, Tex., makes inquiry for any member of the Trans-Mississippi Department, C. S. A., as to whether the records of this department were preserved. She also wants to know if Lieut. Col. W. A. Broadwell is still living and where.

Mrs. J. T. Clark, R. F. D. 3, Box 37, Tampa, Fla., asks information of her father, Capt. William Harmon, who served in the 59th Virginia Infantry, and was promoted from lieutenant to captain. He lived in Florida from 1866 to 1877. From there he went to Georgia and then to Texas. When last heard from he was starting on a gold-mining expedition to El Paso, Tex., and the Pacific Coast. Any information of him would be gladly received.

WATCH YOURSELF GO BY

A Book by Al G. Field

An Appropriate Holiday Gift

33⅓---Per Cent of All Sales---33⅓

of this popular Best Seller made through the VETERAN during the months from December to May to be donated to the

Sumner Cunningham Monument Fund

ALL ORDERS MUST BE SENT TO THE
Confederate Veteran
NASHVILLE, TENN.

Book Sent Prepaid, $1 the Copy

There was a tender friendship between the late editor of the VETERAN and the veteran leader of minstrelsy, Mr. Al G. Field; and out of a generous heart the author is giving a large share of the sales to help the fund for building a monument to his friend of many years. Of this book, Mr. Cunningham himself wrote: "If Al G. Field had determined upon this book when a boy and had given years of study to the subject, a finer production could not have been expected. It is as unique throughout as is the title, 'Watch Yourself Go By.' Open it anywhere, regardless of what precedes, and soon you will be fascinated." And he offered a year's subscription to the VETERAN to all who bought the book and were not satisfied.

An especially good review is copied from the Memphis *News-Scimitar:*

"*Al G. Field, His Book.*—A big, fat book this is, of nearly six hundred pages, which the famous minstrel, Al G. Field, has just published; and it is profusely illustrated by that clever artist, Ben W. Warden, with the appropriate title, 'Watch Yourself Go By.' It is filled with the quaint observations of the author, told in his inimitable style; and it will be enjoyed by readers who will be attracted to it by the name of Field and also by its contents, which reveal so much of the personality of the man, of his inextricable involutions with the curious and entertaining complexities of life. Like all funmakers, Field is a philosopher, and his message is palatable and gripping."

Many other notices could be quoted in praise of Mr. Field's book, written to give pleasure to others. The author himself says: "If those who peruse this book extract half the pleasure from reading its pages that has come to me while writing them, my desires will be satisfied."

MAKE SOME HEART MERRY AT CHRISTMAS TIME BY A GIFT OF THIS BOOK

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Date given to subscription is the month of expiration.
All remittances should be made to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and all communications so addressed.
Published by the Confederate Veteran Company, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. | SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XXII. | NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1914. | No. 12. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, FOUNDER.

The Eternal Christmas.

"And the memory of things precious
Keepeth warm the heart that once did hold them."

The gladdest day life offers to man becomes as colorless as the hour before dawn when it stands in contrast to the inestimable fairness of the soul's first radiant day of joy in God's supernal presence. One by one men go to such a day, and the anniversary of their birth into eternal bliss should become a happy day to those who sorrowed when they went.

One year ago, when the heralds of the Prince of Peace repeated once again the story of his coming, and the hearts of his faithful children throughout the world made ready to welcome him anew and to receive his manifold blessings, he came, the gentle Christ, with the offering of eternal life, to Sumner A. Cunningham, and the spirit of this Christian man went forth fearlessly to accept the Master's imperishable gift.

Sumner Cunningham was the founder and editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, a history of men and women who participated in a great drama and who fought a brave fight and kept their faith in principles whose cleanness has remained unsullied before the glaring test of time.

That the children of future generations might know the whiteness of the altars of their sires, the founder and editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN gave his life, and when he went forth one year ago and left his work unfinished he answered the Master's call with a steadfast faith that the sons and daughters of those whose names he had recorded in his organ of the Southland would not close its pages while there was yet more to be added. Another year in the contributed history of the VETERAN is a harvest that justifies the faith of its editor in those to whom he left it in trust, and with the help of the people who realize the value of Confederate history the trustees of the VETERAN may carry out the work intrusted to them for many years to come.

The strength of the Old South dwelt in the integrity of her purposes and principles and the unity of her children; and what was true of the older must be kept true of the newer generation. Loyalty to clean traditions is an essential in a people's growth, and history is either worth something or nothing to the men of to-day who are the connecting link between an ancient past and an endless future.

The deeds recorded in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN are not the idle imaginings of poets or dreamers, but the honest testimony of flesh-and-blood men who took part in a conflict of valor and self-sacrifice. Out of the fields of carnage and homes made desolate many of their comrades in arms rode forth long ago into the fields of eternal life, and it was Sumner Cunningham's life work to gather up the harvest of their deeds and bind them into volumes that will not perish.

Across the river in God's country, where all men are brothers and the reign of peace is an eternal reign, the VETERAN's editor found a home one year ago with the noble spirits who were the children of the South and the North. They now know for eternity a fairer "home, sweet home" than that earthly habitation that united their song in the nights of bivouac, when a Southern river flowed between separated brethren, and together they are singing the gladdest of all anthems: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

THE SONS OF LEE.

BY FLORA E. STEVENS, KANSAS CITY, MO.

There's a sob in the throats of women,
And a mist in the eyes of men,
For the last of a warrior race hath passed,
Nor will their like be again.

Nobly, nobly the tempest they met, nor stars, nor moon,
But the last Lee hath passed from the strife
In the autumn and afternoon.
With the rapture in their faces,
Down the sunset and surge astrand,
They follow a sail that bore afar
The knight of the knightless land.

One after one in the splendor;
Up from the sea-line a word,
From the flame and the wonder and waters,
Ringing wide, "Father!" is heard.

CAPT. ROBERT E. LEE.

With the death of Capt. Robert E. Lee at his summer home, Nordley, near Upperville, in Fauquier County, Va., on the 19th of October, the last of the sons of our great commander has passed from earth. Though Captain Lee had been a sufferer for some time, the immediate cause of death was a stroke of paralysis three weeks before, from which he never fully regained consciousness. He was laid to rest by the side of his distinguished father at Lexington, Va.

Robert E. Lee was the youngest son of Gen. R. E. Lee and Mary Randolph Custis, the namesake of his father, and was born at Arlington October 27, 1843. He was educated in private schools and at the University of Virginia. Entering the Confederate army as a boy of nineteen, he served with the Rockbridge Artillery as a private and won a captain's commission for distinguished gallantry on the field of battle. During the last year of the war he held the rank of captain of artillery on the staff of his brother, Gen. W. H. F. Lee. Since the war he had lived the simple, useful life of a Virginia country gentleman. He inherited the estate of Romancoke, in King William County, Va., from his grandfather, G. W. P. Custis, and there he spent the greater portion of his life. His strong personality and brilliant mind made his friends think he should enter public life; but his modest, retiring disposition, like other members of his illustrious family, kept him content to remain the quiet, unassuming citizen of the Old Dominion.

Captain Lee was twice married, his first wife being Miss Charlotte Haxall, of Richmond, Va. His second wife was Miss Juliet Carter, daughter of Col. Thomas H. Carter, of Virginia, and she survives him with two daughters, Anne Carter and May Custis Lee.

Captain Lee was well known as the author of "Recollections and Letters of Gen. Robert E. Lee," a volume of interesting correspondence between General Lee and his family, which reveals the nobility and tenderness of the man. Captain Lee's recollections of his father and his interpretation of the letters give added interest to the volume and reveal him as a writer of talent.

The following story in reference to his service as a soldier shows that General Lee expected of his son all that was required of any soldier under his command. Captain Lee says: "As one of the Army of Northern Virginia, I occasionally saw the commander in chief on the march or passed the headquarters close enough to recognize him and members of his staff; but a private soldier in Jackson's Corps did not have much time during that campaign for visiting, and until the battle of Sharpsburg I had no opportunity of speaking to him. On that occasion our battery had been severely handled, losing many men and horses. Having three guns disabled, we were ordered to withdraw, and while moving back we passed General Lee and several of his staff grouped on a little knoll near the road. Having no definite orders where to go, our captain, seeing the commanding general, halted us and rode over to get instructions. Some others and myself went along to see and hear. General Lee was dismounted, with some of his staff around him, a courier holding his horse. Captain Poague, commanding our battery, the Rockbridge Artillery, saluted, reported our condition, and asked for instructions. The General, listening patiently, looked at us—his eyes passing over me without any sign of recognition—and then ordered Captain Poague to take the most serviceable horses and men, man the uninjured gun, send the disabled part of his command back to refit, and report to the front for duty. As Poague turned to go I went to speak to my father. When he found out who I was, he congratulated me on being well and unhurt. I then said: 'General, are you going to send us in again?' 'Yes, my son,' he replied with a smile. 'You all must do what you can to help drive those people back.'"

After the war the two younger sons of General Lee were given possession of the estates devised them by their grandfather. General Lee's letters of advice and encouragement were very helpful in their efforts to get established. Captain Lee refers to them as follows:

"I had before this time gone to my farm, in King William County, and started out in life as a farmer. As there was nothing but the land and a few old buildings left, for several years I had an uphill time. My father encouraged, ad-



GEN. G. W. C. LEE.

CAPT. ROBERT E. LEE. GEN. W. H. F. LEE.

vised me, and gave me material aid. His letters to me at this time will show the interest he took in my welfare. In one, written March 16, 1866, after advising me as to steps to be taken in repairing an old mill on the place, he writes: 'I am clear for your doing everything to improve your property and make it remunerative as far as you can. You know my objection to incurring debt. I cannot overcome it. * * * I hope you will overcome your chills, and by next winter you must patch up your house and get a sweet wife. You will be more comfortable and not so lonesome. Let her bring a cow and a churn. That will be all you will want. * * * Give my love to Fitzhugh. I wish he were regularly established. He cannot afford to be idle. He will be miserable.'

"My brother Fitzhugh, here referred to, was negotiating to rent his farm, the White House, to some so-called English capitalists and had not as yet established himself. In another letter to me of May 26, 1866, my father says: 'I will state at the outset that I desire you to consider Romancoke, with its appurtenances, your own, to do with as you consider most to your interest (to sell, farm, or let), subject, however, to the conditions imposed by your grandfather's will as construed by the decree of the Court of Appeals of Virginia, which declares: "If the legacies are not paid off by the personal property, hire of slaves, rents, and sale of the real estate, charged with their payment, at the end of five years, the portion unpaid remains a charge upon the White House and Romancoke until paid. The devisees take their estates *cum onere*." The result of the war having deprived the estates of the benefit of the hire of slaves and the sale of Smith's Island, and the personal property having all been swept off by the Federal armies, there is nothing left but the land of the two estates named. A court might make some deduction from the amount of the legacies to be paid in consideration of these circumstances, and I should think it would be fair to do so. But of that I cannot say. Now, with this understanding, make your own arrangements to suit yourself and as you may determine most conducive to your interests. In confirming your action, as the executor of your grandfather, I must, however, take such measures as may be necessary to carry out the purpose of his will. * * * If you are determined to hold the estate, I think you ought to make it profitable. As to the means of doing so, you must decide for yourself. I am unable to do it for you and might lead you astray. Therefore, while always willing to give you any advice in my power, in whatever you do you must feel that the whole responsibility rests with you. * * * I wish, my dear son, I could be of some advantage to you, but I can only give you my love and earnest prayers and commit you to the keeping of that God who never forgets those who serve him. May he watch over and preserve you!'"

THE VALLEY BRASS BAND.

The Valley Brass Band was a musical organization of Stephens City, Va., before the war and volunteered in March, 1862, enlisting in the 48th Virginia Regiment, 2d Brigade, A. N. V. At the surrender of Lee's army the members were permitted to retain their instruments. All the members have passed away except the two youngest, Ras Lemley and J. W. Blaker, of Davis Mills, W. Va., the latter of whom sends this notice. The other members were Nailor Everly, John Shryock, George Drake, D. B. Harner, J. B. Guard, Charles Guard, P. P. Clator, M. E. Steele, Jacob Lemley.

STONE MOUNTAIN.

To Alexander Hamilton Stephens.

Forged in the furnace of the world's mid-fire,
Smit of all scourges of the fierce and dire,
Worn of all waters, the volcano's core
Enters the heavens at last, triumphant evermore.

Kindred to all that, clasped by sod or shroud,
Kindles the crystal that shall cleave the cloud;
Crowned with the stars, a cenotaph to stand
Till the last flood of fire shall oversweep the land.

How vile to this the tyrant-triumph hid
In the worn Sphinx, the wasted Pyramid!
How poor and pale all pomps the world has known
To this unblazoned shaft of Georgia stone!

Whose name and fame shall front the ages with
Thine awful grace, imperial monolith?
With fire as central as the crater's own
And soul as steadfast as the granite stone?

Our Athos-Alexander, carven on
The unbowed head of mourning Macedon;
Tender as starlight, with the pleiad gaze
O'er the lost Eden of the lovely days.

Whose mighty work salutes the sun at last,
The Rock Cathedral of fiery Past,
Shrining the princely dust with sacramental care
And kindling darkened aisles with censer, song, and prayer.

Touching old banners with their battle glow
And the worn bugles till their triumphs blow,
Lending sweet music to the tears that shed
The tenderest splendor o'er our freedom's dead!

And clarion clangors to the starward arch,
Where her gray cohorts rally to the march,
Blending all glories of the arch of light
To robe and crown and consecrate the "right."

A kingly vigil, where enchantment lies
On the pale lips of peerless chivalries!
A godlike deed, to bid these charnel gates
Blaze with the resurrection of the States!

May we not mate the mountain and the man—
The granite dome and the great Georgian?
Kindred to all that, swathed by sod or shroud,
Kindles the crystal that shall cleave the cloud.

Their pathos one—the melancholy grace
Of Sinai's shadow on the prophet's face,
When the lone summit of the thunders saw
The broken people in the broken law.

And the last splendor of the lightning fell
On shattered tablets and lost Israel!
One in their grandeur! Who shall bid apart
These stalwart coils that clasp our Georgian's heart?

Or crown this majesty that meets the heavens
With other immortality than "Stephens"?
Than his whose voice in freedom's name hath given
From all this earth the noblest plea to heaven!

—*Francis Orray Ticknor.*

REUNIONS OF STATE DIVISIONS, U. C. V.

Many State Divisions held their annual reunions during the month of October, whose ideal autumn weather added to the general enjoyment.

The Kentucky Division held its annual reunion at the Pewee Valley Confederate Home on the 17th, and gathered there were Morgan's men, members of the Orphan Brigade, Forrest's Cavalry, a few of Cleburne's Brigade, and others who had followed the Stars and Bars through stormy years. Business in the morning, a basket dinner at noon, election of officers, and oratory for the afternoon were the order of the day. Gen. William B. Haldeman was reëlected Commander of the Division, and the following Brigade Commanders: Col. James R. Rogers, First Brigade; Col. Thomas D. Osborne, Second Brigade; Col. George B. Taylor, Fourth Brigade. The Third Brigade will elect later on.

A large delegation of Daughters of the Confederacy came in from Frankfort, where their State Convention had closed the day before, and were escorted to the L. Z. Duke Hall, where the business session was being held. Mrs. Mary Dowling Bond, President of the Kentucky Division, U. D. C., made a short address, in which she said: "I am the happiest woman in Kentucky to know that we can be of real service to the Home. We expect practically to give up our monument work for the time being and devote our time to raising the money for this Home. I was almost ready to say I was glad the veterans needed our assistance, because we are so glad of the opportunity to give it."

The State Division, U. D. C., is pledged to secure $1,043.50 to help the Home over financial difficulties caused by the failure to get the last State appropriation properly signed.

Virginia Division.

The Virginia Grand Camp, Confederate Veterans, held a three days' session at Newport News October 20-22, during which many important matters were considered. One of the resolutions offered was that the personal papers of General Lee, obtained some years ago by a member of the Camp, should be placed in the Battle Abbey in Richmond. The Committee on History submitted a strong plea for action that would result in spreading true knowledge of the causes of the War between the States.

A resolution that stirred the veterans and caused many expressions of feeling was that offered by Captain Lamb, of Richmond, which condemned certain utterances of General Wells in a speech at the general Reunion at Jacksonville, Fla., in which he took the ground that the South fought for the maintenance of slavery, while the North fought for the abolition of slavery. A number of speeches were made, and some of the veterans were quite warm in their expressions. The question by Captain Lamb, "Did any soldier here ever see a Confederate soldier fighting for African slavery?" brought forth a vehement "No" from the body. The resolution will be brought up at the next general Reunion.

Maj. Samuel Griffin, of Bedford City, a veteran of Mumford's Cavalry, was elected Commander of the Grand Camp, succeeding Gen. J. Thompson Brown, of Richmond. Col. Thomas S. Tate, of Drapers, was elected First Lieutenant Grand Commander; Col. Thomas G. Elam, of Roanoke, Second Lieutenant Grand Commander; and Maj. George W. Nelms, of Newport News, Third Lieutenant Grand Commander. Other officers elected were: Tipton D. M. Jennings, of Lynchburg, Inspector General; Col. David A. Brown, of Richmond, Quartermaster General; Rev. James C. Reed, D.D., of Hampton, First Grand Chaplain; Bishop George W. Peterkin, of Parkersburg, W. Va., Second Grand Chaplain; Dr. John Terrell, of Lynchburg, Surgeon-General.

The reunion for 1915 will be held in Fredericksburg, Va.

North Carolina Division.

The North Carolina Division, United Confederate Veterans, reëlected Maj. W. A. Graham Commander and J. C. Birdsong Secretary. A committee, consisting of Judge Walter Clark, Capt. M. C. Sherrill, W. S. Linebury, Maj. W. A. Graham, and J. C. Birdsong, is to petition the legislature to pension Confederate soldiers.

A special committee was appointed to investigate the merits of the claim that the original Confederate flag was made by the late Orrin Randolph Smith, of Franklin County, and, if the claim is well founded, to take steps to lay the matter before the United Confederate Veterans' Association and procure indorsement. The committee consists of Judge Walter Clark, Col. W. P. Wood, and Col. J. Bryan Grimes.

Alabama Division.

Whatever the Alabama Division reunion may have lacked in attendance, there was no lack of enjoyment of the entertainment prepared. For three days, October 22-24, Confederate Veterans and Sons had the freedom of the city. The presence of the Commander in Chief of the U. C. V., General Young, gave unexpected pleasure, and the veterans also thoroughly appreciated having with them Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, President of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., Mrs. Harvey E. Jones, Mrs. Chappell Cory, and other prominent Confederate women of the State. The address of Mrs. Bashinsky was a notable feature of the reunion. Mrs. Cory is interested in proving Alabama's claim that the Stars and Bars was designed at Marion, Ala., by the noted artist, Nicola Marschall, at the request of Mrs. Napoleon Lockett, relative of the Governor, and appealed to the veterans to help her substantiate the claim by any information they could furnish. Gen. Harvey E. Jones, Sr., was reëlected commanding officer, with Gens. J. B. Fuller, C. W. Hooper, and Thomas T. Lamkin as Commanders of the First, Second, and Third Brigades.

An important matter of business of this reunion was in reference to the address made by Gen. W. C. Wells, of Mississippi, at the Jacksonville Reunion, in which he stated that slavery was the cause of the war. Gen. John B. Stone, of Missouri, a former Alabamian, who served in the 4th Alabama Regiment, sent the original resolution adopted by the Missouri Division, and sought the indorsement of the Alabama veterans so that the Richmond Reunion next year might take cognizance of the Wells statement. In asking for a vote upon the matter, General Jones remarked: "We do not believe that the slavery question brought about the war. It was State's rights. It is false even to imagine that the men of the South swapped their homes and patriotism for gain."

In his address to the convention General Young suggested as a fitting thing the removal of the remains of General Wheeler from Arlington to his native State. It is recalled, however, that General Wheeler was buried at Arlington by his own special request, although the loved wife and son were sleeping in old Alabama.

The Sons of Veterans of Alabama and Virginia held their annual meeting on the same dates, and their coöperation in the entertainment of the veterans added to the pleasure of all.

Arkansas Division.

Some of the veterans having expressed a desire that a reunion should be held in connection with the Annual U. C. V. Convention of Arkansas, Gen. J. R. Gibbons, Commander of the Arkansas Division, conferred with some of the Sons of Veterans and other business men of Little Rock, and all accepted the suggestion with enthusiasm. The Robert C. Newton Camp, Sons of Veterans, unanimously agreed to take charge of the business part and to finance it. A strong executive committee and the necessary subcommittee were appointed by the Camp and then went to work and made all arrangements to give the veterans the best time they ever had at a reunion. They raised the money necessary to defray all expenses and entertained a great many veterans free in one of the hotels of this city.

This Camp of Sons deserves great credit for its work in looking after and providing for the veterans. It was on a magnitude much greater than they had ever undertaken before, and it will advance their own development.

The veterans came from all parts of the State and were accorded a welcome by Gov. G. W. Hays in behalf of the State, by Maj. Charles E. Taylor for the city of Little Rock, and by Commander George L. Basham in behalf of Omer R. Weaver Camp, No. 354. The Presidents or representatives of the five Chapters, U. D. C., of Little Rock and Argenta greeted the veterans with appropriate addresses.

The responses were made by Gen. J. R. Gibbons in an interesting address and by Dr. Junius Jordon, of Pine Bluff, both being received with enthusiasm.

The second day of the reunion was devoted to the business of the convention. A number of resolutions were adopted giving expression to views on important subjects of interest to the veterans at this time. Among these is one urging all delegates to wear uniforms at our conventions and reunions and on all proper occasions.

The commanders of Camps were requested to see that all veterans shall have decent and Christian burial.

Office-seeking in our federation by veterans was condemned.

A committee was appointed to prepare a new and revised pension law and endeavor to have it adopted by the next legislature. Another committee was appointed to promote the erection of a monument to the loyal slaves, to be placed on the new State Capitol grounds.

Unusual interest and activity prevailed during the sessions of the convention, and much good was accomplished.

Gen. J. R. Gibbons was reëlected Commander of the Division by acclamation. Gen. W. C. Ratcliffe, of Little Rock, was elected Commander of the First Brigade, and Gen. B. H. Holmes, G. W. Bruce, and F. T. Shepherd were reëlected to command the Second, Third, and Fourth Brigades, respectively.

The second evening was devoted to history, and the large audience was entertained for an hour by Dr. C. H. Brough, professor of political economy in the State University, who delivered a most eloquent address on "The Greatness of the Old South and the Glory of the New."

Hon. Fay Hempstead read an original poem on "The Old Black Mammy of the South." Mrs. Josie Frazee Cappleman also entertained the audience with an original poem, "Answering the Call."

The parade on the third morning was participated in by the State, county, and city officials, by the veterans of the blue and the gray, and by the Sons and Daughters. This was unique in the fact that the G. A. R. marched in a body in line as guests of the U. C. V., while the colors of the Confederacy and Old Glory were everywhere.

The reunion was closed with a grand ball on the third night, all veterans participating in the grand march, and some took part in the Virginia reel and the quadrille. The beauty and chivalry of the State were present.

All in all, this was one of the most successful reunions ever held in the South. One of the most pleasant features was the presence of our Commander in Chief, Gen. Bennett H. Young, who was cordially received. General Young delivered a most eloquent, interesting, and instructive address.

A LESSON FROM THE CONFEDERATES.

While all Americans are reading of the daring feat of the German submarine which sank three British cruisers, probably few Americans, except those who recall the Civil War from the standpoint of personal observation, realize that the Confederates were pioneers in warfare under the sea. The Confederate navy was weak on the firing line. The Confederacy resorted to torpedoes and submarines to make good its deficiency in vessels that could take their place in fleet actions. The Confederate submarines were crude contrivances, but, nevertheless, they demonstrated the practicability of their type. There was a nest of submarines at Charleston, the fate of whose crews is set forth on a monument which stands on the Battery. These submarines were employed against the blockaders, and the first well-authenticated instance of the destruction of a warship by a submarine is afforded in the fate of the Federal cruiser Housatonic, which was blown up in February, 1864.

Confederate submarines had a tragic way of refusing to come up. One of those employed at Charleston, said to be the one which destroyed the Housatonic, is reported to have been a coffin for several crews. It perished in its calling, for it went down with the Housatonic. After the war, when Charleston Harbor was being cleared of wreckage and obstructions, the submarine was found entangled in the hull of its victim. Nine dead men were taken from the submarine. The proof of the courage and devotion of the men who manned this submarine is the difficulty they labored under in propelling their vessel, which was only about forty feet long and built of boiler iron. Eight of them operated by hand a propeller, while the duty of the ninth was to attach the torpedo to the objective vessel. In those days dirigible torpedoes were unknown, and the common spar torpedo could not be used effectively by a submarine. The Federal navy made no use of submarines and gave but little employment to torpedoes and torpedo boats. The torpedo boat with which Cushing destroyed the Confederate ram Albemarle was simply an armored steam launch fitted with a spar torpedo. The Confederate record of their submarine fleet and torpedo service comprehends the destruction of eighteen Federal warships, seven of them iron-clads.

During the era of the Civil War submarine and torpedo warfare was looked upon as a sneaking form of hostility. The naval traditions came down from the days of single ship actions and brought with them a certain chivalry which regarded torpedoing as akin to assassination. After the war our government made up its mind that the torpedo at least must be recognized as a legitimate agency of warfare. It established the torpedo school at Newport and very promptly made itself the pioneer in the use of those engines of destruction which the earlier code of war ethics had rejected.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

To the Confederate Veteran: During his life it was my habit to make my noble friend, Sumner Cunningham, a simple gift at Christmas, and I am quite sure that there are others who will miss sending their annual offering of friendship to this same "friend to man."

I have noticed with gratification the offerings for a memorial fund that are acknowledged by the VETERAN each month, and I do not regret in any sense the persevering regularity that speaks of loyal hearts; but do the people of the Southland and the North and East and West know the monument that Sumner Cunningham would have loved far better than stone or bronze? Could his voice come back to the living, he would call the CONFEDERATE VETERAN his monument and would ask no greater boon at this holy season of generous giving than a renewal of the people's pledge to keep the VETERAN alive.

With this thought in mind, I am sending a simple article that I would like to see on the first page of the December VETERAN and am adding my subscription, as I am sure others will do when they are reminded of a way to make December 20, the day of his going, a kind of memorial day for the beloved soldier-editor, who "sleeps the sleep that knows no waking."

My friend possessed a modesty worthy of emulation, and I will beg the VETERAN to omit my name. ——.

ANNIVERSARY OBSERVED.

October 6, the anniversary of the birth of Sam Davis, the boy hero of Tennessee, was most fittingly observed in Nashville, Tenn., by a joint memorial service to him and the late editor of the VETERAN, who labored for so many years in behalf of a monument to his memory. The Nashville Chapters, U. D. C., joined with the veterans in the memorial service, during which a portrait of Mr. Cunningham was presented to Cheatham Bivouac, of which he had been a member since its organization. After a short address by Judge S. F. Wilson on the life and heroism of the boy who gave up his life rather than to live it in dishonor, the portrait of Mr. Cunningham was unveiled by little Eleanor Hankins, daughter of the artist, Mr. Cornelius Hankins. A memorial tribute to Mr. Cunningham was then given by Dr. H. M. Hamill, Chaplain General U. C. V., a friend of many years, who voiced that sense of loss which has been felt by those with whom he had been associated.

This day was also observed by other members of the U. D. C., who held brief exercises at the Sam Davis monument and decorated it with the Confederate colors.

B. H. West, Arden, N. C.: "I am eighty years old and still love to read the VETERAN. I have been a reader of your publication for twenty-one years."

REUNION DATES ADVANCED.

The dates for the Reunion in Richmond, Va., have been advanced to June 1, 2, 3, as it was feared that the earlier dates selected would find the weather too cool for the comfort of visitors. The latter date is the anniversary of the birth of President Davis, and is very appropriate to be included in these Reunion dates. This year marks the fiftieth anniversary of the close of the four years' bloody contest. Among the features of this Reunion will be the dedication of the Memorial Institute, or "Battle Abbey," and the laying of the corner stone of the proposed Stonewall Jackson monument.

It has been decided not to have the veterans live under canvas while attending this Reunion, as their advanced age makes it undesirable and dangerous even in the warm season; so thousands of cots will be put up in public buildings, and everything will be done to make the veterans comfortable.

Maj. J. Taylor Stratton has been named Secretary of the Central Committee. The chairmen of some other committees are as follows:

Finance, James N. Boyd.
Transportation, Samuel H. Bowman.
Press, John Stewart Bryan.
Quarters and Information, Col. Charles T. Loehr.
Executive, Col. Edgar D. Taylor.
Advisory, Col. Walker B. Freeman.
Entertainment of Veterans, David A. Brown, Jr., who will also have charge of the Quartermaster Department.
Sons of Veterans, E. Leslie Spence, Jr.
Parade, Gen. J. Thompson Brown.
Memorial United Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. Norman V. Randolph.

OUR FOREIGN PENSIONERS.

Some of the residents of the warring European countries are not to be left entirely penniless by the war if Uncle Sam can help it.

The annual report of Gaylord M. Saltzgaber, Commissioner of Pensions, just made public, shows that to pensioners of the wars of the United States now permanently residing abroad the following amounts are being sent annually: Germany (504), $96,204; France (88), $20,918; Austria-Hungary (35), $6,156; Russia (10), $2,040; Belgium (21), $5,100; Luxemburg (3), $432; England (464), $97,998; Ireland (415), $85,814; Scotland (75), $14,750; Wales (29), $5,592.

In Japan there are thirty-four American pensioners who draw a total of $6,732 a year.

Of all the foreign countries, however, Canada has the largest number of American war pensioners. Two thousand six hundred and ninety-two of them, the remnants of the sixty thousand men that Canada sent into this country to join the Union army during the Civil War, draw in pensions annually from the United States a total of $529,620.

All told, this government sends to foreign countries in pension payment annually a total of $1,034,071.

During 1914 there were 785,239 persons on the pension rolls of the United States. They received a total of $172,417,546.26, and the cost of administering the pension service was $2,066,507.15, making a total of $174,484,053.41.

The State of Washington has 9,522 persons on the roll, drawing pensions which aggregate $2,091,792.96 a year. Alaska has seventy-seven, drawing $16,915.36.—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

THE FRANKLIN COUNTY MONUMENT.

BY MRS. C. D. MALONE, ACTING PRESIDENT JOE J. DAVIS CHAPTER, U. D. C.

On the 13th of May, 1914, there was dedicated at Louisburg, N. C., a monument to the Confederate soldiers of Franklin County. To the efforts of the Joe J. Davis Chapter, U. D. C., is largely due the existence of this memorial to our heroes. We feel justly proud of it; and while it represents work, self-sacrifice, and many battles with disappointment and discouragement, it was, after all, truly a "labor of love" and will speak to generations to come of our reverential devotion to the memory of the "men who wore the gray."

On the east side of the monument is the following inscription: "They fought for constitutional liberty and State sovereignty in obedience to the teachings of the fathers who framed the Constitution of these United States." This tells why they fought. On the south side is told how they fought:

"When shall their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered."

On the west side is inscribed: "To the memory of the Confederate soldiers of Franklin County, that their heroic deeds and sublime self-sacrifice may never be forgotten." On the north side is a tribute to those who survived: "At Appomattox God said to the Confederate soldier, 'About face,' and in obedience to the divine command the gray line turned to meet a future, unashamed and unafraid."

This last is from an address by our gifted townsman and attorney, Gen. T. W. Beckett, master of ceremonies for that day. The inscription on the east side of the monument was by Mr. John Steele Henderson, and that on the west side was from Mrs. Frances Fisher Tierman (Christian Reid), both borrowed by permission of the Salisbury Chapter.



MONUMENT AT LOUISBURG.

The chief marshal of the parade was Mr. J. M. Allen, and his assistants were sons of Confederate veterans. The parade had been arranged with much thought and care. First were the cars containing the Governor and other speakers for the occasion and our town and county officers. Then there were representative men from every township in the county, who formed a mounted escort for the different floats. The floats, beautifully decorated in Confederate colors, were living pictures of scenes and events of those long-vanished years. The first, "In the Spring of 1861," was a bridal scene. The ceremony was just over, and the clergyman was standing to one side, while the soldier was leaving his bride at the very altar in obedience to his country's call. The bride was dressed in the complete costume that her grandmother wore fifty-four years ago. The groom and his best man were in their uniforms of gray, and near the bride were standing his mother and her maid of honor, both wearing dresses of that far-away period. As this float passed the band played "Annie Laurie." The second float was "Tenting To-Night," and on this was a tent with soldiers grouped about it, and "Tenting To-Night" was the music. The third float held a cot on which rested a wounded soldier. Near him were the surgeon and nurses. This scene was "Brought from the Front," and the music was "Lorena." The fourth float was "The Home Guard" and represented the women of the South at home and at work. There was a spinning wheel, and some were carding, some knitting, all dressed in war-time costumes, and the music was "Old Folks at Home." The last float depicted "The Return"—a one-armed soldier in his well-worn uniform, with his wife and little ones around him. The old negro mammy was there, and a young soldier with his sweetheart stood near. Above this scene was the flag of the old Franklin Rifles furled, and "Home, Sweet Home" was played. Following the floats came the old veterans, while the band played "Dixie." The two military companies of the county were next.

The opening remarks were made by Mr. Beckett, who then escorted to the monument Rev. George M. Duke, a veteran, who led in a touching prayer. The veil was drawn by four little girls, daughters of our Daughters and granddaughters of Confederate veterans, Bevila Pearce, Mary Turner, Pattie Gee Hill, and Frances Barrow. Our Chapter President, Mrs. J. P. Winston, presented the monument to Mrs. Marshall Williams, State President U. D. C., and she presented it to Franklin County through the Chairman of its Board of Commissioners, Mr. T. S. Collie, who received it. At the close of his remarks salutes were fired, and the crowd then gathered at the speaker's stand to hear the address of Governor Craig, who was introduced by Judge C. M. Cook. After this address a bountiful dinner was served to the veterans, and then the immense throng dispersed, to leave standing forever "on guard," between the beautiful groves of the college and graded school, our soldier in bronze.

Joseph McClure, Box 270, Fort Worth, Tex., states that he was a member of Company A, 18th Texas Cavalry, under Augustus Tindall. This company was composed of one hundred and twenty-eight men from Johnson County, Tex., and was in service from January 15, 1862, to January 11, 1863, when, at the fall of Arkansas Post, they were captured. Mr. McClure knows of four living comrades of this company whose testimony might be of service to widows wanting pensions.

United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, *President General.*

Mrs. B. B. Ross, *First Vice President General.*
Mrs. W. T. Culbertson, *Second Vice President General.*
Mrs. I. W. Faison, *Third Vice President General.*
Mrs. F. M. Williams, *Recording Secretary General.*
Mrs. W. F. Baker, *Corresponding Secretary General.*
Mrs. C. B. Tate, *Treasurer General.*
Mrs. Orlando Halliburton, *Registrar General.*
Miss Mildred Rutherford, *Historian General.*
Mrs. John W. Tench, *Custodian Cross of Honor.*
Mrs. F. A. Walke, *Custodian Flags and Pennants.*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal."

Gone is the day the men in gray
  Marched forth with courage high
Out of their homes and far away
  To fight and bleed and die;
But pledging them with a loving cup,
  Brimmed with heroic names,
Have Southern women risen up
  To link their deeds with fame's.

—*Ralph Methven Thomason.*

ANNUAL CONVENTION, U. D. C.

The twenty-first Annual Convention, U. D. C., was held in the city of Savannah, Ga., November 10-14. Within those few days the record of the prodigious work of a great organization was brought out. Its presentation might have been accomplished more expeditiously had some of the participants taken pains to inform themselves as to rules, etc., in advance, the program being finished only by a long session in the afternoon of the last day. Usually this last session is prolonged into the wee sma' hours of Saturday night.

The Savannah Chapter, U. D. C., as hostess of the occasion, had made splendid preparations for entertaining the U. D. C., and the resolution of thanks to this Chapter expressed the sincere appreciation of the Convention. The hall of the Guards' Armory, where the meetings were held, was beautifully decorated in the Confederate colors, with trailing vines and cotton bolls about the windows, while a huge star, whose center was an immense cotton boll, was hung over the speakers' stand. Outlined in red and white electric lights, this emblem of the U. D. C. was a most effective decoration.

It is regretted that a report in detail cannot be given here, for it would be appreciated by the many Daughters who could not attend the Convention. By featuring the most important resolutions, etc., in this report, an idea will be given of what was accomplished.

The day of the 10th was given over to various committee meetings (Arlington, Shiloh, and the Cunningham monument of leading importance), while the evening was devoted to welcome addresses and response, with a program of music. As President of the Savannah Chapter, Mrs. A. B. Hull gave a cordial welcome to the visiting delegates, and she was followed by Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, President of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., with an enlarged welcome from the whole State. Major Davant then spoke for the city, and Capt. F. D. Bloodworth brought a greeting from the Confederate Veteran Camp of Savannah. An especially pleasing feature of the program was the welcome extended by Miss Lillie Emerson for the Children of the Confederacy, of whom she is a star representative. The address of the President General, Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, well sustained her reputation as a speaker, and she impressed all by her thorough earnestness.

Response to these addresses of welcome was made by Mrs. Josephus Daniels, wife of our Secretary of the Navy, whose presence during the Convention was a pleasing feature.

Wednesday morning found the Convention ready and eager for work. The presentation of State Division flags was a pleasant beginning of the exercises. Each State representative came forward as her State was called and presented a flag to the Custodian of Flags and Pennants, Mrs. F. A. Walke, by whom they were presented to Mrs. Hull for the hostess Chapter. The flags were distinctive for their beauty or uniqueness. The flag presented by Mrs. Lamar for Georgia was especially large and handsome and was a gift from every Chapter in the State, all having contributed to it. These flags will adorn the new Memorial Hall, the home of the Savannah Chapter, and first opened during the Convention, which, declared Mrs. Hull, "will need no other decoration."



MRS. CAROLINE MERIWETHER GOODLETT.

The Convention passed memorial resolutions in honor of the founder and first President General, U. D. C., whose death occurred October 16, 1914.

The report of the President General showed much work :omplished along memorial lines, the completion of the Ar-gton monument closing the seven years of toil for that morial. The Shiloh monument now has a leading place U. D. C. work, and Mrs. Stevens made a special plea that s fund be completed during the coming year. She also essed the need of work for the living and mentioned the ome for Needy Confederate Women as among the most portant work that could be taken up by the organization. his was later brought before the Convention by resolution d given proper indorsement.

The President General's recommendation that the U. D. C ould place a window in the new American Red Cross build-g which is to be erected in Washington as a memorial to the omen of the North and the South in the War between the ates, this window to cost not less than $5,000, brought on a arp discussion as to the propriety of the organization putting much money in a window. It was concluded that the mat-r should be put in the hands of a committee to decide as to e style of window appropriate for the purpose, the cost to referred to the Finance Committee. The idea is to ve the three memorial windows over the stage in the As-mbly Hall, the central window to represent the Red Cross ssociation. On each side will be the windows dedicated to e women of the North and the South.

Leading the special recommendations by the President Gen-al was that for a peace committee, and in a resolution later fered by Mrs. B. B. Ross, of Alabama, First Vice President eneral, it was urged that the organization use its influence to ring about international arbitration of disputes and that at e proper time America should mediate between the now arring nations of Europe and take the lead in a movement r world peace. This resolution went through by acclama-on after a change in a sentence referring to the defeat of the outh during the War between the States so that it read overpowered."

The recommendation regarding the bequest of the CONFED-RATE VETERAN to all Confederate organizations met with gen-al approval.

Of their interest in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Mrs. Stevens aid: "The founder and editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as always interested in a true history of the South and its erpetuation. To this end he bequeathed all the property of hich he was possessed, naming a board of trust to take harge of his effects, the President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy an *ex officio* member of this oard. Dear Daughters, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is a gift o all Confederate organizations to use for their official or-an, and we are expected to make proper use of it. There-ore your President General recommends that the United Daughters of the Confederacy have charge of its own depart-ient of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and that the President eneral be empowered to appoint its editor."

This was later supplemented by a resolution, introduced by Irs. Bashinsky, President of the Alabama Division, recom-ending that each State Division have its own editor, who ill furnish notes of the work within the Division to the ditor in chief, and all Chapters will be urged to circulate ie VETERAN freely among their membership, that the greatest enefit may be secured from this special department.

Other recommendations were that a committee of three be ppointed by the President General to coöperate with com-ittees from the U. C. V. and S. C. V. to determine the de-igner of the Stars and Bars, no member of the committee to be from North Carolina or Alabama, those States having claimants for the honor; and that wherever a U. D. C. Chapter exists, that Chapter shall see that a Camp of Sons of Veterans also is organized, amended to "wherever practicable" to do so. This latter recommendation, if carried out, will result in arousing the young men of the South to a realization of their duty to take up the great work which lies before them.

Memorial hour was the feature of the afternoon session, when tribute was paid to departed friends. The memorial in honor of Mrs. C. M. Goodlett, founder of the U. D. C., was delivered by Mrs. E. G. Buford, of Tennessee, and Mrs. James B. Gantt, of Missouri, fittingly honored the memory of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, wife of our President and a loyal daughter of the South. Mrs. H. N. Leach, President of the Tennessee Division, paid tribute to the memory of Mr. S. A. Cunningham, founder and editor of the VETERAN, an honored and honorary member of the organization. The memorial to Mrs. Martin Willard, of North Carolina, a former Vice President General, was delivered by Mrs. Eugene Little, President of the North Carolina Division.

The tribute to "Our Departed Daughters," delivered by Mrs. L. S. Slaughter, of Mississippi, beautifully expressed the feeling of loss in their going and resignation in the loss of their companionship.

After the memorial services, the Children of the Confederacy of Savannah were received and made a great impression. Tiny tots of a few years to the schoolboys and girls in their teens make up this auxiliary, and the report of their work, the money they had made and disbursed, given by Miss Lillie Emerson without notes, placed these little folks in the lead as successors to the U. D. C. Mrs. Stevens was made an honorary member by acclamation, and she was decorated with their badge of membership by tiny hands, while floral offerings were presented by other little members.

The reading of the minutes at the Thursday morning session was followed by the election of general officers, all of whom were retained with the exception of Mrs. E. C. Schnabel, Corresponding Secretary General, who was succeeded by Mrs. W. F. Baker, of Savannah. After five years' service in that office, Mrs. Schnabel desired to retire, and the election of Mrs. Baker provides a worthy successor to a very efficient officer.

By special request of Col. H. A. Herbert, the report on the Arlington monument was next taken up, and Mr. Walter Streater gave his report as Treasurer of the fund, showing the collection of some $55,000, and disbursements for the monument, its transportation from Rome and setting in place, and putting the grounds in order afterwards, of something over $54,000. Colonel Herbert then told the Convention that he had a report as Chairman of the Arlington Committee, but that his wife had allowed him to come only on condition that he



TRAMP STEAMERS AT SAVANNAH WHARF.

would not make a speech; so he would have Mrs. Streater to read it for him. This she did most acceptably, and Colonel Herbert was given the thanks of the Convention. A resolution was passed that the "History of the Arlington Monument," prepared by Colonel Herbert, be put in the hands of the Arlington Memorial Association, the proceeds of the sale to go toward the liquidation of the $8,000 which seems to be yet due to Sir Moses Ezekiel as reimbursement for his expense on the monument.

On Thursday evening Miss Mildred Rutherford gave her report as Historian General, in which she brought out the importance of all State Divisions compiling Confederate records and history that would otherwise be lost. Twenty-five volumes of such history had been made and sent in to her, but only fourteen out of twenty-two State Divisions had sent these historical volumes, Arkansas securing the banner for such work after it had been held by Texas for two years. Miss Rutherford also dwelt upon the importance of having true history taught the sons and daughters of the South, not biased history, but that which is as just to the North as to our own section.

As Chairman of the Committee on Southern Literature and Textbooks, Mrs. James H. Watson, of Memphis, Tenn., eloquently urged a higher intellectual development in the South, and she recommended the systematic teaching of poetry in the public schools. She also told of what the committee had accomplished in having certain histories revised, and especially commended the works of Lawton B. Evans, Miss Mildred Rutherford, Mary Fairfax Childs, Sara Beaumont Kennedy, and Mary Johnston among the Southern writers of the present. Mrs. Watson is herself a writer of ability, and her report was a gem of expression.

The Friday morning session of the Convention had its share of storm, several features of business provoking animated discussion. The reports of general officers were heard and accepted. The Registrar General, Mrs. Orlando Halliburton, made a good point in urging that newly elected officers be instructed in their duties in order to prevent delay in transacting business when the office is transferred.

A habit of tardiness among the U. D. C. Chapters in remitting their *per capita* tax assessments was noted by Mrs. C. B. Tate, of Pulaski, Va., in her report as Treasurer General. The last year had taxed her patience and tried the vigilance of those whose duty it is to collect the *per capita* tax. She urged the Convention to select in the future for Treasurer General the most competent business woman in the organization and to keep her in office. She reported total receipts and disbursements of $12,906.47. Her accounts had been audited by a public accountant and found to be perfectly balanced.

The Convention next heard Mrs. John W. Tench, of Gainesville, Fla., Custodian of Crosses of Honor, who reported that 2,850 crosses of honor were bestowed on Confederate veterans during the last year. Her report was as follows: Crosses received from former Custodian, 473; crosses purchased, 2,500; total, 2,973. Crosses delivered, 2,850; crosses on hand, 123; total, 2,973. Amount received from 2,850 crosses, $366.32. Expenses of office, Secretary and incidentals, $355.80; cash in hand, $10.52; total, $366.32.

Mrs. Tench paid a glowing tribute to Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Savannah, former Custodian and now Referee of Crosses, saying: "I builded better than I knew when I moved at New Orleans to make Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Savannah, Referee of the Cross of Honor. She has been a bulwark of strength to me."

Although in feeble health, Mrs. Raines was present at the Convention during a part of two days and received much attention, having a special escort to the platform when her presence was known.

The report of Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, of South Carolina, Chairman of the Educational Committee, was among the most important heard.

There were sixteen U. D. C. scholarships at various colleges open this year, said Miss Poppenheim, eight of which were awarded in September. Candidates are not limited to any one State, but the donors have the privilege of limiting the time of a successful applicant. She dealt particularly with the successful work being done in several colleges by students holding scholarships from the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Among the scholarships awarded in September are those at the Alice Bristol School, the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, the University of Alabama, and Washington and Lee University. Miss Poppenheim announced the donation of thirty-one new scholarships, valued at $50 each. In all, the organization has the awarding of four hundred and thirty-two scholarships, valued at $43,850.

Referring to the criticism that had been made on the text-books used in some institutions, which were alleged to deal unfairly in treating of the South's history, Miss Poppenheim read from her report as follows: "False standards in history have come to be regarded with disfavor all over the country. While we must ever be on the watch, we do not need to expend all our money and our efforts in endowing one certain chair of history in any one State."

Mrs. Randolph, chairman of the Virginia delegation, was recognized after the adoption of the report, and she moved that the Convention authorize the printing of the report in pamphlet form for distribution at educational institutions throughout the country, accepting the amendment that five thousand copies be printed.

Miss Lauderdale, of Tennessee, secured the floor and asked that in the printed report that section which she held to be an unwarranted attack upon the establishment of a chair of Southern history in the Peabody College for Teachers at Nashville, Tenn., be stricken out. Miss Poppenheim took the floor in defense of that part of her report, saying it was an abstract subject, and she thought the Committee on Education should be allowed to express an opinion. Miss Lauderdale was refused the privilege of speaking a second time. A motion to defer action until another time failed.

A motion to lay Miss Lauderdale's amendment to Mrs. Randolph's motion upon the table brought on a chaotic scene. The Chair ruled that a motion to lay the amendment on the



PALMETTO WALK, COLONIAL PARK, SAVANNAH.

le would carry with it the original motion. After much cussion and many resolutions being moved and seconded, 's. L. R. Schuyler, of New York, the parliamentarian of : Convention, arose to a point of order and got the Chair to te the first motion before the house to be voted upon. iis was the motion of the Tennessee delegation to table Mrs. ndolph's motion that the circulars be printed and distributed, iich was lost by two votes, the count standing 105 to 103 in vor of Mrs. Randolph. The original motion ordering the e thousand copies for distribution was then put to vote and rried.

Mrs. L. R. Schuyler, of New York, reported the winner of e $100 prize at Teachers' College, Columbia University, as iss Margaret L. Von der Au, of Athens, Ga. The subject her essay was "Virginia's Contribution to the Confederacy."



DRIVEWAY IN BONAVENTURE CEMETERY.

The selection of a meeting place for the 1915 Convention ame up on Friday afternoon. Three cities extended an invi- ation, San Francisco, Cal., Nashville, Tenn., and Louisville, Ky., the first-named city receiving a large majority of the otes cast, and the choice was then made unanimous. The nvitation so beautifully extended by Mrs. J. H. Stewart, President of the California State Division, promises a big time or the Daughters in the "State of Big Things."

The doctrine of State's rights was invoked in the discus- ion over the design submitted for an official medal. The ommittee appointed by the New Orleans Convention had elected a design similar to the cross of honor, a gold Mal- ese cross, as most suitable for a U. D. C. medal; but as the State Divisions preferred to keep the designs they had been using, the President General did not think it proper to allow any interference with their wishes and saw no reason to adopt a special medal for the general organization, as it does not bestow any.

The proposal to amend the rules governing the bestowal of the cross of honor so that the nearest relatives of unmarried soldiers who fell during the war could secure them was not considered with favor and was referred to a committee for consideration.

The recommendation by Mrs. John P. Hickman, of Nashville, Tenn., Chairman of the Cotton Tax Committee, that a committee be appointed to confer with a similar committee from the U. C. V., to agree on an appeal to Congress for refund of the cotton tax levied on the Southern States during the War between the States and several years after, was accepted. It is planned to use the money, if secured, for the benefit of indigent Confederate veterans and widows.

Mrs. Lamar, of Georgia, spoke in favor of the establishment of a Jefferson Davis Highway, and she urged that efforts be made to impress on the nation the value of the services it had received from Jefferson Davis as Secretary of War, a soldier in Mexico, and in other capacities, rather than what he had been to the South, and asked that each State have a chairman to report to the committee and to urge Congressmen to support the movement. On this line Mrs. R. W. McKinney, of Kentucky, spoke of such a highway that is being planned to run by the birthplace of Mr. Davis at Fairview, Ky., and which would be extended to the birthplace of President Lincoln also. Mrs. McKinney is associated with the members of the Jefferson Davis Home Association of Kentucky in furthering this undertaking.

The award of the U. D. C. committee in the "Southern Literature Essay" contest was announced by Sister Esther Carlotta, S. R., President of the Florida Division and chairman of the committee. The "major" prize of $100 was not awarded, but this will be done later. The others on this committee were Dr. Dunbar Rowland, of Mississippi, and Dr. William E. Dodd, teacher of Southern history at the University of Chicago. The contest will be conducted again this year.

The first ten in the following list will receive a set of the "Library of Southern Literature," sixteen volumes. The two last named are winners in Group B, but will not receive the books. The winners follow: South Carolina, Mrs. Louise Ayer Vandiver; Florida, Mrs. George H. Boutelle; Virginia, Mrs. A. A. Campbell; Georgia, Walter B. Hill; Mississippi, Mrs. L. J. Farley; Missouri, Mrs. Clara Rider Hayden; Tennessee, E. C. Huffaker; Texas, Mrs. Louella Styles Vincent; West Virginia, Mrs. William D. Sell; District of Columbia, Miss Adelaide Royall Trent; Pennsylvania, Maude Baldwin Newman; Louisiana, Susan Howard Goodwin.

Historical Evening on Friday night also centered around Miss Rutherford, lovingly known as "Miss Milly," whose address on "Wrongs to Be Righted" held the close attention of the large audience. She told of many wrongs of history which should be set right in justice to the South and urged that Southern boys and girls be sent to Southern colleges and taught the Jeffersonian rather than the Hamiltonian theory of the Constitution. She also put upon parents the responsibility of knowing how and by whom their children are being taught.

The popularity of the Historian General was evidenced by much applause and many floral offerings, and her deep-toned "Hurrah for Georgia!" was the expression of a happy heart.

Several awards of merit were made on this evening. Arkansas received the banner given by Mrs. L. H. Raines for the best historical work. The handsome silver loving cup given by Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, former President of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., for the purpose of stimulating interest in the study of Southern history was awarded to Mrs. Eleanor Gillespie, of Tennessee, who wrote on "The Women of the Confederacy." The certificate of merit for the greatest increase in membership was presented by Mrs. Stevens to the Alabama Division and received by Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, State President.

By special request of the President General many of the Daughters wore cotton dresses on this evening. Miss Rutherford's gown was of purple cotton velvet, grown, woven, and made in Georgia.

The last day of the Convention was a very full one, with the unfinished business of previous sessions and new business to be taken up. The State Division reports revealed much work

accomplished along many lines. Much of this was given in the VETERAN for November. Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, President of the Maryland Division, prefaced the report prepared by her predecessor in office by reference to the outrage which had been perpetrated in the erection of the monument to Barbara Frietchie at Frederick, Md., and which was fought by the Daughters of Maryland in every way possible, but in vain. It now stands as a monument to falsehood.

Some Last Acts of the Convention.

Mrs. John McIntosh Kell, of Sunnyside, Ga., widow of the commander in chief of the Confederate navy, was made an Honorary President. Her election fills the vacancy made by the death of Mrs. C. M. Goodlett.

A resolution introduced by Sister Esther Carlotta, President of the Florida Division, secures the coöperation of the U. D. C. in fostering the cotton industry by urging its members to use cotton goods for all purposes possible and to encourage the manufacture of cotton products in the South.

A resolution introduced by Mrs. Joseph B. Dibrell, of Texas, and adopted provided for the appointment of a committee to urge Congress to set aside Arlington, General Lee's home, as a memorial to the Southern leader and to permit the Daughters of the Confederacy to furnish it so as to commemorate the different periods of the South's history.

Mrs. Ernest Walworth, of Memphis, paid a tribute to faithful slaves of the South and urged the placing of a bronze tablet under a memorial window in the Battle Abbey at Richmond in honor of the slaves. The resolution was adopted.

One thousand dollars each was appropriated to the Arlington and Shiloh monuments, and subscriptions totaling $1,625 for the former and $749 for the latter were pledged by the State organizations, Chapters, and individual members. Subscriptions were also made to the Cunningham memorial which bring the total to nearly $3,000. The proceeds of the sale of seals will go toward the Arlington fund.

The President General and Mrs. A. B. White, Director General for Shiloh, were authorized to execute a contract with F. C. Hibbard, sculptor, of Chicago, for the Shiloh monument.

Representative Graham, of Pennsylvania, was thanked for his efforts in behalf of Confederate veterans.

Officials who handle finances are directed to submit records to the Finance Committee ten days before the beginning of the Convention, that their books may be audited.

Mrs. Cornelius Branch Stone, of Texas, Honorary President U. D. C., introduced a resolution that Congress be asked to provide a pension of $100 *per capita* for all Confederate veterans in Soldiers' Homes, the same amount paid to Union veterans in similar institutions. After a hard fight, the Convention went on record in favor of doing so.

The long afternoon session of Saturday closed at 8 P.M., and the tired officers and delegates sang the doxology with thankful hearts. This was the first time in many years that the business of the Convention was completed without a night session.

Design for Shiloh Monument Accepted.

Mrs. A. B. White, Director General of the Shiloh Monument Committee, in her report at the afternoon session of Friday, expressed the belief that the monument would be completed in eighteen months. She reported that a design submitted by Frederick Hibbard, of Chicago, with modifications, had been accepted. He is a pupil of Lorado Taft, the celebrated sculptor. The selection was made from many models submitted.

The committee was authorized to lay the corner stone next spring, on the anniversary of the great battle, if possible. A request was made that all Chapters observe Shiloh Day.

The monument will cost $50,000, of which there is $31,416 now in bank drawing interest. Of this, $6,307 was raised last year, and about $1,500 came from the sale of calendars. The Georgia Division sold the most calendars, giving to Shiloh in commissions $266.40; the second was Mississippi, with $232.05; third, Tennessee, with $216.98. The Chapter selling the most calendars was the William P. Rogers, of Victoria, Tex., with commissions of $56.34; second, Agnes Lee Chapter, of Decatur, Ga., with $44.10; third, Corinth Chapter, of Corinth, Miss., with $36.30.

Mrs. White urged the Daughters to give their support to Shiloh, so that it may be possible to begin the work at once. Her statement that the foundation had been donated brought applause. After the Convention adjourned, a meeting of the committee and Presidents of State Divisions was held at the De Soto Hotel to discuss plans for carrying out the work.

A new monument movement has been projected by the U. D. C. in giving consideration to the Stone Mountain memorial. It is the conception of Mrs. C. Helen Plane, of Atlanta, Ga., and the idea was eloquently presented to the Convention by Hon. John Temple Graves at the Thursday morning session. It is to carve in the side of Stone Mountain, in the solid granite, an immense statue of Gen. R. E. Lee as a memorial for all time to the Confederate soldier. The present owner of the mountain has refused millions for the property, but he will donate to the U. D. C. the steep north side of the mountain, rising in sheer declivity nine hundred feet or more, which is suitable for the purpose. No grander memorial could be built, and doubtless that will become the next work of the U. D. C.

Social Features of the Convention.

Not the least interesting part of the Convention was the social side. The entertainments given for the Daughters were of a delightful character. The oyster roast on Thursday afternoon was a unique experience for many. This was given in the attractive grounds of the Yacht Club at Thunderbolt, on the Wilmington River. The brilliant reception at the Hotel De Soto on Wednesday evening, the luncheon there on Friday, and the teas at Memorial Hall during the Convention, all were beautifully planned and carried out and thoroughly enjoyed by the guests of those occasions. The presidents of the most prominent women's organizations of the city acted as hostesses at the Friday luncheon, at which there were three hundred and fifty guests. About the beautifully decorated circular table in the center of the dining hall were grouped the President General and other general officers, with their honor guests and hostesses. Toasts were drunk in pure water. The toast to world peace was offered by Mrs. Josephus Daniels, who concluded: "In offering the toast to peace I ask that you will offer with me a toast to the greatest advocate of peace, our President."

Mrs. B. B. Ross, First Vice President General, added to this toast the beautiful lines on peace from Tennyson: "May the United Daughters of the Confederacy and, indeed, all great organizations of women join in one grand, concerted movement to hasten the day

'When all men's good shall be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea
Through all the golden year.'"

Rising from her place in the body of the hall, Mrs. Patrick, of Anderson, N. C., offered the following toast: "To the veterans, the men who made us Daughters of the Confederacy."

The part taken by the Children of the Confederacy in the Convention was a very pleasant feature. They were most accommodating little pages, and their reception at Memorial Hall was a delightful entertainment. A program of music was given and delicious refreshments served. "Hurrah for the children of Georgia!"

A prominent figure at the Convention was Judge S. F. Wilson, of Tennessee. Vacating the chair to Mrs. B. B. Ross, the President General personally escorted Judge Wilson to the stage and asked that he occupy a place there at all sessions of the Convention. It was at Judge Wilson's suggestion some years ago that the name of the then National Daughters of the Confederacy was changed to United Daughters of the Confederacy. In a brief speech Judge Wilson discouraged the use of the expression "Lost Cause," and that it not be permitted within the Convention's deliberations. He said that the "cause" is more alive to-day than it was in the sixties. He declared that every reputable lawyer and jurist in the country has conceded the right of a State to secede from the Union.

VIRGINIA DIVISION NOTES.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL.

One of the important measures successfully carried out this year by the State President, Mrs. Riddick, with the assistance of Mrs. Merchant, was the rearrangement of the districts, made expedient by the number of new Chapters organized in the last three years. In the First District the only change was the transfer of Botetourt County to the next district. In the other districts many new groupings were advisable. District chairmen appointed by Mrs. Riddick are as follows:

First District, Mrs. A. A. Campbell, Wytheville.
Second District, Mrs. James E. Irvine, Charlottesville.
Third District, Mrs. John L. Hagan, Danville.
Fourth District, Miss Adella Yowell, Culpeper.
Fifth District, Mrs. W. D. Cardwell, Ashland.
Sixth District, Miss Annie Mann, Petersburg.

Scottsville Chapter is to be congratulated upon the unveiling of the beautiful Confederate monument for which it has labored so untiringly.

At the reunion of Mosby's men held in Charlottesville September 24 about seventy-five veterans of Mosby's command were registered. All spoke in terms of high praise of the entertainment given them. Mr. C. H. Walker, of the John Bowie Strange Camp, himself one of Mosby's men, was at the head of the local committee on entertainment. The ladies of the Albemarle Chapter, U. D. C., were invited to act as hostesses at the banquet given at the Armory in the evening of the 24th to Charlottesville's distinguished guests. They were also hostesses at the ball given at the Jefferson Park Pavilion. A basket picnic was held at Jefferson Park on the 25th under the joint auspices of the John Bowie Strange Camp and the Albemarle Chapter, U. D. C.

The approach of winter brings suffering to many feeble veterans, some of whom will not live to see another springtime. Even when so situated that generous assistance is not needed it should be remembered that the cheerful greeting and the kindly remembrance are always appreciated and are the outward manifestation of our abiding love and reverence for the men who wore the gray. Let us brighten the somber shadows of the eventide with our sympathy and be truly Daughters in our ministrations to the aged and infirm.

THE CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Dear Memorial Women: It is a great pleasure to have this opportunity of greeting you each month and to acknowledge through the columns of our official organ the many kind expressions and letters that I receive from you. Your President General received an invitation from the Savannah Chapter of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., to attend the twenty-first annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. In the name of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association I returned sincere thanks for the compliment, with regrets that I could not be present to represent the dear memorial women of the South. In the State of Georgia there are a large number of memorial women, the "Mothers of the Confederacy," who no doubt attended the convention and were found to be as young in spirit as any of the Daughters.

This month I have a special message for the State Vice Presidents. How many have complied with Section II. of Article III. of the By-Laws? Here is the by-law:

"The State Vice Presidents shall forward to the Corresponding Secretary General not later than December 1 of each year the rosters received from the Recording Secretaries of Associations.

"When Associations neglect to forward these lists to the State Vice Presidents within the prescribed time it becomes the duty of the Vice Presidents to communicate with such Associations with a view to obtaining the required information.

"The State Vice Presidents shall assist the Treasurer General when called upon in the collection of dues from delinquent Associations."

This is a very important ruling and should receive prompt attention. State Vice Presidents are requested to communicate at least quarterly with the Associations in their respective States with a view to promoting fraternal relations and an interest in memorial work, to urge an increase of membership, and to awaken dormant Associations. It is most gratifying to note that, with few exceptions, the Memorial Associations, although the oldest of all Confederate organizations, are still active and faithful to the work for which they were organized in the sixties. It is suggested that you look over the roster of your State Associations; and if they are not up to the mark with the Treasurer General, it is your duty to acquaint them with this fact and see to it that there will be no delinquents when we meet in Richmond, Va., next spring.

This message will reach you about Christmas time, the season of peace and good will which the Babe of Bethlehem breathed upon mankind. At this particular time, when the nations of Europe are suffering from the awful scourge of war, I cannot refrain from asking one and all to offer prayer to the Prince of Peace for a speedy cessation of hostilities nor from quoting the words of the Southern poet, Henry Timrod:

"He who till time shall cease
Will watch that earth where once, not all in vain,
He died to give us peace may not disdain
A prayer whose theme is peace."

With best wishes for the Christmas season.
Yours sincerely, MRS. W. J. BEHAN, *President General.*

CAMP CHASE CEMETERY.

BY MRS. E. T. SELLS, PRESIDENT U. D. C., COLUMBUS, OHIO.

It was a tender-hearted Ohio woman, Mrs. H. A. Axline, who largely influenced her Union soldier-husband, the late Henry A. Axline, Adjutant General of Ohio in 1887, to use these words in his report to Gov. J. B. Foraker: "The condition of Camp Chase Cemetery, where 2,260 Confederate prisoners of war are buried, is a blot upon and a disgrace to a Christian nation." Governor Foraker forwarded this report to Washington; and when he found that there were no government funds available for prison cemetery improvement, he recommended in his annual message that the Ohio Legislature make an appropriation for this purpose.

And it was on Decoration Day, 1887, that the gentle-hearted wife of Ohio's Governor, Mrs. J. B. Foraker, tenderly placed God's own gift of flowers upon the graves of these "our own, our very own" soldier laddies who were sleeping in this neglected, forlorn "God's acre." Colonel Chase, a Union soldier, assisted Mrs. Foraker in this gracious task.

In 1894 Col. W. H. Knauss, a Federal soldier, held memorial services and decorated the graves in Camp Chase Cemetery, around which the government had built a stone wall. Colonel Knauss's work is well known, yet all may not know that in 1902 a memorial arch was erected by him through the generous donation of his friend, W. B. Harrison. Colonel Knauss gave up the active work of Memorial Day in 1905, and since then he has served only as an honored guest.

In 1903 Gen. Stephen D. Lee, then Commander in Chief, U. C. V., offered a resolution at the Confederate Reunion at Memphis, Tenn., that the United States authorities be asked to mark the graves in all Northern prison cemeteries and that the matter be placed in the hands of Senator J. B. Foraker, of Ohio, who had done so much for the preservation and improvement of Camp Chase Cemetery. This resolution carried unanimously, and the result is that to-day every grave has its white marble marker with the name, company, regiment, and often the brigade chiseled upon it.

In 1910 the late Hon. James H. Berry, of Arkansas, had the ground of Camp Chase cleaned, leveled, and seeded. Then the Daughters of the Confederacy decided that there should be some arrangement for the perpetual care of our "Silent City." I was made chairman of a committee to devise ways and means for this. Many of our Southern members, together with our Northern friends in both Houses, joined with us in urging that an appropriation be asked for. Congress granted it, and now under the direction of Col. George A. Dodd, commander of the local barracks, the grounds are and will be beautifully kept.



SCENE IN CAMP CHASE CEMETERY.

As commissioner of Confederate graves, Hon. James H. Berry rendered inestimable service, and to his assistance is largely due the success which, as President of the Chapter, I had worked so hard to achieve and which was a source of so much satisfaction to me.

Almost every State which has sons buried in Camp Chase Cemetery responded to my request for State flags, which as they float from the limbs of the ancient gnarled trees make a beautiful and inspiring decoration for Memorial Day.

A VISIT TO POINT LOOKOUT PRISON.

BY R. M. COLVIN, HARRISONBURG, VA.

In November, 1913, I revisited the scene of my imprisonment at Point Lookout, Md., forty-nine years before. My stay on the island at this time was very different from what it had been in former days. There are only two houses on the point now, the lighthouse and a residence, where lives a Mrs. Yeatman with her daughter, with whom we stopped. Mrs. Yeatman has lived there forty-seven years and could point out many of the old familiar places.

On May 21, 1864, about sixty Confederates were captured at Milford Station, of whom were my two brothers and myself. We were sent to Point Lookout and held there until May 16, 1865, when we were paroled. My eldest brother had contracted fever and died while a prisoner, as did many others of our Southland, and it was that I might see his resting place once more that the trip was made. We were deeply gratified to find such a splendid monument erected to the memory of the soldiers and sailors who had passed away at that place. All that the government could do has been done there in a very substantial way—marking names, companies, regiments, the States of 3,384 on sixteen bronze tablets surrounding the monument. The first monument erected by the State of Maryland is quite handsome and does much credit to the State.

As to any prisoners who made their escape from this place, I cannot understand how they managed it, as there were three forts on land north of the camp, and there was no possible way for them to leave except by swimming, the place being surrounded by Chesapeake Bay, Potomac River, and Tanner's Creek.

If this should reach the eyes of any of the boys in gray who spent some time on the island, I send them greetings and suggest that they too go out and take a refreshing drink of sulphur and iron water from the old wells. It tastes just the same.

In response to my inquiry of Mr. James Hay, Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, the following was received:

"*Dear Sir:* I have made inquiries with regard to the monument to Confederate soldiers at Point Lookout, Md. After an exhaustive search here I cannot find that any law was passed for the erection of a monument at that place. I am advised by the War Department that the government has a reservation of fifty-five acres of land at Point Lookout, in which some Confederate soldiers are buried, but it has no record of any appropriation having been made for the erection of a monument. The probability is that this monument was erected by the State of Maryland or by contributions from other Southern States.

"Yours very truly. JAMES HAY."

To the Senator who promoted the measure we offer our heartfelt thanks, and to the Federal government also for the care taken of this resting place of our dead.

A SURGEON'S STORY OF BATTLE AND CAPTURE.

BY SIMON BARUCH, MEDICAL OFFICER IN M'LAW'S DIVISION.

On the 1st of July, 1863, a forced march brought McLaw's Division from the neighborhood of Chambersburg to a meadow in which we camped on the dew-covered grass. The stars were still twinkling when at dawn the column was again formed and the weary troops wended their way to what proved to be the most sanguinary battle field of the war. After marching and countermarching we approached the firing lines. It was an inspiring sight to watch General Hood as he coolly directed, under heavy artillery fire, the removal of a rail fence and led his corps into position, followed by two batteries of artillery galloping into action at full speed. Later Kershaw's Brigade, to which my command belonged, was deployed opposite the peach orchard, preparing to charge a battery of artillery, the shells from which I saw and felt in uncanny proximity, when I received orders to proceed to the field hospital, the Black Horse Tavern, on the Hagerstown road. We had scarcely opened our battle field supplies and hurriedly set up operating tables, constructed of doors laid upon dry goods boxes and barrels, when the ambulances began to bring their sad loads, the result of the charge on the battery in the peach orchard. Wounded men related how the



DR. SIMON BARUCH.

battery had been captured and a Wisconsin brigade supporting it put to flight, when an order to close a gap on the right of the line deflected the charging column and enabled the retreating artillerymen to return and send a destructive enfilading fire of grape into their flank. Nearly all the wounds were on the left side.

All day and all night the work continued at the field hospital, and throughout the following day also the wounded came pouring in, many on foot, among them several captured Union soldiers, on two of whom I operated, attending them like our own. At sundown I threw myself on the hay and slept until aroused by an orderly who brought a command from General Lee for Drs. Pearce, Nott, and Baruch to remain at the Black Horse Tavern field hospital "until further orders." Since the army was in full retreat, we realized that this order meant "capture by the enemy." Having been left in charge of the Disciples Church field hospital at Boonsboro, Md., under similar orders a year previous, and on that occasion having had six weeks of the most agreeable period of army life, I regarded this order into captivity with much more complacency than did my colleagues.

The morning found us amid novel surroundings. The slightly wounded had been removed, most of them being able to march. The field hospital contained now two hundred and twenty-two seriously wounded men, ten orderlies, and three surgeons. The demands of hunger claimed paramount attention, for we had not eaten a meal in three days. A peacock strutting on the meadow was slain and roasted for our breakfast. Within the tavern, which had been hastily abandoned on the approach of the army, cold biscuits, some coffee and sugar, dishes, etc., were found. A table was constructed in the orchard. The surgeons seated themselves to enjoy a feast which the hospital cook had placed steaming upon the table. Here was peace at last. Above our heads the July sun shone brightly, birds were twittering in the trees, and fragrant blossoms scented the still air. The calm following the continuous roar of cannon of yesterday seemed uncanny.

Never shall I forget the satisfaction with which I raised a knife to carve this novel roast fowl, saying, "Here goes." My companions laughed in joyous response. The knife had not touched the fowl when suddenly this scene of content and promised joy was overcast by the clouds of war. A shell flew shrieking over our heads, its shrill whistling silenced by an explosion in the field near by. There were an astonished and disappointed trio of doctors. The wounded began to moan, calling us to come to them. A yellow cloth was hastily fastened to the lightning rod of the barn, and we passed among the wounded to reassure them, while six shells exploded in uncomfortable proximity. When all was quiet again we noticed two scouts, with field glasses in their hands, dashing away.

After the wounded had been quieted, we returned to the deserted breakfast table, consumed the cold food, and discussed the probable cause of the interruption. Happening to observe the hill in front of the orchard, my eyes beheld a novel spectacle. As far as the eye could reach the summit of the hill was covered by a line of cavalry whose weapons shimmered in the brilliant July sun. The suddenness of their appearance lent awe to the scene. Slowly the line rode down the hill. Dr. Pearce, the ranking officer, directed me to meet the pickets and to surrender, "because," he said "you understand these Yankees." I hastily donned my gray coat and green sash and sauntered toward the advancing line, the cavalrymen being about three feet apart. A burly fellow ominously raised his pistol, when I said: "I surrender. Where is your commanding officer." In a distinctly Irish brogue he cried aloud: "Say, cap, here's a Reb wants to see you." The captain galloped to my side, saluted, and asked: "Are there many Rebels around?" I said: "Yes, but they are all wounded." He replied: "We'll see to that ourselves. Fall in, men." The bugle sounded, and the cavalcade dashed away.

After an interval of an hour the infantry pickets appeared on the hilltop. They formed in the road and were soon followed by the entire 6th Corps. The yard of the tavern was

quickly filled with brilliantly attired staff officers, one of whom I asked for the medical director. He replied politely that he was the adjutant general and would be glad to serve me. I directed his attention to the yellow rag on the lightning rod and said: "You fired five shells after that hospital flag was hoisted." He smiled, saying: "We did not see that flag. I directed the batteries to feel the way because I saw some scouts on the hill taking observations, and I wanted to dislodge any troops that might have been hidden behind that hill." Passing on to the porch of the tavern, in front of which masses of troops were filing past, I heard good-humored chaffing between the marching soldiers and our nurses. The latter asked: "What command is this?" The laughing reply was: "We are the chaps that captured Marye's Heights in the battle of Chancellorsville. Who are you?" "We are the chaps that drove you back afterwards at Salem Church." This raillery was followed by laughter on all sides.

Six weeks were spent at this field hospital—weeks replete with interesting ethical and surgical experiences. On the morning of the second day of our captivity I was called to the flap door of my tent and was surprised to be greeted by an officer in a chaplain's uniform. His face beamed with kindness as he said: "I am Dr. Winslow, of the Christian Commission. I have come to offer you any assistance in our power and to furnish you some supplies. These are meager, because General Stuart has cut our communication, but we will gladly share them with you." Tears started to my eyes and a lump rose in my throat as I realized for the first time in my life a practical demonstration of the precept, "Love thine enemy."

Two hours later I was on the way to Gettysburg, accompanied by an orderly, who had hired two horses by paying a shoulder of bacon, of which our commissary had left a needlessly abundant supply. At the office of the Christian Commission two bags were filled with supplies for the wounded. Being advised to apply to the sanitary commission, I walked to this large warehouse filled with hospital supplies which extended over the neighboring sidewalk. A clerk asked the location of the hospital, the names of the surgeons, and the number of wounded. He made out a slip which he handed to an officer, who, after approving it, directed a clerk to supply my needs. The clerk informed me that it would be necessary to obtain a wagon in order to remove the supplies at once from the store. I was directed to apply to the quartermaster for a wagon. My reception by this officer was a distinctly novel experience. On stating the object of my visit, he said: "Take a seat. I'll give you the first wagon that reports." He then handed me a new York Herald, pleasantly remarking: "Perhaps you'd like to know what has become of General Lee." This was the first Northern newspaper I had seen in two years and the first news I had read of the outside world.

When the wagon arrived the lieutenant ordered the driver to obey my orders. Returning to the sanitary commission warehouse, I was treated as courteously as if I were a merchant purchasing goods. The latter were loaded on the wagon. I remember that among them was a keg of tamarinds, a barrel of eggs packed in sawdust, and a lemon box, one-half of which was filled with lemons, the other with butter packed in thick paper and covered by a large piece of ice. I was advised also to apply to Dr. Letterman, medical director of the Army of the Potomac, and found in him a true soldier, magnanimous to his enemy, and a true physician, considerate of the wounded. Handing me a blank requisition, he instructed me how to fill it, approved it, and sent it to the medical purveyor for execution. That the wounded were well cared for under Surgeon Letterman's administration is attested by his record in the War Department, where his photograph was shown me by Surgeon-General Torney, to whom I related the incident last summer.

Two young women belonging to a historic Maryland family came to the hospital, under the chaperonage of an elderly English nurse, and remained with us, occupying garret rooms, until the hospital closed. They administered to the wounded, prepared the food and dressings, and read the burial service over those who succumbed. Their services were inestimable. Now and then sympathizing friends from Baltimore appeared in carriages, bringing supplies and good cheer for our wounded boys. On one occasion I had just finished an operation, surrounded by a number of convalescents and nurses, when I was accosted by Dr. F., of Baltimore, who complimented me and the following day brought me a splendid Tiemann field operating case with my name engraved on its cover.

When the wounded had been disposed of we were ordered to report to the provost marshal. This individual was of a type which I had not before encountered. He was an impudent, pompous chap, probably under the influence of liquor. To my statement that I was ready to be sent home, he responded with a sneer: "I guess you are. Just come here tonight at seven. I have a lot of other Rebels, and you may go along with them." Our female nurses insisted on our taking from a roll of money whatever amount we thought might be needed. Since we expected to be sent home at once, in accordance with my previous year's experience, we declined the offer. "You had better take some money, for you don't know what may be in store for you." I accepted five dollars to provide for possible contingencies.

At the station the train was loaded to its utmost capacity, my own position being in a cattle car, in which we traveled until daylight. At the Baltimore station a file of soldiers awaited the arrival of the train. A sergeant, whose patriotism doubtless was of finer quality than his grammar, yelled: "All you men what is surgeons in the Rebel army fall in here." This segregation from the other prisoners confirmed my expectation of immediate transfer to our lines. But I was sadly in error. We were marched under guard (my first experience) to Barnum's Hotel, on Monument Square, and locked up. At noon a dirty negro appeared with a basket containing "chunks" of bacon and bread. Taking a piece of bread in one hand, he placed a piece of bacon upon it by pushing it off the fork with his thumb, saying, "Here's your ration."

Having been coddled so long and having enjoyed the best food, this experience was rather startling to the hundred or more surgeons and fifteen chaplains assembled at the "hotel," which at that time was used as a political prison. However, "hunger is der beste koch," as the Germans say. Our appetites had been well sharpened by the absence of breakfast, and so were our wits. We held a meeting (the usual thing among Americans), passed resolutions protesting against this cruel treatment of noncombatants, and sent them to the officer in charge. At 3 P.M. we were ordered to be ready for marching orders. The distance from Barnum's Hotel to Fort McHenry may be short, but to us, who had always done our marching on horseback, this tramp through the hot streets of Baltimore in August was a trying experience. Most of us had removed our coats and thrown them over our shoulders. What a con-

trast between this tramp through dirty streets and my previous year's drive through the fashionable streets of Baltimore in a victoria!

Arrived at Fort McHenry, the roll was called, and we were assigned quarters in one of the long barrack buildings near the left of the gate. A portion of this building was occupied by Union troops, my bunk adjoining one of the latter. The bunks were double-deckers, consisting of a frame of strong posts with cross beams, upon which two board floors were secured, which served as beds. There were no mattresses nor straw. Tired nature compensated for the absence of these comforts. Wrapping ourselves in our blankets, with our coats as pillows, we "slept the sleep of the just." Three meals were served. Breakfast consisted of hard-tack and sweetened black coffee. Each man dipped his coffee from the can and helped himself to hard-tack as he felt inclined. The quantity of food was more satisfactory than the quality. Dinner consisted of corned beef and potatoes, or pork and potatoes, or soup and soup beef, always with an abundance of hard-tack. Supper was a repetition of breakfast. We soon became accustomed to the rough fare and were glad enough to condone it when we realized the privileges we enjoyed.

Colonel Porter, who was in command of the 5th United States Artillery (I believe) at the fort, proved a courteous and kindly host within his line of duty. We were allowed the liberty of the entire grounds between the brick inclosure and the river, on the edge of which the fort stands, to bathe in the river, play ball, walk around the docks, listen to the splendid music of the bands at guard-mounting and dress parade, see the assembled crowds, to whom we were "rebel" curiosities, and, what was greatly appreciated, every day or two some of our women sympathizers were permitted to visit us. They usually drove up to the provost's office, near the fort, and sent their cards to those whom they desired to see. On such occasions we usually shaved and put on new paper collars to meet the lovely women, whose smiling faces and cordial pressure of hand irradiated our hearts as only captives in a strange land may fully know. We were permitted to converse in the presence of officers, whose politeness was manifested by keeping without earshot. After the interview we escorted the visitors to their carriage, handed them in as gracefully as the occasion demanded, and returned the sweet smiles that "warmed the cockles of the heart" when they waved adieu. Several times during our captivity Mrs. E., a prominent sympathizer, sent a churn of ice cream and cakes to us. O what a feast that was! Every night we met as a debating club, two being appointed for each side of the question and a third to sum up. We had classes in French, German, and Spanish. Among many less amusing incidents may be mentioned a fight between a surgeon and a chaplain, in which the former received an embellished nose.

Aside from the food, which hunger made savory, our stay at Fort McHenry would have been like a summer spent at a seaside resort. There were one hundred and ten surgeons and ten chaplains. One of the sergeants had been bribed by our outside friends, and whenever this particular sergeant was on guard duty at the gate we had the password, and frequently one or more of the prisoners passed through the gate at night and returned before morning, after having enjoyed friendly entertainment in Baltimore. The soldiers who occupied a portion of the barracks often listened to our debates, and it was amusing to see them standing near the men who were "fixing up" for the evening party in Baltimore. The temptation was too enticing. One by one the revelers failed to return. Not the slightest suspicion existed in the garrison.

One day we learned of the reason of our detention. We were held as hostages for a Dr. Rucker, of West Virginia, who had been tried by a jury of his fellow townsmen and found guilty of killing an Irishman. It appears that this doctor was in jail awaiting his execution when a Union cavalry raid passed through the town, and his friends freed him, and he escaped with the troops. A few days later he was recaptured in a skirmish and sent to Richmond to expiate his crime on the gallows. His friends at home claimed that Rucker had not been fairly tried because he was a Union man. His attorneys set up the claim that he was an army surgeon by contract, and this claim was sustained by the Washington authorities. So a Dr. Myers, a surgeon in the Confederate army, was put into close confinement at Fort McHenry as a hostage to be executed in the event of Rucker's execution. The Confederate authorities placed a Union surgeon in close confinement in reprisal. The exchange ceased, and the gallows was erected.

One day an order was brought from headquarters that the chaplains prepare themselves for removal. Here was a dilemma. Three of the ten chaplains had not returned from their Baltimore visit. Indeed, they had gone to Canada (as was learned afterwards), and there, with utter disregard of their cloth, had participated in an unsucessful attempt to liberate the Confederate officers imprisoned on Edward's Island, near Buffalo. A secret conclave decided that three surgeons must answer to the names of the missing chaplains. Our uniforms had ceased to indicate our rank, and some of us wore civilian coats. One of the doctors selected was a fiery little Texan, who habitually garnished every sentence with the choicest profanity, and he was selected with fear and trembling.

When the provost marshal called the roll, the chaplains in due form were all accounted for. He checked them off and ordered them to "fall in." Accompanied by the entire contingent, the chaplains marched down to the bay boat and went on board, not, however, without a private guard of colleagues over the little Texas doctor. The danger was passed; we resumed the even tenor of our way. The sergeant, alarmed by the narrow escape from discovery, deprived us of the privilege of visiting Baltimore, however.

We had the privilege of purchasing whatever we could pay for in the sutler's store. So the money given me by Miss Howard, the nurse, was very useful here. Some of the surgeons had friends at the North who sent money and clothing to those whose names they read in a published list. A New York woman told me that, seeing my name among the prisoners, and having known me in Charleston, she sent me money, which I did not receive. Others were more fortunate. I was permitted to write to relatives in Europe and to receive replies. In prison life human nature asserts itself in all its nakedness. The generosity of some men was as marked as the cupidity of others. On one occasion I received a five-dollar bill from the negro laundress, who had conveyed it to me from a Miss M—— by pinning it within the hem of her dress.

About three weeks after the departure of our "spiritual friends" the secret so well guarded leaked out. It happened that one of the surgeons was an opium fiend, and to obtain the drug he had himself reported sick, and so managed to obtain small quantities of the drug. Very soon, however, the quantity became insufficient, and he would steal into the drug

room at night to obtain a sufficient quantity to satisfy the increased craving. He was discovered one night, and two of our colleagues, who happened to be patients, witnessed the arrest of Dr. H. When summoned a month later as witnessess, one of them, Dr. Guild, could not be found. In fact, he was among those who never "returned from the party." The entire grounds, the shore, and even the water were searched in vain until Dr. Murchison, the dean by age of the "medical faculty of Fort McHenry," informed the provost marshal that Dr. Guild was "absent without leave."

The long roll was soon heard. A file of guards marched to our quarters, and we were ordered to pack up. The provost marshal called the roll. When the fifteen missing ones were called, their names were checked off as "absent." Occasionally one of our mischievous men, hidden in the crowd, would answer: "Gone where the woodbine twineth." We were ordered to take our "baggage" on our backs and march to a brick artillery stable, the lower part of which was occupied by deserters and bounty jumpers, who were driven to work every day in a chain gang. In the effort to "lock the stable after the horse was stolen" the commandant put us under lock and key and posted a guard at the door, besides detailing another guard to accompany us whenever we were compelled to go out. The loft was cold and dreary, the only means of warming it being a pipe from the stove in the stable occupied by the deserters. The latter, being fatigued by their day's labor, resented with curses the disturbance of sleep. Our amusements here were the same as in the barracks—cards, chess, and other games, and classes in language. Our ardor was too much dampened for debating. An amusing incident occurred when Dr. DeG., of Georgia, disturbed a game of chess of Dr. N., of South Carolina. The latter, one of the quietest of men, but an earnest chess player, arose and slapped the face of the former. Immediately a challenge passed to fight a duel. From the "point of a needle to the mouth of a cannon" was the choice of weapons offered by Dr. DeG., who had spent too much of his scant money supply at the sutler's canteen. The duel was never fought.

After two weeks' incarceration a petition was sent to the commanding officer asking for relaxation of discipline and offering our parole of honor not to escape. The guards were withdrawn. A large space was assigned us, within the limits of which we were permitted to exercise and play football. Passing soldiers kindly assisted us in throwing the ball back when it happened to be driven beyond the limits.

The battle of Chickamauga having placed over one hundred Union soldiers, with their field hospitals, within General Bragg's lines, an effort appears to have been made to exchange us; but we continued to be held as hostages until the Rucker matter was disposed of, as I learned after my return home, by the escape of Rucker, connived at by the authorities at Richmond.

The order for our release came one cold October morning, and we were ordered to pack. Colonel Porter and his staff entered the lower part of the stable immediately after the chain gang had departed. Then two of our number were called down with their baggage. After considerable delay two others were called. Curiosity to discover the cause of this maneuver led one of the doctors to lie flat upon the floor in order to do some eavesdropping. He scratched the dirt from a small knot hole and thus obtained a limited view of the proceedings below. We were informed that there was an examination of all the baggage by a sergeant and that all new things were confiscated, also that he saw money handed to the sergeant, who rolled it into a package, wrote something on it, and then gave it to an officer, but that nothing was taken from the persons of the doctors. At once there was great scurrying to readjust our clothing. I placed an extra hat in my boot leg, donned a new civilian coat and several undervests, replaced my old flannel shirt with two new ones, and then resumed my ample military overcoat. Others did likewise. I trembled for my beautiful instrument case. One man, whose cupidity had led him not to refuse greenbacks whenever offered, cut an imperceptible slit in the white lining of his carpet sack and slipped his money into it. I happened to be called at the same time with him. When the sergeant had finished the investigation of my carpet sack and had confiscated a few things, he said: "Now, doctor, your blanket roll." I said, "You want my money too, don't you?" and handed him a roll of Confederate bills, which he counted carefully, pinned and labeled, and handed to the provost marshal at the desk. In the meantime I moved the roll of blankets to the passed baggage and asked my fellow prisoner to open his bag. This ruse succeeded. The sergeant found so many nice new things to confiscate that his attention was diverted. When he finished he held up the new carpet bag and said: "Well, doctor, you did not bring this into our lines, did you?" With crestfallen countenance the doctor replied in the negative, and it was thrown among the confiscated baggage, to the great amusement and satisfaction of the Confederate bystanders.

Colonel Porter was disinclined to deprive us of these trifles, but he obeyed orders, with the result that the deck of the boat which conveyed us to Fortress Monroe contained a large pile of promiscuous merchandise. Colonel Porter jested with us when he noticed that we had donned extra clothing, saying: "You can't complain that we have not fed you well, for you have all grown stout." When Major Mulford, the splendid exchange officer, saw the confiscated articles he was greatly chagrined, and immediately after arrival at Fortress Monroe he obtained the release of these articles through Gen. Benjamin Butler. There was quite an amusing scramble for each man's property before we reached Aiken's Landing, on the James River.

The case of instruments was sent to Camden, S. C., my home, for safekeeping until needed, but was captured there by Sherman's troops. Such are the vicissitudes of war.

MONUMENT TO FAITHFUL SLAVES.

A patron of the VETERAN writes that he is sure Comrade Hugh C. Barclay, of Mobile, Ala., will be gratified to know there is at least "one granite shaft in all our land" that

> "Tells to the world how bondslaves, brave and good,
> Took tender care of all our helpless band,
> When fettered slave upheld the master's hand
> That forged his chain."

The little town of Fort Mill, in York County, S. C., is known all over our country, and even across the Atlantic, for its monuments erected to the Confederate women of the South: a monument to the Confederate soldier, a monument to the Catawba Indian, "always the friend of the white man" (a remnant of this tribe still is in this county under the care of the State), and a monument to the faithful slaves of the Confederacy, the only one in the world.

*THE CONFEDERATE MAIL CARRIER.**

BY MRS. W. A. MITCHELL, FERGUSON, MO.

There were two mail carriers appointed by Gen. Sterling Price to carry mail from camps to homes of Missouri and Kentucky Confederate troops. One of these was a steamboat pilot and captain, Absalom Carlisle Grimes, who was a major in the Confederate army. The other carrier was his "partner," Robert Louden. In carrying on his hazardous work of being the only means of communication between the soldiers and their loved ones at home, Captain Grimes passed through the Union lines thirteen times. He was captured six times, escaped five, and was pardoned December 10, 1864, by President Lincoln by telegraph. The following is from his diary:

"The mail had been collected by my lady assistants in all parts of Northern and Central Missouri, and I left St. Louis on May 1, 1862, on my second trip South. I wanted to do a little private investigaitng as a 'side line' in order to make an important report to General Price when I reached his headquarters. I decided to go via the Mississippi River and try to make Fort Pillow, which was then in Rebel territory, as was Island No. 10, where the Federal gunboats were endeavoring to annihilate the Rebel garrison stationed on that island. The Rebs had strongly objected to the Federal fleet's navigating the river below that point; but, Yankeelike, the Feds conceived the idea of cutting a wide swathe through heavy timber across a point of overflowed land which would enable them to proceed down the river without passing Island No. 10, where they were likely to be molested. The river was very high and the water eight or ten feet deep all over the bottom lands.

"To return to my trip South. I left St. Louis on the steamer Far West, whose captain was William Blake, an old friend of mine. I left the steamer at Neeley's Landing, sixty miles south of St. Louis, and went to the home of John Gramer, a retired steamboat pilot. There I procured a skiff and three or four days' rations and pulled out for Dixie. When near Cairo I covered my skiff with willow branches in order to prevent the garrison from seeing it pass the fort. I planned to float down the west bank, far from the fort, but the current carried me out into the stream, and I dared not use the oars. When I was almost past the fort the Federals must have suspected that there was something more than a tree attached to the willow branches, and they began target practice upon it. Several times the shots cut the willows, and I was rendered quite nervous for fear their bullets would puncture the sides of my boat and perhaps my personal sides also.

"I floated about four miles below Bird's Point before I parted with my willow disguise, and then I lost no time in getting away from the fortified town of Cairo. The Federal 'Mosquito Fleet' lay anchored about Island No. 9. This fleet consisted of stern-wheel and other boats remodeled and covered with iron about two inches thick, and they were only bullet-proof, and therefore termed the 'Mosquito Fleet.' There were six or eight of these and many transports. The commander of this fleet had four flatboats about fifty feet long and twenty feet wide; each one had an upright portable steam boiler which furnished power to run two saws, one on each front corner of the flatboat. There was a long hose connecting the saw with the boiler. The saws were eight feet long and so arranged that they could be held in place by hand and saw off the largest kind of a tree eight or ten feet below the surface of the water. Then the trunks of the trees were sawed up and dragged out of the way by steam tugs. It was two and one-half miles across the point, and those Yankee 'beavers' were only two days cutting the trees away and passing their boats through to New Madrid, which was below Island No. 10.

"Now, that unfair trick put the Rebel garrison out of employment, and the result was that their supply of rations was likely to be interfered with by the Federals. As a precaution the Rebels spiked their guns and went south to Fort Pillow, whence the whole Federal fleet proceeded at once. There they found General Pillow and quite a large force of Confederates peacefully awaiting any call that might be made by the Federals for permission to pass farther south. After the evacuation of Island No. 10, the United States heavy gunboats passed on down and anchored above Fort Pillow. They seemed to be planning to pass around east of Fort Pillow and reënter the Mississippi below the fort via Wolf River.

"As I had some curiosity to learn the *modus operandi* by which they planned to avoid Fort Pillow, I followed the gunboats a day later in my skiff. Across the river from the landing at Osceola, Ark., I rowed away out into the flooded woodlands to investigate. While there I hid the valise containing the mail for the Missouri and Kentucky troops in a hollow snag about four feet above the water, intending to get it as I went south through the overflowed district, avoiding Fort Pillow.

"After hiding the mail I returned to a very nice farmhouse which stood on the river bank about two miles north of where the Federal gunboats lay. The house was built on piles five or six feet above the ground, and it had a small back porch. About five o'clock that afternoon I was sitting on the porch when a launch carrying six marines (who were rowing) and a mate in charge, steering the boat, landed at the porch. I recognized the mate as one who had been with me on the steamer Lucy May when I was pilot on that vessel. His name was Harris. Our recognition was mutual, and he said: 'Why, hello, Grimes, where did you come from? I thought you were in the Rebel army.' I told him unblushingly that I had left the Rebel army, taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, and was learning the lower Mississippi under Capt. Tom Taylor, who was a pilot on the Wisconsin, one of the Federal gunboats. He did not seem to doubt my statement.

"The man of the house delivered to him a dressed hog, for which he had come, and the boat pulled away. I felt somewhat ill at ease after Harris left and decided that by ten o'clock that night I would deprive the farmer of my company. After supper I retired. I was quite exhausted after my long row down the river. Before the hour set for my departure I was awakened by the approach of a rowboat, and I saw that it was about to land alongside my skiff at the porch. I had retired with my pants on, fearing my slumbers might be disturbed; so I grabbed my coat, hat, shoes, and vest and rolled out of the back window, as I felt certain that the new arrivals were there to call upon me, and I did not feel in a mood to entertain Federal guests. It was about four feet from the window sill to the water, and the exit proved a success.

"Now, to abandon a warm bed for an unnecessary and involuntary bath in river water was rather undesirable, but it seemed to be a case of necessity and rather urgent. These hard-tack consumers were soon uninvited guests in my room. They called the host, and I could hear them talking. I seemed to be the object of their solicitude. Finally the host said: 'He

*Copyright. All rights reserved.

must have gone out this window into the water, as it was closed down when he turned in.' I had no chance to get into my skiff, as it was tied to the porch beside their launch. Then what did those Federals do but get into their launch and row around the house, all the while shooting their revolvers under the house! I was thus obliged to continue circling around one of the large underpinning posts of the house to prevent their accidentally perforating my hat, which was about all I had above water, and they did not seem to care if they did hit me. I had only five shots and killed none. There was just about a foot of space between the water and the floor of the house, and they could not get the boat under. The lieutenant politely requested his marines to remove their footgear and take water, which they cheerfully did, and continued shooting in every direction under the house in the dark.

"At last I told them that if they would cease their careless shooting I would call it off and join them in anything they might propose, to which they agreed. I waded out from under the house, and the lieutenant remarked: 'What did you make that kind of a move for? You might have been killed by a shot.' I answered: 'It did not seem that you fellows were doing much to prevent it.' I still carried my clothes in my arms, having been too busy dodging bullets to take time to dress.

"When embarked in the launch I found Mate Harris in charge, and *en route* down the river to the fleet we had a social chat about old times on the steamer Lucy May. He told me that when he reached the gunboat Benton with the dressed hog (above mentioned) he mentioned to some friends having seen me and my story of belonging to the Wisconsin, not once suspecting that I had not told him the truth nor intending to do me harm. The pilot on the Benton, Horace Bixby, was paying close attention to his remarks, and he said: 'That notorious devil does not belong on any boat in this fleet, and he is here for no good.' Then Bixby made a report to Commodore Foote, who suddenly expressed a desire to cultivate my acquaintance, as he had heard of me, and he ordered the lieutenant to invite me down to the Benton.

"I was taken to the Benton, the flagship of the fleet, put in irons, and placed in the hold for the night. Next morning I was presented to Commodore Foote, and while in conversation one of my lifelong friends, Capt. H. L. Downes, and Capt. Tom Parker, master of the gunboat Louisville, with several other friends in the fleet, called to see me, and I held quite a reception. Later I was placed in charge of Captain Wilson and four marines, who took me to Cairo on the steamer De Soto. Upon my arrival I was turned over to Commodore A. N. Pennock, commander of the naval forces at Cairo. A book was taken from me which no one could understand, as it was written in cipher. Commodore Pennock ordered me to translate it, which I refused to do, and he promised that when he was through with me I would be glad to translate it. I was taken by guards and placed in a blind cell (one without windows) in an old frame building, used as a prison, which stood about fifty yards south of the St. Charles Hotel

"The water within the levee at Cairo was then about three feet deep throughout the city and lacked only an inch of touching the floor of my prison. The following day it covered the floor of my cell and continued to rise until it was four inches deep. There were several other prisoners confined in a large room, and five girls, residents of Cairo, who were unruly and had been placed in a small boat by the police of the city, were among the prisoners. Their boat blew ashore about twelve miles below the city, and the girls walked back, defying the order to stay away. They were then placed in a row of cells, not dungeons. They were a merry gang singing and cussing everything in sight, the Yankee army in particular.

"The blind cell I occupied was about five feet wide by eight feet in length and contained a little narrow bench, about a foot wide, built along one side of the wall. There was an empty pork barrel standing in the hall, which the sergeant of the guard permitted me to take into my room so that I could sit upon the bench and lean my elbows upon it. In this position, with my feet in four inches of water, I did my resting and sleeping. My diet was bread and water twice daily for three weeks. I was provided with an old-fashioned pair of handcuffs, which resembled a pair of plow clevises, with a bolt some sixteen inches long running through the eyes of the clevis and fastened with an iron wedge, or key, twisted at one end to prevent its being removed.

"The water soon began to recede and left the floor dry. The floor was constructed of two layers of one-inch pine plank laid crosswise. Before I left St. Louis Mrs. D. A. Wilson had given me a spring-backed, one-bladed, flat-handled knife about six inches long, which was sewed into the lapel of my coat and had been overlooked when I was searched at Pennock's headquarters. I used this knife to cut a hole in the floor, covering the hole with the barrel. With a strip of lining torn from my coat and tied to a small stick cut from the wall bench I sounded the water every day to see how far it stood below the floor. I managed to get the wedge, or key, out of the handcuffs by sticking it in a crack in the barrel head, and I took out the twist, thereby releasing the key. When I went down through the hole in the floor into the water, then about three feet deep, I had to duck my head beneath the water at every one of those forty joists under the building until I reached the east end, which was not boarded up from floor to ground. This was about nine o'clock at night, and it was dark and raining.

"The imprisoned girls kept watch on the guards and posted me as to their movements. The walls were only one-inch pine plank, and we had no difficulty in conversing through them. Lying at the wharf at Cairo were about twenty steamboats loaded with troops, horses, and all sorts of supplies in charge of General Buell *en route* to Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., to reënforce General Grant, who had been defeated in the battle of Shiloh.

"I waded to the wharf and entered the cabin of the steamer Denmark (on which boat I had been a pilot before the war), and I saw Capt. 'Windy' Robinson standing in the front cabinway conversing with some friends. I left there in a hurry, not feeling inclined just then to renew old acquaintance, as he was a man of strong Union tendencies. I stepped over to the next boat, the Planet, a very large New Orleans freight boat which had a big cabin for emigrants instead of the regular passenger cabin. On her middle deck was a large deck room. Everything was in great confusion on these boats, and I stowed myself away among the plunder to rest and take a nap, as I was thoroughly wet and exhausted by my escape from the Cairo prison, where I had lived on bread and water for three long weeks. I rested quite well. The next morning when I awaked the steamers were all under way upstream *en route* for Shiloh, Tenn.

"I went down into the engine room and met Tom Newkirk, chief engineer of the Planet, who was a stanch friend and

fellow steamboatman of my father. He was delighted to see me, took me into the blacksmith shop, and provided me with dry clothing and plenty of good, substantial food, which astonished my stomach most agreeably, as I was all but starved.

"Upon looking around the boat I came across a man named Sam Anderson, a steamboat clerk and captain, with whom I had worked in the winter just before the war began. I had befriended him financially when he was in serious trouble, and therefore he was now ready to aid me. He said: 'Hello, Ab. Where did you come from?' I told him of my escape from prison the night before. He said: 'The —— you did! I am the government detective on this boat.' I replied: 'That is all right, Sam. Where is your room?' He laughed, and we retired to his room and had a long talk. He told me Joe Janes was one of the pilots on the Planet. I was well acquainted with Janes and knew he was of strong Southern sympathies. The other pilot and captain was Henry Eihler, whose politics were about six of one and half a dozen of the other. Janes invited me up to the pilot house that night during his watch, and while I was up there Captain Eihler came in. I was not personally acquainted with him, but we recognized each other.

"During my second day on this boat Sam Anderson said to me: 'Ab, I was up in the pilot house awhile ago, and I heard the colonel commanding the regiment that is on this boat ask Captain Eihler if he had "seen anything of that man," to which the Captain replied that he had not been up in the pilot house since morning. The colonel said: "I think I will look him up, as he must be in hiding." Now, Ab, you know enough to look after yourself.' I quietly sneaked around and found that a guard had been placed at every stairway on the boat except one, that leading from the hurricane deck to the pilot house. I went into the upstairs deck room where the soldiers' paraphernalia was piled in confusion and selected a Federal coat, cap, and musket. I went to one of the guards stationed at the foot of a stairway leading from the boiler deck to the main deck, near the cookhouse. I told him the colonel said for me to take that position and for him to guard the stairs that went from the hurricane deck to the pilot house. He said: 'All right; I am glad to get away from this stench.' I immediately proceeded to the main deck, which was loaded with hundreds of cattle crowded thick in the boiler deck room. I threw off the Federal coat, laid down the gun, and started back through the cattle to the after end of the boat. After some delay and struggling and climbing over the cattle, in which I was kicked a dozen times, I managed to reach the stern of the boat. Near the rudder post was a small hatchway leading into the hold of the boat. I managed to thump the cattle around, raised the hatchway, and climbed into the hold. It was filled with hay, corn, oats, and all kinds of provender for the cattle, but nothing adapted to my digestion or appetite. I remained in the hold until the next morning, passing some of the time trying to chew shelled corn, but my teeth were not set right. Finally the boat landed at Pittsburg Landing, Tenn.

"When I heard the cattle tramping on the deck above me as they were being driven off the boat, I crawled out through the little hatchway, folded my coat closely and put it into the seat of my pants, tucked the rim of my soft felt hat up on one side of my head, picked up a piece of hoop, and assisted the roustabouts in driving the cattle off the boat. When on the forecastle I saw an old friend of mine, Charley King, standing on the stern of the next boat, which was the steamer Chouteau. I spoke to him. He told me he was barkeeper on the Chouteau and for me to hustle over to his boat, so I hustled without further entreaty. He fitted me up with clean clothing and a white shirt, and I did not look like the dirty cowpuncher I represented an hour before. King procured a pass for me, and I wended my way to the Confederate army at Corinth, Miss.

"O what a great disappointment to the boys that I had brought them no mail! But when I told them where and how I had left it, how the lieutenant and six marines had caused my exit through the window into an unappreciated bath to sneak under the house, how they enjoyed target practice and got in three shots to my one, how I had been starved for three weeks and of my watery escape, my comrades forgot their disappointment and congratulated me on my escape.

"I remained at Corinth in camp for two or three days, gathering up letters, and then on the 29th of May returned to Shiloh, where I took the steamer Skylark on June 1, 1862. Capt. William Blake was commander, the same man who was captain of the Far West. Upon approaching Cairo, where the boat was to remain a few hours, I was afraid I might be recognized by some of the guards or authorities of the city; so in order to secrete myself I went up to the hurricane deck. Away back near the stern of the steamer was a lifeboat turned upside down on the deck. I crawled under the boat and located myself lengthwise on the underside of the seats. There was a space between the top edge of the boat and the deck of about four inches, but I could not be seen unless some one should stoop down and look up under the boat.

"While the steamer lay at the Cairo landing I could hear a number of people running back on the deck near me in the direction of the boat in which I was hiding. My impression was that they were after me and that it would be my finish if they turned the lifeboat over. I heard them conversing about a body that was floating in the river near the stern of the steamer. After the body had floated out of sight, the party of about ten persons dispersed, greatly to my relief. The steamer left the landing shortly afterwards, and I crawled out, feeling as if I were broken in several pieces at the points where I had hung over the seats. I made the trip to St. Louis safely with a large mail, which was distributed by my lady assistants, who went in various directions throughout the State. I returned to camp ten days later."

SHELBY'S EXPEDITION INTO MEXICO.

BY W. H. BRADLEY, SELMA, CAL.

At the close of the war Shelby's Brigade of Cavalry was camped near Corsicana, Tex. We broke camp on the 31st of May, 1865, and started on the march to Mexico on the 2d of June. I was not with the command at that time, but was on detail at Tyler, Tex., guarding the prison pen at that place.

Hearing that a portion of the command was going to Mexico, we turned the prisoners over to the civil authorities and overtook the command on the third day after leaving Corsicana. There were in the command three hundred and two men. General Shelby had charge, as all the men were from his brigade. Generals Smith and Price overtook the command at San Antonio, Tex., and with them were Governor Allen and Senator Oldham, of Texas, besides a number of other Confederate officials that I did not know. From Shelby's Brigade were Colonels Gardner, Elliott, and Skyback, and from my regiment (Skyback's) were Captain Wood, of Company A; Captain Macy, of Company B; Captain Nixon, of

Company H; Captain Antrobus, of Company K; and the captain of Company I, whose name I have forgotten.

An explanation of the reason for this expedition to Mexico: On the 5th of January, 1863, General Ewing, the Federal commander of Missouri, issued an order that all Confederates caught in the State after that date with the Confederate uniform on would be shot as spies; and as that order was still in force, the most of us were unwilling to go home.

We went from Corsicana almost due west, passing through the towns of Waco, Austin, and San Antonio. We made our first halt at the latter place, and during our stay of two days there we were royally entertained by the citizens. From San Antonio our march to the Rio Grande was through an uninhabited country covered with prairie grass, small, scrubby timber and grease wood, and many varieties of cactus. We reached the Rio Grande on the 2d of July, and we had with us four pieces of brass artillery, two twelve-pound and two fourteen-pound guns, and twenty-five hundred cavalry rifles manufactured at Tyler, Tex., that were issued to the brigade just before the surrender of General Lee. General Shelby got a man from Mexico who was in Texas after cotton to haul them to Mexico for us.

It will be remembered that at this time Maximilian and the French were in Mexico trying to establish a monarchy. Eagle Pass was the name of the town on the American side of the Rio Grande where we camped, and on the Mexican side of the river an army of about four thousand Mexicans of the Liberal, or Republican, government of Mexico were camped. We arrived there late in the evening, and the next morning some of the Mexican officials came over the river, and to them General Shelby sold the arms and artillery, for which we received $193 to each man. We also had some wagons and mules, which were bought in by the small companies of the command. My company bought one wagon and five mules for $650.

We crossed the Rio Grande on the 4th of July, 1865, and buried our battle flag. (We had promised the ladies who presented it that it should never be surrendered.) We rolled it around a large rock and sank it in the river. Imagine our feelings as we watched the blood-stained, tattered banner that we had carried for four years sink beneath the muddy waters of the Rio Grande!

We were now in a country that was new to us, very different from anything we had ever seen, and among a people as different from us as their country was to ours. We left the west bank of the river on the morning of the 5th of July, going almost due south to the city of Monterey. Our march to the city occupied about eight days, and they were very eventful days for us. We could not speak a word of Spanish, and the Mexicans could not speak our language; but we found out very soon that the male citizens did not take much stock in us. The female population thought we were the greatest men they ever saw, so when we wanted to buy anything we could always get it from the women and, we thought, at very low prices.

About a day before our arrival at Monterey we entered the French lines and were warmly welcomed by the first command we met. The French general in command at Monterey made a proposition to General Shelby, that if he would enlist two hundred and fifty of us in the French service we would be given a bounty of $600 and $100 per month and all we could capture, but only two hundred of the boys would enlist. At Monterey Gen. T. C. Hindman, of Arkansas, made us a very patriotic speech, praising our brigade for the part we had taken in behalf of the Confederate cause. Monterey was at that time a city of about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and every house in the city was built of adobe brick and covered with tile. In that city our command separated. Fifty-two of us, under the command of Colonel Elliott, went west to the Pacific Coast, and the remainder went south to the City of Mexico.

IMBODEN'S BRIGADE AT GETTYSBURG.

BY W. A. POPKINS, ODESSA, MO.

I have been thinking for some time that I would correct a mistake which has been made in reference to Imboden's Brigade. When at Gettysburg last summer I found a little circular in our tent entitled "J. E. B. Stuart's Cavalry," which was written by Sergt. B. J. Hayden, of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, and it gave many interesting facts which I well remember. In it was stated that "Imboden's Brigade was scattered to the winds."

I was a member of Company F, 18th Virginia Cavalry, Imboden's Brigade, and will try to tell exactly where our brigade was and what we were doing during this critical period. Imboden's Brigade assembled at Gettysburg about the middle of the afternoon of the second day just west of our line on Seminary Ridge, on the Chambersburg Pike. We lay there until three o'clock in the afternoon of the third day, or about the time Pickett's charge ended, when we were ordered out, as we supposed, to take part in the horrible fight. To our surprise, however, after lying along the pike for half an hour perhaps, the order came for us to guard the wagon train out. When about two miles of the train had passed, our two regiments of the brigade, the 18th Virginia Cavalry and the 62d Virginia Mounted Infantry, started back with the train. Of all the nights I spent during the war, I think that was the saddest. We were already sad and disheartened by our misfortune, and this mental condition was made worse by the thunder and lightning and great torrents of rain which came down, augmented by the horrible groans of the wounded and dying.

All went well after this until we arrived at Greencastle about sunrise of the fourth day. My company had passed through, and Company I was in the town, when we heard guns firing between the two companies. The Federals had cut our train. My company turned back, and Company I came forward, and we struck the Yankees in both flanks and drove them away, getting back all they had taken, together with some prisoners. Some of the citizens came out to the assistance of the Federals and cut several of our wagons down.

After this there was nothing more of exciting interest until evening. Our brigade had come up, and the 18th Virginia was lying on the road just north of Williamsport, with the 62d a little east of the town. While we were trying to graze our horses a little, two or three shells dropped right in our midst. The order to mount was given, and we started toward the 62d, while the Federals were coming up in our front and making things look blue sure enough. Some of the Yanks had gotten into an old barn and were annoying our boys on our right. They asked permission to run them out, and they lost no time in doing so. Our regiment moved up on our left, and the two batteries that came back with the train were in the center. In this position we fought until every man began to think all hope for success had gone. The fact is, there were enough Yankees there to have run over us and burned the train in spite of all we could do; but at this dark hour Fitzhugh Lee's command arrived with the big guns

and poured shot into their flanks, and the Yankees moved off with a lively step. To say that we were glad only mildly expresses it.

This is a true statement of facts with reference to our train coming out of Gettysburg. I don't think our comrade of the 1st Virginia who wrote the article referred to knew just where we were at the time. If he had known the exact facts, he could not have said that we were "scattered to the winds." We were in fighting trim and were doing all in our power to save the train. We were just as anxious to save the train and avoid defeat as was the 1st Virginia. I had a cousin in the 1st Virginia Cavalry, and I always considered it as classed among the best regiments of our cavalry.

After the evening of the fourth day the 18th Virginia Regiment was stationed on our right, and we had a "scrap" with the Yankees almost every day until we crossed the river, when we had a quiet spell.

JOHNSTON'S SECTION AT CHICKASAW BAYOU.

BY W. T. MOORE, M'KINNEY, TEX.

During the month of January, 1862, an artillery company was organized at Jackson, Miss., by Capt. W. T. Withers, which was then known as Withers's Artillery, but very soon afterwards became Company A of a regiment of light artillery, also organized by Colonel Withers, and of which he became colonel and his old company the ranking company. Our officers were: Jones Ridley, captain; Charles E. Hooker, W. T. Ratliff, Frank Johnston, Robert Lancaster, —— Chambers, and Allen Sharkey, lieutenants; J. L. Power, orderly sergeant. We had six twelve-pound brass Napoleon guns and two ten-pound steel rifle Parrott guns.

During the month of December, 1862, General Sherman, with a large force, got aboard the boats at Memphis and made a hasty move down the Mississippi River to attack Vicksburg in the rear by way of Yazoo River. Our company was then in camp near Snyder's Bluff, on Yazoo River, about twelve miles from Vicksburg. Sherman landed the larger part of his army at Lake Landing, on the Yazoo, about five miles from Vicksburg, and sent a force of infantry and gunboats to a point near Snyder's Bluff. The infantry was landed and made a demonstration to attack us, while the gunboats engaged our batteries and shelled our works. Our company was engaged all along the line, when suddenly a courier appeared with orders for Johnston's section to proceed with all possible haste and report to Gen. S. D. Lee at Chickasaw Bayou.

In a few minutes we were on the way, and for two miles we were exposed to a heavy fire from the enemy's infantry and gunboats, but without accident to men or horses. Arriving at the designated place, we were met by General Lee and assigned to a position somewhat in advance of our infantry upon a knoll which had been leveled and dirt thrown up in front about eighteen inches high. Both men and guns were exposed from the knees up. General Lee told us that we held the most important position; that the enemy would make an effort to cross the bayou at a ford about two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards to our left front, and for us to mow them down as they came across and up the bank. To this our commander, Lieut. Frank Johnston, replied: "All right, General; we will do the best we can."

In our front, about four hundred yards, was a heavy, thick growth of timber, also McNutt Lake, and to the right of the lake also there was timber. In a day or so the enemy placed two heavy eight-inch guns to our left front across the bayou about six hundred yards distant and also a six-gun battery, supported by infantry, besides the lake to our right front, and began a heavy crossfire upon us. We opened fire upon the six-gun battery and soon disabled some of them and drove the rest back, but paid no attention to the two heavy guns on our left. The next day this battery was brought back to about the same place and opened fire upon us, as did the siege guns, mortars, and everything else that could be brought to bear upon us. And in a few minutes their infantry was advancing, with the main body crossing the ford.

We paid no attention to the enemy's batteries. Our whole aim and efforts were directed to the ford on our left. Every man nobly stood to his post, and such rapid fire from muzzle-loaders I don't believe was ever surpassed. We used up all of our own ammunition and had begun to use howitzer shells when the enemy broke in confusion, and the day was won. None of us were hurt, but several were whirled around and around by the force of the eight-inch shots coming so close.

The night after the battle was cold, with sleet and rain falling. We built a big fire in a soldiers' hut close by, and while some were in there drying and talking of the battle there came a knock upon the door. It was General Lee all alone. In his right hand he held a water bucket about half full of whisky. He said: "Gentlemen, I have come especially to congratulate you and also to bring something along to warm you. I don't approve of drinking whisky, but you have been exposed to so much cold and disagreeable weather that I think a little of this will do you good. It is my treat, gentlemen; drink, but don't get drunk. I want to say to you that I asked Colonel Withers to send me the best section of artillery he had for this important position. He sent you. I saw the effect of every shot you made. Not one failed of its mark. I have been in a good many battles and never saw better work done by artillery than you did to-day. Your colonel was not mistaken. He sent the right men. It is a mystery how you all escaped. I am glad you did." He bade us good night and was gone. Of course we considered it a great compliment.

The next day we were ordered to cross the bayou at the same ford we had defended. We were halted a few minutes at Lake Plantation, where Sherman had his headquarters. We continued our march upon the levee and very soon came in full view of Sherman's army on their transports, making haste to get down the river. General Lee was riding alone just ahead of us, and we were about three hundred yards from the enemy, with a clear, open space between us. Their gunboats began to send ricochet shots toward us. General Lee motioned us to halt and rode farther on up the levee and stopped, deliberately took out his field glasses, and began observing the enemy. While so doing his horse was shot down under him. He motioned to us to get behind the levee and to bring him another horse. A little later Sherman and all his army were gone without our having fired a shot at them. Undoubtedly we could have done great execution, and why we were not ordered to fire was always a mystery to me.

We were ordered back to camp at Snyder's Bluff. The rain had begun to fall in earnest, and the valley was covered with water, so that we reached camp all wet and cold.

The men of our gun were mostly boys from seventeen years old up. Lieut. Frank Johnston lived at Jackson, Miss., after the war and served his State several terms as attorney-general. William Riser and Governor Smith were our gunners. Riser was killed at Baker's Creek, and Governor Smith while sighting his gun at Vicksburg.

I have seen a good many brave men, but none surpassed Gen. S. D. Lee in cool bravery.

BATTLE OF REAMS STATION.

BY COL. U. R. BROOKS, COLUMBIA, S. C.

In August, 1864, Butler's Cavalry was in camp on the Squirrel Level Road, twelve or fourteen miles south of Petersburg, Va. While we couriers were not taken into the confidence of the commanding officers, we generally knew by the dispatches sent and received at a gallop when anything stirring was ahead. Information had been brought in from the outposts and scouts during the day of the 24th of August that the Yankee General Hancock was moving against Reams Station, on the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad, eight miles from Petersburg, with his entire command, the 2d Corps of the Army of the Potomac. On the evening of the 24th Gens. A. P. Hill, Hampton, and Butler had a sort of council of war about sunset below and to the right of Reams Station. (Bear in mind that Reams Station was on the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad, one of the two lines General Lee had by which to supply his army, and the importance of protecting it will be realized.) The result of the conference between the three generals was that A. P. Hill's corps of infantry, with the cavalry under Hampton, was to be in front of Reams Station at daylight the next morning, the 25th.

The secrets generally leaked out, and our camp that night was alive with preparation for something lively in the near future. Rations and ammunition were prepared and issued, and "boots and saddles" was sounded about midnight. We were all up and prepared for action. After mounting and breaking into column, we moved rapidly to Reams Station, reaching there soon after daylight. Dunnovant's Brigade was sent to the right to provide against attacks from that direction. We were placed in position ready to attack. Hill's Corps did not get up until about 7 A.M., and there we were, the cavalry, with three batteries of horse artillery, waiting for the infantry. I can never forget that Generals Hampton, Butler, and Rosser were sitting in the yard of a farmhouse near the railroad about two miles south of Reams Station waiting for a signal to attack.

About 8 A.M. a courier brought word from Gen. A. P. Hill that the signal for attack would be two shots from Pegram's Battery. We were all lolling about, officers, staff, and couriers, in the farmhouse yard, and when the signal shots were fired it was a matter of but a few minutes till we were "up and at 'em." It was not long before Hill and Hancock had each other by the ears, each worthy of the other's steel. The cavalry moved up, dismounted, and took a lively part on Hill's right. When the combat waxed fierce and fast, and it was developed that Hill could hold his own in front, Butler dismounted and was ordered across the railroad so as to strike, if possible, Hancock's left and rear. We moved rapidly through a thick piece of woods, which protected the movement from Hancock's people, and suddenly debouched in an open field. The Yankees had not completed some breastworks they were making of pine logs, sorghum, and dirt; so when Butler appeared unheralded in the open field about two hundred yards in their left rear, discharging a volley, followed by a rush for their friends the Yankees, they fired a fierce volley, broke away from their incompleted works, and stood not upon the order of their going. In the meantime the infantry at and around the railroad station was trying conclusions fiercely and stubbornly.

This rear and left stroke of Butler's Cavalry late in the afternoon was the final blow which caused Hancock to beat a hasty retreat and return to Grant's main lines. Detaching Butler for the moment across the railroad, thereby making a gap in our line in front of Hancock, was a bold and somewhat hazardous thing to do; but the presumption is that Hill and Hampton decided that Butler, with his dismounted cavalry, was the man to succeed in so daring an undertaking. Butler was to Hampton what Stonewall Jackson was to Gen. R. E. Lee. At any rate, it turned out to be a success and compelled Hancock to withdraw as rapidly as possible and leave the field in our possession after a struggle lasting twelve hours.

The day was too far spent to justify pursuit, but the next day we explored the battle field and some distance on the line of Hancock's retreat. The thrown-away guns, haversacks, canteens, hats, and other paraphernalia of war abandoned on the retreat, which we gathered up the next day, were helpful to our ordnance and quartermaster supplies. It should be stated that when Butler made a gap in our lines by his flank movement to the right his place was occupied by the batteries of horse artillery, Hart's, McGregor's (Pegram's old battery), and Thompson's. I don't suppose there was ever another such set of daredevils in any army as the officers and men of these batteries. They always accompanied the cavalry, whatever the distance or rapidity of the march, and were on hand wherever and whenever there was fighting to be done.

That day General Butler had some difficulty in restraining McGregor's Battery, which, with his guns, was stationed on Butler's line. McGregor asked permission to gallop up right in front of the Yankee line of battle, unlimber, and commence firing. Of course this could not be permitted. If I am not mistaken, and I feel sure I am not, McGowan's Brigade, led by that splendid soldier and gentleman, Gen. Sam McGowan, was a part of Hill's Corps and bore a conspicuous part in the battle. General McGowan was himself wounded—a habit he had, as he seemed not to have learned the art of dodging Yankee bullets.

Taking it all in all, this was one of the most important engagements of that eventful year, 1864. If Hancock had effected a lodgment and fortified at Reams Station, thereby blocking communication by the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad, the chances are that General Lee would have been compelled to extend his already thin, attenuated lines and possibly abandon his lines in front of Petersburg. The reader can, therefore, readily understand the importance of the victory over Hancock and of holding the line of railroad at Reams Station. Malone's Crossing, a few miles below where Butler's Cavalry encamped for some time during the campaign of 1864, and, in fact, almost the entire line of railroad from Petersburg to within twenty miles of Weldon, N. C., were scenes of hotly contested conflicts.

The total captures in this Reams Station fight of our combined cavalry and infantry amounted to 2,150 prisoners, seven stands of colors, nine pieces of artillery, and 3,150 small arms and stores. As Lieut. Gen. A. P. Hill expressed it in writing of this engagement, "the saber and the bayonet have shaken hands on the enemy's captured breastworks." The cavalry captured seven hundred and eighty-one prisoners, besides sixty-six badly wounded, and buried one hundred and forty-three dead. Our cavalry losses were only sixteen killed and seventy-eight wounded and none captured by the Yankees. In a letter from General Lee to Governor Vance, of North Carolina, he said: "The operations of the cavalry were not less distinguished for boldness and efficiency than those of the infantry."

It was General Hancock who commanded the Yankees this

day, and the mortification over the result felt by that brave, proud soldier was intense. It is reported by his friends that he said on the field he would rather have died than to witness his corps in such a rout.

When McGowan's Brigade captured some Yankee cannon they did not know how to use the guns against the enemy. A captured Yankee sergeant said: "If you boys will allow me, I can mow those Yanks down while they are running up the hill." Our men told him all right, and this unnatural soldier turned the captured guns on his friends, our enemies, and played havoc with them and seemed to enjoy the sport very much. Lieut. Henry Heise helped to capture the guns and witnessed the Yankee sergeant shooting down his comrades just for pure and simple cussedness. Lieutenant Heise, now of Columbia, S. C., will make affidavit as to the truthfulness of this story if any one doubts it.

Let me state a small incident that occurred while we were camped at Malone's Crossing as to the straits to which we were sometimes reduced in the matter of securing supplies. General Butler had been notified that it was impossible to furnish his command with soap. He therefore sent around to the different regiments and inquired if there were any men who understood the manufacture of soap. To the surprise of all, it was ascertained that there were twenty-five or thirty men in the cavalry who were expert soap makers. General Butler detailed a member of his staff, Maj. Emmet Seibels, and ordered the soap makers to report to him. Major Seibels, who, of course, knew nothing about making soap himself, put the men to work with as much zeal and earnestness as if leading a forlorn hope in battle (and he could do that as gallantly as any soldier), and in a short time was turning out one hundred and fifty pounds of soap a day. This was the process. We were encamped in a grove of large oak and hickory trees. Major Seibels cut down the trees and used the bark for making lye. He then had some bacon washed and used the grease with the lye for making the soap. In addition to the bacon grease, he sent out and gathered the carcasses of dead mules and horses, not too much decayed, from the battle field and utilized them with the bacon grease. It was a novel proceeding; but we soon had an ample supply of excellent soap with some to spare to our neighbors, the infantry. It has been fifty years since all this happened.

THE TEXANS AT SHARPSBURG.

BY A MEMBER OF THE 4TH TEXAS.

On the morning of the 16th of September, 1862, just after sunrise, the Texas brigade crossed the Antietam bridge, and as we climbed the hill on the other side I caught sight of Gen. R. E. Lee and a part of his staff. The head of our column filed to the right and formed line of battle facing the creek, with a cornfield between us and the bridge. Our picket line was in the cornfield, and some of the boys had a hard time in getting their breakfast of corn without being shot, for wherever a stalk would shake a volley of bullets followed from the enemy's sharpshooters.

But this was not the cornfield that the 1st Texas Regiment got into on September 17, 1862, and they stopped to rest and wait for the enemy and rations. The latter came about dark and consisted of scorched beef and corn. Our position faced the Antietam bridge, with a road running just in our rear nearly parallel with our line, and across this road was a mat of timber. Immediately after dark we moved some distance to the left and very close to a battery of the enemy. Here we lay down on the ground and let the shells fly over us, looking like balls of fire in the heavens. I don't know how long this lasted, for I went to sleep; but sometime about midnight we moved back into the timber and camped for the night. About four o'clock in the morning we were aroused and given some flour, and we had begun to cook our dough on sticks and ramrods when the enemy commenced to shell the woods and spoiled most of our hoecakes. At daylight we were in line of battle, and about sunrise we marched out into the open field across the road. Here I saw Whiting's old brigade in front of us. It moved on after awhile, leaving a line of dead men where they had halted.

We later changed front to the left, and the charge then commenced in earnest, bringing the 1st Texas Regiment facing a cornfield. The brigade was formed with the 18th Georgia in front or on the right, then the 5th Texas, then the 1st, with the 4th on the left. The ground in front of the 1st rose gradually, but in front of the 4th it was more abrupt, forming some protection against the fire of the enemy; and right here, when we reached the top of the hill, was the hottest place I ever saw on this earth or want to see hereafter. There were shot, shells, and Minie balls sweeping the face of the earth; legs, arms, and other parts of human bodies were flying in the air like straw in a whirlwind. The dogs of war were loose, and "havoc" was their cry.

Reaching the road again, with a fence on each side, we found Hooker's Corps, 18,000 strong, in front of us, and to our right was a battery of at least six guns, and the most effective I ever stood before. The only thing I saw during the entire engagement that was at all funny occurred right here. Captain Cunningham, a fine, large, two-hundred-pounder, was squatting behind a 2x6 fence post when Capt. R. H. Barrett compared him to "a big yaller dog basking on the sunny side of a house."

As our brigade did not number a thousand men, we could not stand this racket; so we fell back under the hill, moving to the left across the road, and formed line of battle at right angles to the road, with the right of the brigade resting on the road. As we had no troops on our left, this was done to protect our flank. We had a rail fence for breastworks, behind which we lay down under a heavy fire from sharpshooters, doing us but little or no damage, however.

We waited until ten o'clock or after, when we heard something drop on our left, and what do you think it was? Why, it was that grand old war horse, Stonewall Jackson. And what the enemy caught when Stonewall struck him on the flank is too well known for me to attempt any description of it here. The Texas brigade then retired to the rear for a rest.

The 1st Texas lost eighty-three men out of one hundred in this charge, which is the heaviest percentage of loss in our war or any other that history has any account of.

After our rest we formed into line at about three o'clock on the same ground where we were camped at daylight, and there we stayed until about sunset, when we moved to the right and remained in line of battle all night. During this night I met an old friend who had lost his haversack and said he was hungry. I handed him my haversack, and he did not leave me a crumb.

By ten o'clock that night the fighting had entirely ceased, and we all had a much-needed sleep. We held our position all day and sometime after dark moved out, wading the Potomac River about ten o'clock to the tune of "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia."

AN EPISODE OF WAR.

BY L. R. BURRESS, BROWNSVILLE, TEX.

Gen. Green Clay Smith, of the U. S. A., with more than three thousand cavalrymen, slipped like an avalanche from Memphis, Tenn., into Mississippi, and then hastened back like a mighty, rushing wind, not knowing from what he fled nor how he escaped.

In the "privileged" day of 1864, when men went where they could and not where they would, the following episode was enacted. North Mississippi was disputed territory. The "home folks" were often terrorized by marauding Federal soldiers, then again they peacefully slumbered under the vigilance of the Confederate vidette.

It was during one of these rest periods that Capt. J. B. Gambrell, a famous Confederate scout, and L. R. Burress, of Forrest's Cavalry, were enjoying an inning with home folks in this interlinear territory. General Smith, wending his way over this disputed section, terrifying women and children, plundering houses, chasing furloughed soldiers, and spreading dismay generally, reached Pontotoc County without challenge. Captain Gambrell and Burress formed themselves into an emergency army corps for the defense of homes, enlisting all furloughed soldiers for "the raid." Those who could procure horses did so; those without were promised horses by the next day. About one dozen men were enlisted by the first night. The Federals encamped at Cherry Creek, Miss., and during the night while they slept the corps commander, Captain Gambrell, stealthily entered the enemy's camp and led out six good horses, well caparisoned for cavalry service.

The following day the "army corps" was increased to more than twenty soldiers and was now quite a formidable array. The chief design was to keep the Federals closed up and prevent house-plundering by them. Much was accomplished, to the joy of the natives, who were women and children and old men. The "army corps" captured many times its number of both men and horses, retaining the horses or returning them to owners from whom they had been taken by the Federals. The prisoners were paroled and put on the road for Memphis. Not one of them was mistreated.

The second night found Captain Gambrell's corps in fine spirit and in close pursuit of the invading host, and the same night there was found in the home of a widow, a most estimable lady and benefactress of many, a number of robbers in Federal uniforms, with army guns and swords, who were appropriating silverware and other valuables for personal use. Captain Gambrell, with a part of the corps, entered the house, captured the marauders, and demanded a return of their booty. Whereupon one of the pillagers cried out: "Take me life, but spare me money." In obedience to this request one of the corps presented a gun to the startled vision of the recently Americanized Dutchman, who reversed his request and piteously begged: "Spare me life and take me money." Looking into the dark chambers of the drawn gun, the terrified Dutchman immediately emptied sacks and turned pockets wrong side out, emptying the coveted treasures, which were returned to the rightful owner.

It was once said: "And they helped David against the band of rovers, for men of valor from day to day came to David to help him." Such men augmented Captain Gambrell's corps, and he was enabled to pursue General Smith closely through Pontotoc, Okolona, and Aberdeen, to West Point, Miss., where General Forrest in a blunt manner disputed the right of General Smith to lead an invasion against the will of peaceable inhabitants. General Smith recognized the impropriety of h intrusion after meeting General Forrest and began to retrac his steps, which he did very rapidly till he passed New A bany, Miss. General Forrest pursued no farther, as his me and horses were tired and hungry, and they were unable t bring the retreating host to a stand for battle.

During the advance and retreat of General Smith, Captai Gambrell's corps performed deeds of valor, capturing an paroling prisoners, sending them on the way "back" to Mem phis, giving them such papers as would allow them to pas without "let or hindrance" if on good behavior. Genera Forrest having bivouacked south of New Albany, Captai Gambrell, with his corps greatly reduced, his men havin been "mustered out" as they reached their homes on the re turn march, took the main road following the retreating army

The "corps" was now reduced in number to the immorta seven, consisting of Captain Gambrell, corps commander Lieut. L. R. Burress, Lieut. G. W. Leavell, Sergts. Jim Whit and Wes Woodward, and Privates Judson Berry and Tommi Davidson. These steadily pursued until a point southwest o Ripley, Miss., Ayers's Plantation, was reached. There a lam man was encountered, who represented himself as a Confed erate soldier and said: "Six Yankees are plundering a hous just ahead of you." Nothing daunted, as quick as willing steed could go, the "corps" were there and found, not six Yankees but the rear guard of the army. The house was full, the yard was full, and the road was full. Panic seized the Yankees and house, yard, and road were vacated. The "corps" rushed forward and soon was in the road between the rear guard and the main army of more than three thousand cavalrymen.

The "corps" saw the odds against it and felt the necessity of "a council of war," which was quickly called, and it was instantly decided that the safety of the "corps" lay in the pursuit of the army before the rear guard had time to rally. Then began the unparalleled—seven soldiers putting to flight and chasing more than three thousand picked men from an important and hazardous raid. These seven men, sounding the Rebel yell, the noise of which was augmented by the thundering hoofs of willing chargers and the shooting of guns, went onward. The Syrians of Bible times, when pursued by a few men of Israel, were made to hear the noise of chariots and the noise of horses and the noise of a great host, and they ran in wild bewilderment, not as a retreating army, but as a terrified, panic-stricken mass of affrighted folks. So were the Yankees under Gen. Green Clay Smith made to flee before this "Rebel host" of seven. Men were in front of the seven, men were in the rear of the seven, men were on the right of the seven, men were on the left of the seven, men everywhere moved by centrifugal power to the delight of the seven.

Two brigades fled to the right and to the left into the woods to escape the terror that pursued, forgetting organization and discipline, conscious of nothing but terror-stricken individuality. The third brigade attempted to form a line of battle across the road, when the seven, who were as so many thousand to the terrified Yankees, charged upon the forming line, and, behold, it was not, because centrifugence was still active in the individuals, and every fellow wanted the lead in the flight, believing that "the Rebels" would get the hindmost.

This line having been dispersed, the "corps" was ordered to retire to the wayside. Thirty-six men were taken prisoners, with arms and horses. These were marched to a safe distance and left to be guarded by four men, who gave strict orders to the prisoners that any movement on their part toward escape or resistance would prove fatal. Not one

noved out of his tracks. The other three of the seven went n search of more Yankees and returned with four more. One of the three was added to the guard, while Captain Gambrell and one man went for more Yankees. Two shots were heard, then stillness, followed by suspense. Did the two shots end the career of Captain Gambrell and the other man? Relief came, as Captain Gambrell and the men returned mounted and leading a riderless horse. They reported that the rider had fallen. Captain Gambrell, showing his powder-burned wrist, remarked: "I commanded the man to halt and surrender. He replied that he could not stop his horse. 'Then will help you,' I said, and, spurring my horse to the side of he Yankee, I reached for his rein, and as I did so he shot t my hand. That was the first shot; the second shot empti d he Yankee's saddle. His fleeing comrades left him where e fell, and when found by some negroes living on the plantaion he was dead. The negroes found several hundred dollars in his pockets and other valuables. They kept the 'findngs' and buried the man where he fell."

The prisoners were paroled, each taking an oath not to take p arms against the Confederate States till duly exchanged. Their arms and horses and all other accouterments were reained as spoils of war, and they were commanded to return o Memphis. General Smith had marched out of Memphis nd then had to run back.

The "corps" was disbanded, as the emergency had passed. None were killed, and all were accounted for. I did not learn ow many of the Federals were killed or wounded and have orgotten how many prisoners were captured, but all prisoners vere treated humanely.

Captain Gambrell as a soldier was great, and his achievenents were remarkable. Brave as the bravest, he was kindly lisposed, forming his purposes in righteousness and courage. Being what he was led him to do what he did; doing what he lid showed what he was. In this advanced day he lives as a ecognized factor in civic righteousness and not a whit behind ny as a religious teacher. As a writer he is uncommon; as a nan he is a success. He can be found by addressing him at Dallas, Tex.

So far as I know, every member of the "corps" has passed ver the river to rest under the shade of the trees except Capain Gambrell (now Dr. Gambrell, D.D.), of Dallas, Tex., and his scribe, now pastor of the First Baptist Church, Brownsille, Tex.

OUR LAST CHARGE.

BY JOHN E. BOULDIN, MAYSVILLE, KY.

At the time Richmond was evacuated my regiment was posted south of Petersburg, in the neighborhood of Dinwiddie Courthouse, Va. We fell back from our position on the White Oak Road, protecting William Mahone's rear, and took part in the battles of Five Forks, Amelia Courthouse, High Bridge, and Farmville. In fact, it was continuous fighting from our first position to Appomattox Courthouse, trying to keep Sheridan's cavalry from our trains. We continued in he rear until late in the afternoon of the 8th of April, when ve were ordered to the front. We passed camp after camp of General Lee's weary, worn, and tattered soldiers, some too veak to carry their guns. We passed through the village of Appomattox Courthouse just at dusk on the 8th. There had been a cavalry fight there late in the afternoon, and I saw everal dead Yankees lying on the streets as we marched hrough the town. We continued our march until a late hour hat night, alternately marching a little and halting, through woods, across fields and byways, with word passed down the line every few minutes: "Keep quiet; don't speak above a whisper." Finally we halted in a dense wood with orders not to unsaddle, speak out, nor make a light, and to sleep on arms. Weary and worn, as hungry as wolves, each man threw himself on the ground, and, with halter strap around his wrist, was soon dreaming of loved ones and good things to eat. The next morning, the 9th, we were awakened by cannonading in our front, too close to be comfortable had we not been in the wood and out of sight.

About 8 or 8:30 o'clock Gen. W. H. F. Lee, with some of his staff, rode up, and the order soon came down the line: "Mount your horses! Form fours! Forward, march!" After going about a quarter of a mile we came to an open field, on the opposite side of which, up a gradual slope in the edge of a pine forest, was posted a Yankee battery (two guns), supported by infantry behind temporary breastworks of logs, rails, and trees. As we came out of the brush I heard that clear, ringing voice of the dashing and fearless officer, Capt. E. E. Bouldin, who had command of the 14th Regiment: "Forward, charge! Boys, follow me!" Across the field we dashed right up to the guns, shooting the gunners and support down with our Colt's navies. Just as our colors were planted on one of the guns, out of the woods on our left flank came a regiment of Yankee cavalry in fine style. With empty pistols, and disorganized as we were, every man wheeled his horse to the left, and we drew sabers and went at them with steel in a hand-to-hand combat. We soon sent them back in great confusion in the direction from which they had come, capturing quite a number of prisoners, among them their major, Moore.

Our attention was now called again to the infantry, who had abandoned their works and fallen back and from behind trees were picking our boys off their horses. One dash was sufficient. We rode through their camp just in the rear of their guns. They were preparing breakfast. I passed fire after fire where they were cooking beefsteak, ham, and eggs, and there was real coffee in cans on the fire. I was tempted to stop, but I couldn't.

After the little fracas was over and we rounded up the prisoners, we had about as twice as many as were engaged, besides the two twelve-pound Napoleon guns, horses, etc. But our loss was sad. Our color bearer, who had gone through the four years of war, planted his colors on one of the guns and was pierced through the breast by a Minie ball, dying almost instantly. There were others who laid down their lives in that last charge right at the close of that terrible war. This was done by the 14th Virginia Cavalry and a detachment of the 9th Virginia. I would like to hear from some of the other boys who took part in this charge.

The Yankees soon rounded us up, took our guns and prisoners, and sent over to us wagonloads of bacon, hard-tack, and some sure-enough coffee, which I hadn't tasted for four long years. This was on Sunday morning, April 9. Late Monday afternoon I received my parole and about daylight Tuesday started home, which I reached that night, as I was only about thirty-five miles from home. I shall never forget those two pretty brass guns and their splendid teams.

I captured four prisoners at one time in this fight. While disarming them my captain came galloping by. I said: "Captain, don't you want some loaded pistols?" He said: "Yes, John, give me one." I handed over a belt with saber and two guns, one of which can now be seen in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va.

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

DEDICATED TO CAMP ZOLLICOFFER, U. C. V., ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

BY SISTER ESTHER CARLOTTA, S. R.

Furl it not, that Flag so storied;
Let its folds float free above
Hearts that in its grandeur gloried,
Men who give it deathless love.
See their shoulders straighten proudly,
Hear their cheers reëcho loudly,
As its crimson Bars unfold;
See their dim eyes glow and lighten
As the Southern Sun rays brighten,
Kissing all its Stars to gold.

Furl it not; its brave upholding
Touches deep the heart of life;
Yet within its soft enfolding
Lingers now no echoing strife.
Speaks it not of death or maiming,
Sacred now; its courage flaming
Lights the far-receding years,
And it bears amid its splendor,
Benison of all most tender,
Chrism of a People's tears.

Furl it not; the reddened gleaming
Of its Bars so deeply dyed
Tells of lifeblood vainly streaming,
Tells of Love, of Hope, of Pride.
So its white but speaks the motive,
Patriotic, pure, and votive,
Of a land that gave her all;
And its Cross-set Stars with Glory
Deck the pages of her story,
Set a Crown above her pall.

Furl it not, that scarred and battered,
Shell-rent, blood-washed Cross of Stars;
Grimed and faded, frail and tattered
Though its white and crimson Bars.
Men have loved it! Heroes round it
Clung and died, and, dying, wound it
Through the shuttle strands of Time,
That with slow and ceaseless weaving
Threads our somber web of grieving
With the gold of deeds sublime.

Furl it not, that Flag so glorious,
Honor's heritage of Fame.
Memories, Ideals, Loves, victorious,
Guard it with a sword of flame!
Homeless Flag! The world may never
Give thee loud salute, but ever
Shall with inward homage thrill!
Homed in hearts and quick with glory,
Shrined in souls its deathless story—
Furl it not; 'tis living still!

In St. Petersburg, Fla., it has been the custom for years to observe Washington's birthday with a public parade and speaking, in which all city organizations take part. In these parades the Camp of Confederate Veterans and Grand Army Post have always marched, each carrying its flag.

In 1911 a few members of the G. A. R. objected to the carrying by Camp Zollicoffer of the Confederate flag and induced the marshal of the day to order them to furl their flag before entering the parade, which, with all the fierce enthusiasm of the sixties, they refused to do, and, drawing out of the line, marched separately the entire length of the route, with the idolized flag flying at the head of their column.

When the facts became known, the rudeness to the Confederate veterans and their cherished flag was condemned by the citizens of the city from all sections of the country, and their displeasure was visited on those who had caused it, the marshal, who was principal of their schools, being obliged to resign and leave the city.

The poem was evoked by the happening and was written by an honorary member of the Camp, Sister Esther Carlotta, S. R., then and still the President of the Florida Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, who dedicates the verses especially to Camp Zollicoffer, but secondarily to all who upheld the flag and all who love it. It was sent to the VETERAN by request of the Commander of Camp Zollicoffer, who carried the flag when the incident occurred.

PERSONAL BRAVERY OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

BY J. C. M'DADE, SENATOBIA, MISS.

This incident in the life of President Davis was known to but few, perhaps less than half a dozen, and I will first tell how I came to be in position to witness it. I went to Virginia as a private soldier in Company B, 42d Mississippi Regiment, Gen. J. R. Davis's brigade. General Davis was a nephew of President Davis. Maj. J. S. Reid was General Davis's quartermaster. He was a man advanced in years for a soldier, a wealthy planter, a neighbor and lifelong friend of the Davis family. After the Gettysburg campaign, being in a dilapidated condition, I was appointed secretary to Major Reid.

In October, 1864, our command was near Petersburg. The day had been a boisterous one. The morning opened with rapid picket-firing by the Federals, with all the big guns in the forts putting in full work. About nine o'clock field artillery was massed near our front and sent a shower of shot and shell across our line. This latter performance did not last long. The guns were moved away, and the same thing was repeated at other points. In some places the infantry made lively demonstrations.

At sunset an order came to prepare the transportation for moving. Teams were hitched to wagons and ambulances, and all were driven in line alongside the public road. Teamsters had orders not to leave their seats. As the night wore on, firing continued; but there was nothing to break the monotony except occasionally a teamster would slip from his seat, stamp the ground, and beat his breast to keep up circulation. The Major and I sat by the fire, holding our horses by the bridles. The Petersburg bells had just rung twelve o'clock when a horseman was heard approaching at a quiet fox trot. He turned from the road and came near our fire, about thirty steps, when he halted and said he wished to get directions to General Davis's quarters. Major Reid said: "I will send you to General Davis. Get down and warm." Then, turning to me, he said in a whisper: "That is Mr. Davis. No names will be called."

I remained long enough to take a firelight view of our fearless chief, and then, to be out of earshot, led my horse to another fire, a little way off. In half an hour a negro was called and sent with him to the front, a little more than half a mile distant. After he was gone I saw from where I stood that the Major was much disturbed. He got up and turned his back to the fire, then turned around and sat down again.

This was repeated several times. When I went back he said: "Mack, I don't like this. He has no right to do this way, and I told him so. He is risking too much; besides, he can't stand such a strain. He is making a ride of forty miles to-night, with a hard day's work before him to-morrow." I asked why Mr. Davis's friends permitted him to take such a trip alone. He said Mr. Davis had told him that no one in Richmond knew of his absence.

Major Reid then told me the cause of the unusual proceedings. It was General Grant's plan to break our line that night or early next morning. The day had been spent in feeling for a weak point. The night passed and the morrow, but no further effort was made. Weak as we were, we were thought to be too strong to tackle. Had some one been over there a little akin to Stonewall Jackson, many a brave soldier might have been sent home who never got to see his family. One division could have accomplished it at any time during that long and bitter winter.

Mr. Davis was gone about an hour, when he returned and again took a seat by the fire. He had not been there long when a horseman was heard approaching at rapid speed. When he got opposite our camp Mr. Davis commanded "Halt!" with the question: "Where are you going?" "To Richmond," was the answer. "I will go with you," said Mr. Davis. While this short colloquy passed an uneasy feeling came over me as I looked at the quiet bay standing behind his master, his head down and apparently fast asleep. He was a good one, but he looked more suited to draw a vehicle loaded with women and children than a horse for speed. Then, looking at the rider, I thought he had passed too many years and was too frail to stand such a strain. However, he mounted, gathered the reins carefully, arranged his overcoat, and settled himself well in the saddle. By this time I saw that the horse had been misjudged. His mettle was up, and he was eager to be gone. After taking a few steps, a touch of the spur carried him out into the road at a speed that might have been expected of a cavalry leader. The horseman joined him, and as they passed over the dry, rocky road the sound of their horses' hoofs rang loud and clear in the still night. I listened until they were miles away, when the sound ceased. I had been making a comparison. Suppose Mr. Lincoln were twenty miles from Washington to-night, had ridden that distance alone, and was then returning with a stranger, not knowing whether he was a friend or foe, and that, too, along a road where the enemy's heavy shells were constantly falling, what a commotion there would be about it!

DEMISE OF THE CHATTANOOGA REBEL.

BY E. GUTHRIE, GLENSIDE, PA.

The sad event occurred at Selma, Ala., sometime in April, 1865. On the 1st of April Selma boasted four morning papers, two of them natives, the Reporter and the Dispatch; while the Rebel and the Mississippian (Jackson) had "refugeed" from their respective cities and had bumped up against each other at Selma. As neither could make a further move from the Federal forces, they concluded to settle down and await the end.

For several days it had been known that Wilson's raid was approaching Selma, and on April 1 everybody big enough to carry a musket was called out and mustered into service. The newspaper employees, from "devil" to chief editor, were granted the privilege of organizing as a separate company. This we did, electing the following officers: Captain, Jack Williams, owner of the Reporter; first lieutenant, Frank M. Paul, of the Rebel; second lieutenant, T. J. Caswell, one of the proprietors of the Dispatch; third lieutenant, John Cantly, foreman of the Dispatch; first sergeant, J. H. Blackburn, foreman of the Mississippian. I cannot recall the others, except that I was honored with a corporalcy. For some reason, which I understood then but cannot recall now, the forces of the Rebel and Mississippian were excused from immediate duty. Nobody expected the raid to show up so soon; but about eight o'clock that night the tocsin was sounded, and the Reporter and Dispatch gangs were rushed out to the breastworks, where General Forrest's forces were making preparation for the defense of the city. (I would state here that we, the "melish," were furnished with Queen Anne smoothbore muskets, with ten rounds of buck and ball cartridges with which to stand off the seasoned soldiers of Wilson, who had seven-shooter Spencer carbines. I guess those in authority thought that after a man had been kicked ten times by a Queen Anne he would be *hors du,* whether or not a Spencer had caught him.)

Luckily for us, the attack was made to our left, where the line was held by Forrest's men; and when we saw them break and the bluecoats swarm after them, we had a desire to go somewhere else. We started, but the majority of us (I of them) were run down and captured. On taking the city the raiders made things warm by burning all government buildings and incidentally numerous other structures, among them the buildings in which were printed the Reporter and the Dispatch.

During the afternoon and night of the 1st Kimball, of the Mississippian, succeeded in loading his whole plant on a freight train, which, with most of his employees, pulled out for Meridian, Miss., about the time skirmishing began between Forrest and Wilson. The block in which the Rebel was located was spared; and as most of its printers had remained in the office, it was utilized during the stay of the Federals (two weeks) to do what printing was required by the raiders. Just before leaving, however, a guard with a number of able-bodied negroes with sledge hammers came around and went through the pressroom, putting out every machine, while another force took every case of type and dumped it two stories onto the sidewalk. Everything burnable, with the exceptions noted below, was piled up in the street and burned.

In the meantime General Wilson had sorted out his prisoners and paroled all the "melish." On getting back to the city the printers naturally lined up at the Rebel office, where it was discovered that the vandals had overlooked a frame, two pairs of cases, and a bundle of paper. The press destroyers had "knocked the stuffin'" out of the job proof press—that is, the wooden support—but left the bed and cylinder intact. A double galley had also escaped destruction. This plant was sufficient. Charlie Faxon, foreman of the Rebel, was elected editor, the others went for the pile of pi, and by two o'clock we had out a two-column edition of the Rebel. It had a good sale (I think it sold for $5 a copy) and was kept in circulation as long as the bundle of paper lasted, enabling the publishers to purchase anything eatable that "Confed" would buy. When the paper gave out the jig was up, and the Rebel died.

Captain Paul's partner in the Rebel was Leon Trousdale. I do not remember ever having seen him. He certainly was not there when the smash came. Captain Paul had escaped capture, and after the war he returned to Selma and disposed of the remains of the Rebel to the junk man. The only thing of

any value left was the proof press, and it was in a printing office in Selma when I left there in 1868 and is probably in use yet.

I haven't kept tab, but think most of the participants in the tragedy outlined above are dead. I know positively of only one, "Betsy" Thomasson, a printer on the Rebel. Mr. Paul returned to Tennessee and was State printer at one time. Mr. Trousdale, I think, served the State as Superintendent of Public Instruction. Betsy Thomasson had a sort of national fame as the "bare-legged foreman" of Henry Grady when the latter was printing a paper in Rome, Ga., his first venture. Grady had a visitor in the editorial room one day when Betsy came in for more copy. It was summer time, and Betsy had discarded his shoes and had his pants rolled up to his knees.

Maj. James G. Woodward, of Atlanta, had worked on the Rebel, but I do not recollect him as being at Selma.

THE CONFEDERATE ROLL OF HONOR.

[F. H. Daggett, of West Point, Miss., who served with Company G, 2d Mississippi Infantry, in sending this contribution to the VETERAN, wrote: "In looking over the official records of the Union and Confederate armies, I found the following order and act of Congress, of which I had not known before, and I felt very proud to see my name on this 'roll of honor.' I suppose very few Confederate soldiers knew of this order, and it will be gratifying to those now living and to the friends of the dead to see their names in the list."]

ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RICHMOND, VA., November 22, 1862.

General Orders No. 93.

The following acts of Congress, having been approved by the President, are published for the information of the army:

"No. 27. An act to authorize the grant of medals and badges of distinction as a reward for courage and good conduct on the field of battle:"

"The Congress of the Confederate States of America do enact: That the President is hereby authorized to bestow medals, with proper devices, upon such officers of the armies of the Confederate States as shall be conspicuous for courage and good conduct on the field of battle and also to confer a badge of distinction upon one private or noncommissioned officer of each company after every signal victory it shall have assisted to achieve. The noncommissioned officers and privates of the company who may be present on the first dress parade thereafter may choose by a majority of their votes the soldiers best entitled to receive such distinction, whose names shall be communicated to the President by the commanding officer of the company; and if the award fall upon a deceased soldier the badge thus awarded shall be delivered to his widow, and if no widow, to any relation the President may adjudge entitled to receive it."

Approved October 13, 1862.

S. COOPER, *Adjutant and Inspector General.*

ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RICHMOND, VA., October 3, 1863.

General Orders No. 131.

Difficulties in procuring the medals and badges of distinction having delayed their presentation by the President as authorized by the act of Congress, approved October 13, 1862, to the officers, noncommissioned officers, and privates of the armies of the Confederate States conspicuous for courage and good conduct on the field of battle, to avoid postponing the grateful recognition of their valor until they can be made in the enduring form provided by that act, it is ordered:

1. That the names of all those who have been or may hereafter be reported as worthy of this distinction be inscribed on a roll of honor to be preserved in the office of the Adjutant and Inspector General for reference in all future time for those who have deserved well of their country as having best displayed their courage and devotion on the field of battle.

2. That the roll of honor, so far as now made up, be appended to this order and read at the head of every regiment in the service of the Confederate States at the first dress parade after its receipt and be published in at least one newspaper in each State.

3. The attention of the officers in charge is directed to Order No. 93, Section 27, of the Series of 1862, Adjutant and Inspector General's office, for the mode of selecting the noncommissioned officers and privates entitled to this distinction, and its execution is enjoined.

By order of S. COOPER, *Adjutant and Inspector General.*

ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RICHMOND, VA., August 10, 1864.

General Orders No. 64.

The following roll of honor is published in accordance with paragraph 1, General Orders No. 131, 1863. It will be read to every regiment in the service at the first dress parade after its receipt:

"Battle of Sharpsburg, 8th Regiment Alabama Infantry: Corp. Davis Tucker, Company A; Sergt. G. T. L. Robison, Company B; Private John Curry, Company C; Sergt. C. F. Brown, Company D; Sergt. T. S. Ryan,* Company E; Corp. J. R. Searcy, Company F; Sergt. James Castello, Company G; Private J. Herbert,* Company H; Private James Ryan, Company I; Private O. M. Harris,* Company K."

By order of S. COOPER, *Adjutant and Inspector General.*

ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RICHMOND, VA., December 10, 1864.

General Orders No. 87.

The following roll of honor is published in accordance with Paragraph 1, General Orders No. 131, 1863. It will be read to every regiment in the service at the first dress parade after its receipt:

"Battle of Boonsborough, 2d Regiment of Mississippi Infantry: Private R. L. Boone, Company A; Sergt. T. B. McKay, Company B; Sergt. Robert Harris, Company C; Private W. B. Houston, Company D; Private G. W. Monk, Company E; Private T. G. N. Thompson, Company F; Private John Vanzant, Company G; Private B. Weatherington, Company H; Private E. Browning, Company I; Private James L. Ackers,* Company K; Private Jacob McCarty, Company L.

"Battle of Sharpsburg, 2d Regiment of Mississippi Infantry: Private W. H. Looney,* Company A; Private H. H. Johns,* Company B; Private A. C. Howard,* Company C; Private J. B. Elliott, Company D; Sergt. J. P. Black,* Company F; Sergt. F. H Daggett, Company G; Sergt. P. F. Harris,* Company H; Corp. M. L. Golding,* Company I; Private J. W. Gibson,* Company K; Private Leander Griffin,* Company L."

By order of S. COOPER, *Adjutant and Inspector General.*

---

*Killed in action.

COL. WILLIAM T. POAGUE.

BY EDWARD A. MOORE, LEXINGTON, VA.

A sketch of the life of Col. William T. Poague, which deserves a much fuller history than can here be given, serves a twofold purpose: First, as a tribute to his memory from those who had opportunities of knowing his wonderful record as a soldier, a citizen, and a Christian gentleman; secondly, and no less important, that succeeding generations of our Southern people should acquire a knowledge of the character and achievements of the individual members of that army which won world-wide reputation for valor and endurance. Born in Rockbridge County, Va., December 20, 1835, Colonel Poague passed away in Lexington, its county seat, on September 8, 1914. The son of gentle and refined parents, he enjoyed superior opportunities to fit himself for the life of usefulness and honor he so eminently filled. After graduating with distinction at Washington College (now Washington and Lee University) in 1856, succeeded by a course in law, he located in St. Joseph, Mo., but returned to his native place at the beginning of hostilities. He was elected a lieutenant in the Rockbridge Artillery at its organization, in the spring of 1861, which became a part of the First Brigade, and helped to earn for it and its commander the sobriquet of the "Stonewall Brigade" at First Manassas.

From this time on till the close at Appomattox it was the lot of Colonel Poague to be an active, I might say a conspicuous, participant in many of the most eventful and thrilling incidents of the war. The return of Stonewall Jackson, now in command of a division, the trying Romney campaign, were quickly followed by a succession of battles hither and thither which earned undying fame for the genius which planned them and the men who executed them.

At the reorganization of the Rockbridge Artillery in April, 1862, Lieutenant Poague was elected its captain, and as such, after the rapid march of one hundred and twenty miles, he participated in the Seven Days' battle which resulted in McClellan's expulsion from the investment of Richmond; thence to Cedar Mountain, Second Manassas, Chantilly, Sharpsburg, Md., and Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862.

Promotion to a lieutenant colonelcy, to command a battalion of artillery in A. P. Hill's corps, in March, 1863, gave a wider range for the exercise of his efficiency at Chancellorsville. At Gettysburg his guns occupied that portion of the line from which Pickett's Division charged.

Colonel Poague in the Wilderness.

To convey an adequate idea of the remarkable career of Colonel Poague, I am permitted by Col. J. C. Wise, of the Virginia Military Institute, of which institution Colonel Poague was for thirty years Treasurer, to insert a sketch from his pen published in the Cadet of September, 1914:

"It is not the writer's purpose to dwell upon the career of the late lamented Col. William T. Poague, however tempting his brilliant record may be. As a man his beautiful character is well known to his contemporaries, who witnessed it grow fuller, gentler, and sweeter with the passing of years. * * * Of one incident in his career alone I shall write—an incident which has never been presented in history in the fullness which it merits. It shall not be one of his many heroic deeds when as a lieutenant in, and then as the commander of, the gallant Rockbridge Artillery he followed the fortunes of Jackson in the Valley, to Sharpsburg, and to Chancellorsville. Nor will it be that unparalleled march through rain and mud and snow by which he brought his command to the field of Fredericksburg. These exploits were superb, but others vied with him in such deeds. It was in the somber wilderness of Spottsylvania that Poague loomed up preëminent against the sky of Southern chivalry.

"When the battle of the 5th of May, 1864, closed, Ewell's and Hill's Corps had already formed a junction at a point about halfway between Parker's store and the Orange Turnpike, and Poague's Battalion was well up on the firing line. Longstreet had been ordered to make a forced march during the night in order to arrive upon the field before dawn. All through the night Hill's advanced troops, who had maintained themselves so resolutely during the day against Hancock's six divisions, heard the enemy preparing to renew the attack in the morning; but, worn and much disorganized by the fighting of the previous day, and expecting Longstreet to relieve them during the night, the infantry failed to prepare for the impending blow. But not so with Poague's Battalion on the ridge in the clearing.

"At 5 A.M. Hancock's troops swept forward like an avalanche of blue, and by their sheer weight of superior numbers rolled Hill's line back past Poague's Battalion, which stood alone like a wall of flame across the Federals' path. Not until the great masses of the enemy came face to face with the Confederate guns did they cease to press forward; but no troops could pass through such a storm of fire as that which Poague now opened upon Hancock's men. Inspired by their commander, the gunners plied their pieces with almost superhuman energy, the muzzles belched their withering blasts, the twelve guns blended their discharges in one continuous roar, and there among them, clinging to them as a shipwrecked sailor to a spar among the breakers, stood Lee himself, above whose head the smoke of the four lone batteries hovered like spray in the teeth of the onrushing gale.

"The great commander knew then full well that between him and disaster Poague's Battalion stood alone. What glory for a soldier! This single incident brought more of honor to the little colonel of artillery than has come to many men throughout ages of warfare. The light which I have seen in those soft, mild eyes was akin to that which must have irradiated from them as he stood among his guns in the battle line of May 6, 1864, the last bulwark of his country's defense and in the very presence of his immortal commander.

"For a while as General Lee stood among Poague's guns his fortunes, indeed, hung in the balance. After sending a courier to hasten the advance of the First Corps and another to prepare the trains to be moved to the rear, he at last discerned the dust thrown up by the hurrying feet of Longstreet's men. In perfect order, with ranks well closed and no stragglers, the double column of infantry swung down the road at a trot, and, regardless of the confusion which beset their path, the brave and eager infantry pressed on to the point of danger. In the van rode Longstreet at his best, ardent for the fray, as if but now he had slipped the leash which held in check his tugging columns.

"On this occasion Longstreet was magnificent; but Poague was the greater of the two, for he, alone and unsupported, had denied the enemy a victory ere Longstreet arrived upon the scene. And yet his part in this critical affair is scarcely referred to by the historian. We read that Poague's Battalion was present in the battle of the Wilderness. No more. Even Morris Schaff, whose writings are fraught with the noblest sentiments of appreciation and whose studious work on the battle of the Wilderness is by far the best yet written, over-

(Continued on page 571.)

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

Commander in Chief, Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Memphis, Tenn.

STAFF.

Inspector in Chief, George W. Drummond, Savannah, Ga.
Quartermaster in Chief, Edwin A. Taylor, Memphis, Tenn.
Commissary in Chief, Harry L. Seay, Dallas, Tex.
Judge Advocate in Chief, John W. Dodge, Jacksonville, Fla.
Surgeon in Chief, Dr. Selden Spencer, St. Louis, Mo.
Chaplain in Chief, Rev. J. Cleveland Hall, Danville, Va.
Historian in Chief, Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Montgomery, Ala.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo., Chairman.
C. Seton Fleming, Jacksonville, Fla., Secretary.
John W. Bale, Rome, Ga.
W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, Va.
Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex.
W. W. Old, Jr., Norfolk, Va., Past Commander in Chief.

COMMITTEES.

Historical Committee: ——, Chairman.
Relief Committee: A. D. Smith, Jr., Chairman, Fayetteville, W. Va.
Monument Committee: R. B. Haughton, Chairman, St. Louis, Mo.
Finance Committee: A. L. Yates, Chairman, Columbia, Miss.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

Army of Northern Virginia Department, E. Hening Smith, Montgomery, Ala., Member R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Richmond, Va.
Army of Tennessee Department, P. J. Mullen, Rome, Ga.
Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Creed Caldwell, Pine Bluff, Ark.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

Alabama, A. D. Black, Mobile, Ala.
Arkansas, C. M. Philpot, Pine Bluff, Ark.
California, H. P. Watkins, Los Angeles, Cal.
Colorado, J. A. Gallagher, Denver, Colo.
District of Columbia, J. Roy Price, Washington, D. C.
Eastern, John Clifton Elder, New York, N. Y.
Florida, W. W. Harriss, Ocala, Fla.
Georgia, John S. Cleghorn, Summerville, Ga.
Kentucky, F. B. Adcock, Carrollton, Ky.
Louisiana, J. W. McWilliams, Monroe, La.
Maryland, A. W. Hawks, Ruxton, Md.
Mississippi, George C. Myers, Jackson, Miss.
Missouri, Colin M. Selph, St. Louis, Mo.
North Carolina, C. B. Denson, Raleigh, N. C.
Ohio, Ralph Reamer, Columbus, Ohio.
Oklahoma, M. J. Glass, Tulsa, Okla.
Pacific, Merritt F. Gilmer, Seattle, Wash.
South Carolina, A. L. Gaston, Chester, S. C.
Tennessee, Thomas B. Hooker, Memphis, Tenn.
Texas, W. R. Blain, Beaumont, Tex.
Virginia, E. W. Speed, Roanoke, Va.
West Virginia, A. D. Smith, Jr., Fayetteville, W. Va.

[This department is conducted by N. B. Forrest, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., Memphis, Tenn., to whom all communications and inquiries should be addressed.]

OFFICIAL ORDERS.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, MEMPHIS, TENN.,
November 10, 1914.

SPECIAL ORDERS No. 16.

1. The term of office of H. C. Francisco, Commander of the Missouri Division, S. C. V., having expired, a vacancy is deemed to exist in the position of the commanding officer of said Division.

2. Upon suitable recommendation and in obedience to and by and under authority vested in the Commander in Chief by Section 19, Article V., of the Constitution, Comrade Colin M. Selph, of St. Louis, Mo., is hereby appointed Commander of said Division for the year ending June 1, 1915. He will at once appoint his official staff and inaugurate a campaign for the reorganization of his Division and make report thereof to general headquarters.

By order of SEYMOUR STEWART, *Commander in Chief.*
Official:
N. B. FORREST, *Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff.*

ADDRESS TO SONS OF VETERANS.

BY W. W. HARRISS, COMMANDER FLORIDA DIVISION, S. C. V., AT THE FIRST REUNION, LAKELAND, FLA., OCTOBER 29, 1914.

Comrades: The purpose of our organization is manifold and far-reaching, but paramount to all else is the perpetuation of the deeds of valor and the protection and preservation of the good name of the Confederate soldier, whose incomparable courage and sacrifice are the amazement of the entire world. Like our Saviour, he gave up all for liberation from oppression and died for those he loved.

The sacredness of the cause for which our soldiers fought has entwined a tie so strong around the hearts of those survivors of the conflict as to meet annually for companionship; and from the time of ancient history to the present day ours is the only vanquished army ever to reunite. Would you exchange your inheritance of a share in the fame of the Confederate soldier in war and in peace for all the wealth, the honor, and pensions of his erstwhile foe? We are yet too near the time of the war to write absolutely impartial history; but when it shall be written we may safely trust that justice will be done the motives which prompted the Southern men to take up arms and the manner in which they bore themselves in war and defeat. It is to me one of the unsolvable riddles of human nature that there are those among us who advocate the laying aside of the memories of that period and forgetting its awful aftermath of reconstruction, that we should put aside the recollections of our losses, accept conditions as they are, and press forward to the race which lies before us along the way of material progress. I fear that this sentiment is far too general, that in "the struggle for power and the scramble for wealth" we are apt to become so absorbed that we shall neglect the cultivation of those finer qualities which have heretofore been distinguishing characteristics of the Southern people. Nations and individuals cannot afford to forget those things which in the crucible of life forge character and make men. Have the Irish people lost anything by their almost sacred reverence for the memory of Robert Emmett, though the cause of freedom for Ireland, for which that young patriot gave his life, lacks yet its consummation? Has the French nation lost anything because of its worship of Napoleon, notwithstanding that maker of dynasties and kingdoms died in exile on the lonely island of St. Helena?

No great deed is lost to the world. It requires reverses to round out the character of a people, and it takes misfortune to forge the finest temper of individual character. It is not incompatible with an honest loyalty to a restored Union that we retain a proud memory of that nation "which rose so pure and fell so free from crime." It is not an evidence of ultraconservatism nor a clinging to the idols of the past that we hold in grateful remembrance the heroic actions of the men and women of the past and, by the erection of monuments to them and the preservation of truthful history, defend their names from the oblivion of time and hand down to posterity the untarnished story of their fame. These heroes are our fathers. Then what is our duty? There is but one answer: to work to accomplish the purposes that our beloved Confederation has as its aim. There is to every organization, aside from sacred sentiment, a practical side. At present we have our State Camps, S. C. V., approximating hundreds of members; but this is only the beginning of what we can accomplish if you, my comrades, will bend your efforts and influence, imbued with the sense of duty we owe to the living and departed heroes. For the results already attained we are, for the most part, indebted to our Adjutant in Chief, Gen-

eral Forrest, and Past Commander, Comrade J. H. Burroughs; but is it your desire that we rest satisfied? Certainly there are others who have contributed to the growth of our organization; but if we get together in the same spirit of devotion for such laudable purposes, can you imagine what the results would be?

Our by-laws prescribe, advise, and urge that every Son secure and wear the badge authorized, which is a gold button displaying the flag so sacred to us all, the insignia of our organization. It is an honor to be able to wear one and an identification to meet a comrade with one. These buttons can be obtained from our headquarters at Memphis.

The Confederate Veteran, a monthly periodical, familiar to most of us, to which the South and we Sons especially owe a debt of gratitude, has recently been adopted as our official organ, in which will be found in every issue a section devoted to the interests of the S. C. V. I beg that every Son, as far as possible, send to General Forrest his name as a subscriber and that those with literary attainments send contributions along the lines for which the Veteran stands. Every member, as well as officer, has a duty to perform.

Won't you agree when you return to your home to have a rally day monthly for the purpose of bringing in new members, getting each member to obligate himself to interest and bring in a new member? Try it and see how new blood will enliven your Camp. There are sections of our State rich with eligibles that we have not yet entered. Let's get at it.

In Richmond, Va., there is a home for the widows of our soldiers. Maintenance for one of these dear old ladies there is $150 yearly, or only a few pennies *per capita* for this Division to raise to make the evening of the life of some heroine comfortable. On your return home get your Camp to take steps to assist in this work and thereby erect a monument greater than could be chiseled from the whitest marble by a master hand. General Forrest informs me that our Division at present has the opportunity to secure first place at the Richmond Reunion. But to obtain this honor it will require the individual work of every Son in Florida. My faith in you, my comrades, gives me no uneasiness about this coveted place, notwithstanding Oklahoma, our closest second, is untiring in her efforts, with the same laudable ambition.

Seeking and urging your assistance, coöperation, and counsel in the upbuilding of our organization, I bring to you the last message from the immortal Gen. Stephen D. Lee: "To the sons of Confederate veterans we will commit the vindication of the cause for which we fought. To your strength will be given the defense of the Confederate soldier's good name, the guardianship of his history, the emulation of his virtues, the perpetuation of those principles which he loved and which you love also, and those ideals which made him glorious and which you also cherish.

ANNUAL REUNIONS, S. C. V.

Florida Division.

The reunion of the Florida Division, S. C. V., was held at Lakeland, Fla., October 29 and 30. This was the first annual reunion that has been held by the Florida Division, and the report of Comrade W. W. Harriss, Division Commander, showed the following Camps in good standing and entitled to representation:

Camp Stonewall Jackson, Jacksonville.
Camp E. A. Perry, Pensacola.
Camp J. J. Dickinson, Tampa.
Camp F. P. Fleming, Gainesville.
Camp Chipley, Chipley.
Camp R. H. M. Davidson, Quincy.
Camp Bloxham, St. Petersburg.
Camp John M. Martin, Ocala.
Camp E. Kirby Smith, Lakeland.
Camp John W. Whidden, Arcadia.
Camp Geiger, Mayo.
Camp Tallahassee, Tallahassee.
Camp Alfred G. Colquitt, Micanopy.
Camp P. B. Bird, Monticello.
Camp Lake County, Tavares.
Camp John S. Ferrell, Crawfordsville.
Camp David P. Newsom, Williston.
Camp Hately, Jasper.
Camp W. D. Ballantine, Fernandina.
Camp A. Livingston, Madison.
Camp Gordon, Kissimmee.
Camp Raphael Semmes, Palmetto.
Camp John T. Lesley, Seffner.
Camp Kemp, Greensboro.
Camp Jeff Davis, Inverness.
Camp E. Kirby Smith, Palatka.
Camp Sewanee River, White Springs.
Camp Moore Spencer, Wellborn.
Camp Gen. David Lang, Trenton.
Camp Santa Rosa, Milton.

The convention was called to order by V. W. Stephenson, First Lieutenant Commander Camp E. Kirby Smith, of Lakeland. After an invocation by Comrade D. H. Sloan, Chaplain of the Fourth Florida Brigade, the convention was turned over to Charles H. Spencer, of Tampa, Commander of the Fourth Brigade, who in turn introduced W. W. Harriss, of Ocala, Fla., Commander of the Florida Division. Division Commander Harriss's address to the convention was a strong appeal for the active coöperation of all of the Sons throughout the State and contained many pertinent suggestions regarding the best method of arousing interest and of carrying on the work of the organization.

Short addresses were made by D. E. McKeever, of Ocala, V. W. Stephenson, of Lakeland, J. R. Ingram, of Jacksonville, and Adjutant in Chief Forrest.

The Camps at Jacksonville, Tampa, Ocala, Seffner, Trenton, and Lakeland were represented by delegates.

Division Commander Harriss has promised fifty live Camps for the Richmond Reunion. His report shows that four new Camps have been chartered since the Jacksonville Reunion, and a number of others are now in process of organization.

A resolution was introduced by Brigade Commander Spencer, of Tampa, calling for the appointment of a committee from the Sons to confer with the legislature of the State of Florida regarding the increase of pensions for Confederate soldiers and the reduction of the time limit of residence from eight to three years. A committee will be appointed by Commander Harriss to bring this before the next legislature.

Virginia Division.

The annual reunion of the Virginia Division, S. C. V., was held at Newport News, Va., on October 20 and 21. The opening session of the convention was called to order by Division Commander Garland P. Peed. Commander Peed appointed as a committee to extend greeting to the veterans Dr. W. J. Gills, of Farmville, and Samuel D. Rodgers, of Petersburg. H. C. Southall, Jr., of Petersburg, and J. J. Wilkinson, of Newport News, were appointed as a committee on credentials.

As a meeting of the Executive Council of the organization was held at Newport News on this date, upon motion the privilege of the floor was extended to Commander in Chief Seymour Stewart, Adjutant in Chief Forrest, and Comrades John W. Bale and Seton Fleming, members of the Executive Council. A short address was made by Adjutant Forrest outlining the work that has been done throughout the Confederation and making an appeal for all Sons to subscribe to the Confederate Veteran. Commander in Chief Stewart, upon being called upon by the Division Commander, responded with an inspiring address.

The night session of the Division was held at the Academy of Music, at which time the sponsors and maids representing the Division were introduced to the audience. This session was opened by Rev. J. Cleveland Hall, Chaplain in Chief S. C. V. The program was as follows:

Dr. Clarence Porter Jones, Commander J. E. B. Stuart Camp, S. C. V., Newport News, Va., presented Adjutant in Chief Forrest, who in turn presented Garland P. Peed, Commander of the Virginia Division, who introduced the speakers of the evening.

Address of welcome by Comrade Samuel R. Buxton, of Newport News, Va.

Response to the address of welcome by W. McDonald Lee, of Irvington, Va., Past Commander of the Virginia Division, S. C. V.

Address by Seymour Stewart, Commander in Chief S. C. V., St. Louis, Mo.

Presentation of sponsors and maids by L. P. Matthews, of Pickett-Buchanan Camp, S. C. V., Norfolk, Va.

Reception response by John W. Bale, of Rome, Ga.

Address to the Virginia Division, S. C. V., by Hon. John M. Saunders, of Saluda, Va.

Dismissal prayer by Rev. C. C. Cox, Newport News, Va.

The business session of the convention was called to order at eleven o'clock on October 21, and the Credentials Committee reported the following Camps in good standing and entitled to representation:

Camp R. E. Lee, Richmond.
Camp R. S. Chew, Fredericksburg.
Camp A. S. Johnston, Roanoke.
Camp Pickett-Buchanan, Norfolk.
Camp Clinton-Hatcher, Leesburg.
Camp A. P. Hill, Petersburg.
Camp J. E. B. Stuart, Newport News.
Camp Stonewall, Portsmouth.
Camp Neimeyer-Shaw, Berkeley.
Camp Summers-Koontz, Luray.
Camp Cabell-Graces, Danville.
Camp J. M. Jordan, South Boston.
Camp Jefferson Davis, Franklin.
Camp Stephen D. Lee, Irvington.
Camp S. W. Paulette, Farmville.
Camp Powhatan, Powhatan.
Camp Turner Ashby, Harrisonburg.
Camp Carpenter Battery, Clifton Ford.
Camp E. M. Ingles, Radford.
Camp Shenandoah, Woodstock.
Camp Black Horse, Warrenton.
Camp New Market, New Market.

The following officers of the Division were in attendance: Commander Garland P. Peed, Adjutant and Chief of Staff H. B. Furr, Division Judge Advocate George Nelms Wise, Division Color Bearer V. P. Paulette, Assistant Division Adjutant Ernest G. Baldwin, Brigade Commanders B. F. Herndon, Dr. W. J. Gills, Samuel L. Adams, Past Commander W. McDonald Lee, and Past Commander Thomas W. Spindle.

Complete and encouraging reports were made by Brigade Commanders Herndon, Gills, and Adams, each report showing increased interest in the work and increased membership in the various Camps.

The Virginia Division, S. C. V., has for many years taken an active interest in placing markers upon historical spots throughout the State. A report was rendered by Dr. J. Cleveland Hall, Chairman of the History Committee, outlining the work he had done endeavoring to place the book of the late Prof. Albert Taylor Bledsoe, entiled "Is Davis a Traitor; or, Was Secession a Constitutional Right?" as a supplementary reader in the higher schools throughout the State. Dr. Hall said he was satisfied that this would be done.

Comrade James P. Tatem, of Berkeley, made a report regarding the Confederate Woman's Home, and a subscription taken up among the comrades present netted $50 for this cause.

Short addresses were made by Commander in Chief Stewart, Comrade John W. Bale, and Adjutant Forrest. Upon request of Adjutant Forrest, the Division adopted the slogan which was given them for the coming year: "A Camp of Sons in every county in Virginia for the Virginia Reunion."

A resolution was adopted by the convention calling upon every Camp of Sons in the State to set aside one day in each year as a "flag" or "button" day for the purpose of raising funds for the support and maintenance of the Home of Needy Confederate Women at Richmond. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the convention:

"*Resolved*, That the Commander of the Virginia Division appoint a committee of five Sons to arrange for a reception or entertainment by said Division to visiting Sons, sponsors, and maids at the Richmond Reunion in 1915, and that this committee be and is hereby authorized to solicit subscriptions for that purpose, the time, place, etc., of such entertainment to be left to the discretion of said committee.

"*Resolved*, That the Commander of the Virginia Division be instructed to appoint a commission, to be composed of five or more Sons of this State, to be known as the Commission for Marking Historical Points on the Battle Fields of Virginia. The purpose of this commission is to start a movement immediately for fittingly marking the battle fields of Virginia. Power is to be given the commission to formulate plans, solicit funds, call upon the Camps of the Division and the legislature of Virginia for coöperation and help to carry the work to a successful conclusion. The Division Commander will name the chairman of such commission, who will report at the time of the Richmond Reunion, May next.

"Whereas the work of the Virginia Division, S. C. V., has been handicapped by lack of reliable records at Division headquarters; and whereas, on account of this lack of reliable records and the absence of a proper business system in connection with Division work, incoming Division Commanders have been put at a disadvantage at the beginning of their term instead of having the knowledge and experience of their predecessors in available records as an assistance; therefore be it

"*Resolved* by the Sons of this Division in annual reunion at Newport News October 21, 1914, That the Commander of the Division be required to keep accurate rosters of the Camps of the Division, these rosters to be up to date at the time of

the annual reunion; and, further, that comparative records of the membership of the Division by Camps be kept from year to year, these records to be a part of the Division Commander's report at the annual reunions."

The report of Division Commander Peed was the most complete and comprehensive ever submitted at any Division reunion. This report outlined fully the work done during the year, a system of keeping records originated by Commander Peed. The report of Commander Peed showed as follows: Increase of membership of the Division, over fifty; organized seven new Camps and reorganized four old Camps; increased treasury balance of the Division, over one hundred per cent; increased payment of *per capita* tax to Division headquarters, thirty-nine per cent; complete rosters of all Camps in the Division, a copy of said rosters to be placed on file at Richmond.

Commander Peed was extended a rising vote of thanks by the convention for his efficient and splendid work during the year. The following officers were elected for the year 1914-15:

Commander, E. W. Speed, Roanoke.
Commander First Brigade, B. S. Herndon, Portsmouth.
Commander Second Brigade, Dr. W. J. Gills, Farmville.
Commander Third Brigade, Sam L. Adams, South Boston.
Commander Fourth Brigade, Rudolph Baumgardner, Staunton.
Commander Fifth Brigade, W. B. Allen, Woodstock.

Alabama Division.

The annual reunion of the Alabama Division, S. C. V., was held at Mobile, Ala., October 21-24. Invocation was delivered by Division Chaplain Alfred G. Moses.

The convention was then called to order by H. T. Hartwell, Commander of Dixon Camp, who presented the following speakers:

Address of welcome by Henry Pillans.

Commander Hartwell turned the convention over to W. M. Johnston, Commander of the Second Brigade.

Response to the address of welcome by Dr. Thomas M. Owen, of Montgomery, Past Commander in Chief.

Brigade Commander Johnston turned the convention over to John L. Moulton, Commander of the Alabama Division, who presented Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, President General U. D. C., who delivered an address.

The official sponsors and maids were presented to the convention by Hon. J. W. Apperson, Past Commander in Chief. The business session of the convention was called to order October 22, and the report of the Credentials Committee showed the following Camps in good standing:

Camp George E. Dixon, Mobile.
Camp Holtzclaw, Montgomery.
Camp Alabama, Montgomery.
Camp John T. Morgan, Attalla.
Camp S. T. Woodward, Jackson.
Camp B. F. McMillan, Stockton.
Camp Jeff Burnett, Greenville.
Camp Henry D. Clayton, Birmingham.
Camp Morgan Pettus, Birmingham.
Camp John Pelham, Auburn.
Camp Ben Bricken, Luverne.

All of the above Camps pledged themselves to send delegates to the annual reunion at Richmond next spring.

The comrades present offered their coöperation in reorganizing the Division, and the officers are prepared to make an active campaign for new members during the coming year.

The following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year:

Division Commander, Adolph D. Bloch, Mobile.
Commander First Brigade, Thomas W. Peagler, Greenville.
Commander Second Brigade, W. M. Johnston, Mobile.
Commander Third Brigade, E. L. Huey, Bessemer.
Commander Fourth Brigade, John H. Wallace, Jr., Huntsville.
Commander Fifth Brigade, R. L. McConnell, Attalla.
Division Historian, H. S. Degrange, Mobile.

Commander Bloch reports the appointment of John L. Moulton as Division Adjutant.

D. S. Sanford, of Milledgeville, Ga., the son of a veteran, writes: "I am a subscriber to the Veteran and expect to be as long as I live. I wish to commend the establishment of a department for the Sons of Veterans, and I trust it will have the success it deserves. I was a great admirer of Mr. Cunningham. He did a great work in establishing the Veteran, and I trust it will continue as long as there is a descendant of a veteran living."

THE MEN WHO WORE THE GRAY.

BY JAMES F. SANDERS, NEW SALEM, TEX.

(Dedicated to the "Old Boys.")

Their tott'ring ranks are thinning fast,
The men who wore the gray;
And when a few short years have passed,
Each will be laid away.

The bugle's note no more shall call,
Nor drumbeats fire their soul;
In silent rest shall slumber all
Till God shall call the roll.

They felt the voice of duty call—
Each deemed his cause was just—
And marched like men, to stand or fall
For those who held their trust.

They fought like men in days gone by;
No craven hearts were there;
True manhood bade them do or die,
For heroes brave they were.

Let youthful hands their burdens share,
Each careworn frame protect;
With tender words and loving care
Their path in life select.

Let each one strive to make their lot
In life's fast-fading eve,
In mansion grand or humble cot,
So blest that none can grieve.

They loved their cause, their God, their home,
Nor fought and bled in vain;
And when the end at last shall come,
May each one live again!

May each one see the pearly gates
With portals spread ajar,
And loving friends, their old messmates,
Receive them then and there!

THE LAST ROLL

Coming is the day, and fast,
When of all the host the last
Shall have struck his tent and sped
From the living to the dead;
Then on marble shall be read:
"The gallant grays have passed."

—*Helen D. Kerlin.*

Capt. Thomas P. Brewer.

Capt. Thomas P. Brewer was born at Marshall, Tex., of Virginia and South Carolina parentage, and passed away at Mobile, Ala., after a long illness, June 9, 1914, at the age of seventy-two years.

The war record of Captain Brewer was an enviable one. He conscientiously performed his duty and was a soldier without fear. He left Hamburg, Ark., with Captain Van Manning's company, later Company K, 3d Arkansas Regiment. This regiment was transferred to Hood's Texas Brigade and saw hard service in Virginia, taking part in all the great battles of the war. Captain Brewer surrendered his company at Appomattox at the close of the war, and with a remnant of his command he walked to Livingston, Ala. He later ente ed the wholesale grocery and cotton factory business in Mobile, Ala. He was prominent in politics, and a few years before his death he was treasurer of the city of Mobile.

Captain Brewer was a man of strong character, of marked integrity and chivalrous, affable manner, which won him many friends. He was an ex-Commander of Raphael Semmes Camp, U. C. V., a Royal Arch Mason, and Master of Athelston Lodge of Mobile for several consecutive years. He was also a Knight Templar and a member of the First Baptist Church.

Dressed in his uniform of gray, he was borne to his last resting place in Magnolia Cemetery by eight of his old comrades, all ex-Commanders. In his early manhood he married Miss Emma McKean, of Mobile, who survives him with two daughters, Mrs. William S. Reed and Mrs. W. T. McGowin, and four grandsons. A good man and fearless soldier has passed away.

Rt. Rev. J. M. Lucey, V. G.

A Christian soldier passed to his reward in the death of Monsignor J. M. Lucey at Pine Bluff, Ark., on the 20th of June, 1914. He had been prominent in the affairs of Arkansas for fifty years, and his Confederate record was honorable and distinguished. He was one of the detail that raised the first Confederate flag at Fort Smith in 1861.

The parents of Monsignor Lucey were born in Ireland, but were married in Troy, N. Y., where their four children, two daughters and two sons, were born. In 1847 the family moved to Arkansas, and the final home was made at Fort Smith.

At the age of seventeen Monsignor Lucey joined the Fort Smith Rifles, Company A, 3d Arkansas Infantry, under Colonel Gratiot, and he took part in all the engagements of this command in the early period of the war. In the battle of Oak Hill, or Wilson's Creek, August 10, 1861, he was one of the five commended by his captain for bravery. The company had fifty-two men in line of battle that day, and in about twenty-five minutes lost nine killed and nineteen wounded.

In the reorganization of the army in 1861-62 Monsignor Lucey was obliged to become an irregular soldier, going into different commands and different departments as he was ordered, owing to the refusal of examining surgeons to pass him for regular service. When his health improved he made his way to Hindman's army and joined the Fort Smith company. His health failed again, and he was transferred to the quartermaster's department. He continued to serve the army as best he could, but in 1864 he was taken by the Federals; and as exchange of prisoners had been discontinued, he was paroled.

In September, 1865, Monsignor Lucey entered Fordham University, of New York City, graduating in 1868. He then entered Mount Saint Mary's Theological Seminary, of Cincinnati, Ohio, to fit himself for the priesthood. Returning to Fort Smith in 1870, broken down physically, he was made principal of the high school. He established the Belle Grove School Journal, which was perhaps the first of the kind in the State, and brought his department to a high degree of efficiency.

His health returning, he was ordained a priest of the Catholic Church in Fort Smith November 14, 1872, and was appointed pastor at Pine Bluff in December, and there labored for nearly half a century with notable success. In 1902-03 he made a tour of the world, going by way of San Francisco and returning by New York, visiting the Hawaiian Islands, Japan, China, Philippine Islands, India, Egypt, the Holy Land, and several countries of Europe.

In the fall of 1903 Pope Pius X. elevated Father Lucey to the high rank of monsignor, and in 1907 Right Reverend John B. Morris, Bishop of the Diocese of Little Rock, made him vicar-general.



RT. REV. J. M. LUCEY.

Monsignor Lucey had always been a zealous worker in the Confederate cause. With Governor Eagle, John G. Fletcher, and other prominent Confederates twenty-two years ago at a meeting held in the Statehouse at Little Rock, he aided in planning for the organization of Camps of Confederate Veterans in the State, which had not then existed. As Chairman of the Memorial Committee of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., he prepared the beautiful volume, "The Confederate Women of Arkansas." He had been Chaplain General of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., and also served as Chaplain on the staff of General Cabell, then commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V.

Alexander Findlay Harris.

Alexander Findlay Harris was born May 15, 1846, the son of Rev. William F. Harris and Rebecca Findlay, of Abingdon. He was a student at the old Abingdon Male Academy when the War between the States broke out. In the spring of 1862, at the age of sixteen, he volunteered in a company of cavalry raised in Washington County by his uncle, Capt. Frank S. Findlay. This company served on the Virginia State line in Western Virginia under Gen. John B. Floyd. Later he was transferred to Company D, 1st Virginia Cavalry, and was captured at Yellow Tavern on the day that Gen. J. E. B. Stuart received his death wound. He was in prison at Point Lookout until the spring of 1865, when he made his escape under the exchange papers of C. H. C. Fulkerson, who had made his escape just before.

After the war Mr. Harris attended school at Emory and Henry College, and while there won the Robertson prize medal for oratory. During the seventies he edited the Standard, an influential "funder" paper during the readjuster campaigns. In January, 1882, he removed to Washington, D. C., and for twenty-three years he was on the Washington Post and Star. In December, 1882, he married Virginia Clay Gardner, of Washington City. He removed to Abingdon, Va., in 1905 and purchased the Abingdon Virginian. His death occurred August 5, 1914. He was a member of W. E. Jones Camp, U. C. V., of Abingdon.

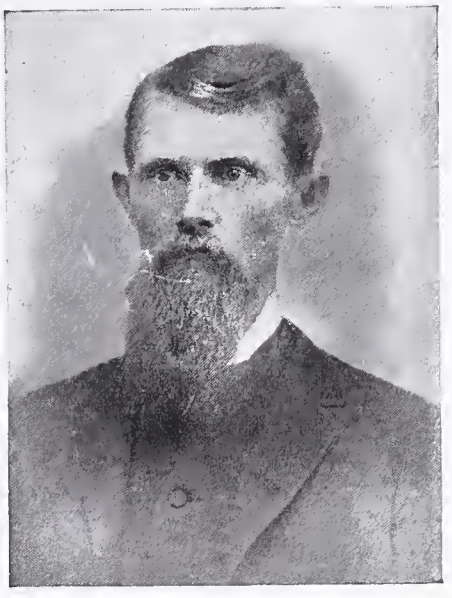
Dr. Campbell Wood.

Another of the few survivors of Hood's Texas Brigade, the only Texas command which served in the Army of Northern Virginia, has answered the call of the great beyond. Dr. Campbell Wood was born in Alabama December 5, 1842, and died at his home, in San Antonio, Tex., on the 28th of October, 1914. Going to Texas in 1849 with his parents, he was educated in that State and took an active part in the organization of Company D, 5th Texas Infantry. He was elected a lieutenant of that company, and on the organization of the 5th Texas Regiment he was appointed its adjutant, serving in that capacity until permanently disabled by a wound received in the battle of Gettysburg. His wound healed sufficiently to enable him to ride on horseback, and he served on the staff of Gen. John B. Hood from January, 1865, till the close of the war, when he went back to Texas. Studying medicine, he practiced that profession in San Saba County, Tex., from 1878 until about 1900, when he became too deaf to continue his practice. A gentleman to the manner born, an admirable and most gallant soldier and officer, a public-spirited and law-abiding citizen, he will be deeply mourned and by none more sincerely than by the comrades with whom he was immediately associated during the War between the States.

William W. Gibson.

William W. Gibson died in Grand Saline, Tex., on the 15th of May, 1914, and was laid to rest in White Rose Cemetery, at Wills Point, Tex. He was a member of Wills Point Camp, U. C. V., and fellow members were his pallbearers.

William W. Gibson was born in Tippah County, Miss., and had reached the age of sixty-seven years. When a child his parents moved to Batesville, Ark. He enlisted in the Confederate army at Camp Shaver June 16, 1861, at the age of fourteen years, joining Company G, 7th Arkansas Regiment, Govan's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Army of Tennessee. He participated in the battles of Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, Liberty Gap, Kennesaw, Resaca, New Hope Church, Ringgold Gap, Atlanta, Lovejoy, Jonesboro, Nashville, Franklin, Bentonville, and others. He was severely wounded in the battle of Liberty Gap and slightly wounded at Ringgold Gap. He was one of the five of his regiment who lived to the close of the war, surrendering under Gen. J. E. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C., April 24, 1865. For the last two years of the war he was a member of Company D, 6th and 7th Consolidated Regiment, Govan's Brigade, Cleburne's Division. A few weeks before the surrender, owing to the depletion of their ranks, another consolidation was made, and the whole of Govan's Brigade was formed into one regiment. The 6th and 7th Arkansas Regiments were made into one company, commanded by Capt. George E. Todd, in Brown's Division, Cheatham's Corps, Army of Tennessee.



W. W. GIBSON.

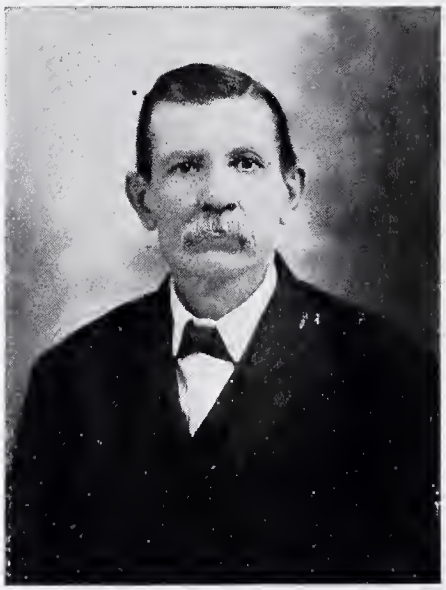
At the close of the war William Gibson returned to his old home, at Batesville, Ark., and later went to Galveston, Tex., where he engaged in the cotton business. On September 5, 1870, he was married to Miss Katie M. Lewis, of Batesville, Ark. In 1876 he removed to Wills Point, where he resided for thirty-one years. He was engaged in the real estate business and held the office of county surveyor for many years. In 1908 he moved to Grand Saline, Tex., and there engaged in the real estate and insurance business as senior member of the firm of Gibson & Gibson. He is survived by his wife, one daughter, and three sons.

Comrade Gibson was a close student of the Bible and a devoted member of the Episcopal Church, with a firm and abiding faith in the power and goodness and mercy of God. He was a brave and faithful Confederate soldier and met and endured the dangers and hardships of war with fortitude unusual in one so young. He kept in mind all the notable events of the war and many personal incidents and readily recalled them on each anniversary. His last Reunion was at Chattanooga, and while there he located many landmarks and traced old battle lines and seemed to live over again the scenes and events of his youth. He was an ardent prohibitionist, an honored and respected citizen, just and conscien-

tious in all his dealings with his fellow men, and a kind and devoted husband and father. He was well and favorably known throughout his section, and his death was universally regretted.

Capt. Thomas J. Booth.

Thomas J. Booth was born at the family home, Mount Ida, in Carroll County, Miss., in November, 1838. When a young man his father, William Booth, went to Mississippi from the State of New York and for a time lived near Port Gibson. Later he married Miss Matilda Rhodes, of Kentucky, and made his home in Carroll County. He was a man of many virtues and wide information. His son Thomas was gifted intellectually and early in life developed an ambition to be a scholar. He attended school at Carrollton and Milton Academy and then entered the Kentucky Military Institute about 1856, graduating with distinction in 1859. He then went to the law school at Albany, N. Y., and graduated from there in 1860.



CAPT. T. J. BOOTH.

Entering the office of D. R. Russell, a distinguished lawyer at Carrollton, as a partner, Thomas Booth began the practice of law; but when the war came on in 1861 he was made lieutenant in a company of minutemen organized at Carrollton. Soon afterwards he accepted the captaincy of a company formed at Winona. He was a fine drillmaster and soon made the Winona Stars a star company indeed, and in May, 1861, it became Company B, of the 15th Mississippi Infantry. The regiment had its first experience in battle at Fishing Creek on the 19th of January, 1862, where the brunt of the battle fell upon the 15th Mississippi and the 20th Tennessee. Captain Booth received a scalp wound and was furloughed for a time. He returned to his command and was ready for duty when the battle of Shiloh was begun. He was at the head of his company, cheering on his men, when his superior officer, Major Brantley, was wounded, leaving him second in command. Captain Booth gallantly led his men until he fell severely wounded in the thigh. His gallantry in battle, as well as his skill as a drillmaster, so impressed many members of the 15th Regiment that they induced him to stand for one of the field officers upon the reorganization of the regiment. Defeated in this, he returned home, and Governor Pettus at once appointed him drillmaster of the State troops with the rank of captain. He served faithfully in this duty until 1864, when he organized a cavalry company of men over forty-five and boys under eighteen years of age. The company was ordered to Enterprise and served around Mobile until the surrender in May, 1865. Much of the time Captain Booth drilled the regiments about him and was put in command when trouble with the enemy was apprehended.

In the month of January, 1864, the members of his old company petitioned him to come back and accept the captaincy of the company; but the law passed by the Confederate Congress to fill vacancies in office by promotion prevented his acceptance of the offer, and he continued drilling the State troops.

In June, 1861, Captain Booth obtained a leave of absence and went to Bloomfield, Ky., where he was married to Miss Florence McKay. Their eight children are worthy citizens of Mississippi. Captain Booth spent the years after the war in teaching until forced by declining health to give up his work. He died on the 20th of July, 1914, the last of five brothers.

As a soldier Captain Booth was fearless and careful of his men; as a teacher of the youth of the county he was diligent, faithful, and patient; as a citizen he was loyal; as a friend he was steadfast and true.

J. S. Durham.

J. S. Durham enlisted in the Confederate army August 1, 1861, in Company I, 26th Tennessee Regiment, and took part in the battles of Fort Donelson, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge, besides other engagements of the Army of Tennessee. While preparing a meal he was wounded in both knees by a sharpshooter, causing amputation of the left limb. He was honorably discharged April 26, 1865. On October 6, 1913, the anniversary of Sam Davis's birth, he was awarded the cross of honor by the Roane County Chapter, U. D. C., of Kingston, Tenn. His life was that of a Christian to the day of his death, April 11, 1914, when the God of battles summoned him to answer the last reveille. He had been a patron and constant reader of the Veteran since its first publication.

Henry Hardeman Woods.

Henry H. Woods was born in Livingston County, Ky., in April, 1844. Owing to the early death of his parents following their removal to Mississippi, he was reared by his mother's sister.

Shortly after the beginning of the War between the States he enlisted in Company E, 34th Mississippi Regiment, Walthall's Brigade. This company was known as the "Coldwater Rebels."

One of his comrades said of him not long since: "Henry was a good soldier. Of all the boys in gray who marched to the front, none were braver on the field of battle. On the march and in camp he was always ready to bear his share of the burdens which fell to a soldier's lot." Thoughtfulness for others was always one of his prominent characteristics. He was wounded in the battle of Perryville, Ky., and disabled from further active service, although he was present at the battle of Lookout Mountain and served as one of General Walthall's couriers during that engagement.



HENRY H. WOODS.

Comrade Woods returned to Mississippi and shortly after the war was married to Miss Callie L. Malone, a daughter of Lieut. Lewis Malone. Soon after his marriage he joined the Methodist Church and remained a consistent member until his death, July 20, 1914. He was laid to rest in the cemetery at Red Banks, Miss., to await the reveille on resurrection morn. He is survived by his wife, five sons, and three daughters.

Capt. P. K. Mayers.

Capt. Pizarro Kemp Mayers, editor of the Democrat-Star, Pascagoula, Miss., who died at his home there on July 24, 14, at the age of eighty years, was one of the most conicuous characters in the field of journalism that Mississippi s known in the last century. Left an orphan in infancy, he as early thrown upon his own resources with but a meager ucation. In the office of the Clarion, published at Paulding, iss., he secured the education and training as well as the spiration that shaped his destiny. When about twenty years age he established the Handsboro Democrat. Full of ambion and the fire of youth, he stamped his character upon his per and made the enterprise a success from the start. When e War between the States became a serious reality he opped the press, secured the best horse he could, and enred the Confederate service as captain of Company C, teele's Battalion, 15th Mississippi Cavalry, under General erguson. This battalion went quickly into service and beame noted for its dash and execution. The young captain as much beloved by his men, who followed him to the end.

When the war closed and the stricken States of the South aced reconstruction under carpetbaggers and scalawags acked by bayonets of the North, Captain Mayers was in the ront ranks of the fight, fearless, unflinching, and never ceasng. At the masthead of his paper he carried the motto, "Love for our friends; courtesy for all; fear for none," and his motto was his guiding star and inspiration through his areer. The Handsboro Democrat was consolidated with the Star, of Scranton, now Pascagoula, and through zeal and determination Captain Mayers became the most successful newspaper man in the State of Mississippi and under the most rying circumstances. He never sought official position, though he served as delegate to one Democratic National Convention and a term as President of the State Press Association, of which he was for twenty years Treasurer.

Captain Mayers was twice happily married, first to Miss Hempstead in 1855. His second wife was Miss Hattie Brooks, of Brooksville, Miss., and she survives him. Of his first marriage was his son and only child, Samuel R. Mayers, who died some years ago.

Captain Mayers was laid to rest in his Confederate uniform.

Dr. J. B. McGaughy.

Dr. J. B. McGaughy died July 3, 1914, at Stephenville, Tex. He was born September 26, 1834. He married at the age of nineteen, and of this union there were born six sons and one daughter. All but one son survive him. He moved to Texas in 1873, and to Brownwood in 1889. In recent years his home was with his daughter, Mrs. Charles Blakeney, at Stephenville, where he had been city health officer and a consulting physician, having retired from active practice.

Dr. McGaughey was a Royal Arch Mason of many years' standing and a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, a Christian gentleman whose character was worthy of emulation.

During the war he was surgeon of the 4th Alabama Regiment under General Forrest, with whom he was personally and intimately acquainted. Throughout the long struggle he gave his skill and best service to the Southern cause. At Brownwood he was a member of the Stonewall Jackson Camp, and at the time of his death he was an honorary member of the Camp at Stephenville.

Julius L. Strong.

Julius L. Strong was born in Shelby County, Tenn., June 18, 1844, and died July 16, 1914. He enlisted in Company I, 15th Tennessee Cavalry, and was a brave and dashing follower of the intrepid Forrest until the surrender at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865. He was a man of convictions in religion and in politics, always taking a strong stand for the right against the wrong. He was a deacon in the Collierville Baptist Church and lived his religion in his daily life. As a citizen he was honored for his integrity, in which he demonstrated the fact that the brave and faithful soldier makes the most patriotic citizen as well as the most loyal and loving Church member. He was twice married, but both wives preceded him in death. He leaves five sons, all of whom hold positions of honor and trust and are an honor to the family name.



J. L. STRONG.

J. L. Morgan.

J. L. Morgan, of Servilla, Tenn., died August 4, 1914, aged seventy years. He joined the army at seventeen years of age and served throughout the war. He belonged to the fourth company of Tennessee Confederates made up in Polk County in 1861, known as Hancock's Company, afterwards Company B, 29th Tennessee Infantry, and was in all of the battles in which the army of Tennessee participated, from Fishing Creek to Missionary Ridge. For bravery he was promoted to color guard and afterwards to color bearer of the 29th Tennessee.

After General Bragg fell back from Missionary Ridge to Dalton, Mr. Morgan was captured by the Federals while on his way home on furlough and taken to the Federal prison at Fort Delaware. He was paroled just before the close of the war. He rejoined his regiment in North Carolina and went to Richmond, Va., remaining until the evacuation of that place.

Mr. Morgan was a consecrated Christian. He is survived by his wife, six sons, and one daughter.

K. W. Fryar.

K. W. Fryar was born August 9, 1844, in Ashley County, Ark., and when but sixteen years of age he enlisted in the Confederate army, serving under Captain Tibbs, in Flimmon's Brigade of Arkansas Volunteers, and was a faithful soldier to the close of the war. In old age his memory retained the exciting events of the memorable struggle, and he never tired of telling of the days when he wore the gray.

In early manhood Comrade Fryar went to Texas, and for years he lived at Riesel, Tex. From there he went to Nugent, Tex., and later to Lelia Lake, Tex., where on July 2, 1914, he passed to the great beyond, to rest on the shore of eternity. As gentleman, soldier, and Christian his life was worthy of emulation.

Andy J. Lovell.

A. J. Lovell, aged seventy-eight years, died at his home, near Brookhaven, Miss., on August 10, 1914. His life was spent in the community near where he was born and reared, in Lawrence County, now Lincoln County, Miss. He entered the Confederate army as a member of Company C, 33d Mississippi Infantry, Featherstone's Brigade, in April, 1862, and was with his command in all its hardships, mostly in Mississippi, under Maj. Gen. W. W. Loring until May, 1864, when General Loring joined General Johnston below Dalton, Ga., then all through the fighting in Georgia and back into Tennessee with General Hood. He was taken very sick on November 28, 1864, at Columbia, Tenn., and so escaped the battle of Franklin, but got to Nashville in time for the two days' fighting there and made his escape. He was also in that famous rear guard of Hood's from Columbus to the Tennessee River in February, 1865. He went home while away from his command and joined a cavalry company with which he remained until the close.

Mr. Lovell had married Miss Elizabeth Mason about a year before the war. She survives him with their children.

Robert Stuart Gibson.

Robert S. Gibson was born at Fort Smith, Ark., May 23, 1844, and as a boy of sixteen enlisted from that place in the Confederate army—Company C, Arkansas Militia, under Capt. Tom Lewis. His company was merged into other companies, and at the close of the war he was in Capt. William Noland's company of General Fagan's escort. He was married to Miss Lida M. Johnson in 1874, and in 1882 he removed his family to Siloam Springs, Ark., where he had since lived, with the exception of two years spent in Fort Smith. Of their seven children, five daughters and two sons, three daughters are living.

Comrade Gibson died at his home, in Siloam Springs, on August 25. He was a man of many friends. It is said that all men loved him for his genial, happy disposition. He was a devoted Church member, upright in life, charitable in his giving. He served his city for several terms as councilman.

Deaths in John H. Morgan Camp.

[John L. Galt, chairman of committee for John H. Morgan Camp, U. C. V., at Ardmore, Okla., sends a copy of resolutions passed by the Camp in honor of two members lately deceased.]

C. A. Wall, a member of Mayberry's Artillery, died at his home, in Ardmore, Okla., on June 16, 1914, aged seventy-eight years.

Jonathan Graham was a member of Company C, Martin's Texas Infantry. He was seventy-eight years old and died in the Confederate Home in Ardmore June 16, 1914.

James M. Stinson.

James Madison Stinson died at his home, in Franklin County, Tex., in July, 1914. As a Confederate soldier he served in Company A (Capt. Andy Love), Young's Brigade, Hampton's Division. Entering the service at Troy, Ala., in 1863, he served to the close and surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox. He was in all the engagements around Richmond and Petersburg and was paroled at Montgomery, Ala., in June, 1865. There were twelve other Stinsons (cousins) in the service, and only two came out alive. Comrade Stinson was at all times proud of having been a Confederate soldier. He had been a member of the Church for a number years. He was a good citizen, a loving husband and father.

Capt. John W. Barr.

At a called meeting of the W. E. Jones Camp, U. C. V. No. 709, Abingdon, Va., the following resolution was adopted:

"We as a Camp desire to place on record our estimate of the worth of Capt. John W. Barr, who, after a long life, departed from this world a few weeks ago. Comrade Barr early in 1861 espoused the cause of the South and became a member of the Richmond Howitzers, a noted artillery company in the Army of Northern Virginia, and while in that company he was wounded at Drainsville. After recovering he organized an artillery company and in the battle of Saltville contributed largely to winning the day. Our comrade did everything that pertained to helping the Confederate soldier after the war and took an active interest in the affairs of our Camp.

[L. T. Cosby, Thomas W. Colley, and J. H. Hagy, committee.]

James S. Wood.

James Samuel Wood was born in Gibson County, Tenn., January 2, 1848, and there lived until July 10, 1863, when he enlisted in Company I, Forrest's old Regiment of Tennessee Cavalry Volunteers, D. C. Kelley colonel, near Trenton, Tenn. He served as an efficient soldier until the surrender at Gainesville, Ala., May 9, 1865.

Comrade Wood spent the next six years at his early home and in 1871 he went to Texas, settling in Limestone County near Mexia. He was married to Miss Della Wren on January 9, 1872, and she survives him. In 1881 he went to Hill County and there resided until his death, July 31, 1914.

[Camp No. 166, U. C. V., of Hillsboro, Tex., through its committee, composed of I. A. Looney, John W. Morrison, and W. A. Culbertson, passed resolutions in honor of this comrade and fellow member, who was appreciated as a useful citizen, a devoted husband, and a kind father.]

J. A. Vinson.

Mr. Vinson was born in Maryland. His father was a wealthy slave owner. At the age of nineteen he entered the Confederate army as a member of Company B, 35th Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, with which he served throughout the war. He was in the battle of Gettysburg, and a year ago he revisited that field on the occasion of the semicentennial. He was married after the war to Miss Ella Barwise, who died ten years later, leaving two children.

Mr. Vinson went to Arizona thirty-two years ago and settled on the farm where he died. He was married in 1893 to Mrs. Lillian L. Breedlove, and of that union there are two children.

[H. C. Orme, of Phœnix, Ariz, sends this report of the death of his last soldier-comrade.]

L. E. D. Felder.

L. E. D. Felder, of Bowman, S. C., died May 22, 1914, aged seventy-four years. He became a member of Company C, 1st South Carolina Regiment, at the commencement of the war, and took part in the bombardment of Fort Sumter at Charleston on the 12th and 14th of April, 1861. Later on he served with Captain Edwards's company, of the 5th Regiment of Cavalry, and was with that command to the end of the war. Comrade Felder was several times wounded in the battle of Trevilians, Va., in 1864.

COL. WILLIAM T. POAGUE.

(Continued from page 561.)

:s the heroism of Poague, though no more ready hand
1 his ever brought the pen to bear with sweeter touch for
nd and foe alike.

But while Poague was overlooked by the contemporary
orian, not so by Lee. One year after the Wilderness,
n disaster again pressed close upon him, when dangers
ounded his army and all seemed lost, it was the gallant
gue that Lee called upon to lead the way for the remnant
ough the Valley of the Shadow of Death. And when the
iveled host at last stood huddled together, submissive to
hand of Fate, still another shot rang out defiant, another
g of smoke soared upward to the sky where Poague, with
dauntless battalion in the van, chafed at the final decree.
, it was not the spirit of resignation which made those
s so mild, so soft; for how often until the end, as at Ap-
nattox, came that flash which made us feel that heroism
ld transcend the limits of his soul!"

n 1879 Colonel Poague married Miss Josephine Moore,
o, with three sons, all graduates of the Virginia Military
titute, survives him.

RELICS OF THE WAR.

1. The man himself thirty years after the war.
2. The uniform coat in which he was married in 1864.
3. The old felt hat which he wore in the battle of Cold
rbor and which had five bullet holes shot through it, one of
ich cut a furrow across his scalp.

James F. Tucker, captain of the 9th Florida Regiment,
my of Northern Virginia, C. S. A."



CAPT. JAMES F. TUCKER.

The above was written on the back of the picture of Captain Tucker here given and tells the story of a soldier's gallantry. As a Confederate soldier he was complimented on the field by Gen. J. E. B. Stuart for brave and gallant conduct. At Cold Harbor he leaped over the breastworks to rescue the major of his regiment, Pickens B. Bird, who was mortally wounded there, and a Minie ball passed through Captain Tucker's thigh. He was immediately promoted, although young in years. Soon afterwards, while still on crutches, he was married to the beautiful and accomplished Miss Virginia Bailey, his boyhood sweetheart, the daughter of Colonel Bailey of Indian war fame. A notable fact of this wedding was that each groomsman was a wounded Confederate soldier.

After the war Captain Tucker resumed life as a planter, and he took active part in State affairs and helped to bring about better conditions. He went to South Florida some years ago and entered extensively into orange culture. Under the administration of President Cleveland he was appointed to the Bureau of Commerce and Labor, in which he was continued through successive administrations until his resignation a few years ago.

Captain Tucker was of aristocratic lineage, his genealogy dating from the sixteenth century. His colonial ancestry was distinguished, his great-great-grandfather being Philip Livingston, a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

In the beautiful city of Fernandina is a handsome church built on ground donated by Captain Tucker as a memorial to his mother. It is pathetic that he was the first to be laid in the ground which he donated for a cemetery and chapel.

THE TRIBUTE OF A COMRADE.

W. W. Wilson writes from Quincy, Fla.:

"I see in the VETERAN for November the announcement of the death of Capt. Robert McCulloch, one of the noblest men I ever knew.

"There were four of us from this place, Capt. Hector Bruce, Lieuts. E. P. Dismukes, John W. Malone, and myself, belonging to the 8th Florida Regiment, wounded in the battle of Gettysburg and taken to the college at that place, which had been converted into a temporary hospital. There we became acquainted with Maj. H. G. Lewis, of North Carolina, Captain McCulloch, and Lieut. Thomas D. Houston, of Virginia, who had also been wounded in that battle. When Lee's army retired we were left prisoners. After remaining at Gettysburg until our wounds were partially healed, we were taken to Johnson's Island Prison. Six of us, including Capt. William Bailey, of Florida, and S. E. Keirolf, of Tennessee, messed together. We were in Room No. 3, Block 11.

"As long as the Federals permitted us to receive provisions and clothing from the outside the good ladies of Baltimore kept us well supplied, and we did not have to depend entirely upon prison rations. All of us had attained some slight skill in cooking, but none could equal Captain McCulloch in making light bread, apple roll, and many other dainties, and he was always pleased to see us enjoy them.

"We who knew him were gratified to learn of his successful business career; and now that he has accomplished his work on earth, we feel assured that he has gone to a better place where he can rest from his labors and enjoy the reward of a useful and well-spent life. All of us who still live are grieved over his death and extend to his family sincere sympathy in their great bereavement."

NASSAU AND THE BLOCKADE RUNNERS.

BY GEORGE LESTER, NASSAU, BAHAMA ISLANDS.

The prominent part which Nassau played in the days of the blockade entitles the capital of the Bahama Islands to descriptive mention. The pleasing little city is located on the north shore of the island of New Providence and boasts a spacious and safe harbor capable of admitting vessels whose draft does not exceed fourteen feet. From the days of the buccaneers, who were the terror of these waters a couple of centuries ago, this harbor has been the scene of bravery and hardihood. But never in all its history, not even in the romantic times when Spain was mistress of the Caribbean, has Nassau witnessed such daring exploits by "sea dogs" as during the Civil War in the United States, when its wharves were thronged with merchant ships and its stores with traders bent upon profiting by running the blockade.

No more exciting stories short of actual warfare can be told than those which gather about Nassau in the days of the South's ever-to-be-remembered struggle for independence. Its nearness to the chief Southern ports and to the Federal headquarters rendered it a desirable location as one of the depots, or bases, for runners of the blockade; and as to plucky fellows willing to face the risks of this exciting game, there was no lack of them.

The common talk in Nassau to-day includes stories of the Banshee, the Will-o'-the Wisp, the Wild Dayrell, and other vessels employed in the trade, and of "Captain Roberts," so called, better known as "Hobart Pasha" in later years, of Thomas E. Taylor, and other famous blockade runners. It is not, however, upon tradition alone that we depend for our knowledge of this adventurous period. Both Hobart and Taylor have furnished us with written accounts of their adventures, and Mr. John Murray, of London, published an edition of Taylor's book, "Running the Blockade," with an introduction by that powerful writer, Mr. Julian Corbett, whose ideas as to the lessons of American blockade-running may or may not be correct. It may or may not be true that the story which Mr. Taylor tells suggests that the British navy should be supplemented by "an adequate force of vessels of a type calculated to render a commercial blockade really effective" so as to minimize the danger to the British Isles in the event of their "being blockaded by any conceivable combination of hostile powers."

With all that this article has nothing to do. Taylor's book is "a picture of exciting escapes, of coolness and resource at moments of acute danger, of well-calculated risks boldly accepted and obstinately carried through."

When Lincoln in April, 1861, declared the whole of the Southern ports to be in a state of blockade, the South was promptly recognized as belligerent, inasmuch as blockade presupposes a state of war and not mere rebellion. The seaboard of the seceding States extended from the Potomac River to the Rio Grande, the southern frontier of Texas, a distance of some three thousand miles. The Federal fleet was wholly incompetent to patrol and protect from intrusion such a length of coast line, at any rate during the early period of the war. The blockade runners were able, therefore, at that time to carry out their designs with but little fear of detection and danger. It was when, by almost superhuman efforts, the North increased the navy until before the close of the war their ships numbered well-nigh seven hundred all told that the business of the blockade runners became at once serious and exciting. The Northerners, no longer content with simply blockading the Confederate ports, were now in position to establish a chain of powerful cruisers, which patroled the seas from the American coast to the very entrance of Nassau Harbor. But, nothing daunted, the blockade runners improved their ships, sparing neither brains nor money to secure the best available plans. The first steel vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic was the Banshee, which was constructed in Liverpool for this particular service. That the blockade runners did not fail of success is shown in the fact that the Banshee, having made eight round trips before she fell into the hands of the Federals, had paid her shareholders seven hundred per cent on their investment.

As to Nassau, it shared largely in the gains of these adventurous enterprises. It is doubtful, however, if the rapid influx of wealth into the little city was a permanent blessing to the place. Some there were, of course, who knew how to use what they had so suddenly acquired, and to such the leap into affluence was not followed by disaster. Others acquired a taste for wild speculation and lived to illustrate the truth of the saying that "wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished." To this day there seems to hang around Nassau the atmosphere of large expectations which in all probability will never be realized—a legacy of blockade-running days which is, to say the least of it, only a delusion and a snare. The days of the blockade with their piquant memories have forever associated Nassau with the great American war, and true public sentiment of that city is still, and will continue to be, in accord with Southern lines of thought and reflection in the matter of that historic struggle.

THE FEDERALS USED DUMDUM BULLETS.

BY C. M. CALHOUN.

To some of us it is quite amusing to read of the foreign nations now at war appealing to our country to stop the use of dumdum bullets, the appeal being made to a nation that was also guilty while trying to conquer the South. We have among us some of the boys wounded at Gettysburg whose limbs are double the original size and wounds still running sores. The wounds have never healed, showing conclusively that they were made by poisoned bullets, some of which are now in the possession of some of those who fought at Gettysburg and Chafin's Farm, when in the latter fight the negroes made their drunken charge on our lines.

This bullet was in two parts, both hollow, one incased in the other, containing the poison. They would explode on striking the object, while the smaller bullet might remain in the body. There is proof beyond doubt that these bullets were used by the Northern army in the War between the States.

Many years after the war Rev. H. D. Hayden, of the Virginia Regiment, made it a point to examine the official files on record in Washington, and this is what he found: "In June, 1862, Samuel Gardner offered to sell these poisoned and explosive bullets to John Tucker, Assistant Secretary of War. The chief of ordnance of the 11th Corps recommended the shell to the Assistant Secretary of War, who ordered two thousand rounds. Although General Ripley disapproved of the use of such a bullet, yet all but two hundred rounds were issued to this command. The Assistant Secretary of War then ordered one hundred thousand rounds. In January, 1863, the 2d New Hampshire made requisition for thirty-five thousand rounds of these bullets, but received only twenty-four thousand rounds. This regiment was in the battle of Gettysburg and forty-nine of their number were there killed."

ıe above statement is from official papers on file in the ives at Washington. In the Patent Office Report for -64 will be found "No. 40468, Samuel Gardner, Jr., of York. Improvement in hollow projectiles." Patent dated ember 3, 1863.

ır war had but recently ended when, in 1866, the Russian rnment called a convention prohibiting the use of such osive projectiles in war. General Schofield and General both replied, heartily concurring and hoping our gov- ıent would refrain for the sake of humanity and civiliza- from the use of such barbaric ammunition, when at the they had been and still were holding high positions in United States army.

oes it not seem that they have changed religions now, we are at peace with the whole world? In our war they to kill by freezing, starvation, and explosive poisoned ts, thus carrying out the old saying: "Everything is fair ar."

INFORMATION WANTED.

D. Swick, Adjutant Crook's Post, G. A. R., of Boone, is trying to learn something of a man named Redman, was a prisoner at Rock Island, Ill., and died there in . His brother went to Rock Island and took the remains oone, Ia., and there interred them in the cemetery. The e was not marked, and this information of his record is ght in order to have the grave properly marked with his e, company, and regiment. In 1863-64 Thomas E. Ayles- th, a member of the 20th Indiana Battery, located in hville, was taken sick. He was cared for by a Southern , whose name was Redman, and she told him that she a husband in the army and a son who was a prisoner at k Island. After the war Aylesworth went to Boone and d of the Confederate's grave. He tried to locate Mrs. man, but failed. Until his death this grave was deco- d with the choicest flowers on every Memorial Day. e his death his wife has kept it up.

THE DIXIE CALENDAR.

he Dixie Calendar for 1915 is out in most attractive form, easant harbinger of the coming year. It is dedicated to cle Remus," with the special purpose of calling attention he plan of the Uncle Remus Home Memorial Associa- to buy the Joel Chandler Harris homestead and farm, to e it a playground for children as well as the shrine for who love the man who made so many children happy with stories of "Brer Rabbit" and all "de yuther creeturs." A of the proceeds from the sale of the calendar will go to Association.

his is the handsomest Dixie Calendar yet issued. The t cover presents a picture of the "Uncle Remus" home, "Brer Rabbit" standing by in characteristic pose. Each presents a gem of poetry or prose from the pen of some thern writer, and a number of the selections are from cle Remus."

he Dixie Calendar is sold at fifty cents the copy, but ons of the VETERAN who will renew their subscriptions get three copies for $1 by writing to the Page Publish- Association, 849 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

"MARMADUKE OF TENNESSEE."

As one of those stories whose setting is the glory and horror of war, "Marmaduke of Tennessee," by Edward Cummings, ranks well in the list. Marmaduke is the typical cavalry leader of the Confederate army, fearless and daring, largely a prototype of the gallant John Morgan, whose raid into Ohio, capture, imprisonment, and unique escape form a part of the experiences of our hero.

A vivid description of the battle of Gettysburg gives a closer insight into that titanic struggle; and while there is inward protest against the implied blame of the South's great commander for the failure there, the awful mistake of that grand charge on the heights of Gettysburg is fully realized by the living picture that is set in view.

The story is well written, a fine picture of life in the South at that period, and war is not the only theme, for the thread of romance runs through it, and the tender love of a warrior bold for a fair maid relieves the somber tinges of the war clouds.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill. Price, $1.30, net.

VALUABLE AND SCARCE BOOKS.

The bound volumes of the Minutes of the United Confederate Veterans are most valuable; and as only a few were bound, they will soon be hard to secure and will command a very high price. I have a few sets left, to be sold for $2.50 per volume, as follows: Volume I., 1889-97; Volume II., 1898-1902; Volume III., 1903-06; Volume IV., 1907-08; Volume V., 1909-10; Volume VI., 1911-12. Also "Orders": Volume I., John B. Gordon; Volume II., S. D. Lee *et al.* Also "Well-Known Confederate Veterans and Their War Records," illustrated with hundreds of portraits of leading U. C. V. and containing a roster of nearly four thousand Confederates. Price, $2.50. All are bound in gray cloth and will be an ornament to any library, while the value of their contents cannot be estimated. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. Minutes of the Jacksonville Reunion supplied at fifty cents, postpaid.

WILLIAM E. MICKLE,
Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, U. C. V.

R. W. Grizzard writes from Martinsburg, W. Va.:

"Herewith find my check for a year's renewal of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Long may the cause which you so ably represent abide in the memory of patriotic sons and daughters and success rest upon your banners! I fell in love with the CONFEDERATE VETERAN at first sight and have for many years been a regular reader of your publication. Though a son of a Confederate sire, I expect to hand down the files of your valuable issues to my son (now under two years of age) with strict counsel that he transmit them to his children's children throughout the years. Your contribution to history is invaluable, and the chivalric spirit of your lamented founder, Cunningham, can never fade from earth. In conclusion, let me say:

"When ne'er a war sire's left,
And camp fires are bereft
Of valiant Confederates,
We'll hold their memory dear
And their great names revere
This side the pearly gates.

"All good wishes for your future usefulness and prosperity."

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!



Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

often called **"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears"** are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. **Write today** for our **FREE** 168 page **Book on Deafness**—giving you full particulars.



WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
353 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.



THE BEST PLACE
to purchase all-wool
Bunting or Silk Flags
of all kinds
Silk Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps
and all kinds of Military Equipment and Society Goods is at
Joel Flag & Regalia Co., 57 E. 96th St.
Send for Price List New York City

OFFICIAL U. C. V. SOCIETY BUTTON
For camp members, their wives and daughters only. Price, gold, $1; plated, 50 cents each. Address
J. F. SHIPP, Q. M. Gen., U. C. V.
Chattanooga, Tennessee

IF THE BABY IS CUTTING TEETH
USE
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
A SPLENDID REGULATOR
PURELY VEGETABLE—NOT NARCOTIC

John M. Smith, of Naheola, Ala., wishing to get a pension, would like to hear from any comrade who was with him in prison at New Orleans and Ship Island.

John C. Barefield, Route 2, Axtell, Tex., would like to correspond with some survivor of Company D, 2d Tennessee Cavalry, under Captain Morton, Forrest's command.

The Minnesota Historical Society wants Volume I. of the VETERAN to complete its file. Any one who can furnish this volume is asked to write to Warren Upham, Secretary of the Society, at St. Paul, Minn., stating condition and price.

Who can supply the volumes of the VETERAN for 1893, 1894, and 1895? A good price will be paid. Numbers for January and November, 1902, August, 1905, and March, 1907, are wanted. Address the VETERAN office, stating condition and price.

Mrs. T. E. Smith, Box 204, Smithville, Tex., wishing to secure a pension, asks to correspond with some comrade who can testify as to her husband's record. Thomas Edward Smith was a member of Company B, 3d Missouri Cavalry, C. S. A.

Mrs. V. O. Lawderback, Route 1, Randolph, La., wishes to get in communication with some one who served in the Army of Tennessee Department, C. S. A., with her husband, C. S. Lawderback. It is thought he enlisted from Wheeling, W. Va.

G. L. Parker, of Brownsboro, Tex., needs to prove his war record in order to get a pension. He enlisted at Monroe, La., in March, 1862, in Capt. John McCoy's company, C, 5th Louisiana Battalion, and served later in Captain Beard's company, 17th Louisiana Infantry.

W. A. Sullivan, 101 West 83d Street, New York City, wishes to correspond with some one who can give information of the Louisiana Tigers, their officers, battles, or from what part of Louisiana the organization was recruited. He also wants to know if there is a book regarding them.

Any one who can testify to the service of James Louis Roach, of Ringgo Ga., who served the last two years the war with the 12th Georgia Battali Company F, will please communic with Mrs. J. L. Roach, Detroit, Tex

---

A. F. Rose, of Warrenton, Va., se information of Gen. J. P. Chase, w was buried in the Warrenton Cemet after the first or second battle Manassas. He was supposed to be fr South Carolina, but the War Depa ment has no record of him.

Mrs. J. L. Kelley, 508 South Ar donda Street, Gainesville, Fla., asks a copy of a poem by Nixon Waterm running something like this:

"These glad reunion days are dear,
And of all days the best
To Southern veterans, far and near,
For comradeship and rest."

Mrs. E. C. Crim, of New Market, V inquires if there is any Confederate s dier alive to-day who can tell her wh became of the old bandmaster, Richa Hughes, of Kemper's Brigade. T last heard of him was when he w into battle with the Confederate troo playing the old song, "Her Bright Sm Haunts Me Still." He came fr England and taught music and danci in New Market before the war.

Mrs. J. E. Thomas, 212 North 5 Street, Woodlawn, Ala., wants to cure the war record of her husba Joseph E. Thomas, who enlisted Richmond, Va., in 1861 at the age twenty years. At one time he was Company G, 12th Virginia Regime under General Mahone, Anderson's vision, it is thought, and his capt may have been William Tyler. Thomas served throughout the war.

M. D. Harrell, of South Bend, Te wants a copy of an old war song, which he remembers one stanza, whi runs thus:

"Sometime before a battle the Gene
hears a row;
He says the Yanks are coming—'I he
the rifles now.'
He looks around in wonder, and wh
do you think he sees?
The Georgia Militia grabbling goob
peas!"

Bronze Memorial Tablets of the Highest Standard

Our experience of 27 years is our guarantee of results.

Paul E. Cabaret & Co.
120-126 Eleventh Avenue
New York
Illustrated booklet sent on request.

The Direct Route to

Washington Baltimore
Philadelphia New York

and all Eastern Cities from the South and Southwest is via Bristol and the

NORFOLK & WESTERN RY.

Through Trains
Sleepers, Dining Car

The Direct Line

to Antietam, Md., Gettysburg, Pa., Manassas, Va. (Bull Run), and other famous battle fields in the Shenandoah Valley and other sections of Virginia.

Best Route to

Richmond Norfolk
and all Virginia Points

WARREN L. ROHR, General Agent Passenger Department, Chattanooga, Tenn.
E. C. SAUNDERS, General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.
W. B. BEVILL, Passenger Traffic Manager, Roanoke, Va.

The South in History and Literature

By Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford
ATHENS, GA.

50 pages. Price, $1 net; postage, 21 cents. (Writers since 1906 will be found in supplement being prepared.)



Bronze Memorial Tablets

Designs and estimates free.
Jno. Williams Inc., Bronze Foundry
554 W. 27th St., New York

Cast Bronze Medallion, 6 1-2 inches high, Gen. Robert E. Lee, 75 cents each (postage extra) to readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

"The medallion of Lee is a beauty and much valued."—*Murfreesboro Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy.*

Mrs. Alice B. Rand, 205 Van Voost Avenue, Bellevue, Ky., wants copies of the VETERAN for December and January, 1894, and the "Southern Bivouac" for 1883.

A friend of the VETERAN needs the first three numbers, January, February, and March, 1893, to complete his file, and will pay well for them. Address this office.

Thomas Rattan, of Fort Worth, Tex., is anxious to learn the whereabouts of J. M. McMahan, a member of the 4th Alabama Cavalry, under Colonel Russell. He at one time lived in Jackson, Ala.

Any one knowing anything about the military buttons made and sold during the war and if there were any factories in the South or anything at all about them will please write to Dr. George Brown, Austell Building, Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. Sallie Bushart, of Cusseta, Tex., is trying to get a pension and would like to get in communication with some comrade who knew her husband, John Cornelius Bushart (known as "Bob"). He enlisted at Houston, Miss., in Captain Tucker's company.

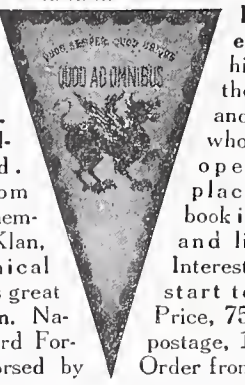
Mr. James F. Duncan, of Bonham, Tex., wishing to secure a pension for his widow, asks for information of Robert Wesley Bailey, who enlisted in Company B, Georgia Volunteers, A. N. V., in 1861, and participated in the battles of Gettysburg, Fredericksburg, the Wilderness, and perhaps Chickamauga. He was wounded several times. Mr. Duncan also wishes to learn if the remains of his brother, William A. Duncan, second sergeant of Company A, 22d Alabama, under Capt. Joe King, who was shot in the battle of Chickamauga on Sunday and died in the hospital at Roy's Bridge, were taken to Marietta. He and Colonel Weeden fell side by side.

FOR SALE

Lithograph copies of the famous painting "Lee and His Generals." Single copies, 50 cents, postage prepaid. Address
MATTHEWS AND COMPANY
1473 Irving Street, Washington, D. C.

THE KU KLUX KLAN
Or Invisible Empire

"K. K. K. Banner"



Just Out—Most Fascinating Book of the Day. Profusely illustrated. Letters from charter members of the Klan, biographical sketch of its great leader, Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest. Indorsed by leading educators, historians, the U.D.C. and S.C.V., who will cooperate in placing the book in schools and libraries. Interesting from start to finish. Price, 75 cents; postage, 10 cents. Order from author,

Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, West Point, Mississippi



Miniature Pins, Battle Flag, Finest Cloisonne Enamel Brooch, Button, or Hat Pin :: :: :: ::

No. 2270.

Gold-Plated	$0.25
Rolled Gold	.50
Solid Gold	1.00
Solid Gold, Heavy Weight	2.00
14 Kt. Gold, Heavy Weight	3.00

POSTPAID

Special prices on half dozen or more. Illustrated price list of Flags and Confederate Novelties sent on request.
Catalogue of Medals, Class Pins, Rings, Trophies, and Banners now ready.

MEYER'S MILITARY SHOP
1327 F. St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
Visit Our Show Shop When in Washington

CONFEDERATE VETERAN
UNIFORMS

Highest Quality Lowest Prices

Tailor-Made to Your Measure

Send for Catalogue No. 341 and cloth samples.

The Pettibone Bros. Mfg. Co.
CINCINNATI

THE READY PARLIAMENTARIAN

A simplified manual of parliamentary law, based upon Robert's Rules of Order, and approved by General Robert. 25 cents a copy.

LEST WE FORGET

An appeal for the preservation of Confederate History. 25 cents.

Confederate Flag Post Cards, $1.10 per hundred, $5.00 per thousand. The four Confederate Flags and the Bonnie Blue Flag; original design.

Ready February, 1915—**The Confederate Soldier,** prize essay Florida Division, U. D. C., 1914. Bound with it, The History and Precedent of Secession from 1789 to 1861. Price on application.

All of the above for sale by the author of the books and designer of the cards. Address

Sister Esther, Resthaven, St. Augustine, Fla.

Books for Christmas

What more appropriate gifts than books for certain ones of our families and friends whom we would not fail to remember at this joyous season? A good book is a friend always.

In the list here given the boy will find heroes worthy of his worship; sons of veterans may read and feel the glory reflected from deeds of heroic fathers; the veteran himself may have his youth renewed in following again the leaders of the South's incomparable armies. Every library should be supplied with such literature.

Make Selection from This List or Write at Once of Any Other Desired

Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government. Davis	**$7.50**
Memoirs of Jefferson Davis. Mrs. Davis	**5.00**
Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee. Lee	**2.50**
R. E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy. White	**3.00**
Life of Robert Edward Lee. Shepherd	**2.17**
Four Years under Marse Robert. Stiles	**2.00**
Life of Stonewall Jackson. Henderson	**4.00**
Johnston's Narrative	**$2.75 and 3.25**
Life of Forrest. Wyeth	**4.00**
Reminiscences of the Civil War. Gordon	**$1.50 and 3.00**
Morgan's Cav	**2.00**
Confederate Wizards of the Saddle. Young	**2.50**

C L Willoughby Aug 15
Lakeland Fla

The Southern poets, Sidney Lanier, Henry Timrod, Father Ryan, James Ryder Randall, Francis O. Ticknor, Henry Lynden Flash, can be supplied at $1.50 to $2.00.

Songs and Poems of the Confederacy **$2.00**

ORDER FROM

3147

The Confederate Veteran, Nashville, Tenn.

UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA
3 1262 05630 4818

973.705
C748

LAD